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THE COMPLETE WORKS OF JOHN RUSKIN

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THE WORKS OF
JOHN RUSKIN

EDITED BY

E. T. COOK

AND

ALEXANDER WEDDERBURN

LONDON
GEORGE ALLEN, 156, CHARING CROSS ROAD
NEW YORK: LONGMANS, GREEN, AND CO.
1909

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LIBRARY EDITION

VOLUME XXXVII

THE LETTERS OF JOHN RUSKIN

1870–1889

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John Ruskin

at Brantwood: 1885.

THE LETTERS OF JOHN RUSKIN

VOLUME II

1870–1889

LONDON
GEORGE ALLEN, 156, CHARING CROSS ROAD
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1909

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The following, of the drawings by Ruskin, have been exhibited:—No. IV. at Boston, 1879. No. V. at the Ruskin Exhibition at the Royal Society of Painters in Water-Colours, 1901 (No. 364), and at the Fine Art Society, 1907 (No. 57). No. VI. at the Royal Society of Painters in Water-Colours (No. 357), and at the Fine Art Society, 1907 (No. 50). No. VII. at the Royal Society of Painters in Water-Colours (No. 160), and at the Fine Art Society, 1907 (No. 161). No. X. at Coniston, 1900 (No. 209), at the Royal Society of Painters in Water-Colours (No. 38), and at the Fine Art Society, 1907 (No. 97).

INTRODUCTION TO THIS VOLUME

THE Introduction printed in the preceding volume deals with the contents of the Letters included in the present volume also; here, therefore, it is only necessary to give the usual particulars about the Illustrations.

These are of two kinds—portraits, and reproductions of Ruskin's drawings. The *frontispiece* is from a photograph taken in 1885, showing Ruskin standing against his garden-wall at Brantwood. Plate VIII. is from Sir Hubert von Herkomer's portrait of Ruskin, now in the National Portrait Gallery. This, with the frontispiece to Vol. XXXVIII., completes the series of portraits of Ruskin, included in this edition, by eminent artists. These, in order of approximate date, are—by James Northcote, R.A., in 1822 (Plates II. and III. in Vol. XXXV.); by George Richmond, R.A., in 1843 (frontispiece to Vol. III.); by Millais in 1853 (frontispiece to Vol. XII. and Plate A in Vol. XXXVI.); by George Richmond in 1857 (frontispiece to Vol. XVI.); by George Richmond again, a little later (Plate C in Vol. XXXVI.); by Rossetti in about 1861 (Plate B in Vol. XXXVI.); by Ruskin himself in 1861 (frontispiece to Vol. XVII.); by Mr. Creswick (bust) in 1877 (Vol. XXX. Plate III.); by Herkomer in 1879; by Boehm (bust) in 1880 (Plate LXX. in Vol. XXI.); and lastly by Mr. Severn, in 1898 (Vol. XXXVIII.).

The portrait of Mrs. Arthur Severn (Plate I.) is from the picture in water-colour by her husband, Mr. Arthur Severn, R.I.; that of Mrs. Cowper-Temple (Lady Mount-Temple) is from the portrait by the late Edward Clifford, and seems to be the one referred to by Ruskin on p. 36 below: it was reproduced (by half-tone process) in Mr. W. G. Collingwood's *Ruskin Relics*.

The drawings by Ruskin either illustrate passages in the text, or are characteristic examples of his work at the several dates at which they are introduced. His copy (at Oxford, Reference Series, No. 92) of Turner's "Arona" (Plate III.) is given, in connexion with a mention of the original, because it has already been published; copies of a photograph of it were placed on sale by Ruskin himself. This was an

instalment of many schemes which he projected at various times for popularising Turner's drawings.

"The Falls of Schaffhausen" (Plate IV.), in water-colour, given by Ruskin to Mr. Norton and mentioned in the text (p. 92), is of special interest as a drawing which attracted Turner's attention when he was dining at Denmark Hill. The date is probably 1842 (see Vol. XIII. p. 583).

The two next Plates (V. and VI.) are of drawings made at Rome in 1874 (or possibly in 1872). The "Temple of Saturn" (water-colour, $11 \times 15\frac{1}{2}$) is in the possession of Mrs. Rutson; the "Cloisters of St. John Lateran" (water-colour, $9\frac{1}{2} \times 12$) in that of Mr. Douglas Freshfield.

The "Vineyard Walk at Lucca" (Plate VII.) is at Brantwood (water-colour, $13\frac{1}{4} \times 17$); a reproduction of it is included, as an example of Ruskin's work, in Mr. H. M. Cundall's *History of British Water-Colour Painting*.

The other two drawings of Lucca are of later date (1882). One (pencil and tint) is slight (Plate IX.); the other (Plate X.) is an excellent example of Ruskin's finished architectural studies. It is in water-colour ($20 \times 13\frac{1}{2}$) and is at Brantwood.

Finally, there is a careful drawing, in pen and slight wash ($8\frac{3}{8} \times 11\frac{3}{8}$), of Neuchâtel (Plate XI.). For permission to include this, the editors are indebted to Miss Trevelyan. It was made by Ruskin for her uncle, the late Sir Walter Trevelyan, in memorial of Lady Trevelyan, whose grave (with the words "Tyme tryeth Troth" on the stone) is shown in the foreground.

E. T. C.

LIST OF THE CORRESPONDENTS

TO WHOM THE LETTERS IN THIS VOLUME ARE ADDRESSED

An asterisk denotes that a letter, or letters, to the same correspondent will be found in Vol. XXXVI.

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Arthur Severn, R I

Allen & Co. Sc.

Joan Ruskin Severn

1873.

THE
LETTERS OF JOHN RUSKIN
1870–1889

(Except where otherwise stated, the letters are here printed for the first time)

1870

[In February and March of this year Ruskin delivered his Inaugural Course of Lectures as Professor of Fine Art at Oxford. He also began the arrangement and cataloguing of a Collection of Examples there (see pp. 3, 5). At the end of April he went abroad with Miss Agnew and Mrs. and Miss Hilliard (Vol. XX. p. xlix.), returning at the end of July. Some letters written from Italy and Switzerland are given in that volume, pp. l.–lv. On his return, he prepared a second course of lectures (*Aratra Pentelici*), which were delivered in November and December.]

To Miss Joan Agnew[1]

Denmark Hill, 1*st January*, 1870.

I write to you first of all people this year, and shall next write to Norton.

I trust that you will have more happiness this year than you can at present hope, or even imagine, though you will have to make it out of more serious matters than happiness is usually contrived from. I have many plans—resolved upon in their general directions and objects, not yet in detail—which you will have to help and encourage me in, and of which you will share with me—a little perhaps of the self-denial—and much of the pleasure of feeling that one is doing one's best—in ways which, if *at all* successful, will be productive of much good, and in which even failure is nobler than not attempting anything.

You will find many good and dear people more and more every day loving and honouring you. And, in being a mother to the motherless, and (for this also would be a blessed duty, if we knew any of

[1] [Written on the death of her sister, Kate (Mrs. Simson). "William and Mary," mentioned at the end of the letter, are Miss Agnew's sister and brother-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Milroy.]

our duties rightly) sister to the sisterless, you may in a solemn and yet not less precious way, regain in your heart the opening of the well of love which Death has now so bitterly restrained.

Give my love to William and Mary, and with all good thoughts and wishes for you all, believe me ever, your devoted cousin,

St. C.

To Charles Eliot Norton[1]

1 *January*, 1870.

. . . I have been thrown a little out of calculation by finding that Professorship-years are from summer to summer, not winter to winter, so I have to give twelve lectures this spring,[2] the third of the entire necessary course. I have been forced, therefore, to throw up the botany for this winter, and I take up Oxford with what strength I have. The twelve lectures are to be (I think I shall not now change[3]):—

1. Introduction.
2. Relation of Art to Religion.
3. Relation of Art to Morality.
4. Relation of Art to (material) Use. (Household Furniture, Arms, Dress, Lodging, Medium of Exchange.)
5. Line.
6. Light and Shade.
7. Colour.
8. Schools of Sculpture, Clay (including glass), Wood, Metal, Stone.
9. Schools of Architecture—Clay, Wood, Stone, Glass in windows.
10. Schools of Painting (Material indifferent[4]) considered with reference to immediate study and practice—
    A. of Natural History.
11. B. of Landscape.
12. C. of the Human Figure.

I've no more time to-day.—Ever your affectionate J. Ruskin.

To Dean Liddell[5]

January, 1870.

I was very grateful for your letter. I was beginning to feel great discomfort in the sense of inability to do—not indeed (for that I never hoped) what I would wish to do—but what with more deliberation I

[1] [No. 85 in *Letters of John Ruskin to Charles Eliot Norton*, Boston and New York, 1904 (hereafter referred to as *Norton*); vol. i. pp. 256-257.]

[2] [This requirement was waived: see the next letter.]

[3] [The scheme was adhered to in the case of the first seven lectures, which formed the Inaugural course, but was greatly changed thereafter: see Vol. XX. p. lv.]

[4] [On this point, compare *Lectures on Art*, § 128 (Vol. XX. p. 119).]

[5] [From *Henry George Liddell: A Memoir*, by the Rev. H. L. Thompson, 1899, pp. 228–229.]

might be able to do. Your permission to give only seven lectures this spring will give me ease of mind, and, I hope, better power of thinking. I am happy in the general thoughts of what may be possible to me; clear enough, for all practical purposes, as to what I have to say; and a *little* sanguine (yet not so as to be hurt by disappointment) respecting the effect of carefully chosen examples of more or less elementary art, put within the daily reach of all students, with notes enough to enable them to look at once for their main qualities. It is pardonable to be sanguine when I have you and Henry Acland to advise me and help me. I am well assured you know that I will do my best, and that not in any personal vanity.

To Miss Joan Agnew[1]

Denmark Hill, *21st January*, 1870.

Has Isola got Morris's last—3rd book of the *Earthly Paradise*?[2] I can't understand how a man who, on the whole, enjoys dinner—and breakfast—and supper—to that extent of fat—can write such lovely poems about Misery. . . . There's such lovely, lovely misery in this Paradise. In fact, I think it's—the other place—made pretty, only I can't fancy any Paradise to-day but a Paradise of rug. But only hear this:—

> "Hast thou not cast thine arms round Love
> At least, thy weary heart to move,
> To make thy wakening strange and new,
> And dull life false, and old tales, true;
> Yea, and a tale to make thy life
> To speed the others in the strife,
> To quicken thee with wondrous fire,
> And make thee fairer with desire?
> Wilt thou, then, think it all in vain,
> The restless longing and the pain,
> Lightened by hope that shall not die?
> For thou shalt hope still certainly,
> And well may'st deem that thou hast part,
> Somewhat, at least, in this my heart,
> Whatever else therein may be."

It's not one of the best bits at all, but it's nice.

Mind you write me nice long letters, or I can't possibly let you stay.

[1] [Staying with Mrs. Cowper-Temple ("Isola") at Broadlands.]

[2] [*The Earthly Paradise, Part III.* ("September," "October," and "November"); the title-page bears the date "1870," but the volume was issued in November 1869. The lines which Ruskin quotes are from "The Land East of the Sun."]

To Miss JOAN AGNEW

DENMARK HILL, *Saturday* [*Jan.* 22, '70].

. . . Perhaps, on the whole, it would be well to stop grumbling and mewing all day long. It may be that, a little, that makes the Gods so angry. Let me see what I can say that's nice.

First. Auntie's[1] behaving beautifully, and let me run ever so often up and down stairs without calling out.

I've written some nice bits of lecture, and the worst work's over now.

I can do no end of good—nearly every day—if I like.

I'm 51, not 61. You know I might have been 61, mightn't I? Some people *are* 61. Poor People. To think of that!

I'm humpbacked.[2] All humpbacked people are remarkable people—intellectually.

Though I'm humpbacked, I'm not Richard III.

I've got such a lovely piece of green flint on the table. Bloodstone.

I've got two hundred pounds odd—at the bank.

I've got some Turner drawings—about eighty or ninety, I suppose.

I've got a Pussie.

I've got an Isola.

Now I think a good many people would like to be me.

Oh me—there's Sunday coming. (If I wasn't just going to grumble again!) That delicious Sunday. It's so cheerful and nice, keeping out of church and thinking how many unlucky people are in it!

To Miss JOAN AGNEW

DENMARK HILL [*Jan.* 25, 1870].

. . . The lectures[3] are coming nice; though they're giving me sad trouble—and, in fact, I oughtn't to be teased to talk any more at my time of life, but should be left to paint snail-shells—and live in a big one. . . .

Has Isola read *Realmah* carefully? What a delicious book it is in its dialogues—containing everything one wants to say, and ever so much besides—better than one ever wanted to say.[4]

[1] [Ruskin's mother.]
[2] [A playful exaggeration of the student's stoop.]
[3] [The Inaugural Oxford *Lectures on Art* (Vol. XX.).]
[4] [For a quotation from one of the dialogues in this book by Sir Arthur Helps, see Vol. XIX. p. 266.]

To Charles Eliot Norton [1]

26 *March*, 1870.

. . . I should only have made you anxious if I had written. Just as I had set myself to my Oxford work (I began on the New Year's day properly), on the 7th of January I met with an experience which made me ill for a month, so that all I wrote was bad; and in the first days of February I had to re-write almost the whole of the inaugural lecture to be given on the 8th, being thrown full a month behind with everything, and with all my brain and stomach wrong. . . .

My lectures have pleased the people well enough, but they're all so far below what I thought to make them, and they were all done against time,—not half put in that I wanted to say,—and I caught a violent cold besides, and could not go out to take exercise, so that I was very near breaking down at one time; also, making the drawings for them [the students] to copy has taken me three times the trouble I expected.

But I think it will be well done at last. I have started them on a totally new and defiantly difficult principle; drawing all with the brush, as on Greek vases, and I'm choosing a whole series of the Greek gods, old and young, for them to draw every detail of with the brush, as the Greeks did;[2] and if they don't understand something more about Apelles and Protogenes than English draughtsmen ever did yet, I shall resign my chair.

I've had to give up everything else; botany, Chaucer, *Cent Ballades*,[3] friends, and Fortune, for she has set herself to thwart me and to torment me like a Fury. But I've given the last lecture for this spring, and now I hope I shall never more be so far behindhand with my work. . . .

To his Mother [4]

Martigny, *Friday*, 13*th May*, 1870.

I am enjoying my rest here very much, though after the hard Oxford work, I find the reaction considerable, and that I am very languid and unwilling for the least mental exertion. I see much that

[1] [No. 86 in *Norton;* vol. i. pp. 258–259.]

[2] [On "learning to draw with the brush," see *Lectures on Art*, § 145 (Vol. XX. p. 136): for the series of vase-paintings, see the illustrations in that volume and the Catalogues in Vol. XXI.]

[3] [See Vol. XXXVI. pp. 588, 597.]

[4] [Some words from this letter have already been printed in Vol. XX. p. l., and Vol. XXIX. p. 475 *n.* See the latter place for other references to the inn at Martigny.]

I should like to draw, but cannot venture. So I saunter about among the rocks and woods and listen to the nightingales, who are very happy. It is exceedingly pretty to see the swallows flying in and out of the corridor here, without minding anybody. They come in at the open arches, and satisfy me that the air is better than is usually thought. I am also examining the mountains with a view to my plan for the redemption of their barren slopes.[1] There is just difficulty enough to make it a sublime piece of manual work.

To CHARLES ELIOT NORTON [2]

VENICE, 11*th June*, 1870.

MY DEAREST CHARLES,—Your letter reached me this afternoon, and I reply before 12 of the midnight. Stay—there *is* the earliest clock striking,—with full moon like morning. . . .

Day by day passes, and finds me more helpless; coming back here makes me unspeakably sad. I am doing, I hope, useful work—I can only breathe freely when I *am* at work. I send you a few proof-sheets which may interest you and show you what I am trying to do.

12*th June, Morning.*

My absurd fault is that I never take a minute or two of the pleasure of saying nothing worth, yet you would be glad of the worthlessness.

My hand shakes more than usual, but I am not worse than usual. I have been standing since 7 o'clock on a chair, stretching up to see the lizard that carries the signature under the elbow of St. Jerome's dead body,[3] and drawing it for Oxford zoological class; it is as bad as drawing from life, the thing is so subtle; it is worse than motion.

Send me a line to the Due Torri, Verona. I shall have left Venice, and I am going into the Alps for a little rest. I don't know what it will be to do, whether Alpine Roses, or if I shall come back here to work on Tintoret.

"There *is* none like him—*none*."[4]

Love to you all.—Ever your affectionate J. RUSKIN.

[1] [See Vol. XXXVI. pp. 567, 569, 577.]

[2] [No. 87 in *Norton*; vol. i. pp. 259–261.]

[3] ["Here a sketch of the lizard and Carpaccio's signature" (C. E. N.). The drawing is now at Oxford: see Vol. XXI. p. 152.]

[4] [Tennyson: *Maud.*]

To CHARLES ELIOT NORTON [1]

VENICE, *Saturday, 17th June* [1870].

MY DEAREST CHARLES,—I have just got your letter; yes, I will come to Siena.[2] I have to go for a fortnight up into Switzerland with Joanna and our friends to see Alpine roses. Then I'll run straight south to you. I cannot write more to-day, but will this evening. It seems to me as if every saving power was at present being paralyzed, or stupefied, or killed. I know, too well, the truth of what Dickens told you [3] of the coming evil.—Ever your affectionate J. RUSKIN.

To CHARLES ELIOT NORTON [4]

VENICE, *19th June.*

MY DEAREST CHARLES,—I knew you would deeply feel the death of Dickens. It is very frightful to me—among the blows struck by the fates at worthy men, while all mischievous ones have ceaseless strength. The literary loss is infinite—the political one I care less for than you do. Dickens was a pure modernist—a leader of the steam-whistle party *par excellence*—and he had no understanding of any power of antiquity except a sort of jackdaw sentiment for cathedral towers. He knew nothing of the nobler power of superstition—was essentially a stage manager, and used everything for effect on the pit. His Christmas meant mistletoe and pudding—neither resurrection from dead, nor rising of new stars, nor teaching of wise men, nor shepherds. His hero is essentially the ironmaster; in spite of *Hard Times*,[5] he has advanced by his influence every principle that makes them harder—the love of excitement, in all classes, and the fury of business competition, and the distrust both of nobility and clergy which, wide enough and fatal enough, and too justly founded, needed no apostle to the mob, but a grave teacher of priests and nobles themselves, for whom Dickens had essentially no word. . . .

Please send me a line to post office, Lugano, saying how long you stay, and I will do my best to come as soon as I can, if your "summer" means not quite into the hot months. My faithful love to you all.—Ever your affectionate J. RUSKIN.

[1] [No. 88 in *Norton;* vol. ii. p. 4.]

[2] [For Professor Norton's account of Ruskin's visit to him at Siena, see Vol. XX. p. liii.]

[3] [For Dickens's friendship with Professor Norton, see Forster's *Life,* vol. iii. pp. 189, 411.]

[4] [No. 89 in *Norton;* vol. ii. pp. 4–6.]

[5] [Which Ruskin accounted "in several respects the greatest" of Dickens's books: Vol. XVII. p. 31 *n.*]

To CHARLES ELIOT NORTON[1]

Monday, 20th June [1870].

MY DEAREST CHARLES,—I have changed my purpose, suddenly, and am going to make sure of seeing you at once—though I cannot at present stay—but for many reasons, chiefly the danger of losing hold of what I have just been learning here, it is better for me not to stay in Italy, but to go home quietly and write down what I have got—else I should learn too much, and get nothing said.

Yes, necessarily, there is a difference in manner between writing intended for a professor's class and that meant to amuse a popular audience;[2] also, I hope at fifty I *am* mentally stronger than at twenty-five. But the pain has not done anything for me. Indignation has sometimes—but always more harm than good, the now quite morbid dislike of talking being one result of it very inconvenient at Oxford.

I shall have to trespass on you (ultimately I do not doubt you will be glad I have) by bringing not only J. and C.,[3] but C.'s good and sweet (and infinitely sensitive in all right ways) mother, for whom, mainly, I made all the plans of this journey; a most refined English gentlewoman, who had never seen Italy. But, alas, I can't stay more than three days at the utmost. I must be three days in Florence for my own work. I shall take those at once, at the Grande Bretagne, before coming to you.—Ever your loving JOHN RUSKIN.

I am very glad the Medusa is not Leonardo's,[4] but I speak of his temper from general examination of his drawings. I never remember seeing his signature, except as "Lionardo." Why do you like "e" better?

[1] [No. 90 in *Norton;* vol. ii. pp. 6–8.]

[2] [This must be in reply to remarks made by Professor Norton on reading "an advance copy" of the first volume of Ruskin's Oxford lectures—the *Lectures on Art,* issued to the public in July 1870.]

[3] ["Joanie" (Mrs. Arthur Severn) and Miss Constance Hilliard.]

[4] [Ruskin had referred to the head of Medusa in *Lectures on Art,* § 150 (see Vol. XX. p. 142). On the vexed question of the authenticity of this famous picture in the Uffizi, M. Eugène Müntz writes in his *Leonardo da Vinci* (vol. i. p. 49, Eng. ed.): "The oracles of art have now decided that this could not have been produced till long after the death of da Vinci, and that it is the work of some cinquecentist, painting from Vasari's description. We know, however, from the testimony of an anonymous biographer that a Medusa painted by Leonardo was included in the collections of Cosimo de' Medici about the middle of the sixteenth century. Cosimo's inventory is not less precise; it mentions 'un quadro con una Furia infernale del Vinci semplice.'"]

To his Mother[1]

Siena, *Monday, 27th June.*

I never in my life knew any weather so superb or so delicious as the three days we have past here—cloudless and pure, and cool in morning like exquisitest spring. We leave to-day for Florence and the north. But I have learned *so* much.

The fire-flies are almost awful in the twilight, as bright as candles, flying in and out among the dark cypresses.[2] The people are *so* good, too—I mean the country people.

To Charles Eliot Norton[3]

[Florence] 29 *June,* 1870.

My dearest Charles,—It's no use trying to write thanks, or good-byes, but here's what I wrote yesterday for heads of talk about Lippi—for J.'s satisfaction if any may be, out of me, just now:—

1. Laying on of gold as paint, for light, all exquisite—none lost.
2. Chiaroscuro perfect, when permitted.
3. Faces all in equal daylight—conventional.
4. No unquiet splendour in accessories.
5. Essential colour as fine as Correggio.
6. Expressional character the best in the world—individual character feeble, but lovely.
7. Essential painting as good as Titian in his early time.
8. Form, in invention, perfect; in knowledge and anatomy, false.
9. Colour in invention very feeble; in sentiment exquisite.

There—and I've seen the Strozzi Titian[4]—and it's Beyond everything, and I'm ever yours, J. R.

To Charles Eliot Norton[5]

Bellinzona, *Thursday, 8th July* [1870].

My dearest Charles,—I find here your long and interesting letter of June 20th. . . .

I quite feel all that you say of Dickens; and of his genius, or

[1] [A few words of this letter have been given in Vol. XX. p. liv.]

[2] [The memory of these fire-flies at Siena returned to Ruskin in the last passage that he wrote for the press: see the end of *Præterita* (Vol. XXXV. p. 562).]

[3] [No. 91 in *Norton;* vol. ii. pp. 8–9.]

[4] [Then at Florence, now at Berlin; for Ruskin's description of it, see Vol. XXII. pp. 223–224 (Plate XIX.).]

[5] [No. 92 in *Norton;* vol. ii. pp. 9–11.]

benevolence, no one, I believe, ever has spoken, or will speak, more strongly than I. You will acquit me, I know, of jealousy; you will not agree with me in my acknowledgment of his entire superiority to me in every mental quality but one—the desire of truth without exaggeration. It is my stern desire to get at the pure fact and nothing less or more, which gives me whatever power I have; it is Dickens's delight in grotesque and rich exaggeration which has made him, I think, nearly useless in the present day. I do not believe he has made *any* one more good-natured. I think all his finest touches of sympathy are absolutely undiscovered by the British public; but his mere caricature, his liberalism, and his calling the Crystal Palace "Fairyland"[1] have had fatal effect—and profound. . . .

I believe Dickens to be as little understood as Cervantes, and almost as mischievous.

We had a lovely day at Padua, and I see Mantegna with ever-increasing admiration.[2] (By the way, on the 4th we all drank to the prosperity of America—I recommending Mrs. H. to put her good wishes for it into the form of the prayer in the Litany for "fatherless children and widows, and all that are desolate and oppressed.") Then some Luini study at Milan, Como, and Lugano,[3] and such a drive from Lugano here as I think never was driven by mortal before, for beauty.

I fear I must close this before I get yours—if there is one, but will write again from the Giessbach. Love to you all from all of us.—Ever your loving

J. RUSKIN.

To CHARLES ELIOT NORTON[4]

GIESSBACH, 12*th July*, 1870.

MY DEAREST CHARLES,—We have been travelling so fast that I have had no time to look at anything in my folios. I have now been examining your present of the "Mantegnas" very carefully, and must again thank you for it most earnestly. I have never seen more wonderful or instructive work—the richness of its life and strength, and utter masterfulness of hand, surpass all I know of this kind. What a strange hardness and gloom pervades it all, nevertheless,

[1] [See *Ethics of the Dust*, § 32 (Vol. XVIII. p. 243).]

[2] [Ruskin placed in his Oxford school several studies from Mantegna's fresco in the Church of the Eremitani at Padua: see Vol. XXI. p. 24.]

[3] [For a tourist's note upon "Ruskin on Luini at Lugano," see Vol. XXXIV. p. 725.]

[4] [No. 93 in *Norton*; vol. ii. pp. 11–12.]

and what a strange element of Italian character this is, in Sandro Botticelli, and even in the Pisani, partly, also.

I feel that I have left Italy too soon for my purposes, and I must come back in the autumn for a few weeks. I shall most likely run down to you, if you are still at Siena, and finish my lioness and cubs,[1] who are not at all what I want, yet, and show Eliot one or two things I promised and did not. . . . Ever your affectionate

J. Ruskin.

To W. H. Harrison

Giessbach, 17*th July*, 1870.

My dear Harrison,—I have your kind letter, but I can't get any of my preface[2] to my mind—the more I think, the more it puzzles me. As to the queries, of course where you have found the references wrong they *are* wrong, and must be put right;—it *should* be Immortality, not Mortality—the modern philosophy being that general life is immortal, but that each of *us* can only have his little bit. The "croce" is missed out of the Dante line as unnecessary to my purpose in the quotation, but I heartily thank you for the accuracy of notice. I shall soon be home now, I hope, and we will get the thing off the stocks.

I shall think Providence more merciful if it doesn't let you fall downstairs again, than if it merely limits the consequences of such catastrophes; but I am glad to see how well and like to yourself you seem to be, both by the text and handwriting of your letter.

Upon my word, if Joan and Connie want to come abroad again, *you* must take care of them. I entirely decline all future responsibility. They want now to come down the Rhine, and "be taken prisoners," but send you their loves, notwithstanding.

I note what you say of poor Dickens—no death could have surprised or saddened me more. I suppose no man was ever, not only more popular, but more truly beloved by his friends. Mr. Norton is never weary of speaking of him, and I have made him almost angry with me by maintaining that precious as Dickens's books have been,

[1] [Studies from the pulpit: see Vol. XX. p. 363 (Plate D).]

[2] [The Preface to *Sesame and Lilies* in the "Works" edition, ultimately dated January 1, 1871. For the passages in the text of the book queried by W. H. Harrison, see (*a*) § 105, "swallowed up in immortality"; and (*b*) § 25, where the "croce" is missed out in the quotation of *Inferno*, xxiii. 126, "disteso in croce," etc. (Vol. XVIII. pp. 152, 77.)]

they have on the whole done harm to the country. I wish he had lived to do us more mischief, however.

I am glad Macmillan have attended to my directions in sending book.[1] The last three lectures you must not be plagued with—the first four will, I daresay, give you some pleasure.—Ever affectionately yours, J. RUSKIN.

To F. S. ELLIS[2]

DENMARK HILL [? *July*, 1870].

DEAR MR. ELLIS,—Thank you for getting the *Utopia* for me. What an infinitely wise—infinitely foolish—book it is! Right in all it asks—insane, in venturing to ask it, all at once—so making its own wisdom folly for evermore; and becoming perhaps the most really mischievous book ever written—except *Don Quixote*.

Please send me by bearer, if you can, a complete series of Morris's poems from first to last. I see a nice review in the *Pall Mall* of this last volume.—Truly yours, J. R.

To CHARLES ELIOT NORTON[3]

DENMARK HILL, 29*th July*, 1870.

MY DEAREST CHARLES, . . . The war is very awful to me: being as I think all men's fault as much as the emperor's; certainly as much Prussia's and England's.

Paris looks infinitely sad, but I took Mrs. H., J., C., and C.'s two brothers to the theatre (Comédie Française), and we heard the Marseillaise sung about as well as it could be. The cry of the audience, "à genoux," at the last verse, was very touching.

C. was singing the Marseillaise all the way to Boulogne at the top of her pretty voice, to my no small discomfiture, who was reading Sainte-Beuve's *Étude sur Virgile*, which is very nice as far as it reaches, curiously shortened in its reach by the writer's never for a moment admitting to himself the possibility of a True, as well as an Ideal, spirit, or God.

[1] [The Oxford *Lectures on Art* (Vol. XX.), which was published by Messrs. Macmillan for the University Press.]

[2] [No. 40 (the last) in *Art and Literature*, where it is conjecturally dated "1872"; but there was no review of any volume by Morris in the *Pall Mall* during that year. The date may be July 1870, and the reference to a long review on June 23 of *The Story of the Volsungs and Niblungs, with certain Songs from the Elder Edda* (F. S. Ellis, 1870).]

[3] [No. 94 in *Norton*; vol. ii. pp. 12–13.]

I have been endeavouring this morning to define the limits of insanity. My experience is not yet wide enough: I have been entirely insane, as far as I know, only about Turner and Rose; and I'm tired; and have made out nothing satisfactory.

All the grass burnt up everywhere—drought like Elijah's, and priests of Baal everywhere with nobody to kill them.[1] My mother is wonderfully well, but home is very sad, and I haven't got my pups at Siena half as well as I thought I had.

Please write a line to me often. I am anxious about you.—Ever your loving J. Ruskin.

To Charles Eliot Norton[2]

Denmark Hill, *7th August*, 1870.

My dearest Charles,—Your letter and the photographs, which are delightful, arrived last night; it is better to send some little word of answer at once . . . to your two questions about Turner. His "I have been cruelly treated" was reported to me by his friend Mr. Griffith (who was much with him before his death) as having been said one day almost without consciousness of speaking aloud, as he was looking sorrowfully at the pictures then exhibiting at Pall Mall, from his gallery, everybody admiring them too late. The other saying came from an unquestionable quarter. Mr. Kingsley's cousin was in Turner's own gallery with him. They came to the "Crossing the Brook"; a piece of paint out of the sky, as large as a fourpenny piece, was lying on the floor. Kingsley picked it up, and said, "Have you noticed this?" "No," said Turner. "How can you look at the picture and see it so injured?" said Kingsley. "What does it matter?" answered Turner; "the only use of the thing is to recall the impression."[3] Of course it was false, but he was then thinking of himself only, having long given up the thought of being cared for by the public.

It was very curious your reading Ste.-Beuve's *Virgil* with me. You will have seen by the lectures[4] already that I feel as strongly as

[1] [1 Kings xviii.]

[2] [*Atlantic Monthly*, August 1904, vol. 94, pp. 166, 167. No. 95 in *Norton*; vol. ii. pp. 13–16.]

[3] [There is a reference to this story in Ruskin's MS. of *Lectures on Landscape*, § 13 (Vol. XXII. p. 20 *n.*). Compare *Modern Painters*, vol. iv. (Vol. VI. p. 276 *n.*).]

[4] [*Lectures on Art*, § 70, where Virgil and Pope are given as "two great masters of the absolute art of language": Vol. XX. p. 76.]

he, and much more strongly. (I like Ste.-Beuve much, and see why you spoke of his style as admirable; but he is altogether shallow and therefore may easily keep his agitation at ripple-level.[1] Please compare his translation of Homer's Æolus at p. 204 with mine in *Queen of Air*, p. 22, and see how he has missed the mythic sense of the feasting, and put in "viandes savoureuses" out of his head, not understanding why Homer made the house misty.[2]) But for *Virgil* all you say of him is true—but through and under all that there is a depth and perfectness that no man has reached but he; just as that Siena arabesque,[3] though in a bad style, is insuperable, so Virgil, in (not a bad, but) a courtly and derivative style, has sterling qualities the most rare.

Thank you for writing what you had told me, but what I am only too glad to have written, of Cervantes. I will look at the two parts carefully.

Yes, I'll write often now—little words to tell you what I am feeling and trying to do. Loving memory to you all.—Ever your grateful

J. RUSKIN.

To a JOURNALIST[4]

DENMARK HILL, *8th August*, 1870.

MY DEAR SIR,—I am much interested and obliged by your letter, and I think the series of papers you have begun are likely to be of great use. Please forward them to me regularly.

I send you to-day a book of mine, of which I should much desire

[1] [See Vol. XXXVI. p. 587.]

[2] [The passage translated is *Odyssey*, x. 1–10. Ruskin's translation is in *Queen of the Air*, § 19 (Vol. XIX. p. 311). Sainte-Beuve's is as follows:—"Nous arrivâmes dans l'île d'Éolie; là, habitait Éole, fils d'Hippotès, cher aux Dieux immortels, dans une île flottante. Elle est tout entière environnée d'un mur d'airain imbrisable; un haut rocher lisse court et règne alentour. Là, il avait donné ses filles à ses garçons en mariage; et tous, sans décesser, auprès de leur père et de leur mère vénérable, ils festinent, et on leur sert des régals en abondance. La cour de la maison, où fument des viandes savoureuses, retentit tout le jour. . . ."]

[3] [Possibly the one engraved on Plate XXIXA. in Vol. XXI. (p. 39).]

[4] [This and the five following letters were printed by "One of the staff of the *Liverpool Daily Post*," in that newspaper, on January 22, 1900, p. 8. Ruskin's correspondent was in 1870 "editor of a Shropshire newspaper, printed in a pretty little town under the shadow of the Wrekin. I wrote leaders," he says, "and took reports, assisted to set them in type, and on the eve of publication helped to fold the papers that came damp from an old cylinder machine. I was free to write what I liked, and I started a series of articles on 'How the Working Classes live.'" The writer was a student of Ruskin's books, and sent him the first of the series of articles, receiving this letter in reply. The following letters to the same correspondent are here placed together, somewhat out of chronological order.]

that you would read from page 134 to page 154.[1] These twenty pages contain the force of what I want most to say to our working men generally. When you have read these, I will send you a book of Carlyle's. I would have sent his first, but had it not by me to-day; and one book at a time is enough for any of us, if we only all knew it.—Believe me, sincerely yours, J. Ruskin.

Denmark Hill, *August* 20, 1870.

My dear Sir,—I am greatly delighted, both with the paper you sent me yesterday in the —— *News* and with your letter to-day. I have not yet received so much encouragement from anything as from what you tell me respecting the feelings of other workmen. For up to the present time I have literally felt that, as Carlyle once wrote to me—"We are in a minority of two," and that, whatever sympathy here and there people might feel either with his genius or with my poor little art-gift, there was no one who would or could believe a word of what we said touching the vital laws and mortal violations of them which regulate and ruin states, and are not doing the first for us in England.

I have been called back for the present, and for two years to come, if I live, to my mere art-work. It will not be mere art-work, indeed. Still it is my duty to do it as thoroughly as I can, and so done, it will be the foundation of much more.

But the lesson given the country—in common with all countries—by this marvellous and ghastly war may perhaps render it possible to do what otherwise it would have been vain to think of yet—take[2] up the sixth volume of Carlyle's *Frederick*, sift out of it the great principles of government, which have made Prussia what she is, and ally a few of our workmen, who have self-command and sense, into a nucleus to be gradually enlarged for simple obedience to these laws among themselves, wholly careless and scornful of what is done above them by so-called governments, and neither troubling themselves to vote or to agitate for anything, but calmly to enlist, man by man, those who are worthy to join them.

I hope to write to you again to-morrow on this matter. The note you never got was, I found afterwards, never sent. I have much more

[1] [The book was *The Queen of the Air*, and Ruskin's references are to the first edition (§§ 120–134): see now Vol. XIX. pp. 404–406, Vol. XVII. pp. 541–545, Vol. XIX. pp. 406–408. Presently Ruskin sent to his correspondent a copy of Carlyle's *Friedrich*.]

[2] [A conjecture for ". . . vain to think of. Yet to take . . ." in the *Liverpool Daily Post*.]

on my hands than I can do rightly, but it is better to do it miserably than not at all. I am utterly sorry, for instance, to send you such an ill-written letter as this; but my hand is utterly spoiled with making hasty notes when I am tired on margins of sketches and the like, and I can only write, even as well as this, by taking more time than can be spared.—Ever sincerely yours, J. RUSKIN.

Go on with your papers on your own plan. They are excellent.

DENMARK HILL, 1*st September*, 1870.

MY DEAR SIR,—This paper on adulteration seems to me altogether excellent. I have been several times on the point of writing to you, but the many subjects touched upon in your plan always set me thinking till there's no time to write.

Do not in anything you have to prepare at present for the public, insist much on punishments. They are necessary; but education in the common principles of honour and justice is required first for our children. Then—if so taught, they fail—punish like the fates. But at present people do the vilest things in ignorance or stupor.—Ever most truly yours, J. RUSKIN.

DENMARK HILL, *Sept.* 20*th*, 1870.

MY DEAR SIR,—I am very sorry not to have answered your last note, nor acknowledged your valuable paper, until now. It seems to me entirely good and useful (except in the over-enthusiastic reference to myself), and I sincerely believe you may become an instrument of great good, understanding your own class so thoroughly, and the laws of right which are dominant over all classes.—Ever truly yours,

J. RUSKIN.

September 30*th*.

MY DEAR SIR,—I ought at least to have said in my last letter, in reply to your expression of sorrow about your clerical friend, that, as a body, clergymen are at present incapable of understanding the first conditions of social improvement. They are a form of plaster on a continually increasing sore, imagined to be curative, when in reality they are vitally weakening their constitution. I should strongly advise you only to concern or associate yourself with the *young* ones, and not with many of them. Many English clergy are the best of human beings, but they are also—the majority—among the foolishest.—Truly yours, J. RUSKIN.

DENMARK HILL, *November* 30, 1870.

DEAR MR. ——, Don't be vexed about your MSS., and don't overwork; and get well as fast as you can. I'll make some use of the MSS.

I wrote two or three private letters of violent abuse to Mr. Brooke myself (he having been a rather close acquaintance before), and told him to wait and he should have some more—so he shall—and I'm very glad of your help.[1]—Always truly yours, J. RUSKIN.

To CHARLES ELIOT NORTON[2]

9th August, '70.

MY DEAREST CHARLES,—I did not, in my last letter, enter at all on my real meaning in saying *Don Quixote* was mischievous, and I want you to know it.[3]

I never discerned the difference you point out between the parts. But *I* read the whole as the first, not as the last. It always affected me *throughout* with tears, not laughter. It was always *throughout*, *real* chivalry to me; and it is precisely because the most touching valour and tenderness are rendered vain by madness, and because, thus vain, they are made a subject of laughter to vulgar and shallow persons, and because *all* true chivalry is thus by implication accused of madness, and involved in shame, that I call the book so deadly.—Ever your loving J. R.

To WILLIAM WARD[4]

DENMARK HILL, *August 9th*, 1870.

MY DEAR WARD,—*I* don't want *any* of these leaves painted. You are to work on them for practice, doing one or two over and over again—fifty times, if needful.

[1] [The editor of *Macmillan's Magazine* had, explains Ruskin's correspondent, "published, or allowed to be published, some remarks which I considered either offensive to the working classes or betraying considerable ignorance of their mode of living, or both. I wrote a reply, which was duly returned with the chilling excuse that controversy could not be permitted in the columns of *Macmillan*. I forwarded the rejected MS. to Mr. Ruskin, from whom I received this reply." The reference is probably to Mr. Stopford Brooke's paper upon Ruskin's *Lectures on Art* in the November number of the *Magazine;* it contained incidentally a disquisition on how the poor live. For Ruskin's printed expostulation upon the review, see Vol. XXXIV. p. 502.]

[2] [*Atlantic Monthly*, August 1904, vol. 94, p. 167. No. 96 in *Norton;* vol. ii. pp. 16–17.]

[3] [See letter of July 8; above, p. 10.]

[4] [No. 51 in *Ward* (see below, p. 701); vol. ii. pp. 11–12.]

Of course *all* painting—oil, water, fresco, and everything—is done at *one* coup, when it is right. But certain processes of colour require laying of two or three different colours over each other; *then* the under one must dry first, etc., etc., etc., All this mechanism you have to learn, but the French know hardly anything about it.

Of course Meissonier paints at a blow; and his work is like a plasterer's, as all French work is. Titian also paints at a blow—but *his* work is not like a plasterer's. Titian paints with a sense of mystery, and Meissonier with none; and Titian with a sense of true hue, and Meissonier with no more sense of colour than a common stainer of photographs.

But learn of *anybody* how to do what *they* do—it will always be useful.—Ever truly yours, J. RUSKIN.

To CHARLES ELIOT NORTON[1]

Sunday Morning, 14th August, '70.

MY DEAREST CHARLES, . . . I got yesterday in London a—guess what? *Roman de la Rose*, of about 1380, with beautiful little dark *grey* vignettes.[2] Very typical of the course of all *my Roman*, and therefore exquisitely sweet in feeling—not particularly wise in execution. But they are *so* pretty, the Dieu d'Amour, with a little stiff crown and his hair coming out in crockets like Richard the II. It is perfect from end to end, and in the French form Chaucer must have read it in (I had to give £200 for it! and feel very much ashamed of myself).

Look here—will you please, when next you go into Siena, look at the bosses of the dragon panel of pulpit at the corners and tell me if this one[3] is indeed flatter than the other three, or has had its central boss broken away?—Ever your loving J. R.

To CHARLES ELIOT NORTON[4]

Morning, 17th August [1870].

MY DEAREST CHARLES,—I was looking for accounts of thunder this morning, and took your despised Virgil. *N.B.*—Behind me in my own special bookcase I have only two books,—Burmann's Virgil and the

[1] [No. 97 in *Norton*; vol. ii. pp. 17–18.]
[2] [For another reference to the MS., see Vol. XXVIII. p. 161 *n.*]
[3] ["Here a hasty sketch."—C. E. N.]
[4] [No. 98 in *Norton*; vol. ii. pp. 18–20.]

large "della Crusca Dante,"[1] with Longfellow's translation beside it (Europe and America). Well, Burmann's Virgil (get this edition, Amsterdam, 1746; it is every way so useful with its serious notes and full index) has, on two of its pages, the 441st to the 456th line of Æn. 8th—ending with the 456th.[2]

Please read those very slowly—stopping first at the 453rd, and going over the 441st to that, again and again, till you have got them *thoroughly* into your ears and mind. Then go on and read the last three, 454 to 456, very slowly also.—Ever your loving J. R.

To Charles Eliot Norton[3]

[*August,* 1870].

My dearest Charles,—I have your beautiful letter to-day, about Don Quixote, etc. I'm just beginning to-day, seriously, my autumn course of lectures, which are to be on Greek coins, with the Tortoise of Ægina,[4] and I'm in my writing element again, and almost happy, chiefly because I heard the day before yesterday that somebody else was very *un*happy. (Did you ever think there was such monstrousness in me?)

That is indeed an important mistake about the bag.[5] Of course these stories are all first fixed in my mind by my boy's reading of Pope—then I read in the Greek rapidly to hunt out the points I want to work on, and am always liable to miss an immaterial point. But it is strange that I hardly ever get anything stated without some grave mistake however true in my main discoveries.

That use of κνισσῆεν[6] is precisely the most delicious thing in the

[1] [*P. V. Maronis Opera cum Commentariis . . . quibus et suas in omne opus animadversiones et variantes in Servium lectiones addidet P. Burmannus.* Amstelædami, 1746, 4to.

La Divina Comedia . . . ridotta a miglior lezione dagli Accademici della Crusca. Firenze, 1595.]

[2] [The first thirteen of the lines are from the vivid passage where Vulcan orders the forging of the shield which Venus gives to Æneas—followed immediately by the dawn at Evander's dwelling and the singing of the birds under the eaves.]

[3] [No. 99 in *Norton;* vol. ii. pp. 20–23. Some sentences of the letter ("But it is strange . . . main discoveries," and "My long training . . . Homer saw") had previously been printed in Professor Norton's Introduction (p. vi.) to the American "Brantwood" edition of *Aratra Pentelici.*]

[4] ["Beginning to-day" means beginning to write the lectures. That on "The Tortoise of Ægina" was never delivered; but was afterwards (1894) published for Ruskin: see Vol. XX. pp. lviii., 381.]

[5] [In *The Queen of the Air* (§ 19), Ruskin, writing of the myth of Æolus, said, "Æolus gives them [the winds] to Ulysses, all but one, bound in a leathern bag." For the correction, see Vol. XIX. p. 312 *n.*]

[6] [In the description of the house of Æolus, at the beginning of the tenth book of the *Odyssey.* For a note on this passage, see Vol. XIX. p. 311 *n.*]

myth—it is that which makes it an enigma. Had Homer used any other word than that he would have shown his cards in a moment—which he never does, nor any other of the big fellows. Yet it ought at once to lead you to the mythic meaning when you remember that meat smoke is precisely what winds would carry away—that the house being full of the smell of dinner is precisely the *Unwindiest* character you could have given it. Well, that ought to set you considering: and then you will see that while the *Calm* cloud is high in heaven, the Wind cloud rises up from the earth, and is actually the Steam of it, under the beneficent Cookery of the winds, which make it good for food. "Thy Dwelling shall be of the Dew of Heaven, and of the *fatness* of the Earth."[1]

My long training in Hebrew myths had at least the advantage of giving this habit of always looking for the under-thought, and then my work on physical phenomena just gave me what other commentators, scholars only, can never have, the sight of what Homer saw.

I bought a picture by Holman Hunt this year, of a Greek sunset,[2] with all the Homeric colours in the sky—and the κνισσῆεν cloud just steaming up from the hills, so *exactly* true that everybody disbelieves its being true at all. Then I found out the Piping and Fluting[3] from the Pindaric ode which describes Athena making the Pan's pipe out of Medusa's hair. You'll be aghast at the lot of things I've got together about Ægina,[4] but they are so pretty, the whole story of the Æacidæ and Myrmidons and ever so much political economy—with the Phœnician Aphrodite to soften it all into correggiosity of Correggio.[5]—Ever your ridiculous and loving J. R.

ὀνείατα is a perfectly heavenly word[6]—it means the benefit of *well digested* anything; all my books are ὀνείατα—it means a dinner ate imaginatively—ὅσον ἐν ἀσφοδέλῳ[7]—the Barmecide's dinner sometimes.

[1] [Genesis xxvii. 39.]

[2] ["Sunset at Chimalditi": see Vol. XXXIV. p. 169 and *n.*]

[3] [The reference is to *The Queen of the Air*, § 41. For the passage in Pindar, see Vol. XIX. p. 343 *n.*]

[4] [See, again, Vol. XX. pp. 381–389. The "Phœnician Aphrodite," however, does not figure in the lecture as printed.]

[5] [For this phrase of Carlyle's, see Vol. XX. p. 106.]

[6] [It occurs in the lines of the *Odyssey* (x. 9 *seq.*) which Ruskin has been discussing.]

[7] [This is a correction for *νἷον ἐν ἀσφόδελω* (*sic*) in *Norton*, the sense of which it is impossible to see. Ruskin of course wrote *ὅσον*, intending to recall to his friend's mind the well-known passage in Hesiod (*Opera* 41), where also the word *ὄνειαρ* occurs:

οὐδὲ ἴσασιν ὅσῳ πλέον ἥμισυ παντός,
οὐδ' ὅσον ἐν μαλάχῃ τε καὶ ἀσφοδέλῳ μεγ' ὄνειαρ—

The half is more than the whole, and there may be great *ὄνειαρ* in mallow and

Look at Liddell's last reference to the Homeric Hymns:

Δημήτηρ
ἡδὺ καταπνείουσα, καὶ ἐν κόλποισιν ἔχουσα . . .
ἀθανάτοις, θνητοῖς τ' ὄνειαρ καὶ χάρμα τέτυκται.[1]

To Miss Constance Oldham[2]

Denmark Hill, 22*nd August*, 1870.

. . . It is very nice of you to write me all that account of your Yorkshire journey, and it gave me pleasure, for I saw that you had been enjoying just the right things in the right way—sweetly and peacefully—getting all the good of them. And there is nothing in all that I know of the world, so full of a deep, quiet good, as those Yorkshire vales and moors with their abbeys and waters.

I know them all, and have long known—*too* long (though I have seen most of them, except Fountains, within the last ten or twelve years). I am deeply fond of Bolton, and have earliest child memories —at *least* forty years old—of that dripping well at Knaresborough. High Force is really a very notable scene, though on a small scale—it is so far away and wild in character. I hope you will go on loving and travelling in English and Welsh scenery for some years. To see larger spoils it, in some degree.

To Charles Eliot Norton[3]

Denmark Hill, 26*th August*, '70.

My dearest Charles,—Your little Siena picture and my bas-relief, which I'm delighted with, came a week ago.

Your absurdest of all conceivable, and very charming letter came the night before last. I was too much astonished to answer. And the photograph of my Florence door came last night, and so I must answer, to say it's the very thing I want, and I'm ever so grateful.

You'll never make me miserable any more by thinking you may be

asphodel, eaten imaginatively; as also, even in a Barmecide's feast on empty plates. Ruskin assumed, too, that his friend would remember the quotation of the words ὅσον ἐν ἀσφοδέλῳ μεγ' ὄνειαρ in *Unto this Last* (Vol. XVII. p. 114). For "Barmecide's feast," an allusion to *The Arabian Nights*, see Vol. XII. p. 383 *n.*]

[1] [*Hymn to Demeter*, lines 238, 269—the passage last referred to in Liddell and Scott *sub* ὄνειαρ.]

[2] [Ruskin's god-daughter, her mother being a Miss Oldfield: see Vol. XXXV. p. 381.]

[No. 100 in *Norton;* vol. ii. pp. 23–25.]

right and Carlyle wrong, after all, when I see how you misread this French war; this war is, on the one side, the French, the purest and intensest republicanism (choosing a fool for a leader, and able to kick him off when it likes) joined to vanity, lust, and lying—against, on the German side, a Personal, Hereditary, Feudal government as stern as Barbarossa's, with a certain human measure of modesty, decency, and veracity, in its people.

And dear old Carlyle—how thankful I am that he did his *Friedrich* exactly at the right time! It's the likest thing to a Providence I've known this many a year, except my getting the *Roman de la Rose*.[1]

You're more absurd about that than even about the French—but it's of no use talking.

Weren't you pleased when the photograph of the Pisano Lions came, to see how pitiful it was, compared even to that rude sketch of mine?—and that we poor draughtsmen are still worth our salt?

I'm in hopes of bringing out enough from the Greek coins to make you not sorry I stay at home. I wish I were with you, but that's all "*Roman*"—put it out of your head.—Ever affectionately yours,

J. R.

To EDWARD BURNE-JONES[2]

27*th Aug.* [1870].

DEAREST NED,—I would have asked you to spend your birthday here, but I am so inconceivably more than usually dead and stupid (not depressed, but lifeless and dreamy), that I can't but think you will both be happier by yourselves. Besides, Sunday's always wretched here, from old idle habits, and the servants keep it by going out larking, and are piously vicious if one asks them to do anything.

Many and many returns of day, and of strength renewed with it. I send you a little bit of eatable thing—that's all *I* care for just now—for to-morrow.—Ever your affectionate Papa, J. R.

To CHARLES ELIOT NORTON[3]

9th September, 1870.

MY DEAREST CHARLES,—I don't know if any letters are likely to reach you just now. Have you got mine on Æolus and fat smoke? I have two kind ones from you. . . .

A letter you sent to me in March on Michael Angelo is of great

[1] [See above, p. 22.]
[2] [From *Memorials of Edward Burne-Jones*, vol. ii. p. 16.]
[3] [No. 101 in *Norton;* vol. ii. pp. 25–26.]

value. (It quotes Lucretius, *tantum religio*, but you are not to pity me out of Lucretius, whom I much dislike.[1]) I am greatly sorry not to be with you. But you may be pleased for one reason. Had I come back to Italy, I might never have taken up my broken Greek work again, whereas this has thrown me back on it, making not only my past labour of service, but laying a more formal foundation for all. But I'm very weary and sad. Joan is gone away—and the evenings' sitting beside my mother only makes me sadder still. . . . Love to you all.—Ever your affectionate J. Ruskin.

To Charles Eliot Norton[2]

Cowley Rectory, Uxbridge, *30th Sept.*, 1870.

My dearest Charles, . . . Thanks for reference to Boutmy.[3] I was glad you named it, for I had picked it up at a railway stall, and read it with attention, and was wondering, till I got your letter, whether it represented average French criticism, or was really what it appeared to me—a work of separate merit. It is very good, and suggestive from its French point of view, but very narrow and shallow. It is most interesting in the utter incapability of the Frenchman to penetrate the solemnity of Greek thought. The quantity of pain that I have myself actually suffered has been greatly useful to me in this respect, and it has not been less useful because in many ways my own fault or folly. I know in every shadow the meaning of the word Μοῖρα.

Its analysis of the Parthenon is exactly the kind of thing I used to do, of separate buildings that I had closely studied—ignorant of others. I could write a similar essay on any good building whatsoever, and show it to be alone in the world—from the great Pyramid to Chartres; and the reason that my Greek work is so imperfect now is precisely because I did *not* begin with it, but have reached it and worked it into a complete, or nearly so, panorama of methods of art. I think when you see what I am doing, even now, for Oxford this

[1] [See Vol. XXXV. p. 613. For the words quoted, see Lucretius, i. 101.]

[2] [No. 102 in *Norton;* vol. ii. pp. 26–28. A few sentences from the letter ("I think that when you see . . . dead Greek forms," and "As soon as you have . . . guesser") had previously been printed in Professor Norton's Introduction (pp. v., vi.) to the American "Brantwood" edition of *Aratra Pentelici*. At Cowley, Ruskin was staying with his friends, the Rev. J. C. and Mrs. Hilliard.]

[3] [*Philosophie de l'Architecture en Grèce*, par Émile Boutmy. Paris, 1870. For Ruskin's criticism of the book, see *Aratra Pentelici*, § 166 (Vol. XX. p. 317).]

year, you will admit it to be of more value than any existing statement of Greek style; and that while other people could, and will, do as good or better work than I in mediæval study, no one but I could have put true life into those dead Greek forms.

You yourself know more than I (in many points) of mediæval art—and incomparably more than I of mediæval literature, but as soon as you have a little more confidence in me, you will find me opening out much both new and firm ground to you in the classics. In *both* fields I am but a gleaner and guesser—but I can *understand* Diomed's mind, or Diogenes's, infinitely better than I can a Venetian soldier's or a Florentine monk's. Love to you all.—Ever your affectionate

JOHN RUSKIN.

To his MOTHER

COWLEY, 1*st October*, 1870.

The sunshine is very beautiful this morning on the autumn leaves, and I had a long walk yesterday in a perfectly lovely afternoon beside the river Colne, which you know runs down by Colnebrook near Langley. I was amazed to find it quite clear and lovely, running between pretty grass banks over a shingly bed. I really did not know any such pretty things were left—least of all near London. But I would much rather be at home—though I wish my home was in pure country; the contrast is very great between my dingy garden and the fresh fields here; though even this is not far enough away. I have no more news about Rose, yet.

I am going to Windsor to-day, and shall then know how soon I can come home.

To CHARLES ELIOT NORTON[1]

10*th November*, 1870.

MY DEAREST CHARLES, . . . I am busy on my work. I wish *that* wanted less mending, after first draught of it—the patching is most of the business.

The third lecture, on coloured sculpture, will be amusing, I think. I enlarge first one of the fish from those little ivory Japan circlets you bought for me at Paris, then, saying simply that for execution it is an ideal of true Greek ideal of sculpture, I give beside the fish profile the profile of the self-made man from *Punch*,—enlarged also to

[1] [No. 103 in *Norton;* vol. ii. pp. 28–30.]

bas-relief size, and then a Greek Apollo beside both,[1] to show them how all real design depends on νοῦς τῶν τιμιωτάτων.[2] A great deal comes out nicely, as I work on. . . .

C—— and her mamma came last week to help Joan to give a party—Dance! I went with C—— to the dressmaker's a month ago and got her first low dress, and she wore it for the first time at Joan's party, and looked lovely. Meantime, I had gone to a dinner of the Metaphysical Society, where Huxley was to read a paper on a Frog's soul—or appearances of soul.[3] The Deans of Westminster and Canterbury, Bishop of Worcester, Master of Lincoln, Duke of Argyll, Archbishop Manning, Father Dal— something,[4] who said the shrewdest things of any, and Chancellor of Exchequer (who only made jokes) might have made a nice talk of it, but the Duke of Argyll got into logical antagonisms with Huxley, and then nothing came of it. I wanted to change the frog for a toad—and to tell the company something about eyes—but Huxley wouldn't let himself be taken beyond legs, for that time. I came back impressed more than ever with the frivolous pugnacity of the world,—the campaign in France not more tragic in reality of significance, than the vain dispute over that table. . . . Ever your loving J. Ruskin.

To Miss Joan Agnew

Friday Evening [Oxford, *Nov.* 25, 1870].

. . . I dined at Balliol yesterday with Father Hyacinthe.[5] We spoke French—at least, I meant mine to be, and supposed his was—across the table, to the great edification of everybody. I should get on pretty well, still, if I had anything to say, but when one stops for want of an idea, the audience think you stop for want of a word, and give you no credit for stupidity—in French!—I'm very dismal as well as stupid.

[1] [In *Aratra Pentelici*, as printed, the Japanese ivory was not engraved; the Apollo and the self-made man were. See Vol. XX. p. 287 and *n.*, and Plate IX. (p. 294).]

[2] [See *Aratra Pentelici*, § 112 (Vol. XX. p. 276).]

[3] [This meeting of the Metaphysical Society was on November 8: see *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 64, § 4 (Vol. XXVIII. p. 564).]

[4] [Father Dalgairns (1818–1876), priest of the Brompton Oratory. In describing a later meeting of the Society, Magee similarly notes Dalgairns as "very masterly" (J. C. Macdonnell's *Life and Correspondence of Magee*, vol. i. p. 284). The Deans of Westminster and Canterbury were Stanley and Alford; the Bishop of Worcester, Henry Philpott; the *Rector* of Lincoln, Mark Pattison; the Chancellor of the Exchequer was Robert Lowe.]

[5] [For whom, see Vol. XXII. pp. 424, 428.]

To SAMUEL CARTER HALL[1]

DENMARK HILL, *December 18th*, 1870.

DEAR MR. HALL,—The beautiful book is in every way valuable to me, deeply interesting in itself, with interest upon interest (like Lord Overstone's income) in all being true—and interest at triple usury, in being all truth of the kind it is most helpful to know; besides all this it assures me that I am not forgotten by friends whose memory of me is one of the few things I still care for, in a very weary time of my life and heart.—Affectly. yours, J. RUSKIN.

To JOHN SIMON, M.D.[2]

DENMARK HILL, 31*st Dec.*, 1870.

MY DEAR BROTHER JOHN,—You will get this to-morrow morning (perhaps to-night); whenever it does reach you, I trust it may give you some pleasure in my acknowledgment, with the deepest thankfulness, of the great love you bear me, and the noble example you set me in all things. I begin this next year in the fixed purpose of executing—at least of beginning the fulfilment of—many designs, long in my mind, up to such point as I may. I trust that, except in times of illness, I shall not be a burden to you any more by complaint or despondency, that sometimes I may amuse you a little, sometimes gravely please you, and always be thought of by you as loving you in a very true and deep way, though much frost-bitten in soul as well as body, winter and summer, and in New Years as Old.

Love to Jane also, and deep gratitude.—Ever your

J. RUSKIN.

[1] [From S. C. Hall's *Retrospect of a Long Life*, 1883, vol. ii. pp. 1–2. The letter was reprinted in *Igdrasil*, December 1890, vol. ii. pp. 98–99, and thence in *Ruskiniana*, part i., 1890, p. 109. It was written in acknowledgment of the gift of a copy of S. C. Hall's *Book of Memories*, 1870 (2nd ed., 1877). Hall (1800–1889), editor of *The Art Journal* (1839–1880), and his wife were old acquaintances of Ruskin; for mentions of him, see Vol. XXXV. pp. 43 *n.*, 631.]

[2] [For Ruskin's friendship with Dr. Simon, see the Introduction, Vol. XXXVI. p. ci.]

1871

[In the January of this year Ruskin began to publish *Fors Clavigera*. In January and February he delivered three lectures at Oxford on *Landscape* (Vol. XXII.). In April his cousin, Miss Joan Agnew, was married to Mr. Arthur Severn. At Matlock in July Ruskin had a serious illness. A letter to Acland, written on his recovery, is given in Vol. XXII. p. xviii. In September Ruskin bought Brantwood, and went on a visit to Scotland. In December his mother died. Some letters of this period are given in Vol. XXII. pp. xxi.–xxiv.]

To Mrs. Cowper-Temple

Denmark Hill, 10*th Jan.*, 1871.

My dearest Isola,—I am grieved to have made you write when you were so sorely burdened, but I needed the letter greatly. It is a great comfort to me to see you really out of patience at last. I think perhaps if Job's wife had been patient, it would have been too much for him. Yes, we'll do something desperate directly now—only it's very cold, and difficult to get one's courage up for anything *quite* over head and ears. But we'll really take the centre arch presently, I daresay we shall have to go very slowly up stream at first; William will run along the bank in a greatly alarmed state. I'll send you *Fors Clavigera* when I get the second number out, and then the crocuses and things will be getting their heads up, and we'll get ours.

There ought to be a letter of mine in the *Telegraph* to-morrow; please look.[1] I am almost in a fever myself. Would you come and nurse me if I got into—just a very little one, so as not to be troublesome, but only to want some orange juice and things? It's no use telling you if you won't. Joan's always away now, somewhere. Seriously, I've got so utterly savage that it has done me good, only I'm greatly tired—but not out of heart—and it *is* so nice *your* being "desperate" (Spirits and lilies and all).—Ever your loving St. C.

To Thomas Carlyle

Denmark Hill [*Jan.*, 1871].

Dear Mr. Carlyle,—I don't quite know what to say about the Pantomime.[2] I think you might get so *very* angry! and poor little

[1] [The letter, on Italian inundations, appeared on January 12: see Vol. XVII. p. 547.]

[2] [To which Ruskin, greatly daring, had proposed to take Carlyle, as well as his niece.]

Mary, who would only think it amusingly foolish, herself, might think it—as it is—wickedly foolish, if she saw you angry. You know I want you to come with us, if you can *at all* enjoy a foolish thing, well done in its way in some parts. But I'm a little frightened. We will be with you at 20 minutes past six, or soon after—and will of course bring Mary home to you, if she comes alone with us; and if you will be *good*, and come too, we'll all come home to Chelsea together.—Ever your affe. J. RUSKIN.

To CHARLES ELIOT NORTON[1]

OXFORD, *23rd February*, '71.

I am always unhappy, and see no good in saying so. But I am setting to my work here, recklessly, to do my best with it, feeling quite that it is talking at hazard, for what chance good may come. But I attend regularly in the schools as mere drawing-master, and the men begin to come one by one—about fifteen or twenty already,—several worth having as pupils in any way, being of temper to make good growth of.

I am living in a country inn, or, rather, country-town inn, the Crown and Thistle of Abingdon,[2] and drive in, six miles, to Oxford every day but Sunday—two days every week being statedly in the schools—and contingently there or in the Bodleian on others. This seems to put an end, abruptly, to all Denmark Hill life.

To S. B. BANCROFT[3]

DENMARK HILL, S.E., *March* 16, 1871.

MY DEAR MR. BANCROFT,—I cannot refuse myself the indulgence of thanking you for the great pleasure we had at the play[4] on Wednesday last. As regards myself, it is a duty no less than an indulgence to do so, for I get more help in my own work from a good play than from any other kind of thoughtful rest.

It would not indeed have been much use to me to see this one

[1] [Partly printed in Professor Norton's Introduction to *The Eagle's Nest;* more copiously in *Atlantic Monthly*, August 1904, p. 167; fully, *Norton*, vol. ii. pp. 31-32 (No. 105). For variations in Mr. Norton's various texts of the letter, see Bibliographical Appendix (below, p. 688).]

[2] [For Ruskin's sojourn at this inn, see Vol. XX. p. xl.]

[3] [From *Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft On and Off the Stage*, vol. i. p. 324 (Bentley, 1888). Reprinted in *Igdrasil*, December 1890, vol. ii. p. 99, and thence in *Ruskiniana*, part i., p. 109 (No. 119).]

[4] [*Ours*, by Robertson. Mr. Bancroft played Hugh Chalcot; Mrs. Bancroft, Mary Netley; and Mr. Hare, Prince Perovsky.]

while Mrs. Bancroft could not take part in it; but much as I enjoy her acting and yours, I wish the piece, with its general popular interest, did not depend so entirely upon you two, and, when you two are resting, on the twins. I was disappointed with Mr. Hare's part—not with his doing of it, but with his having so little to do. However, that was partly my own mistake, for I had a fixed impression on my own mind that he was to wear a lovely costume of blue and silver, with ostrich feathers, and, when he was refused, to order all the company to be knouted, and send the heroine to Siberia.

In spite of his failure in not coming up to my expectations, will you please give him my kind regards? and believe me, yours very gratefully,

J. Ruskin.

To Albert Goodwin

Abingdon, 19*th March*.

My dear Goodwin,—I should have written before, but was not able to tell you anything certain of my plans, the state of the Continent being still so troubled.

I find it will be necessary to delay Verona for a little while, but it cannot be for long, and meantime I want you to come and help me here, where I think you will have much pleasure, and do great good.[1]

I want you to come back with me on the 9th or 10th of next month, here: and to stay with me at a nice country inn about which I find the loveliest subjects; but I can't paint them—unless you are unable to come. Also, I have a great many questions to ask you, and arrangements to consult you about; and I will give you what price you think right for your drawings as fast as you can make them, and you will get used to me a little before we start for Verona. Send me a line here to Crown and Thistle Inn, Abingdon, Berks, to say if you can come back with me.—Ever affectionately yours,

J. Ruskin.

To Charles Eliot Norton[2]

[Denmark Hill] 3*rd April*, '71.

. . . I have had much disturbed work at Oxford, and coming home a few days ago for rest, my poor old Annie dies suddenly, and I've

[1] [Two drawings made by Mr. Goodwin at this time—of "Ferry Hincksey Church" and a "Farm near Abingdon" respectively—are Nos. 141 and 142 in the Rudimentary Series at Oxford: see Vol. XXI. p. 211.]

[2] [*Atlantic Monthly*, August 1904, vol. 94, p. 167. No. 106 in *Norton*; vol. ii. pp. 32–34. A part of this letter ("At Oxford . . . what I can do") had previously been printed by Professor Norton, with a few slight textual variations and omissions, in his Introduction (p. viii.) to the American "Brantwood" edition of *Eagle's Nest*, 1891.]

just buried her to-day, within sight of her old master's grave. It is very wonderful to me that those two, who loved me so much, should not be able to see me any more.

At Oxford, having been Professor a year and a half, I thought it time to declare open hostilities with Kensington, and requested the Delegates to give me a room for a separate school on another system. They went with me altogether, and I am going to furnish my new room with coins, books, catalogued drawings and engravings, and your Greek vases;[1] the mere fitting will cost me three or four hundred pounds. Then I'm going to found a Teachership under the Professorship—on condition of the teaching being on such and such principles, and this whole spring I must work hard to bring all my force well to bear, and show what I can do.

It is very sad that I cannot come to Venice, but everything is infinitely sad to me—this black east wind for three months most of all. Of all the things that oppress me, this sense of the evil working of nature herself—my disgust at her barbarity—clumsiness—darkness—bitter mockery of herself—is the most desolating. I am very sorry for my old nurse, but her death is ten times more horrible to me because the sky and blossoms are Dead also.

To Mrs. Arthur Severn

Denmark Hill [*April* 29, 1871].

. . . All the pictures in the Academy are one worse than another—and I'm so spiteful that it's put me in the best spirits I've been in for many and many a day. Oh, they *are so* bad!—*so* bad!—*so* bad*d*—with a double "d," all but young Leslie's,[2] which is immensely pretty and clever (but only upholsterer's prettiness and cleverness), and a new, nameless man, who has painted a scene from Henry the Sixth, which I would have bought if I could have afforded it.[3]

To Thomas Carlyle[4]

Denmark Hill, 1*st May*, 1871.

Dear Mr. Carlyle,—I am deeply thankful to have your letter on this day itself. I think the great help it gives me is not so much in

[1] ["Vases which I had obtained in Italy for him."—C. E. N.]
[2] [No. 103, "Nausicaa and her Maids."]
[3] [No. 501, "Scene in the Temple Gardens: *Henry VI.*, Part i. sc. 4," by "J. Pettie, A.R.A."—presumably the artist's name was omitted in the first edition of the catalogue. For another reference to Pettie, see Vol. XIV. p. 283.]
[4] [In reply to Carlyle's letter of April 30 (Vol. XXVII. p. lxxxvi.) on *Fors Clavigera*.]

the actual encouragement, great as that is, as in the pleasure of giving you pleasure, and knowing that you accept what I am doing as the fulfilment, so far as in me is, of what you have taught me.

Also, I needed your letter much, for I am at a strain in all directions at once, and was despondent, not for cause, but by overwork, about my work—and I have nothing else to fall back upon now, and can scarcely rest. So many thanks to you.—Ever your loving

J. Ruskin.

P.S.—Dear love to Mary.

To Charles Eliot Norton[1]

18th May.

My dearest Charles,—The Fortune has come. She is enough to change mine, for life—the Greek darling—and a globe made of Hexagons.[2] And the vases, the thirty, not one broken and every one lovelier than the last. What *can* I send you for such a gift[3] (and the very thing I wanted in the nick of time)?

It's late afternoon, and I have to go out and can only send this. I'm better, but I've so much on my mind just now—among other things I'm going to give £5000 of stock to found a sub-mastership of drawing at Oxford, and to-day I've been painting the white Florentine lily[4] for him to teach with.

I'll send you something of catalogues[5] that will please you soon.—Ever your grateful

J. Ruskin.

To Mrs. Cowper-Temple

Abingdon, *25th May,* '71.

My dearest φίλη,—Do you really think scythes were never whetted nor set against swathes of grass "under the hawthorn in the dale,"[6] before patent farming? All that is alleged against such labour is by the absurd over-workers of modern trade. I have swept dew away with the edge, before now, myself. I should have been wiser and happier if I had kept my own lawn smooth daily. I want to see Mr. Harris more than he can possibly want to see me. I'll make him my way across the country to you on Saturday evening, somehow, and stay till Tuesday morning.

[1] [No. 107 in *Norton;* vol. ii. pp. 34–35.]
[2] ["A little Fortune, standing tiptoe on the globe of the Earth, its surface traced with lines in hexagons": see *Aratra Pentelici,* § 179 (Vol. XX. p. 328).]
[3] ["Not a gift in the usual sense."—C. E. N.]
[4] [See Vol. XXI. pp. 76, 113, Plate XXX.]
[5] [The *Catalogues of Examples* at Oxford: see Vol. XXI.]
[6] [Milton *L'Allegro,* 67.]

Yes, I saw what was to be in the New Forest, and thought that both were happy, beyond most.

I don't in the least believe you'll come to Utopia, so you needn't pretend you will, but I'm ever your loving ST. C.

To CHARLES ELIOT NORTON[1]

BROADLANDS, 28*th May*, '71.

MY DEAREST CHARLES,—I have your little note about Titians, Tintorets, etc. I am so glad you have been fortunate enough to get those Tintorets—they are worth anything. I fear *I* cannot afford to buy anything more, so set am I now on my political work, as far as money is concerned, for my main actual work is all in art now, but I can't do the tenth part of what I plan; above all I *can't* get things printed; I've nine lectures full of good work, all but ready, and can't get them into final form.

But I hope you'll see news of me in the papers in mid June, at Oxford. You have my joyful note over the Greek girl and the vases, I hope—they are quite priceless to me. Domestic matters very bad with me. My mother steadily declining—I obliged to leave her in patient solitude sinking towards less and less possibility of pleasure or exertion. I am here with the φίλη[2] to whom the book is dedicated, which I hope you will receive either with this or by next post. . . .

Business matters heavy on me, too. I want to found an under-mastership at Oxford before June, and I can't sell the houses I want to found it with. And altogether! Forgive me when I don't write. My hand is so weary and heart so sick—but ever lovingly yours,

J. RUSKIN.

To the VICE-CHANCELLOR OF OXFORD UNIVERSITY

OXFORD, 6*th June*, 1871.

DEAR MR. VICE-CHANCELLOR,—I should have replied instantly to the communication with which you honoured me, and the Resolution of the Curators passed on the 18th of last month, had not inevitable delays occurred in the arrangements necessary to enable me to

[1] [No. 108 in *Norton;* vol. ii. pp. 35–36. A few words ("I cannot afford . . . political work") had previously appeared in the Introduction to the *Eagle's Nest*, p. ix.]

[2] [Lady Mount-Temple. The book was the edition of *Sesame and Lilies* in the "Works" series, 1871: see Vol. XVIII. p. 47.]

place the sum I intended for the establishment of a sub-mastership of practical art at once in your hands. I will undertake, however, before the 21st of this month, to transfer £5000 Three per cents. to the Keepers of the University chest, for this purpose, securing the master in an income of £150 a year, on condition of certain principles of tuition being observed in the schools which such master shall superintend.

I am prepared also to furnish the schools under him with whatever material may be necessary for their immediate usefulness.

I am not prepared at present to make any definite reply to the suggestion of the Curators that there should be space enough provided in the lower storey of the Taylor buildings, to set free the Raffaelle galleries. I am under the impression, on the contrary, that no room in the building will be found eventually so well adapted for the practical work of the Members of the University as the Raffaelle Gallery now divided into compartments, but I will not venture to make any definite statement on this subject, until the Curators have before them, in completeness, the system of teaching defined in connection with the establishment of the Mastership.—Believe me, dear Mr. Vice-Chancellor, faithfully and respectfully yours,

JOHN RUSKIN.

May I beg you to convey my sincere thanks to the Curators for the flattering terms of their Resolution?

To THOMAS RICHMOND [1]

MATLOCK, 24 *July*, 1871.

MY DEAR TOM,—Really your simplicity about naughty *me* is the most comic thing I know, among all my old friends. *Me* docile to Doctors! I watched them—(I had three)—to see what they knew of the matter: did what they advised, for two days; found they were utterly ignorant of the illness and were killing me. I had inflammation of the bowels, and they gave me ice! and tried to nourish me with milk! Another twelve hours and I should have been past hope. I stopped in the *middle* of a draught of iced water, burning with insatiable thirst—thought over the illness myself steadily,—and ordered the doctors out of the house. Everybody was in agony, but I *swore* and raged till they had to give in; ordered hot toast and water in

[1] [No. 285 in Sotheby's Sale Catalogue, June 1, 1891; reprinted in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, May 23, 1891 (see below, p. 734).]

quantities, and mustard poultices to the bowels. One Doctor had ordered fomentation; *that* I persevered in, adding mustard to give outside pain. I used brandy and water as hot as I could drink it, for stimulant, kept myself up with it, washed myself out with floods of toast and water, and ate nothing and refused *all* medicine. In twenty-four hours I had brought the pain under, in twenty-four more I had healthy appetite for meat, and was safe—but the agony of poor Joanna! forced to give me meat, for I ordered roast chicken instantly, when the Doctors, unable to get at me, were imploring *her* to prevail on me not to kill myself as they said I should. The poor thing stood it nobly, of course—none of them could move *me* one whit. I forced them to give me cold roast beef and mustard at two o'clock in the morning!! And here I am, thank God, to all intent and purposes quite well again; but I was within an ace of the grave, and I know now something of Doctors that—well—I thought Molière hard enough on them, but he's complimentary to what *I* shall be after this. Thanks for all your good love, but do try to understand me a little better—*in*docilest, when I choose, of human creatures, but your most affectionate JOHN RUSKIN.

To CHARLES ELIOT NORTON[1]

DENMARK HILL, 10*th August*, 1871.

MY DEAREST CHARLES, . . . I have to thank you for your letter on Michael Angelo, but I think I must have missed one since, for I am nearly certain you must have written after reading my Lecture to say that you were pleased at our feeling so exactly alike.

I am much better, but my mother is so very feeble that I cannot in the least say whether there is any chance of my getting away from home. I have also things on hand which I think it will do me less harm to go on with quietly, than to bear the chagrin of neglecting—but you may trust me to go on quietly now, and I will soon write again.—Ever your loving J. RUSKIN.

To Mrs. ARTHUR SEVERN

LANCASTER, 12*th Sept., Morning.*

I've had such a wonderful walk up over *such* a hill, to a bit of moorland with *such* air blowing over it, and a view of Lancaster!!!

[1] [No. 109 in *Norton;* vol. ii. pp. 36–37.]

exquisite even though spoilt by half an infernal pitfull of smoke between. And I feel as if I had two legs again, instead of two stumps only.

(Coniston, *Evening.*) Yesterday afternoon at Lancaster an American, whom I don't know, left me a Dante he has just translated; then Mr. Moore came; and this morning, Mr. Edward Sharpe (a nice old architect[1]); and the Mayor of Lancaster left his card.

I've had a lovely day. The view from the house is finer than I expected,[2] the house itself dilapidated and rather dismal. I want my Doanie to come and see it directly with Arfie (when I come back from Scotland), and tell me what she thinks.

To Charles Eliot Norton[3]

Coniston, Lancashire, 14*th September*, 1871.

. . . In haste—more to-morrow. I've bought a small place here, with five acres of rock and moor, a streamlet, and I think on the whole the finest view I know in Cumberland or Lancashire, with the sunset visible over the same.

The house—small, old, damp, and smoky-chimneyed—somebody must help me get to rights.

To Charles Eliot Norton[4]

Coniston, Lancashire, 15*th September*, '71.

. . . My address as above for three weeks. I could not come to Dresden any more than Venice, being too ill to look at pictures or do more than I had engaged to do of thought. Here I have rocks, streams, fresh air, and, for the first time in my life, the rest of the purposed *home.* I may by some new course of things be induced to leave it, but have no intention of seeking ever again for a home, if I do. I have been directing the opening of paths to-day through copse, from a little nested garden sloping west to the lake and the sunset. I'll send you some little sketches of it soon.

[1] [See the Introduction, Vol. XXXVI. p. xxi. *n.*]

[2] [He had bought it unseen: see below, p. 39.]

[3] [First printed (with the omission of the first four words) in Professor Norton's Introduction (pp. x., xi.) to the American "Brantwood" edition of *Eagle's Nest*, 1891. *Atlantic Monthly*, August 1904, vol. 94, p. 168. No. 110 in *Norton;* vol. ii. p. 37.]

[4] [No. 111 in *Norton;* vol. ii. p. 38. The sentence "Here I have . . . home" had previously been printed by Professor Norton in his Introduction (p. xi.) to the American "Brantwood" edition of *Eagle's Nest*, 1891.]

To MRS. COWPER-TEMPLE

CONISTON, 20*th Sept.*, '71.

MY DEAREST ISOLA,—I don't know where you are—such a floating Island—or indeed Island of the Blessed, nobody knows where—you have become. This semblance of you is very pleasant to me, in the character of Nurse,[1] to which I owe so much. I have a nice line from William asking me to meet Mr. Harris, but it was too late. I am at work in my *own* little garden among the hills, conscious of little more than the dust of the earth—more at peace than of old, but very low down. I like the place I have got. The house is just the size I wanted; the stream, not quite, but (they say) ceaseless—all I know is, after a week's dry weather there isn't much of it left, now. I have some real rocks and heather, some firs and a copse, and a lovely field, with nothing visible over the edge of its green waves but the lake and sunset—when the sun is there to set, which, thanks to Lancaster smoke, he no more always is than at London.

"Brantwood, Coniston Lake, Ambleside" will find me (within a day or two) for three weeks to come (and always hereafter somehow).—Ever your loving J. R.

To CHARLES ELIOT NORTON[2]

MELROSE, 24*th September*, '71.

. . . I shall in all probability be fairly settled in the house in November, for one of the reasons of my getting it is that I may fully command the winter sunsets, in clear sky—instead of losing the dead of day in the three-o'clock fog of London. Meantime, I am very thankful for that sense of rest, which you feel also; but it is greatly troubled and darkened and lowered by the horrible arrangement of there being women in the world as well as mountains and stars and lambs, and what else one might have been at peace with—but for those other creatures!

What a lovely Tintoret that one at Dresden must be! I never saw it; and what a gigantic, healthy, Sea-Heaven of a life he had, compared to this sickly, muddy, half *eau sucrée* and half poisoned wine—which is my River of Life; and yet how vain his also! except

[1] [Probably the picture by Edward Clifford (Plate II.), showing Mrs. Cowper-Temple under the beech-trees at Broadlands. She had helped to nurse Ruskin during his illness at Matlock.]

[2] [*Atlantic Monthly*, August 1904, p. 168. No. 112 in *Norton;* vol. ii. pp. 38–40. The passage "I am writing a word or two . . . an impression" had previously been printed (with some trifling omissions) by Professor Norton in his Introduction (p. xi.) to the American "Brantwood" edition of *Eagle's Nest*, 1891.]

Edward Clifford. Allen & Co. Sc.

Mrs. Cowper-Temple

at Broadlands

to you and me. I am writing a word or two on his work—as true "wealth" opposed to French lithographs and the like, in the preface to second volume of my revised works, *Munera Pulveris*.[1] (The Oxford lectures on sculpture will soon follow, for the third.) I send you two of their illustrations,—not photo, but permanent engravings,—and *Fors Clavigera* is, I think, going on well. It takes more time than I like, but is beginning to make an impression. Folio plates are in preparation, several successfully accomplished,[2] for a series of examples to be issued to the public from the Oxford schools, with a short text to each number, to replace my *Elements of Drawing*. They begin with Heraldry (what will your backwoodsmen say to that?), then take up natural history in relation to it.

To "Gerard"[3]

Arbroath [*September*, 1871].

My dear Gerard,—The thing that I had chiefly to say to you in reply to your interesting and for the most part right letter, was that you must be on your guard against trying to cultivate yourself too consciously. The intellectual and religious element in which you have been brought up necessarily makes you thoughtful, but will be dangerous to you if it make you thoughtful beyond the need of your day. So far as there are necessary duties to be done which are painful to us, we must be very grave about them; but I should like you, for the most part, to do what you enjoy most, in a resolute manner, and to be sure that what you most enjoy doing or learning, Heaven means you to do and learn. Do not try to be great or wise. We none of us can be either—in any degree worth calling so. But try to be happy first, and useful afterwards—(no man *can* be useful who is not first happy)—we can be both of those all our lives, if we will.

For the visit to Denmark Hill. Count the available hours in the year, then reckon over the various work I have at present on hand. You know—or ought to know—some measure of it; remember that I am fifty-two, and that I am not well, and judge for yourself if in saying that I am forced to receive no visits, I wholly deprive myself of the claim to say that I am still affectionately your sister's and yours,

J. Ruskin.

(All that you say of modern and ancient art is in great measure true—but you are scarcely yet at an age when it should be interesting

[1] [See Vol. XVII. pp. 132–134.]

[2] [Reproduced in this edition; little of the intended text was written. See Vol. XXI. pp. 311 *seq.*]

[3] [From the *English Illustrated Magazine*, November 1891, p. 106.]

to you. I would rather have you interested in living lions than in Greek ones—always providing you didn't want to hunt them.)

My best regards to your Father and Mother.

To Miss ACLAND

DR. ACLAND'S, OXFORD, 21*st October*, 1871.

MY DEAREST ANGIE,—There isn't a corner of the house looks right—when your corner is empty. Papa has set some Devonshire Carpenters to chip Devonshire wood all over the hall—he has put brass Devonshire milkpans on the floor of the dining-room—he has put a Devonshire Turf-cutter, six feet long and ever so broad, in the corner of his bedroom, and he won't sleep in the room himself! but has put Me there; and the Turf-cutter stands up terrific—like Anne Boleyn's Axe in the Tower—it's all I can do to go to sleep in the presence of it.

My old room is all topsy-turvy—*you*'re to be in that, now, I hear. What your own corner is like, I havn't ventured to look.

I'm furnishing *my* rooms at Corpus, and ought to be choosing carpets at this moment, by appointment. I'm sure any carpet that I think comfortable will be declared Inapplicable to the modern foot—or taste—and I'm quite shy about going, so I put it off, and write to Southsea instead.

If only Papa would be content with his Devonshire wood, and milkpans and shovels, and things; but—you wouldn't believe it, but it's true—he has been shovelling *me* all summer—out of the first floor to the ground at the University galleries—and I find myself lodged on the ground floor in what Papa says is "all my own" room; and I suppose it will remain so, for I don't think the college men will come to work in it, and I don't see my way to letting anybody else in. Everything is a magnificent blank, and everybody is saying, "When are you going to begin?" and I wish I was *under* the floor, whenever they catch sight of me.

You'll see Camille at last!—he is here (*i.e.*, at Mr. Hilliard's lodgings opposite Wadham), within ten yards of the garden gate, and behaves like an angel, or something between an angel and a kitten, and he will be the very joy of your heart—whether of Bustle's[1] I am not sure.

Love to Willie, and tell him I had his letter, and am glad the old *Victory* is still afloat; I must have her drawn for my class to learn

[1] [For another reference to Dr. Acland's dog, see Vol. XXII. pp. 225, 227.]

what a Ship means. It's bad enough when rooms are turned upside down; it's too much when ships are. Nelson's always kept right side upmost—one might as well go to sea in a brass thimble as the things they build now-a-days. Joan and Connie send you their love—not that they're here, but I know their minds—and mine you have always, and I'm ever your loving Cricket, J. Ruskin.

To Thomas Carlyle[1]

Denmark Hill, *Monday, 23rd Oct.*, '71.

My dear Mr. Carlyle,—Your loving letter greeted me returning to-day from Oxford. My illness indeed very nearly ended me, and left me heavy in limb and otherwise helpless for some weeks. Gradually —(people say with unusual rapidity)—my strength came back, but I cannot yet run or climb as I could before.

As soon as I could use my hand or head, I had to get ready for press two books at once—lectures on Sculpture and the old *Fraser's Magazine* polit. econ.[2] This last I had to read and revise, and the Sculpture lectures—to *think* much as I finished them. My mother was, and is still, slowly declining, and liked to have me near her for a little while in the evenings—so passed, with great fear of relapse into illness, the month of August.

In the course of the month, a letter came to me from America. In my illness, at most feverish fit, my one saying was, "If only I could lie down in Coniston water." The letter from America was from a friend[3] in need of money, to ask if I could buy his cottage by Coniston water, and a few acres of copse and rock with it. I answered, Yes, without having seen the place — sent to his lawyer — concluded the purchase—and went down early in September, like the wicked person who wouldn't come to supper,[4] to see my piece of ground.

It is a bit of steep hillside, facing west, commanding from the brow of it all Coniston lake and the mass of hills of south Cumberland. The slope is half copse, half moor and rock—a pretty field beneath, less steep—a white two-storied cottage, and a bank of turf in front of it;—then a narrow mountain road, and on the other side of that—Naboth's vineyard—my neighbour's field, to the water's edge.

[1] [In reply to Carlyle's letter of October 21 (printed in Vol. XXII. p. xix.) inquiring about Ruskin's illness at Matlock.]
[2] [*Aratra Pentelici* and *Munera Pulveris*.]
[3] [W. J. Linton: see Vol. XXII. p. xx.]
[4] [Luke xiv. 18.]

My neighbour will lease me enough of field and shore to build a boat-house and reach it.

If I could write better, I should have told you all this before, but I am ashamed to inflict my writing on my friends.

From Coniston, I went on to see the coast of the *Antiquary* at Arbroath, and then back to superintend the putting of roof on my house. No workmen could be had, and it is but begun now. I had given 5000 pounds to found a Drawing Mastership at Oxford. To set this rightly on foot, I had to prepare an entire system of elementary teaching, and am at work on the material of that—drawings and the like—still, and have just been to Oxford, and have returned much tired, and send this miserably written letter to you with my love, and will come, if I may, to see you, at ½ past 8 to-morrow evening.—
Ever your loving J. RUSKIN.

I need not say I am grieved at what you tell me about poor Mary.[1] My mother is, I fear, more than slowly sinking, now, and other sad things have happened to me.

To CHARLES ELIOT NORTON[2]

[DENMARK HILL] 1*st November*, 1871.

MY DEAREST CHARLES,—I have to-day your most kind letter. When I came back from Lancashire I found my mother ill. I had to leave her to go to Oxford—returning, found her nigh, as I thought, to death. She has rallied, and may yet be spared some weeks to me, but that is all the respite I can hope, though a longer one, the physicians say, is possible.

I am still heavily overworked, but you will soon see, now, not uselessly. By Christmas I hope to send you three books at once, all carefully revised or written this year.

There is no fear of my sucking the orange at Coniston. There is none to suck. I have simply light and air, instead of darkness and smoke,—and ground in which flowers will grow. All I look for is light and peace—those, unless by some strange chance of evil, are sure to me. What little pleasure I still look for will be in Italy, mixed with bitter pain—but still intense in its way. In Cumberland[3] I merely breathe and rest.

[1] [Miss Aitken had lost her elder brother.]
[2] [No. 113 in *Norton*; vol. ii. pp. 40–41.]
[3] [Coniston is, however, actually in Lancashire.]

To Charles Eliot Norton[1]

[Denmark Hill] 3 *November*, 1871.

I am working very prosperously. About Xmas, there (*D.V.*) will be a complete volume of *Fors*, a volume of lectures on sculpture, a volume of revised Political Economy, and a begun *Natural History and Mythology of Birds* and the same of Fishes.[2] My poor Mother will only look from afar (*if* so)—and I suppose not care to read—out of Heaven.

To Charles Eliot Norton[3]

[*Dictated*] Denmark Hill, 6*th November*, 1871.

My dearest Charles,—I have really to-day posted—Joan will bear witness to that—an order to send you the numbers of *Fors* you want. I have only been remiss in sending you anything because you cannot have any notion of what I am trying to do till the end of the year, when you will get, *D.V.*, three books at once. However, I shall send you the last revises of the Lectures as they are printed, so that any helpful comment or caution may reach me, so as to leave me yet a moment for repentance. . . .

I don't wonder that you find Dresden a little dull. Since they got coal there it has been all spoiled; nevertheless, even in wintertime there must surely be loveliness in the granite valleys to the South, and all the hills on the other side of the bridges used to be beautiful, not to speak of Königstein and its district within so easy reach; and then, you've got Titian's pink lady in the Gallery,[4] and Veronese's Magi—I won't reckon George the Fourth's plate, which I was once taken to see, nor the little monsters with pearl stomachs in the Green chamber.[5] But there must be music also—and surely some blue eyes worth looking at. . . .

Tell me what you are working at, and give me more specific accounts of your health.—Ever your lovingest John Ruskin.

[1] [No. 114 in *Norton;* vol. ii. p. 41. The letter had previously been printed (with the omission of the last sentence) by Professor Norton in his Introduction (pp. xi.–xii.) to the American "Brantwood" edition of *Eagle's Nest*, 1891.]

[2] [For his proposed lectures on fishes, see Vol. XXII. pp. xxv.–xxvi.; those on birds were delivered later (*Love's Meinie*).]

[3] [No. 115 in *Norton;* vol. ii. pp. 42–43.]

[4] ["Portrait of a Lady in a Red Dress," No. 176 in the Dresden Gallery. For a note upon it, see Vol. VII. p. 490. Veronese's "Adoration of the Magi" is No. 225.]

[5] [See Vol. XI. p. 234, and Vol. XVI. p. 470.]

To CHARLES ELIOT NORTON[1]

15 *November*, 1871.

. . . To-day I believe the first five sheets of the lectures are sent you—still in a very rough state apparently, for I catch two errors in the same leaf.[2] Please read "fair" instead of "air" in fourth line page 75, and put a full stop after "Duces" and none after "proles" in page 76. The meaning of the title is that I have traced all the elementary laws of sculpture, as you will see in following sheets, to a right understanding of the power of incision or furrow in marble. The Greek girl you gave me[3]—she is standing on tiptoe just now, very much pleased at what I am saying, in the corner of my study, and looks as if she never had heard anything that made her quite understand herself before—is made, if you recollect, a girl instead of a block of marble, by little more than a few fine furrows traced to and fro.

To the Rev. Dr. DIXON[4]

16*th Nov.*, '71.

I am more than pleased in knowing the minerals give your boys pleasure, and are likely to be serviceable to them. I think it would not be well to call the collection by any name, or to arrange it as to give any inconvenient unalterableness to it,—you can easily honour me by some little tablet somewhere about the school, stating that I helped the boys a little at their mineralogy.

To W. H. HARRISON

DENMARK HILL, S.E.

MY DEAR HARRISON,—Pray forgive me; I have much—much more on my hands just now than I can hold, and simply let what I cannot hold fall through my fingers. I could not send you the revise of lectures; they drove me half mad with my own corrections and the Greek, and I could not look over them again. You'll have a glorious triumph over the grammar of Oxford.

There is a thing in which I shall soon want your help and advice

[1] [No. 116 in *Norton*; vol. ii. pp. 43–44.]

[2] [*Aratra Pentelici*, §§ 79, 80 (Vol. XX. pp. 251, 252). The mistakes were corrected before publication.]

[3] [The "Fortune": see above, p. 31.]

[4] [Of the High School, Nottingham. From a *Catalogue of Autograph Letters* . . . issued by William Brown, 26 Princes Street, Edinburgh, 1900, No. 150.]

seriously—I want to make an application for leave to organise a squad of broom men, to keep a little bit of London perfectly clean.[1] In going to Brit. Museum in this weather I stick to the ground, and slip back half of every step. I want to *show what a clean street is*. That involves appeal to parish authorities, and all sorts of difficulties —as you will know in a moment.

Think over it, and then come up some evening and talk over it.— Ever your loving J. Ruskin.

My Mother has been merely asleep—speaking sometimes in the sleep—these last three weeks. It is not to be called paralysis, nor apoplexy—it is numbness and weakness of all faculty—declining to the grave. Very woeful: and the worst possible sort of death for *me* to see.

To George Richmond, R.A.

Denmark Hill, *25th Nov.* [1871].

My dearest Richmond,—Thanks, always, for your kind thoughts and feelings concerning me and mine. It is true, nevertheless, that I would rather you congratulated me on what I do, if it is worth doing, than on the mere public appearance of it. In the present case, if I am fit for the position,[2] the students are to be congratulated—not I. If *un*fit, nobody is to be congratulated. My mother is lying unconscious of everything except the sort of household interest which blessedly occupies a woman's mind to the last, if she has been a housewife.

When you are next in Oxford, if you like to look at the collection I have made and the drawings I have executed—for the students there—and congratulate me on those, it will give me pleasure—and I must have a talk with you soon, over the arrangement of the Raphaels. If you chance to see Mr. Boxall, you may just hint to him that he had better content himself with exhibiting spurious Turners in London; he will certainly find it unadvisable to exhibit spurious Raphaels in Oxford, or advise the Vice-Chancellor to do so. I have been in some real sorrow—and it takes not a little now to give me sorrow still—about poor Julia's lovely child. The loan is cruelly short —the interest of grief surely heavy. Are the heavens avaricious, then— like us?—Ever your affectionate J. Ruskin.

I sincerely trust that Mrs. Richmond continues better. Love to Cis, Edie, Willie.

[1] [For this experiment, see Vol. XXVIII. pp. xvi.–xviii.]
[2] [The Slade Professorship at Oxford.]

To GEORGE RICHMOND, R.A.

DENMARK HILL, *6th Dec.* [1871].

MY DEAR RICHMOND,—I believe Joan has written to you—but I intended to write myself. Your other of the two old friends of that Christmas time in Rome, went on her pilgrimage to the Holy Land yesterday.

She looks very pretty and young. It is just possible you might like to come and see her—please do, if you would. In *any* case I know she had no more faithful friend, so mind you don't come merely for fear I should think you didn't care about her—I know perfectly well what you care about.—Ever your affectionate J. RUSKIN.

To CHARLES ELIOT NORTON[1]

DENMARK HILL, *9th December*, '71.

MY DEAREST CHARLES,—It is Saturday—and on Tuesday last my mother died, and yet I have not written to tell you, feeling continually the same dread that I should have of telling you anything sad concerning yourself. I am more surprised by the sense of loneliness than I expected to be,—but it can only be a sense, never a reality, of solitude, as long as I have such friends as you.

I have been very curious to ask you—since you will not admit Frederick to have been a hero—what your idea of heroism is.

I believe I shall have to give a subject for an essay at St. Andrews this year—the oldest University of Scotland. I am going to give "The definition of Heroism, and its function in Scotland at this day."
—Ever your loving J. RUSKIN.

P.S. [by Mrs. Severn].—He hasn't told you that he has been made Lord Rector of St. Andrews.[2]

To THOMAS CARLYLE

Wednesday [*? December*, 1871].

DEAR MR. CARLYLE,—Your lovely letter made me very sad—in some ways happy, too, in your sympathy.[3]

[1] [A few words in Mr. Norton's Introduction to *The Eagle's Nest*, p. xii. The whole letter in *Atlantic Monthly*, August 1904, vol. 94, pp. 168–169. No. 117 in *Norton;* vol. ii. pp. 44–45.]

[2] [It was found, however, that, as a professor in another university, he was disqualified: see Vol. XXII. p. xxv.]

[3] [Probably Carlyle's letter on the death of Ruskin's mother (December 5): see the Introduction, Vol. XXXVI. p. xxiii.]

You must not cease enjoying your coffee. All your work is grandly done, and it is just time for coffee, and pipe and peace. If one could do good by being unpeaceful, it would be another thing. But what's the use of dying uselessly? Better to live uselessly, but for the joy of one's friends.

I enclose a letter from Joanna to your niece. I sincerely hope you can spare her to us to-morrow; I've a bright Irish girl here; and the two Scotch ones will make the delightfullest trefoil possible, and I'll do what I can to make her happy, for writing me your letter. *Tell* her, and she will tell me, why you call Bitzius[1] "cruel"—he seems to me an entirely sweet and loving person.—Ever *your* loving J. Ruskin.

I sent the slip yesterday at last. It wasn't worth.

To Charles Eliot Norton[2]

23rd December, 1871.

This will, I hope, reach you not long after Xmas day. My wishes are of no use, but are always very earnestly for you, and with you and yours.

Last night I saw a proof of the last of the 21 plates for sculpture-lectures, quite right. Nothing now but binding wanted for those and *Munera*. To-day I have my series of casts and shields from Tomb of Queen Eleanor and Aymer de Valence,[3] to begin my drawing class in Heraldry, and of little statues from same tombs, to begin them in Propriety.

I have the first lecture written, and the rest planned, of series on connection of Science and Art, for next spring (ten),[4] beginning 8th February, I hope. In a book on Heraldry I find the 8th February, in Gothic times, began spring.

I have my Xmas and January *Fors* printed. February nearly all written.

I have a lecture on "The Bird of Calm" nearly ready for Woolwich in a fortnight.[5] It is to be given to the cannon-making workmen.

I have got a "Danthe"[6] of 1490 printed at Venice, out of Kirkup sale, with woodcuts to every canto.

I have got a wonderful new piece of opal, and some mineralogy in hand.

[1] [Whose pen-name was Gotthelf: see Vol. XXXII. p. xxxiv.]
[2] [No. 118 in *Norton*; vol. ii. pp. 45–47.]
[3] [See Vol. XXI. pp. 174, 189.]
[4] [The course was published under the title *The Eagle's Nest* (Vol. XXII.).]
[5] [See Vol. XXII. p. 239 *n.*]
[6] [So. spelt in most of the early editions. For Kirkup, see Vol. XXIV. p. 33 *n.*]

And I'm very well, for me, but the day's foggy, and I've forgotten the chief thing I meant to put down—I'm keeping my accounts since the shortest day beautifully.

That's all I can say to-day, except love. Oh—I forgot again the other chief thing I've to say—I've been going into the Americans as hard as I can go in *Fors*, lately;[1] but I don't mean *you*, you know, and I'll come round presently to the other side.—Ever your loving

J. R.

To Miss LILY ARMSTRONG

DENMARK HILL, 23*rd December*, 1871.

I have just got your letter with the white flowers, and it is very good for me; and I answer before doing anything else, to ask you to believe me so far as to have faith in your own future power of being quite happy again, even though now everything seems endlessly grievous to you. When I was your age, I thought that all my life was spoiled by one thing that had hurt me very much. I acted with infinite folly, and against much loving entreaty, in allowing my mind to dwell on what hurt it. But in spite of all, the impression wore away, and the *real* crisis of my life—in matters of that kind—was between 40 and 50, instead of between 15 and 25.

For you, the *whole* of life may be, in its best strength and service, entirely happy. Believe this, and let me do better than *wish* you a happy Xmas. You say I can make you a little happy—then let me show you how to become so, beyond the power of chance or wish. . . .

1872

[In March of this year Ruskin left Denmark Hill, which had been his home for nearly thirty years. In February and March he delivered the Oxford lectures entitled *The Eagle's Nest*. From April to July he was in Switzerland and Italy. There are no letters available describing this tour, as Mrs. Severn was among his travelling companions and his mother was now dead: extracts from his diary are given in Vol. XXII. pp. xxvi.–xxviii. In August he paid a visit to Mrs. Cowper-Temple at Broadlands; in November and December he delivered the Oxford course of lectures entitled *Ariadne Florentina*.]

To Miss MARY AITKEN[2]

DENMARK HILL, 3*rd January*, '72.

MY DEAR MARY,—I was very glad of your note, as you may well think—it is so dear of your uncle wanting to see me. He likes me better—does he not—to come in the forenoon? Tell me this (and

[1] [See Letter 12 (December 1871): Vol. XXVII. pp. 205, 215, 216.]
[2] [Carlyle's niece and companion.]

say this letter is between you and me, and he is not to see it). I've sent him some books. Get him to look at the Preface to *Munera Pulveris*—and the sentence at the end of the Appendix, which I think is very pretty. I've sent you a little Venetian chain, which my mother used to wear. She liked it best of all her chains. The gold is very pure, and if you will be at the pretty pains of washing it, will, I hope, gleam out with Venetian light.—Ever your affectionate

JOHN RUSKIN.

To CHARLES ELIOT NORTON[1]

[DENMARK HILL] *4th January*, 1872.

I have been so singularly, even for me, depressed and weak since the beginning of the year, that I could not write to you. One of the distinctest sources of this depression is my certitude that I ought now to wear spectacles; but much also depends on the sense of loss of that infinitude of love my mother had for me, and the bitter pity for its extinction. . . .

I much delight in this coin of Frederick, and very solemnly and with my whole heart prefer it to the Hercules. I should even prefer my own profile to the Greek Hercules, though mine has the woefullest marks of folly, irresolution, and disease. But Frederick and I had both of us about the worst education that men could get for money, and both had passed through rough times which partly conquered us—being neither of us, certainly not I, made of the best metal, even had we been well brought up. One of the quaintest things in your last letter was your fixing, in your search for bad epithets for Frederick, on "Unsociable." And yet you love *me!*

But not to continue so insolent a comparison any longer, take the one instance of Frederick's domestic and moral temper, that having been in danger of death under the will—almost sentence—of a father partly insane, he yet never accuses, but in all things justifies, and evidently reverences that father through life. . . .

To ALFRED TYLOR

DENMARK HILL, 4 *January*, 1872.

I have had a fit of depression and general illness on me which has almost prevented my doing anything, and altogether prevented my writing to any of my friends in their cheerful time. But you will be wondering at my delay to put before you, in clear form, the

[1] [*Atlantic Monthly*, August 1904, vol. 94, p. 169. No. 119 in *Norton;* vol. ii. pp. 47–48.]

request I have to ask you to present for me at Croydon. I wish to engage such workmen as may be recommended to me, resident at or near Croydon, and to pay them a fixed salary on condition of their keeping the pond and spring[1] we looked at perfectly clean in every sense of the word; with daily watchfulness to remove any offensive substance thrown into it. Also, I wish to be allowed to plant the edge of it, at the side of the road, with grass and flowers—not interfering with the roadway nor with the present access to the spring—and to keep this flower border as pretty as the passers-by will let me keep it, at my own cost. Also, I desire to erect a low arch of marble, slightly sculptured in the manner of Pisan-Gothic, over the larger of the two springs, and to inscribe it to my mother's memory. I can come to Croydon to represent any matter further to the proper authorities any day before the 20th of this month except Saty. 13th.

I send you a book of mine,[2] of which I should be grateful to you if you would read the preface. I was looking again at your paper on quaternary gravels,[3] and I am more and more surprised at the goodness and quantity of the work in all you do—and you certainly ought not to read more than the preface, but the book is occasionally referred to in the letters called *Fors Clavigera*,[4] which I have ordered now to be sent to you regularly; I shall have the first year bound for you.

To F. W. PULLEN[5]

DENMARK HILL, 16 *January*, 1872.

MY DEAR SIR,—I am sincerely obliged by your letter, but I think you may very easily and simply silence objections on the score of personality by merely observing that *Fors Clavigera* is a series of letters, and intended to be—as letters should be—personal. If people want treatises, let them read my *Munera Pulveris;* if lectures, I have written enough, it seems to me. These letters I write for persons who wish to know something of me, and whom I hope to persuade to work with me, and from beginning to end will be full of all sorts of personality.—Always sincerely yours, J. R.

[1] ["St. Margaret's Well," at Carshalton, in memory of his mother: see Vol. XXII. p. xxiv.]

[2] [Works, vol. ii., *Munera Pulveris*—"To Alfred Tylor with the Author's sincere regard."]

[3] ["On the Quaternary Gravels of England," in the *Quarterly Journal of the Geological Society*, vol. xxv. pp. 57–100. For a list of Mr. Tylor's scientific papers, see *Geological Magazine*, new series, decade ii., vol. ii. pp. 474–476; and for references by Ruskin, Vol. XXVI. pp. xxv., 290, 316, 365.]

[4] [See (in numbers of *Fors* which had at this time appeared) Vol. XXVII. pp. 174 *n.*, 249.]

[5] [Who had written to him about the manner of *Fors*.]

To the Rev. Newman Hall[1]

Denmark Hill, 20*th January*, '72.

My dear Sir,—I am sincerely obliged by your letter; the paragraph flattered and amused me, and I wished it had been true—not less, because it never can be true in any sense. I wish I could either design a church, or tell you a workman that could build one, or that I saw good cause for such building. So far from that, I believe all our church building, all our preaching, and all our hearing, is as great an abomination to God as ever incense and new moons,[2] in days of Jewish sin. I believe you clergymen have but one duty to do, to separate those who believe from those who do not; not as wheat from tares—but as fruitful from fruitless. You cannot look on the heart, but you can on the deeds, and when you have gathered round you a separate body of men, who will not cheat, nor rob, nor revenge, it may be well to build a church for them; but I think they will scarcely ask you. I would be at home after Monday, whenever you liked to call, but I fear I should only pain you by what I should endeavour to say.[3]—Always faithfully yours, J. Ruskin.

To Mrs. Arthur Severn

C.C.C., *7th February*, 1872.

I write to you my first letter on my new writing table, in my—own—college.

It is very pleasant to me, the room—and the feeling of all—in a quiet, sad way. Thirty-five years since I sat down first in my own rooms in college, not two hundred yards from the spot where I write.

[1] [From *Newman Hall: an Autobiography*, 1898, p. 316. Mr. Hall had written to Ruskin for advice about a new church then in contemplation.]

[2] [Isaiah i. 13; for the following Bible references, see Matthew xiii. 25 and 1 Samuel xvi. 7.]

[3] ["I gladly availed myself," says Mr. Hall, "of this courteous invitation, and told Mr. Ruskin that we should be glad of any hint. . . . He replied, as he had already written, that we should not build up stones, but gather together a few people who would not steal nor tell lies. I said that we had many hundreds of such, and needed a building where under shelter they might worship and be taught. He repeated his opinion, and I said I had made a mistake in troubling him, as I thought I was speaking to the author of *The Stones of Venice*. He said, 'No, you are not. Every one who does something in teaching passes through three stages of life. At first he teaches what is inaccurate; then he unlearns it; and lastly, he teaches the Truth—which stage I have now reached.'"]

Your lovely letter and an exquisite one from Connie came to cheer me this morning, and I had a walk in the evening, in quiet sunshine!

Arthur and you must soon come down to see me. I've bought an embroidered tablecloth—green, with black edge, all over flowers, which I am very proud of.

To a CORRESPONDENT

CORPUS CHRISTI COLLEGE, OXFORD.

MY DEAR SIR,—I am glad of your letter—but tell me which of my writings you have read; why you admire them, and why you wish to read more.—Truly yours, J. RUSKIN.

To CHARLES ELIOT NORTON[1]

D. HILL, *13th February*, '72.

. . . I am, as usual, unusually busy—when I get fairly into my lecture work at Oxford, I always find that the lecture would come better some other way, just before it is given, and so work from hand to mouth. There are to be ten this spring. Two are given, and I have two a week for four weeks, on the relation of art to natural science,[2] and am printing them as I go on—besides all the work of changing into my rooms at Corpus, and sending the rest that's in the house to Brantwood, and business connected with all, etc., etc., etc.,—and I want to draw some things this spring for the men.

I keep pretty well, and have not, if I sleep, time to be sad, though living in my quiet rooms at Corpus is very wonderful to me; but not painful. Going about London is *very* dreadful to me, every street having some bitter memory; but when I get away from it, and everybody is kind to me, I can't keep sulky. . . .

To CHARLES ELIOT NORTON[3]

St. Valentine's Eve, 1872.

MY DEAREST CHARLES,—I sent you a little line this morning. I've just seen at Ellis's your *Triumph of Max*[n][4]—it is a very nice copy,

[1] [No. 121 in *Norton;* vol. ii. pp. 49–50.]
[2] [*The Eagle's Nest;* the lectures were not issued, however, till the following September.]
[3] [No. 122 in *Norton;* vol. ii. pp. 50–51.]
[4] [A copy of the volume of woodcuts known as the *Triumph of* (the Emperor) *Maximilian.*]

and I told them I would write and say so. I had just seen a large paper one not much better in any way, and not at all so pleasant to look at.

I do not know if I ever told you how much I admire it, but you will like to hear that I am going to cut one all to pieces, and frame in raised mounts, the square banners with the women shield-bearers, for the Oxford men to learn pen drawing from, and some of the knights that carry them, the half length, only without the horses, so as to compel attention to the faces, plumes, and body armour.[1]

I think you *will* like, as nobody yet has liked, going over the schools, when you come *home*—to England. It's absurd to think of yourself as American any more; but even if you do, all good Americans should live in England, for America's sake, to make her love her fathers' country—if not in the past, at least now.—Ever your loving

J. Ruskin.

To William Ward[2]

[Oxford, *February* 14.]

My dear Ward,—In the large picture by Marco Marziale,[3] as you turn into the Italian room, is a greyish white damask sleeve with a dark pattern on it, like this.[4] I want the white unshadowed part copied most accurately, with pattern, for me to have a paper made for my new house. Arrange with Mr. Severn (Herne Hill) to meet and consult on Friday at the Gallery.

To W. H. Harrison

Denmark Hill, *26th March*, 1872.

My dear Harrison,—I write to you on my last evening in the old home, to thank you for all the love you have borne its inmates for the last quarter of a century.

I have not been able to ask you to come and see me. I am much depressed, and much overworked. The last ten years have been very tragic to me, and cannot be spoken of. What the next years may bring I suppose neither you nor I now much fear—or hope; but I

[1] [See Vol. XXI. p. 177.]

[2] [No. 61 in *Ward;* vol. ii. pp. 24–25.]

[3] ["The Circumcision"—No. 803 in the National Gallery. The pattern (copied from the robe of the officiating priest) was used for the walls of the drawing-room and study at Brantwood.]

[4] [Here Ruskin drew a slight pen-sketch of the pattern required.]

think we may have some happy times yet, at Joan's;—I may perhaps see you there before I leave for the Continent.

I have sent you the old Pæstum and one or two things that used to be on the drawing-room table. You have more books than you care to read, or I could have sent you shelves. . . . When once you get used to think of Joan's as "the *old* house"[1]—which it is—you will not think any of us less than we were of old faithfully Yours;—certainly in houses old or new I am not less affectionately Yours, J. RUSKIN.

To CHARLES ELIOT NORTON[2]

CORPUS CHRISTI COLLEGE, OXFORD, *Easter Sunday*, '72.

MY DEAREST CHARLES,—I left my Denmark Hill study, to go back no more, on Thursday, and have passed my Good Friday and Saturday here, quite alone, finding, strangely, one of my Father's diaries for my solace, giving account of all our continental journeys, from the time I was six years old, when he and my mother, and I, and a cat, whom I made a friend at Paris, and an old French man-chambermaid, were all very happy (yet not so much in degree as completeness) at Paris—my Father some twelve years younger than I am now. . . .

We leave England, *D.V.*, on Tuesday the 9th. A line to "care of Arthur Severn, Herne Hill, London," would find me probably sitting writing before breakfast at the window of my old nursery—whence I visited Paris for the first time. . . .

I am going to sell my Venice Rialto by Turner.[3] It is too large for Brantwood, and I have enough without it, and it makes me sad. . . . I am so tired that this which I have written, in the idea of its being quite a slow and careful and proper letter, looks as slovenly as if I cared nothing for you, but I care for you though I can't write.—Ever yours, J. RUSKIN.

To CHARLES ELIOT NORTON[4]

HERNE HILL, 10*th August* [1872].

I am myself going to give, this autumn, at Oxford, a summary of the points in the lives of the Florentines and their school as related by Vasari; *i.e.*, assuming Vasari to be correct, what thoughtful conjecture

[1] [That is, Ruskin's old house at Herne Hill, which he had made over to Mrs. Severn on her marriage.]

[2] [No. 123 in *Norton;* vol. ii. pp. 51–52. The first paragraph had previously been printed in the *Atlantic Monthly*, August 1904, vol. 94, p. 169.]

[3] [It fetched £4000: see Vol. XIII. p. 606.]

[4] [No. 124 in *Norton;* vol. ii. p. 53.]

may be made as to each life. Then I shall correct Vasari afterwards as I can, to make him understood, first sifting the points in each life from the rubbish. I shall do Verrocchio, Mantegna, Sandro Botticelli, Pollajuolo, Lorenzo di Credi, Perugino, and the Lippis, with what else comes in naturally—and I think it will be interesting.[1] Nothing I have ever seen in mythic and religious art has interested or delighted me so much as Sandro and Perugino in the Sistine Chapel—Perugino at Perugia was another piece of new life to me.

To F. S. Ellis[2]

Brantwood, *September* 19*th*, 1872.

Dear Mr. Ellis,—I find I want the 1*st and* 2*nd* vols. of the *Earthly Paradise*. I had them complete at Oxford, but only my two last vols. here.

Thanks, so much, for explanation about Savonarola.

Tell me how Mr. Green is?

Any effect produced on customers' minds yet by our burnt sacrifice?[3]

Also the best modern French Dictionary, and Kingsley's book on Heroes.

Also the oldest, if attainable, and the best, not modern edition of (Italian) Vasari.—Ever truly yrs., J. Ruskin.

To the Rev. F. A. Malleson[4]

Corpus Christi College, Oxford, *November* 1*st*, 1872.

My dear Sir,—I am sincerely obliged for your letter; I am always necessarily in a false position with people whom I cannot speak to as I have spoken to you. They assume—naturally—that on the whole I am very well off—enjoying my work—doing as I choose—and hypochondriac perhaps from having too much my own way. You will

[1] [Ultimately Ruskin's autumn course was on "Sandro Botticelli and the Florentine Schools of Engraving," published under the title *Ariadne Florentina* (Vol. XXII.).]

[2] [No. 6 in *Ellis*, pp. 8–9.]

[3] [The inquiry is a jest—the story is this. Ruskin saw in Mr. Ellis's possession a fine copy of *Capriccios de Goya*, and commented on its hideousness, adding that "it was only fit to be burnt." Mr. Ellis agreed with him; and putting the volume into the empty grate (for it was in August), he and Ruskin set light to it, and the book was burned to ashes. "Mr. Green" was Mr. Ellis's partner.]

[4] [No. 1 in the synopsis of Ruskin's Letters to Malleson: see Vol. XXXIV. p. 184; and for Mr. Malleson, a neighbour of Ruskin in the Lake Country, see *ibid.*, p. xxxii.]

henceforth understand me better—though no happy man, least of all a man happy in his family, *can* understand the separation from God which a life so wretched as mine signifies. No matter how foolish one may have been—one can't expect a moth with both its wings burnt off, and dropt into the hot tallow, to sing Psalms with what is left it of antennæ.—Ever truly yours, J. RUSKIN.

To CHARLES ELIOT NORTON[1]

CORPUS CHRISTI COLLEGE, OXFORD, 18*th November*, 1872.

. . . I will never take anybody's advice any more. I want somebody to help me against you—you're always too strong for me—the more foolish they are the better. . . .

You spoke of coming down with Ned on Thursday. Please do.[2]

To H.R.H. PRINCE LEOPOLD[3]

CORPUS CHRISTI COLLEGE, *Shortest Day*, 1872.

SIR,—I have been in London during the last seven days, and though your Royal Highness's kind letter came to me, there, I was afraid to send for the book lest any mischance should come to it, and have only been able to look at it to-day.

But now, much more than most books, I have looked at and learned from it. I am very heartily glad to know that your Royal Highness likes it, but it seems strange to me—you are very happy in being enough sad to enter into the feeling of these poems—already.

The "John Baptist" seems to me entirely beautiful and right in its dream of him. The "St. Paul" is not according to my thought—but I am glad to have my thought changed. I wish the verses were less studiously alliterative, but the verbal art of them is wonderful. Some of the minor poems are the sweetest of their kind I ever read—Wordsworth with a softer chime. I wish I had something adverse to say, for this note must read to you as if I only wanted to say what would please you. That is indeed true—but I should neither hope, nor attempt, to do so by praising what I did not like.

[1] [No. 125 in *Norton;* vol. ii. pp. 53–54.]

[2] ["I was established for the winter in London. 'Ned' was Burne-Jones."—C. E. N.]

[3] [This letter—referring to a copy of *Poems* by F. W. H. Myers (1870) lent by the Prince to Ruskin—has been printed in *Fragments of Prose and Poetry, by F. W. H. Myers*, edited by his Wife, 1904, pp. 24–25.]

I will venture, unless I receive your Royal Highness's command to the contrary, to keep the book until your return to Oxford—when I hope you will find some occasion of enabling me to show how truly I am your Royal Highness's very grateful and loyal servant,

JOHN RUSKIN.

To CHARLES ELIOT NORTON[1]

LANCASTER, *27th December*, '72.

MY DEAREST CHARLES,—I brought your Siena[2] home from Oxford with me, and have been reading it all the way down, having carriage to myself.

It *is* curious that the first drawing I ever made of Italian art should have been from Duccio, and that I should have sent it to you the day before I read the account you give of him—twenty times more interesting than Cimabue.

I was greatly surprised by the early dates you assign and prove for the fall of Siena, and also by your ascribing it in the end, so completely, to the failure of religious faith.

Q.,—and this is the only thing which during the whole day I wanted my pen to suggest, all the rest being unquestionable,—should we not rather say, the failure of the qualities which render religious faith possible, and which, if it be taught, make it acceptable?

How far religion made—how far destroyed—the Italians—is now a quite hopelessly difficult question with me. *My* work will only be to give material for its solution.

My cold is nearly gone. I will do S—— her drawing and you yours, at Brantwood. I have been dining on turtle soup and steak, and have had more than half a pint of sherry, and feel comfortable—here in King's Arms Inn, with picture of Dickens's Empty Chair behind me, and his signature to it, cut out of a letter to the landlord. Volunteer band playing, melodiously and cheerfully. Mind you get acquainted with a conscientious Punch.

P.S.—Pitch dark day.

Q. (not a critical one). After that time of homicide at Siena, Heaven sent the Black Plague. "You will kill each other, will you? You shall have it done cheaper."

We have covered ourselves with smoke. "You want darkness?" says Heaven. "You shall have it cheaper."

[1] [*Atlantic Monthly*, August 1904, vol. 94, pp. 169, 170. No. 126 in *Norton*; vol. ii. pp. 54–56.]

[2] ["An account of the building of the Duomo at Siena, afterwards published in my *Church-Building in the Middle Ages*."—C. E. N.]

To MRS. ARTHUR SEVERN

BRANTWOOD, *Sunday, 28th Dec.*, '72.

I have had almost the divinest walk to-day I ever had in my life. It cleared steadily from the morning on; I went out at about ½ past 12, the blue then gaining steadily from the west. I felt quite tired and listless when I went out—but the farther I walked, the less I was tired, which was a satisfactory sort of feeling for an old gentleman of 54. By the time I got to the rock which I took you and Lily[1] up, I was as fresh as could be, and the sky cloudless—the rocks already dry—the sun making all Coniston Water one silver shield. I went on to our tarn, . . . and it got brighter and brighter—then round and to the Waterhead—and there was a sunset like a Roman one—the lake of Thrasymene never more glorious.

The place *is* more beautiful in winter than summer—the loss in foliage at *first* seems terrific, and in dark days it is fatal, and the view from the window here *does* lose more than I expected, everywhere looking like barren moor. But when the sun comes out, the hills are all gold and purple instead of grey, as in summer—one sees their outlines everywhere through the copses—the sun coming down among their woods is like enchanted light, and the ivy and walls and waters are all as perfect as ever. So that I never had a walk among the lakes so lovely, and few in Italy, and I'm actually in good spirits to-night, reading Cowley,—and arranging my teacups. . . . Love to Arfie.

1873

[This year was spent by Ruskin at Oxford and at Brantwood. In March and May he lectured on Birds (*Love's Meinie*); in October and November, on *Val d'Arno*. Some letters to Mrs. Severn, and extracts from his diary recording his life at Brantwood, are given in Vol. XXIII. pp. xx.–xxii.]

To BERNARD QUARITCH[2]

BRANTWOOD, 1*st January*, '73.

MY DEAR QUARITCH,—I am greatly flattered by your thinking of taking up my books yourself—and I am sure there is no one who would do what should or could be done for them more energetically—but I

[1] [Miss Lily Armstrong.]

[2] [For Ruskin's friendship with Mr. Quaritch, see the Introduction, Vol. XXXVI. p. lxxiv. Ultimately, upon Mr. Allen's advice, Ruskin decided not to sell the copyright of his books.]

am not sure whether I stated in my last letter one limitation which may make the whole thing inacceptable to you, namely, that I retain the right to publish *myself* in my own continuous expensive edition, what portions I like of the older books. That edition of my own is to continue, in volumes priced either 9s. 6d. or 19s. each, as I can issue them; I will include, in altered forms, much of the 3rd, 4th, and 5th vols. of *Modern Painters*—some of the *Seven Lamps*—and perhaps the half of *The Stones of Venice*. For this edition of my own I shall prepare entirely new plates and woodcuts. The offer I make is of the copyright of all my books published before 1870,—to be issued in their present text, with no omissions or alterations, but in any form—cheap, or periodical, or what not—the publisher chooses. All the plates and woodcuts in their present state are to form a part of the purchase. I mean the whole thing—copyright and plates—to go for one round sum, and so save bother; the purchaser having, of course, the right to prepare other plates from them if he chooses. I shall interfere in nothing, except only in the one proviso that the texts are to be unaltered.

I never thought you were likely to care about the thing. I was advised to put it up to auction, which indeed I have given directions to do, not in the least knowing what would be a fair price to ask. If you care to move in the matter further, I will send you proofs of the Plates of *Modern Painters* in their present state.—I enclose cheque for Ovid and Vocabularies, and am alway truly yours, J. Ruskin.

To Charles Eliot Norton[1]

Brantwood, Coniston, *15th January*, 1873.

My dearest Charles, . . . I have had fourteen days of incessant wind and rain, and am stupid with disgust and wonder that such things should be. Nature herself traitress to me—whatever Wordsworth may say.[2] No light to paint, nor temper to think; but I have been working at the instructions to my drawing-class.[3] Everything now takes so much more time than I calculate—it is terrible. . . .

Love to you all, especially to S. I've done a bit of ivy, but it looks gloomy, and hope to get a bit of cup-moss for her instead.—Ever your lovingest J. Ruskin.

[1] [No. 127 in *Norton;* vol. ii. pp. 56–57.
[2] ["Nature never did betray," etc.: see the title-page of *Modern Painters.*]
[3] [The *Instructions in Use of Rudimentary Series:* see Vol. XXI. p. 161.]

To CHARLES ELIOT NORTON[1]

BRANTWOOD, *7th February*, 1873.

. . . I will have the marbles sent down here.[2] I am going to make more and more a perfect home of this place. I have the gift of sucking bitters, and am just now quite uncomfortable because my house is too pleasant, and I don't like going back to Oxford.

To CHARLES ELIOT NORTON[3]

BRANTWOOD, *8th February*, 1873.

MY DEAREST CHARLES,—I send you an old sketch-book, full of scrawls done in the cold (with that excuse for never doing anything that I ought to have done to them) in the winter of '62, I think, or '61—Crawley[4] will know.

They now only give me sorrow and shame to look at—both deep. I ought perhaps to be very thankful that I am wise enough to think my ten years old self a fool, and that I am unhappy only by *not* getting what I wanted, instead of getting it.

I walked seven miles yesterday on heavenly short, sheep-bitten turf; climbed 1800 feet above lake among the snow; rowed a mile; superintended the making of a corner window in my "lodge," to be Crawley's house, and worked at Greek coins all the evening, without spectacles. I oughtn't to grumble, at 54, to be able to do that. And, indeed, I *am* less discontented than I was at Lucerne, that winter. Perhaps I shall be quite happy just before I leave the world.

If there's anything in the sketch-book you would like name put to, I'll do it when I come to town, if you leave the book with me.

All good be to you that can be.—Ever your loving J. R.

To HENRY ACLAND, M.D.

[1873?]

MY DEAR HENRY,—I am very glad of your little note. There is no sacredness (much that is much the contrary) to keep me from speaking, but simply that I can only get through my day by fiercely

[1] [No. 128 in *Norton;* vol. ii. p. 57.]

[2] ["Some pieces of late thirteenth-century Pisan sculpture, fragments of a font, which I had obtained for him in Italy."—C. E. N.]

[3] [No. 129 in *Norton;* vol. ii. pp. 57–58.]

[4] [His old servant: see below, p. 64.]

thinking of it, and of nothing else. This walking with a ghost behind one would not be a bad form of drill for me; the worst of it is that I don't see the things in *front* of me well; the blue being taken out of the sky, and the red out of roses. My work was all spoiled in the autumn; but, on the other hand, I should not have gone in now for *Fors*, nor perhaps been every Tuesday and Saturday in the Galleries, if I had been in better humour, and I think some good will come out of both. Touching St. John,[1] I know you cannot feel with me, nor should I ever try to make you do so—only I want you to understand that what of unbelief is in me, is not at all founded on the vulgar rationalism of the day, but on my bitter feeling of human imperfection in the so-called Revelation. It is precisely as if George Richmond were to tell me that a Revelation was necessary. "By all means," I should answer—"I think so with my whole soul." But if he then went on to tell me that a picture by Claude was a revelation—"No," I should answer, "if that is all you have got, I'll do without any."—Ever your affectionate J. R.

To C. Fairfax Murray[2]

Bath Hotel, Piccadilly, *February 14th*, 1873.

My dear Murray,—I am heartily obliged by all your notes, especially by the field-marshal bit. You will be able to help me in this sort of way so often. Of course, the absurdity of a lance having no [grip[3]] for its handle, and of a knight's using or holding the stump of it at all, is more absurd than the mythic truncheon, of which I forget the origin.

The Arundel man had a grand movable [scaffolding[4]] about sixty feet high, I fancy: probably thirty or twenty-five—can't be allowed at Easter. I entirely forgot to speak to Manning! but will use all the personal influence I have—no fear on that score.

I've been going to French play and pantomime, and staring at the Sir Joshuas in Old Masters.[5] My stars, what that fellow could do!

I hope you know Botticelli already well enough not to think you'll

[1] [See *Fors*, Letter 27 (January 1873): Vol. XXVII. p. 489.]

[2] [No. 15 in *Art and Literature*, pp. 43–44. Mr. Murray at this time did some work for Ruskin which he greatly valued: see Vol. XXIV. p. xl., Vol. XXX. p. lix.]

[3] [A rough sketch of the "grip" of a lance.]

[4] [Here again a slight sketch, instead of the word.]

[5] [The Exhibition of 1873 included twenty-three pictures by Sir Joshua. Ruskin refers to the Exhibition in a different connexion in Vol. XXV. p. 17.]

have to copy stuff like that arms-akimbo thing.[1] By the way, what have they all got, like truncheons? They look like a lot of opera-directors.

I couldn't, what with pantomime, etc., find a minute quiet. I'm off to Coniston again to-morrow. Write there. You need never fear tiring me by your letters, though I may not answer them at once.—Always affectionately yours, J. RUSKIN.

To C. FAIRFAX MURRAY[2]

BRANTWOOD, *February 15th*, 1873.

MY DEAR MURRAY,—I am glad you wanted to see me; but there were at least fifty people in London who wanted it more than you did, and had more right to call me unkind for *not* seeing them.

And there were at least five hundred things in London more necessary for me to do than to see your Bassano, yet which were not done.

You ask which of the Sir Joshuas I liked best. If you ask me which was the best, I will tell you. Which I *liked* best, matters not a straw to you or anybody else. The *worst* was certainly that one in the black hat.[3] Sir Joshua ought not to have gone in like a Dutchman for tricks of light and shade.

I am greatly puzzled by your sentence, "What do you think of your Gainsborough *now?*"[4] I can hardly credit, or discredit, you with the idea that I never saw a Gainsborough till last Tuesday, but what else the sentence *can* mean I can't see. However, I did learn something about him, the sitting Miss Somebody,[5] afterwards Mrs. Sheridan, being worse drawn than I ever saw him draw,—and the rouged face of the dancer opposite, the vilest thing I ever saw him paint.

The Adoration of the Magi[6] had prettinesses in it, but was poor stuff. The Signorelli I never saw, nor was likely to see.

[1] [No. 191 in the Exhibition, the Duke of Hamilton's "Assumption of the Virgin," now in the National Gallery, No. 1126, ascribed by some critics to Botticini.]

[2] [No. 16 in *Art and Literature*, pp. 45–47.]

[3] [Either No. 6, "Henry the Earl of Abergavenny as a boy," or No. 231, "Portrait of Richard Holmes Laurie as a boy."]

[4] [The picture of a Country Girl (frontispiece to Vol. XXII.): see in that volume pp. xliii., 393, 396, 481.]

[5] [No. 35, "Portrait of Miss Linley, afterwards Mrs. Sheridan," lent by Baron Lionel de Rothschild. The other picture was No. 56, "Portrait of Madame Baccelli, Dancer," lent by Lord Buckhurst.]

[6] [No. 193 in the Exhibition; now in the National Gallery, No. 1124, where it is ascribed to Filippino Lippi. The Signorelli ("The Circumcision"), No. 162 in the Exhibition, is also in the National Gallery, No. 1128.]

Please look at the Raphael[1] and tell me how far the colour may have changed in St. John's shoulder, and in Judas' dress, and how far the fantastic shot silks of this last are absolutely as they were, as far as you can judge.—Always affectionately yours, J. Ruskin.

To Thomas Carlyle

Brantwood, *Sunday, 15th Feb., '73.*

Dear Mr. Carlyle,—I can't in the least make out why you wished me to look at this enclosed letter. It seems to me out of quite one of the woolly-headiest of sheep's heads, and by no means to be noticed in any wise. It is the sort of thing that makes me feel as if I had to fight a scarecrow stuffed with dirty cotton—that choked one with fluff if one cut it. You are too good-natured to put up with such people. And I was a little surprised, also (I must speak true, you know), by the book you gave me, or I should have written of it before. It is boastful and pompous, not the sort of thing I should have thought you would have been pleased with—the more as I have heard you laugh at Humboldt for an old woman—though his little finger was thicker than this man's loins.[2]

I got down here yesterday in the evening, and at five o'clock—crossing Lancaster Sands—saw what I thought the most wonderful thunder-clouds in the sunset light, that I had ever seen in my life. In five minutes more, I saw they were my own opposite snowy mountains! I had no conception anything so beautiful was possible with such low elevation. I would rather have drawn that view over Lancaster Bay than any I ever saw from Venice.

Thanks so much for what you told me of your grandmother and mother. Happy, this northern land—in snow of lofty soul—as of sweet hillside.—Ever your loving John Ruskin.

To Dr. W. C. Bennett[3]

Brantwood, *February 16th,* 1873.

Dear Mr. Bennett,—I am heartily glad of your book, and hope it may do good. I see, however, that you are in the wretched mess of

[1] ["The Raphael" was the "Agony in the Garden" (No. 176 in the Exhibition); it also was bought for the National Gallery, No. 1032, where it is now ascribed to Lo Spagna.]

[2] [1 Kings xii. 10.]

[3] [No. 29 in *Art and Literature*, pp. 76–77. The book is *Songs for Sailors* (1872), a volume of patriotic verse with much sentiment about "baby in the cot"; also a poem on "The Anglo-American Boat-Race," in praise of athletics, the Northern cause, etc.]

thought which sympathises with the North Americans,—and with our damned "athletics," which have made schoolboys of all our public men—and end in horse-racing—and the devil's work, of all sorts. In all this vapouring of yours about glory and babies, will you have the goodness to tell me what you really are fond of in the Englishman of to-day,—or the English baby of to-day?—Truly yours,

J. RUSKIN.

To Mrs. COWPER-TEMPLE

BRANTWOOD, 17*th Febry.*, '73. *Morning.*

. . . I am getting this place into some form, and I think it will soon be pretty enough to ask you to come and grace it with more sweetness than even its best spring flowers can. Fancy how I was taken in, the day before yesterday. I came down from London without stopping, and was therefore crossing Lancaster Sands at five o'clock. It had been steadily cloudy, and I was reading and not looking out, when, the train stopping at a little station, I saw, looking up, an opening in the west, and a range, as I thought, of thunder-clouds in red light. I was greatly amazed, and said to myself, "Well, I thought I knew something of skies, but those are the grandest clouds I ever saw yet." In five minutes more, as the train went on, I saw they were my own mountains in their snow. And I would rather have had a Turner drawing of that view over Lancaster Sands than even my "Arona" on the Lago Maggiore.[1] I've got a cat, but she scratches, and I can't keep her tail out of the candles in the evening; and I've got a dog—a shepherd's—who won't do anything wrong—but it's so horribly moral, it's more dull than I am myself. Love to William.—Ever your loving

ST. C.

To W. B. PULLAR

BRANTWOOD, 18*th Feb.*, '73.

MY DEAR SIR,—I am deeply interested by your letter, and heartily glad of it—thankful above all for the change in your religious feelings, and for your being able to see what Carlyle means, and how one may live in peace and honour in spite of science.

I have no time to write but of essential points.

[1] [Described in Vol. XIII. p. 456. A copy of Turner's drawing by Ruskin (photographs of which he placed on sale) is here given (Plate III.).]

J. Ruskin after Turner

Allen & Co. Sc

Arona, Lago Maggiore

Accepting frankly your offer to help our cause, you can do so at present only by staying in your present position, and making the best of it that honesty can. You tell me you are "a manufacturer in a middling way." *That* is your Door in the House of the Lord.[1] What do you manufacture? and what are the chief difficulties and liabilities to failure in that manufacture? Tell me, as briefly as you can, these.

The actual scheme of *Fors* depends on money help. I must collect enough to buy a considerable piece of land before I can do anything; and even then, should probably put no settlers on it, but merely cultivate it by paid labour, for some time.

And I should never move any one out of any now tenable position if I did not find some extraordinary qualities in them.—Truly yours, J. Ruskin.

To Charles Eliot Norton [2]

Brantwood, *Ash Wednesday, 26th February,* 1873.

Dearest Charles,—Your lovely little note just come, and with it the Dante marbles.[3] Far beyond what I had hoped, and quite beyond all price to me. I haven't been so pleased for many a year.

I ought to be very good, now—such a study as I have. Must tell you about it, or, rather, you must all come and see, in May.—Ever your loving J. R.

To Arthur Severn

Brantwood [*Feb.* 27, 1873].

My dearest Arfie,—Please I must have a swallow directly if it's to be had in London, and a chough and a common tern—*Sterna hirundo*—as soon as *possible*.[4] What are the people about?

Please note also Carlyle's language is of no consequence.[5] There is no historian but Carlyle of the French Revolution or of the English one. All the others give you an utterly false impression. Alison is very good as a calendar, nothing else.

[1] [See Psalms lxxxiv. 10.]

[2] [No. 130 in *Norton;* vol. ii. p. 59.]

[3] [See above, p. 58. Ruskin believed the marbles to be pieces of the font broken by Dante: see Vol. XXII. p. 343, Vol. XXIII. p. xxviii., Vol. XXVII. p. 272.]

[4] [Ruskin was about to deliver his lectures on birds, *Love's Meinie* (Vol. XXV.).]

[5] [Mr. Severn had mentioned in a letter that he had been reading Alison's account of the French Revolution.]

That's a *very* small allowance of Joanie. Please—I want some more. If I could scream, like the baby, you'd treat me better.

Nice line enclosed from Helps.

Dearest love to wee Joanie.—Ever affly. yrs., J. R.

To Mrs. Arthur Severn

Brantwood, *4th March*, '73.

I am only thinking of you, all the day long, and thanking the fates—and the Master of Fate—for giving me my comforting Joanie to-day. All you are, and say, and do, is so good for me.

And so you want to know if the lodge is begun! The Roof is on. Nothing wanting but window mullions! That is why I came back here so quickly. I needed to watch what they were about. I was annoyed because the plan of the house inside did not admit of a door to the front—as in my sketch—without great loss of space and comfort within. So I gave up my door; but we will have a creeping tree instead, and manage to make it all pretty. It is larger than I meant, because Crawley and his wife and children are to live in it; but it does not spoil the place at all, and adds much to its convenience.

My darling, I hope every birthday of your own will now be a double joy, and every spring like a new entrance into life.

To Oscar Browning [1]

Brantwood, *March 11th*, 1873.

My dear Sir,—I have not replied to your favour of the 6th, because I felt the matter to be one of great importance, and was not certain—nor am I so now—what my engagements would be this spring.

If I could repeat (with some modification) the lectures I am just going to give at Oxford, on the Drawings of Birds, do you think it might be interesting for the Eton Literary Society enough to prevent their feeling hurt at my not preparing a special lecture for them? I have not now energy enough to trust to extempore lecturing, and I

[1] [Assistant-master at Eton, 1860–1875, and founder of the Literary and Scientific Society there. For Ruskin's lectures, arranged for in this and the following letter, see Vol. XXV. p. 5. The letters are reprinted from "Personal Recollections of John Ruskin" in *St. George*, vol. vi. pp. 134–143.]

see no chance of my being able to prepare more than my Oxford work this spring.

Will you kindly write me a line to C.C.C., Oxford, and believe me very respectfully yours, J. Ruskin.

March 24th, 1873.[1]

My dear Sir,—I could not instantly reply to your kind letter, not having determined my time of coming here next term, but I have now arranged matters so as to be able to lecture at Eton on the first days you name—10th and 17th May. The two lectures will be quite enough for the main things I want to say, and please don't think of putting yourself or anybody to any disarrangement to find rooms for me; for when I have lecturing to do I always go to inns, partly because I like to be sure of quietly thinking over, first, what I read, and also because one's host is always liable on such occasions to be teased in various ways by people whom one does not bring upon him in an ordinary visit.—Ever very truly yours, J. Ruskin.

To Mrs. Arthur Severn

Brantwood, 15*th April*, '73.

I am so constantly in sadness that your beautiful letter can hardly make me more sorry; but it makes me feel more resolution to be what I can to you, always, to the best of my power. Not that "resolution" is ever needed to be kind to *you*, but sometimes—to be kind to myself, for your sake. Now that I must, so far as is in me, be mother as well as father to you, I must strive to have peace in my own heart, that I may preserve it in yours.

I will write to Mary.

Elkanah's saying to Hannah, "Am not I better to thee than ten sons?"[2] has been murmuring in my ears up and down the woods. *One* mother *is* better than ten sons. But you are that yourself, Joanie, now—and I will be at least all I can to you.

To Mrs. Arthur Severn

Brantwood, 20*th April*.

I am very glad you wrote to me all that was in your heart. Pray do so always. It would not be right for me to tell you all that is

[1] [*St. George*, vol. vi. p. 139.]
[2] [1 Samuel i. 8.]

saddest in mine. Sometimes the flowers make me much more sad than the wind and rain: and the distant views always make me think of my father in his grave. And the mystery of it all becomes perpetually more terrific to me. But it is because I am not moved *enough* by it, that I am so woeful,—because I am not trying enough to do right, and feel base as well as unhappy. I know you can't understand this, but it is so. The only thing to be done by any of us is to be kind and cheerful always.

The harbour *will* be a beauty, but will take me, as near as I can guess of my Robinson Crusoe work, till the year 1880, before it is done. But Arfie will be able to get in soon enough. . . .

To W. B. PULLAR

BRANTWOOD, *28th April*, '73.

MY DEAR SIR,—I am sincerely obliged by your letters—this one about the workman is invaluable to me. I suppose, keeping all clue to name and locality out of it, I may use the main text in *Fors?*[1]

In your general work, keep cool, and never waste energy in trying to teach people who don't want to be taught. Form your own opinions firmly—act on them quietly, without hope, fear, disappointment, or anger. If any one wishes to hear, speak; if any one questions you, answer—and be ready to meet all honest questioning.

Chiefly, take care of your health, and secure your own peaceful livelihood before everything.—Ever truly yours, J. RUSKIN.

I am much ashamed of my writing—by way of your "master's" it is discreditable, but spoiled by constant work against time and original bad habits.

To H. E. LUXMOORE[2]

[OXFORD], *15th May*, '73.

DEAR MR. LUXMOORE,—I am very heartily sorry your letter has remained a day unanswered. No one ever cheered me so much. I am so thankful to be able to interest the boys, and so glad to answer

[1] [It does not seem that the letter in question was printed in *Fors.*]

[2] [For many years an assistant-master at Eton, and a member of the St. George's Guild.]

any questions on the subjects of *Fors*. Yours are the first that have been patiently and seriously put to me.

To prevent overcrowding would be the first work of a rightly educational State system. To see that baby, boy—and man, had everywhere their Play-grounds.

Imagine all the energies and resources we now spend for war, spent in energetic, adventurous, lovingly national colonisation—fighting with ice, with desert, and with sea. Binding sand, breaking ice, building floating gardens—instead of ships of the line.

And for many a day to come, you would not have men, nor women, nor children *enough* for your work. . . .

The question of interest is entirely fairly stated by you—supposing its mischief rested only on the point of criminal exaction. But the chief guilt of it is the acceptance of Borrowing *at all* as a Normal state. No man in a well-regulated family, or State, should ever borrow anything, except as I might say to you, "Lend me your penknife a minute" (ashamed at the same time of not having my own in my pocket).

The father should provide the son with education and *tools*, not with Fortune.

The State—where Fathers are not—should be the Father. And where is your Borrower?

Besides, think of the folly and wickedness which all National Debts imply!

And of the further folly of the common mercantile world in thinking Interest a natural Fruitage of Money!! instead of a fine on Improvidence? Always thinking who *gets*, instead of who *pays* it. And see what Rascality must be implied in the system which makes men like Mill and Fawcett write stark idiotisms in defence of it. And you will then accept the 15th psalm in its Perfectness—and peace. That saying of your boy about sermons greatly delighted me, because, at Oxford, they always pitch into me straight if I preach at them the least bit, and tell me to mind my own business, and show them how to mix colours. And, if only I could but get them to think of it, they can't even do *that* without all sorts of Virtues—which to state will be preaching.

I mistook, carelessly, the book you asked for, and have sent copies of the school drawing-book instead of the catalogue—but you shall have that as well, directly. I fear I cannot be with you much before lecture time on Saturday, but if you and the other masters find that I can be of use to the boys, you shall be my masters too—for all such service—and I always faithfully and gratefully yours,

J. Ruskin.

To an ARTIST[1]

OXFORD, *20th May*, 1873.

MY DEAR ——, I have your interesting letter, with the (to me very charming) little sketch of "The Peace." By the Virtues on the left I meant what perhaps my memory fails in placing there—on the left-hand wall, standing with your back to the window. "The Peace" is opposite window, isn't it? I can only say, Do any face that strikes you. In this composition I care more for completeness of record than for accurate copying. There is nothing in it that I esteem exquisite as painting; but all is invaluable as design and emotion. Do it as thoroughly as you can pleasantly to yourself. For me, the Justice and Concord are the importantest. As you have got to work comfortably on it, don't hurry. Do it satisfactorily; and then to Assisi, where quite possibly I may join you, though not for a month or six weeks.

Keep me well in knowledge of your health and movements (writing now to Coniston), and believe me, very faithfully yours, J. RUSKIN.

. . . I shall soon be writing to the good monks at Assisi; give them my love always.

Do not spare fees to custodes, and put them down separately to me.

People talk so absurdly about bribing. An Italian cannot know at first anything about an Englishman but that he is either stingy or generous. The money gift really opens his heart, if he has one. You can do it in that case without money, indeed, eventually, but it is amazing how many people can have good (as well as bad) brought out of them by gifts, and no otherwise.

LONDON, *15th June*, 1873.

MY DEAR ——, I am very glad to have your letters, and to see that you are on the whole well, and happy in your work. One's friends never do write to one when one's at Siena; somehow it is impossible to suppose a letter ever gets there.

You may stay at your work there as long as you find necessary for easy completion. It will be long before I get to Assisi.

I don't care about anything in the Villa Spannochi. All my

[1] [This and the following letter are printed from *Records of Tennyson, Ruskin, and Browning*, by Anne Ritchie, 1892, pp. 132–133. "The Peace" is one of the frescoes by Ambrogio Lorenzetti in the Palazzo Pubblico at Siena: see Plate I. in Vol. XVI. (p. 54).]

pleasant thoughts of it—or any other place nearly—are gone. Do "The Peace" as thoroughly as possible, now you are at it.

I have intense sympathy with you about Sunday, but fancy my conscience was unusually morbid. I am never comfortable on the day. Of course the general shop-shutting and dismalness in England adds to the effect of it.

Your day is admirably laid out, except that in your walk after four you go to look at pictures. You ought to rest in changed thoughts as much as possible, to get out on the green banks and brows, and think of nothing but what the leaves and winds say.

I have nothing to tell you of myself that is pleasant; not much that is specially otherwise. The weather has been frightful in London. It was better at Coniston, but it appals me; it is a plague of darkness such as I never believed nature could inflict or suffer.—Always affectionately yours, J. Ruskin.

To Charles Eliot Norton[1]

Brantwood, Coniston, *25th June*, 1873.

Dearest Charles,—I am not doing as you bid me. It is Saturday, and a month since your letter was written, and this is my first. I am very hard at work on my new elements of drawing.[2] The scheme is too large for arrangement. I must do it piece by piece. When I was systematic, nobody believed I was, so it matters little.

But the time it takes one to determine how large a quatre-foil is to be drawn, how thick a line, etc.! Things wholly unallowed for as taking time at all.

But really, I think I have done much lately, and that it *must* tell soon. I mean to get the Botticelli lectures[3] out, somehow.

I am more curious about you and your life that is to be than about anything not my own business. I am more thankful for your friendship every hour. Love to you all—as much as I have left for any one living.

I hope you will be better pleased with the pieces about Scott than you are usually with *Fors*, this next month.

Alfred Hunt has been staying with me. He is very faithful and affectionate to me, as I am to you and ever your devoted

J. Ruskin.

[1] [No. 131 in *Norton;* vol. ii. pp. 65-66.]

[2] [*The Laws of Fésole* (Vol. XV.).]

[3] [*Ariadne Florentina*, of which the first two Parts were issued in November and December 1873 (Vol. XXII. p. 293).]

To CHARLES ELIOT NORTON[1]

BRANTWOOD, CONISTON, LANCASHIRE, 15*th July*, 1873.

. . . I am writing, not against time, but constantly, what is becoming (in *Fors*) almost a life of Walter Scott, and an important analysis of *Frederick*.[2] Merely digests of Lockhart and Carlyle, but useful. My great mental gift is Digestion, and my great bodily defect, Indigestion—it's odd enough; but really, the best authors appear to me very often as I suppose her cubs do to a bear. I hope Carlyle will take his licking as it's meant.

Also, I am slowly, but steadily, getting both "Birds"[3] and "Botticelli" published, but the press correction is very painful to me.

And I am gardening and walking a good deal. And before breakfast—*i.e.*, from half-past six to nine—I read (finding that one must have some fresh wool on one's staff to spin with): *i.e.*, half-past six to seven, Greek Testament of eleventh century, partly to master early Greek writing,[4] partly to read the now to me very curiously *new* Testament with a witness: seven to eight, *Romance of Rose* in fourteenth-century MS., a little before Chaucer; the very text he translated—delicious old French—worse than Joinville[4] to make out, a great deal: eight to half-past, *Cent Ballades*, completing (slowly) begun translation: half-past eight to nine, *Callimachus*—very delicious and fruitful to me. I rest almost entirely after two o'clock. My woods want thinning, and I saunter through them, bill in hand. . . .

I am happier than I was at Denmark Hill—and yet look back to Denmark Hill, enraged at myself for not knowing its blessings.—I am always your lovingest J. R.

To THOMAS CARLYLE

BRANTWOOD, 8*th August*, 1873.

DEAREST CARLYLE,—I've been putting off writing to you till I could send you my notes on *Friedrich;* but I've got so deep into it that I

[1] [No. 132 in *Norton;* vol. ii. pp. 66–68.]

[2] [For the notes on the life of Scott, see *Fors*, Letters 31–33 (Vol. XXVII.); and for the analysis of *Friedrich*, appendix to *Crown of Wild Olive* (Vol. XVIII.).]

[3] [*Love's Meinie*, of which the first two Parts were published in July and August (see Vol. XXV. p. 6).]

[4] [See Vol. XXXIV. p. 703 and the facsimile there given; the MS. of the *Romance of the Rose* is mentioned above, pp. 18, 22; for Joinville, see Vol. XXXVI. p. 355. For Ruskin's reading of Callimachus, see Vol. XXIII. p. xxiii.]

can't get it done yet awhile.[1] Some of your bits of small print have so much in them. One I'm going to take bodily out, and print in gold, and I think you will like what I am about generally.

One great question forces itself daily on me more and more. "Throw a quilt over it."[2] They are beautiful last words. But why is Friedrich never, apparently, solicitous about the succeeding reign, when solicitous about his dog's comfort?

I am working hard at many things. Much at old chivalresque French, which is full of things—as you know.

And I always love you more and more every day, and am ever more and more devotedly yours, J. Ruskin.

To William Ward[3]

Brantwood, *August 18th*, 1873.

Would you like to take a trip to France, alone, and do some more servile copying work, there, from nature? If so, get ready, and I'll send you funds and directions. Mont St. Michel the first place.

Brantwood, *September* 10, 1873.

I am delighted with your letter, and accounts of St. Michel. I've half a mind to come off to you. I couldn't draw when I was there, for convicts.[4]

What sort of Inn are you in? If I brought Mr. and Mrs. Severn, how should we lodge?

Oxford, *November* 16.

I am very glad you are safe at home again. I wrote again about a fortnight since to St. Michael, asking how you were to get away; but I suppose you did not get my letter. Heaven stop the steam demon from helping either you or me there! But, God willing, I'll see it this coming summer. I look anxiously for the drawings. That moonlight walk *must* be wonderful.

[1] [The notes on the earlier chapters of *Friedrich* were published in December 1873 as an appendix to *The Crown of Wild Olive:* Vol. XVIII. pp. 514 *seq.* For the passage which Ruskin "would much rather print in large golden letters than small black ones," see *ibid.*, p. 524; and for a note on the "unadvised modesty" of Carlyle's small print, see Vol. XXXIII. p. 515.]

[2] ["One of his dogs sat on its stool near him; about midnight he noticed it shivering for cold: 'Throw a quilt over it,' said or beckoned he; that, I think, was his last completely-conscious utterance" (*Friedrich*, Book xxi. ch. ix.).]

[3] [Nos. 66, 67, 68, and 69 in *Ward;* vol. ii. pp. 30–34.]

[4] [The château of Mont St. Michel was at that time used as a political prison.]

OXFORD, *November* 30.

Your time has been spent instructively to yourself, and usefully to me;—though the cloister subjects are much less interesting than I expected, and though you have rather too strictly carried out my wishes about outline study. A *few* colour sentimental bits at St. Michael's would have been very desirable. But the outline work is all excellent, and I doubt not you will find the good of it.

To THOMAS CARLYLE

CORPUS CHRISTI COLLEGE, *Oct.*, 1873.

MY DEAREST CARLYLE,—If I were in good heart, or felt happy either for you or for your poor scholar, I should write often. But my own discouragement, and my sorrow at the silence to the public which mere bodily weakness now imposes on you, still in the full strength of your intellect, prevent my ever writing with joy—and practically, my own hands and eyes have generally of late been past writing, before the day was over.

I have not the least pleasure in my work any more, except as you and Froude and one or two other friends still care for it. One might as well talk to the March dust as to the English of to-day—young or old; nor can they help it, poor things—any more than the dust can;—the general dustman will deposit them, I suppose, some day where something will grow on them—or some beneficent watering-pan, or Aquarius *ex machina*, lay them in "mud-deluge"[1] at rest.

Besides this, the loss of my mother and my old nurse leaves me without any root, or, in the depth of the word, any home; and what pleasant things I have, seem to me only a kind of museum of which I have now merely to arrange the bequest—while, so long as I *do* keep at work at all, the forms of it are too many and too heavy for my digestion (literal)—and therefore only increase, instead of relieving, despondency.

I am very careful, however, about not doing too much. If I do not write to *you*, think how many things I must leave undone, of duty and comfort.

I have ordered two copies of the lectures[2] to be sent to you and

[1] [A phrase from *Latter-Day Pamphlets*, No. 1.]

[2] [Proof-sheets of a portion of *Val d'Arno* (Vol. XXIII. p. 5). Carlyle's letter of thanks for the lectures has been printed in the same volume, p. lv.]

one to Froude. (There will be ten altogether, I hope—two a week till 28th Nov.)—Ever, with love to Mary, your affectionate J. Ruskin.

I read the bit about Servant Tenure in "Shooting Niagara"[1] to my class yesterday—with much (for the moment) effect on them.

To R. H. Collins[2]

Corpus Christi College, Oxford, *4th Nov.*

Dear Mr. Collins,—It's such a miserable day I shall never be able to write to the Prince. Besides, there's a matter of business which I don't want to have to tease him with in formalities of address; will you kindly explain it for me?

In an underground room of the National Gallery are some twelve or more tin boxes, containing sketch-books of Turner's and perspective diagrams; the former in masses enough to supply all the schools in England with copies in landscape drawing, and the latter, the best ever made.

I want to ask the Prince to get me—he will best know how—these perspective drawings for our Oxford schools, and a portion of the sketch-books, to be mounted leaf by leaf, and brought into use.

They are NOW ABSOLUTELY WASTE PAPER. No mortal can see them, nor can they be handled without destruction, being in soft pencil, or chalk (the best). And I have shown what can be done with them by those I have already mounted at Kensington,[3] and I'll undertake all the trouble and responsibility of it if the Prince and the Trustees will give me leave to choose the books.

I am blind and stupid with the darkness, and can't say more.—Ever affectionately yours, J. Ruskin.

To Miss Susan Beever[4]

Corpus Christi College, Oxford, *29th Nov.*, '73.

Dear Miss Susan,—I believe in my hasty answer to your first kind letter I never noticed what you said about Aristophanes. If

[1] ["Servantship, like all other solid contracts between men, must become a contract of permanency," etc., in § 2 of "Shooting Niagara"; but "the bit" may very probably have been a passage in *The Nigger Question* (contained in the same volume), where the same point is made at greater length: see *Miscellanies*, vol. vii. pp. 96–97 (ed. 1872).]

[2] [Sir Robert Collins (1841–1908), K.C.B., K.C.V.O., Comptroller of the Household of H.R.H. the Duchess of Albany; formerly tutor to Prince Leopold.]

[3] [Now at the National Gallery: see Vol. XIII. p. xxxvii.]

[4] [No. 133 in *Hortus Inclusus* (see below, p. 631).]

you will indeed send me some notes of the passages that interest you in the *Birds*, it will not only be very pleasant to me, but quite seriously useful, for the *Birds* have always been to me so mysterious in that comedy, that I have never got the good of it which I know is to be had. The careful study of it, put off from day to day, was likely enough to fall into the great region of my despairs, unless you had chanced thus to remind me of it.

Please, if another chance of good to me come in your way, in another brown spotty-purple peacock's feather, will you yet send it to me? and I will be always your most grateful and faithful J. R.

It is such a delight to me to hear you like my little Joanie.

To CHARLES ELIOT NORTON [1]

OXFORD, C.C.C., *December 2nd*, 1873.

. . . I often hear your sermons over again. I attend to them very much indeed. I think my steady resistance to them the most heroic of all the efforts I make in the service of my poor—"lower than the angels."[2] Sometimes, when I'm tired in the evening, they nearly break me down, and I'm so proud next morning of not having been beaten.

But I'm very sure you will be better pleased with the *Fors* for next year, if I live.

I go to Assisi early in the spring to work there, with what help I can gather, on a monograph of it.[3]

I am surprised to find how well my health holds, under a steady press of work; but my sight begins to fail, and I shall begin with spectacles this next year.

I will find a bit of architecture for you, however, or, even with my old eyes, do you a bit that won't be copyable by the "bold" scholars.

To THOMAS CARLYLE

CORPUS CHRISTI COLLEGE, *3rd December*, 1873.

MY DEAREST CARLYLE,—It is a wonderful thing to me, that I do not know your birthday,—that I write this evening, only because a

[1] [*Atlantic Monthly*, September 1904, vol. 94, pp. 378–379 (the last sentence omitted). No. 133 in *Norton;* vol. ii. pp. 68–69.]

[2] [Psalms viii. 5.]

[3] [This was not written, but Ruskin's material was partly used in some of his Oxford lectures: see Vol. XXIII. pp. xliv., 205 *seq.*]

good girl who loves you—though not so much, I hope, as I do—wrote to me of it, thinking it was, as it ought to be, a festival with me always. I have been irreligious in these things, and would fain have a little altar to-morrow to be wreathed with vervain—and the good girl for a pretty priestess to make a little sacred feast for me, and a— Well, I don't think there's anybody else I would feast with on your birthday, because there's no one who is so entirely thankful for it as I am.

Accept my faithful love on all days, in that largeness of it,—pardon its want of care for one—hitherto—I hope not hereafter.—Ever your loving disciple—son, I have almost now a right to say—in what is best of power in me,

J. Ruskin.

To Miss Susan Beever[1]

Corpus Christi College, Oxford [1873?].

Dear Miss Susan,—I am entirely grateful for your letter, and for all the sweet feelings expressed in it, and am entirely reverent of the sorrow which you feel at my speaking thus.[2] If only all were like you! But the chief sins and evils of the day are caused by the Pharisees, exactly as in the time of Christ, and "they make broad their phylacteries"[3] in the same way; the Bible, superstitiously read, becoming the authority for every error and heresy and cruelty. To make its readers understand that the God of their own day is as living, and as able to speak to them directly as ever in the days of Isaiah and St. John, and that He would now send messages to His Seven Churches, if the Churches would hear, needs stronger words than any I have yet dared to use, against the idolatry of the historical record of His messages long ago, perverted by men's forgetfulness, and confused by mischance and misapprehension. And if instead of the Latin form "Scripture" we put always "writing"—instead of "written" or "write" in one place, and "Scripture" as if it meant our English Bible, in another—it would make such a difference to our natural and easy understanding the range of texts.

The peacock's feathers are marvellous. I am very glad to see them. I never had any of their downy ones before. My compliments to the bird, upon them, please; and with sincere and affectionate regards to you and your sisters, I am ever faithfully and respectfully yours,

J. Ruskin.

[1] [No. 130 in *Hortus Inclusus* (see below, p. 630).]
[2] [See *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 36 (Vol. XXVII. pp. 669 *seq.*).]
[3] [Matthew xxiii. 5.]

To Miss SUSAN BEEVER[1]

ARTHUR SEVERN'S, HERNE HILL, 17*th Dec.* [1873].

It's so very sweet and good of you to write such lovely play letters to Joanie and me; they delight and comfort us more than I can tell you.

What translation of Aristophanes is that? I must get it. I've lost I can't tell you how much knowledge and power through false pride in refusing to read translations, though I couldn't read the original without more trouble and time than I could spare. Nevertheless, you must not think this English gives you a true idea of the original. The English is much more "English" in its temper than its words. Aristophanes is far more dry, severe, and concentrated; his words are fewer, and have fuller flavour; this English is to him very nearly what currant jelly is to currants. But it's immensely useful to me.

Yes, that is very sweet about the kissing. I have done it to rocks often, seldom to flowers, not being sure that they would like it. I recollect giving a very reverent little kiss to a young pine sapling that was behaving beautifully in an awkward chink between two great big ones that were ill-treating it. Poor me, (I'm old enough, I hope, to write grammar my own way,) my own little self, meantime, never by any chance got a kiss when I wanted it,—and the better I behaved, the less chance I had, it seemed.

To WILLIAM WARD[2]

ARTHUR SEVERN'S, HERNE HILL, S.E.,
Day before Christmas Day, 1873.

DEAR WARD,—I am intensely delighted with your sketches—finished sketches I ought to say—just received from Oxford.

They are a complete reward to me for all my patience and work with you, as I hope they will bring reward to you for all your patience and faith in me.

Send me a complete schedule to the end of the year of your "liabilities," as the elegant modern English commercial school call them, at that period.

[1] [No. 134 in *Hortus Inclusus.*]
[2] [No. 70 in *Ward;* vol. ii. pp. 35–36.]

Attend to your health, be as cheerful as you can, and in the beginning of the year (after 12th day at latest) I will set you to correct work. I must see you first, and you shall choose of several things to be done what you like best. In the meantime make pencil outlines of any portion of cloud that stays long enough, especially upper ones of delicate ramification. This is the only work I will prescribe at Christmas time.—I wish you all good, with your family, and am, your faithful Master,

JOHN RUSKIN.

To Dr. JOHN BROWN[1]

Christmas, 1873.

DEAR DR. BROWN,—I came home this evening from the fireside of a happy and gentle English family, happier myself than of late it has often chanced me to be; and read quietly in the evening alone, for the twentieth time or so, your story of "Her Last Half-Crown," and the tale of the Shepherd's dog,[2] the "wee fell ane," and I am very grateful to you for these gleams of the Spirit world. Write me a little line soon, please. I want to know that you are well. It is long now since I've had a word. I keep fairly up to my work, but I can't write to my old friends as I want to; I should have so much to say, for there are no days now without repentance for me of some neglect of what I possessed of best in days of old.—Ever your affectionate

J. RUSKIN.

To Dr. JOHN BROWN[3]

ARTHUR SEVERN'S, HERNE HILL [29*th Dec.,* 1873].

DEAREST DR. BROWN,—Your letters are so helpful to me, you can't think, for I am more alone now in the gist of me than ever, only Carlyle and you with me in sympathy . . . and all that I had of preciousest utterly gone, mother, nurse, and just afterwards, in a very terrible way, what I thought I should never have lost. Then this battle with the dragon is far more close and fearful than I conceived.

[1] [No. 14 of "Letters of Ruskin" in *Letters of Dr. John Brown,* 1907, pp. 299–300.]

[2] [For these two stories, see *Horæ Subsecivæ,* Second Series, pp 165, 194.]

[3] [No. 15 of "Letters from Ruskin" in *Letters of Dr. John Brown,* 1907, pp. 300–301. The letters which Ruskin found "so helpful" are given at p. 225 of the same book. One of them was in acknowledgment of Lecture V. of *Ariadne Florentina:* see the extract from the letter given in the Introduction, Vol. XXXVI. p. xc. The second letter, more particularly referred to in Ruskin's reply, contained the following passages: "I see in the *Scotsman* of to-day your letter on Ernest George's etchings [Vol. XIV. p. 335]. I have seen several men who had read it and felt

Turner only knew quite what it was. I *am* going to etch the Python as well as the Hesperides dragon, God willing, but I'm afraid about my heart a little; it beats quicker and irregularly, the chronic state of rage and grief tells on me slowly, and the never getting any peace out of sky or leaf, or anything, and with a disposition to live just such a "methodic" life as Raeburn's, the perpetual disturbance, hurry, and trying to do what I can't. This Raeburn memoir is most precious. You are entirely right in almost all except that about drawing "in love." One must paint or write truthfully, from a loving heart. But one must not lie in love, nor even conceal truth that *can* be told. Some truth cannot; there are things one must not say because they would not be understood. . . . I don't think Raeburn ever *flattered*. Drew the essence of the man, whether *he* liked it or not. . . .

The four last lectures on engravings ought to have been out long ago, but press correction plagues me more than anything I have to do. *Please* write as often as you can.—Ever your loving J. R.

. . . After finishing this I re-read yours. I had pounced, in a selfish way, on my own part of it. I now read with the most positive power and will of contradiction your saying that the Raeburn life is the product of a shattered brain. You are still in full possession of the most sweet and splendid faculties, and if you don't overstrain them in kindness, will keep them to the end. Don't write *a word* that tires you, to me, or anybody. . . .

its power. This should cheer you a bit; your circle is always widening. . . . I wonder you don't etch more, after the delight of doing such things as Turner's 'Dragon' [Vol. VII. p. 402, Plate 78] . . . but you would need to be ten men to do all we wish you to do. . . . It will be ten years in a few days since my darling was taken to heaven. . . . You never wrote truer or keener words than these you sent me on Feb. 5, 1860: 'That firm and keen mind, so free from all visionary and weak and wayward modes of thought.' I have often blessed you for them. I send you a notice of Sir Henry Raeburn. It is a thing of shreds and patches, and the product of a shattered brain, so be merciful to it." To Brown's memoir of Raeburn (included in *Horæ Subsecivæ*, Third Series, p. 415) Ruskin refers in Vol. XXVIII. p. 38 *n*.]

1874

[Ruskin was at Oxford in the Lent Term of this year, and organised the famous Hincksey "diggings." But before they were actually started his health and spirits broke down, and he went abroad for seven months. (For his itinerary, see Vol. XXIII. p. xxx. *n.*) Some letters about the diggings, other than those here given, have been printed in Vol. XX. pp. xli., xliii. His holiday in Italy and Switzerland did him much good, and his letters during this period are very numerous. Several to Mrs. Arthur Severn, besides those given below, are printed in Vol. XXIII. pp. xxxi.–lii. Upon his return he delivered several lectures at Oxford: see *ibid.*, pp. liii.–liv.

It is in this year that the correspondence with Miss Susan Beever (see Vol. XXXVI. p. cviii.) becomes frequent. Ruskin's letters to her and her sister were published in 1887 under the title *Hortus Inclusus;* his Preface to that collection of letters is given here.]

PREFACE TO "HORTUS INCLUSUS"

MESSAGES FROM THE WOOD TO THE GARDEN, SENT IN HAPPY DAYS TO THE SISTER LADIES OF THE THWAITE, CONISTON

The ladies to whom these letters were written have been, throughout their brightly tranquil lives, at once sources and loadstones of all good to the village in which they had their home, and to all loving people who cared for the village and its vale and secluded lake, and whatever remained in them or around of the former peace, beauty, and pride of English Shepherd Land.

Sources they have been of good, like one of its mountain springs, ever to be found at need. They did not travel; they did not go up to London in its season; they did not receive idle visitors to jar or waste their leisure in the waning year. The poor and the sick could find them always; or rather, they watched for and prevented all poverty and pain that care or tenderness could relieve or heal. Loadstones they were, as steadily bringing the light of gentle and wise souls about them as the crest of their guardian mountain gives pause to the morning clouds: in themselves, they were types of perfect womanhood in its constant happiness, queens alike of their own hearts and of a Paradise in which they knew the names and sympathised with the spirits of every living creature that God had made to play therein, or to blossom in its sunshine or shade.

They had lost their dearly-loved younger sister, Margaret, before I knew them.[1] Mary and Susie, alike in benevolence, serenity, and

[1] [Not quite accurate. Miss Margaret Beever died on April 21, 1874, and Ruskin wrote a letter of condolence on May 2 (see below, p. 96).]

practical judgment, were yet widely different, nay, almost contrary, in tone and impulse of intellect. Both of them capable of understanding whatever women should know, the elder was yet chiefly interested in the course of immediate English business, policy, and progressive science, while Susie lived an aerial and enchanted life, possessing all the highest joys of imagination, while she yielded to none of its deceits, sicknesses, or errors. She saw, and felt, and believed all good, as it had ever been, and was to be, in the reality and eternity of its goodness, with the acceptance and the hope of a child; the least things were treasures to her, and her moments fuller of joy than some people's days.

What she has been to me, in the days and years when other friendship has been failing, and others' "loving, mere folly,"[1] the reader will enough see from these letters, written certainly for her only, but from which she has permitted my Master of the Rural Industries at Coniston,[2] Albert Fleming, to choose what he thinks, among the tendrils of clinging thought, and mossy cups for dew in the Garden of Herbs where Love is, may be trusted to the memorial sympathy of the readers of *Frondes Agrestes*. J. R.

BRANTWOOD, *June*, 1887.

To CHARLES ELIOT NORTON[3]

HERNE HILL, 11*th February*, '74.

MY DEAREST CHARLES,—I am sitting in my old nursery, in the afternoon of a clear, *very* cold frosty day, wind outside sharp—I a little numb and weary, after drawing on Giotto's tower for a drawing example (I am pushing them[4] now at last). The view through the bars put to keep me from falling out when I was little is much as it was—only the Crystal Palace is there, and a group of houses on the ridge of the hill, where the Palace Hotel is,—where my father and mother used to go when they couldn't travel any more with me. . . .

Send me all the remarks you can on Val d'Arno—they will be in plenty of time. I shall go down to Brantwood for a month, and then start straight for Assisi, about end of March. I have no pleasure whatever in the thought of going, but perhaps may find more than if I expected it. But I shall think of Siena, and many sad things, and at present Italy is saddest of all.

[1] [*As You Like It*, Act ii. sc. 7.]
[2] [See Vol. XXX. p. 328.]
[3] [No. 134 in *Norton;* vol. ii. pp. 69-70.]
[4] [Probably the intended folio series: see Vol. XXI. p. 311.]

To Charles Eliot Norton[1]

Herne Hill, 13*th February*, 1874.

My dearest Charles,—Your letter came to-night, after dinner,—on one side of the tray on which letters are brought up. . . .

I am so glad you like those Brantwood photographs.

It was a terrible disappointment to me, your not coming. No photograph can give you the least idea of the sweet greys and greens in the intense English richness of the moss vegetation, or the almost Italian beauty of the lower end of the lake—all the photographs lose it in mist. I will send you a little sketch or two this next month, God willing.

To Charles Eliot Norton[2]

Herne Hill, *Saturday Morning, St. Valentine's*, 1874.

. . . I'm going to drive up the hill to the Crystal Palace, and I shall play some games of chess with the automaton chess player. I get quite fond of him, and he gives me the most lovely lessons in chess. I say I shall play *some* games, for I never keep him waiting for moves and he crushes me down steadily, and my mind won't be all in my play, to-day, any more than Henry 8th at end of the play[3]—only the automaton won't say, "Sir, I did never win of you before!"

Thanks for your words about *Fors*.—Ever your affectionate

J. R.

To Charles Eliot Norton[4]

Corpus Christi College, Oxford, 15*th February*, 1874.

. . . I played three games with the automaton—not bad ones, considering.[5] Two other people played him, also,—an hour and a half went in the five games. . . .

I came away here in the evening, and am going down to Brantwood.

[1] [No. 135 in *Norton;* vol. ii. pp. 70–71.]
[2] [No. 136 in *Norton;* vol. ii. p. 71.]
[3] ["*King Henry.* Charles, I will play no more to-night;
My mind's not on't; you are too hard for me.
Suffolk. Sir, I did never win of you before."—*Henry VIII.*, Act v. sc. 1.]
[4] [No. 137 in *Norton;* vol. ii. p. 72.]
[5] [See Vol. XXXIV. p. xlv.]

I shall make you a little drawing of myself, positively, before I go abroad.[1] Write for the present to Brantwood.

I have just put up half-a-dozen proofs of Turner's Rivers, etc., for you—all but one have some scratching or pencilling of his own on them.

To R. H. COLLINS

CORPUS CHRISTI COLLEGE, OXFORD, *20th February*, 1874.

DEAR MR. COLLINS,—I am obliged to go away home for a fortnight, but hope, and resolutely mean, to be back in Oxford by next Tuesday fortnight at latest, and to give three lectures on the Alps—two in that week, and one in the following, which will be announced, day and hour, next Monday at the Galleries.[2]

It was a most interesting dinner, that last, to me; but a trial in some ways. Things came up which are to me like red rags to a bull, and I couldn't try to toss anybody, first for fear of the Prince, and secondly for fear of getting in the way of some too dexterous matador; which, though of course the poor bull is always in the right, and really the strongest, *does* sometimes happen—and constantly to me, in *talk*.

Then, as it chanced, I was in more anxiety and worry of my own than usual—and that is saying much. And lastly, I didn't like the portrait, and would have told the Prince exactly what I thought by ourselves, but didn't like among all those strangers, because I should have had to go into quite strict, though very worshipful, criticism of the Princess's face—or at least of my broken, though bright, memory of it.

And so, I couldn't even tell sixes from sevens at grab, and was altogether at those numbers in my own mind, and much ashamed of myself. I hope I may meet Mr. Myers again. He failed me utterly—receding quite ignobly, I thought, from my Pauline Challenge[3]—but to *my* great comfort, for I was not in fighting trim at all, even though the Prince gave me leave.—With faithful regards to him, ever affectionately yours,

J. RUSKIN.

To JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE

OXFORD, 1874.

MY DEAR FROUDE,—"We fall back out of the clouds"—yes, but ought we ever to have got up into them? If I may only fall soft enough, and not into the Icarian sea—heaven send me such catastrophe.

[1] [See below, p. 92.]

[2] [For the announcement and subsequent postponement of the lectures, see Vol. XXIII. p. xxx.]

[3] [With reference to the poet's *St. Paul:* see above, p. 54.]

I don't want you to go to see the picture till you quite know Hunt's position, and mine, in this matter.

I am not the institutor, still less the guide—(I wish I had been—and not for my own sake)—but I am the Exponent of the Reaction for Veracity in Art which corresponds partly to Carlyle's and your work in History, and partly to Linnæus's in natural science. You put the real men before us instead of ideal ones; Linnæus, real beasts for griffins and basilisks; Turner, Rossetti, Hunt—as against Claude, Angelico, Raphael—declare that Real Yorkshire Rocks, Real Beatrices and Dantes, Real Christs, are better than any of these things or beings constructed by Rules of Idealism.

That, in its general bearing, is a vital truth. Liable to all sorts of degradation and misuse. But on the whole, glorious, and the main thing found or done in these modern days. . . .

No words can express to you the toil Hunt has gone through, nor the difficulties which he has mastered, unmet before in art, nor the serenity and sturdiness of purpose which he has maintained through the trials first of personal hardship, then of scorn, and finally of vociferous and often foolish applause.

Among the men I know, or have known, he is the *One* (literal) Christian, of intellectual power. I have known many Christians—many men of capacity: only Hunt who is both, and who is sincerely endeavouring to represent to our own eyes the things which the eyes were blessed which saw.[1]

Of his method, note only these three things:—

(I.) He has never for an instant faltered in his conviction that a picture should be as like reality as possible, down to its minutest detail. This is Dante's conviction. It was Apelles'. It was Titian's. Believe me, *It is right.*

(II.) It is quite true that the greatest painters have been careless of antiquarianism. But the result has been that the knowledge and imagination of the spectators have been confused. Hunt is perfectly right in *daring* to be *Learned.*

(III.) And lastly, distinguish always strictly between mystic pictures and realist.

Mystic pictures (Madonna di San Sisto, and the gilded throne ones of Angelico, etc.) are very beautiful and desirable. But it is not Hunt's business to paint them. It is Perugino's. I wish we had a Perugino also, but don't wish we had him instead of Hunt. (The Light of the World *was* mystic, however.[2])

[1] [See Matthew xiii. 16.]

[2] [For Ruskin's account of the picture, see Vol. XII. pp. 328–331.]

Realistic pictures—Rubens, etc.—have been, to utter loathsomeness of horror—of the Crucifixion of Christ, and His fleshly agony.

Never yet of His quiet early life—of His real human trials—of His nobleness as a Man, the Example of Men before He is their Saviour—(I speak as a Christian mind—from Hunt's point of thought).

And I only mourn the shortness of that human life—in this true loving disciple, that he who alone is able to give some of this better truth, should be able only to give it us by labour of the twelfth part of a life on one picture. But it is well spent.—Ever affectionately yours, J. RUSKIN.

To WALTER SEVERN[1]

CORPUS CHRISTI COLLEGE, OXFORD.

MY DEAR WALTER,—I am very glad you like to talk, or write to me, and very much more glad that you are in good spirits and have sold your pictures. They deserved to sell, and you need not vex yourself at being out of the "*Running*." To be *in* the *Walking* is far pleasanter. You do not need to study from nature in the way you have planned; you may make good sketches that way, as you do now, but not so good as the hurried ones. What you do want is to draw any one thing, for once in your life thoroughly, as far as you can, and to get the roundings of it by real drawing. To do this once would open your eyes to an entirely new order of effects in nature, which are at present as invisible to you as if they were of another world. Yes—myriads of people have been wrong by reading *Modern Painters*. But that is because they pick out the bits they like—as for the rest, "Ruskin's all wrong;—we know better than that." But I have never yet known any one go wrong who would do *all* I bid him. Not that I know many such! Of course there are many weak persons, who have really no invention. And these will draw still life badly; but their invention would have been worse.—Ever most truly and affectionately yours, J. RUSKIN.

[1] [From the *Life and Letters of Joseph Severn*, p. 219. Walter Severn (1830–1904), elder brother of Mr. Arthur Severn, and president of the Dudley Gallery Art Society, married a daughter of the late Sir Charles Dalrymple Fergusson. "He had early turned his attention to the art of needlework and embroidery, and did much to restore its practice in England. When Mr. C. L. Eastlake turned his attention to design in furniture, textile fabrics, and wall papers, he found an able coadjutor in his old friend and schoolfellow, Walter Severn. The movement was eagerly taken up in England, and especially in America, and has since become universal" (*Times*, September 23, 1904).]

To JAMES REDDIE ANDERSON[1]

BRANTWOOD, *25th Feb.*, '74.

MY DEAR ANDERSON,—Your letter gives me very great and unexpected pleasure. I had scarcely any thought that the men would take it up in this frank way, and scarcely had seen even that you yourself would, or saw clearly enough to state perfectly, as you have done, the grounds of the effort.

I am very desirous that the men should feel it is in no desire for notoriety myself, nor in any fantastic scheme of self-humbling or sacrifice for them, that I put this before them: but in the most simple conviction that one can be happy in bodily industry only when it is useful; and that all the best national forms of education and scholarship must begin in agriculture and such other homely art, undertaken for public benefit.

Are there any carpentry-skilled hands likely to join us? We shall want some fence-making, board-fastening, and the like, very soon.

I shall be back myself, *D.V.*, in eight or ten (at latest) days now, and will beat up in Corpus—I mustn't let Balliol have all its own way.

That is very nice about young Mallock. . . .

To GEORGE RICHMOND, R.A.

BRANTWOOD, *6th March*, '74.

MY DEAR RICHMOND,—It's my fate certainly all my unlucky life to be breaking my friend's china—if I can—and I'm at mischief again on your chimneypiece. My cat broke one of my six best bits only yesterday—but I don't scold her, so please don't even be angry with me, even if I do succeed in damaging anybody (which you resolutely, of course, deny, but I *do*, a little, I can tell you).

But I'm going to have a go at Faraday! this time at Oxford.[2] Perfectest of men, wasn't he? Domestic, Orthodox, Episcopal, Enchanting, Accurate, Infallible, Modest, Merrymaking! Well, I'm going to have a go at him for all that; but I want to know first, please, how orthodox he was? or was by *way* of being. Did he do his church regularly?—expect to go to heaven?—think chemistry a Divine operation?

[1] [Then an undergraduate at Balliol, and one of those who were zealous in Ruskin's road-digging at Hincksey.]

[2] [In the projected, but postponed, course of lectures. For other references to Faraday, see Vol. XXVIII. pp. 85, 462, and General Index.]

It is of great importance to me to know this as accurately as I can, and I'm sure you can tell me better than anybody else.—Ever your affectionately incorrigible JOHN.

P.S.—I hope you will like my pet pig and Venus—they'll come in III. lecture.[1]

To George Richmond, R.A.

BRANTWOOD [*March*, 1874].

MY DEAR RICHMOND,—Thanks for kind and quick letter. I know Faraday to be invulnerable; but he can be both evaporated and compressed; and I will do a little of both upon him, God willing. They have no God now at Oxford but Nitric acid, and Faraday is his Prophet. I will put some powder of him in Kidron[2]—not yet awhile, however, for I have been obliged to-day to withdraw my announcement of geological lectures, finding partly that my brains were out of working gear, and partly that I don't yet know all the cracks in Coniston slate as I ought. I must rest awhile, in sunshine, if to be found now anywhere on earth. I hear this black south wind blows everywhere now. I found it—or rather it found me—at Florence, last summer, and Perugia!—Ever affectionately yours, J. R.

To Miss Susan Beever[3]

BRANTWOOD, 16*th March*, 1874.

MY DEAREST SUSIE,—In a state of great defeat and torment, this morning—having much to do with the weather and not living on milk, I have been greatly helped by—one of my own books![4] It is the best I ever wrote—the last which I took thorough loving pains with—and the first which I did with full knowledge of sorrow.

Will you please read in it—first—from 65 at the bottom of page 79 as far as, and not farther than, 67 in page 81? That is what helped me this morning.

Then, if you want to know precisely the state I am in, read the

[1] [See *Ariadne Florentina*, Vol. XXII. Plate XXV. (p. 363).]

[2] [See 2 Kings xxiii. 6.]

[3] [No. 1 in the synopsis (see below, p. 621) of the letters which are contained in *Hortus Inclusus*.]

[4] [*The Queen of the Air:* compare the letter below, p. 381; on the subject of Ruskin's liking for this book, see Vol. XIX. pp. lxx., lxxi. Ruskin's references here are to the sections, and then to the pages of the original edition: see now Vol. XIX. pp. 360–361, pp. 312–319, pp. 370–371.]

account of the Myth of Tantalus, beginning at 20—p. 24, and going on to 25—page 31.

It is a hard task to set you, my dear little Susie; but when you get old,[1] you will be glad to have done it, and another day, you must look at page 94, and then you must return me my book, for it's my noted copy and I'm using it.

The life of Tantalus doesn't often admit of crying: but I had a real cry—with quite wet tears yesterday morning, over what, to me, is the prettiest bit in all Shakespeare:—

> "Pray, be content;
> Mother, I am going to the market-place—
> Chide me no more." [2]

And almost next to it comes (to me, always I mean in my own fancy) Virgilia, "Yes, certain; there's a letter for you; I saw it."[3]—Ever your loving J. R.

To Miss Beever [4]

[1874?]

I'm so very glad you will mark the bits you like, but are there not a good many here and there that you *don't* like?—I mean, that sound hard or ironical. Please don't mind them. They're partly because I never count on readers who will really care for the prettiest things, and it gets me into a bad habit of expressing contempt which is not indeed any natural part of my mind.

It pleases me especially that you have read *The Queen of the Air*. As far as I know myself or my books, it is the most useful and careful piece I have done. But that, again—Did it not shock you to have a heathen goddess so much believed in? (I've believed in English ones, long ago.) If you can really forgive me for *The Queen of the Air*, there are all sorts of things I shall come begging you to read, some day.

To Miss Susan Beever [5]

[1874?]

You are like Timon of Athens, and I'm like one of his parasites. The oranges are delicious, the brown bread dainty; what the melon is going to be I have no imagination to tell. But, oh me, I had

[1] [Ruskin, as will be seen, in writing to his aged friend frequently indulged in the pretence that she was still a little girl.]

[2] [*Coriolanus*, Act iii. sc. 2.]

[3] [*Ibid.*, Act ii. sc. 1.]

[4] [No. 108 in *Hortus Inclusus* (see below, p. 629). Where a reference is thus added, it means that there is some difference of reading to be noted.]

[5] [No. 152 in *Hortus Inclusus*.]

such a lovely letter from Dr. John,[1] sent me from Joan this morning, and I've lost it. It said, "Is Susie as good as her letters? If so, she must be better. What freshness of enjoyment in everything she says!" Alas! not in everything she feels in *this* weather, I fear. Was ever anything so awful?

To Mrs. Arthur Severn

Hotel des Bains [Boulogne],
Monday, March 30th, 1874. ½ *past one.*

I have had an entirely prosperous beginning of journey. You saw how lovely the morning was—for me, crossing, better than lovely—sun and wind together, bright and high. *So* high the latter, that it blew the foresail loose; and I was greatly interested, and entirely amazed, at seeing the trouble so little a thing gave. It was only one rope that broke—the sail fell, and (this is all for Arfie, you know, not for you, except as you're him too) *one* broken rope only was flying out from the mast head. But this could not be got hold of. The sea was breaking sharply over the bows;—there were no rope ladders, and the sailor who tried to get up had slippery boots on and fell, luckily only seven or eight feet, on the deck, between the ropes. He tried again and got up, but could not get at the rope;—they ordered him down, and another sailor—no, one of the officers, with gold lace round his cap, got up on the lee side, and got the rope, and brought it down, partly in his teeth—when he got below the power of the wind—then they set a jib to keep the ship steady while they put the foresail to rights. There were from seven to ten men at work, and for at least twenty minutes, and *hard*, before they got the foresail set again, but the thing that amazed me was, first, the quantity of exertion and skill necessary merely to set the foresail of a steamer; and secondly, the enormous time taken to remedy the breaking of *one* rope. Mercy on us!—in danger of wreck, with a mast coming down, or half the ship's sails blown loose—what on earth—or water—can men do?

The sea was superb. How Arfie would have liked it! But it was all in *my* way of colour, green and blue and white. None of *his* browns, thank you, to-day. But the great waves, coming against the sky as I stood on deck, therefore at least 12 feet and more vertically deep in furrow, coming mostly on the ship's side (so that she only rolled, and got no water over her past the foredeck), with a bright sky above,

[1] [For Dr. John Brown's correspondence with Miss Beever, see his *Letters*, 1907, pp. 226, 227, etc.]

and an old-fashioned, small, and rather slow boat, that one could get about on, anywhere (no beastly omnibus on her deck for the mob), and only about a dozen of steerage passengers—and *they*, mostly soon out of the way—made it the finest day for me I've had for years. At one minute past twelve my cloth was laid for breakfast in the Hotel des Bains—and the French bread and butter after Coniston! my goodness. . . .

What desultory diary I shall write (as opposed to my business one of art-detail), for my own future reference, may just as well be written in my letters to you, if I can only keep them legible enough —for myself, and if you will take care of them. So I shall page them successively, and begin the next on page five!

To James Reddie Anderson

Genoa, *5th April,* 1874.

My dear Anderson,—I have mismanaged my letters, or to-day ought to have had Dr. Acland's answer, probably endorsing Mr. Harcourt's permission for our work.[1] Assuming that it will be granted, I set down as clearly as I can what it seems to me our little company will be wise and happy in doing.

When, after crossing the ferry, you turn to the left in the lane under the hills, you come presently to a place where the road is depressed in front of a cottage, which has beautiful old steps going up to its door: and this depression in the road is usually full of stagnant water, or otherwise offensive. I want this to be first filled up and levelled and the road made good over it, with a drain beneath to carry the hill drainage clear. In doing this, I should like you all to pet those cottage steps, and if possible, run a little bit of garden ground with a daisy or two, or the like, along the front of the cottage as far as they project. You must appoint one among you to be a general guardian of innocent weeds and moss. What shall we call him? You will find out some pretty Latin and dignified name for him—if you debate this point. I can't stop to think to-day, and besides am always doubtful of my crazy Latin. But this office should be charged with the care of the moss on those steps, and the recommendation of them, also, to the care of the cottage-inhabitant. Minute prizes, offered to the children of any family for well-kept door-steps, would, I think, be a legitimate use of bribes.

[1] [See Vol. XX. p. xli.]

This part of the road being set to rights, when you go a little further you come to a much larger depression—in a space of land about as large as the square before the Duomo of Torcello, but triangular, not square, and with cottages on all sides of it. This space I want filled, and turfed over—which being done, a pretty little piece of grazing ground will be obtained for the geese and the donkeys of the neighbourhood. Without being desirous of expressing too strong a fellow-feeling for those animals, it seems to me wholly desirable that this village green should be kept clean and sweet for them.

Proceeding further, the length of the lane will be found traversed by ruts of depth which, it seems to me, only the cart-wheels of centuries could have cut. Supposing that, when the work is once begun, it should enlist wider sympathies, and our little company become large, *any* force of men might be put, this term, upon the road work required here; making the surface even, the breadth definite, the substance secure—and planting with any transportable common flowers the banks developed by the levelling.

In general, in making a country road of this kind, it will not be necessary to make it strictly level, but only to fill depressions which ditches are likely to overflow, and to secure sub-drainage at proper intervals.

I think you will find Downs[1] a thoroughly good foreman of any labourers whom you have to employ for work too disagreeable for your own hands (there may occur some about those cottages): he will also be useful for some practical suggestions—and entirely eager to carry out your orders. He has also carte-blanche to meet any expense necessary for cartage and materials not procurable on the spot. You will each buy your own spade and pickaxe of the weight you like, and take care of these tools as you would of pet rifles. In time to come, I hope to see them beautifully made with a little coquetry of iron work, etc., and devices for various grip, such as will occur to sensible people interested in them.

To Mrs. Arthur Severn

SESTRI, *Tuesday, 7th April, Evening.*

It would not be very easy to express to you the extreme sadness with which I listen to-night to the steady, long, perfectly human, sighing of the successive waves on the lightless beach, for the moon is

[1] [See, again, Vol. XX. p. xlii.]

not risen. It is partly the illness that hangs about me (and which, though giving way, still holds with a strange pertinacity new to me in these stomach attacks); partly natural enough—at a place where I was so happy just twenty-nine years ago, and where, year after year, my father and mother came with me, my mother cutting the pages of the second edition of *Modern Painters*, down at the margins, for the post, in that big room you remember;—and partly, it is the increasing sense of the vice and misery of Italy, the dilapidation, bad taste, and filthy idleness being more and more intolerable and pitiable to me. A lovely sunset, like the most exquisite Claude, only made it, this evening, all the sadder with its pure, neglected, useless light. A walk through the Durazzo Palace at Genoa,[1] and sight of a Vandyck painted in the very house from one of the then marchionesses—and never stirred since—perfect as it left his easel, and laboured with successful joy in his work till there are no words worthy of it, only added to the sorrow with which I saw the always empty rooms, and gardens, never entered, of the great palaces whose lords live at Paris, and gamble their useless lives away.

To Charles Eliot Norton[2]

Pisa, *9th April*, 1874.

. . . I have always thought you just as wrong in following out your American life, as you think me in following *Fors* to its issue—perhaps we each of us judge best for the other. Suppose we both give up our confounded countries? Let them go their own way in peace, and we will travel together, and abide where we will, and live B.C.—or in the thirteenth century. I will draw, you shall write, and we shall neither of us be too merry for the other—and both much the stronger for the other. I really think this a very lovely plan—and sometimes we'll go and have a symposium at Venice with R[awdon] B[rown].

Meantime, I can't in the least help you about Athens. I've had to give up my Greek work. *Vita Brevis.* It needs a better scholar and younger life. I'm going to draw what I can in Italy, and say a few words for Christ's sake against your Philosophers and Radicals yet, if I live; but I can't do more for Athena.

[1] [For earlier notes on other pictures in this palace, see Vol. XI. pp. 237–238, though at that time, as he notes in *Præterita* (Vol. XXXV. p. 264), he did not study Vandyck.]

[2] [No. 138 in *Norton;* vol. ii. pp. 72–74. The first paragraph ("I have always . . . R. B.") had previously appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly*, September 1904, vol. 94, p. 379.]

I have told Burgess to send you the two beginnings of myself I made for you. All that is good in me depends on terrible subtleties, which I find will require my very best care and power of completion—all that comes at first is the worst. Continually I see accidental looks, which, if I could set down, you would like; but I have been able to do nothing yet, only I let these failures be sent to show I have been trying.[1] . . .

I am writing in the inn where we were together in 1870. I was bitterly wrong to leave La Spina undrawn, and the old River quays.

We had better arrange that Expatriotic plan at once. I'll write again soon from Assisi or Palermo.

To Charles Eliot Norton[2]

Assisi, 11*th April*, 1874.

. . . I have just got here, and have ordered all things to be ready in the upper church to-morrow to begin work with the Arundel Society man, who is really enthusiastic and tender, but weak. I hope to get some important impressions made on him. But how difficult it is, to tell any man not to "improve" his copy! All one's little character and life goes into the minute preferences which are shown in the copy. In one's own feeble sort, it must be prettier than the original, or it is dead. A plum, even by Hunt, must be Huntized, and if your Giotto copyist is, as nearly as possible, Giotto's negative on a small scale, the exact opposite of him, gentle when he is rough, and sad when he is gay, no lecturing will turn said negative to good account. . . .

I'm so *very* glad you like my drawings. That one of the Fall of Schaffhausen[3] was the only one I ever saw Turner interested in. He looked at it long, evidently with pleasure, and shook his finger at it, one evening, standing by the fire in the old Denmark Hill drawing-room.

How Destiny does mock one, giving all the best things when one is too young to use them! Fancy if I had him to shake fingers at me now. . . .

[1] [For a note on these "beginnings," see the List of Portraits in Vol. XXXVIII. Ruskin had, however, at an early date completed a portrait of himself: see the frontispiece to Vol. XVII.]

[2] [No. 139 in *Norton;* vol. ii. pp. 74–75. Some sentences ("I'm so very glad . . . end") had previously appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly*, September 1904, vol. 94, p. 379.]

[3] [Plate IV. Compare Vol. III. p. 529 *n.*]

J. Ruskin · Allen & Co. Sc.

The Falls of Schaffhausen

To Miss Susan Beever[1]

Assisi, 14*th April*, 1874.

I got to-day your lovely letter of the 6th, but I never knew my Susie *could* be such a naughty little girl before; to burn her pretty story[2] instead of sending it to me. It would have come to me so exactly in the right place here, where St. Francis made the grasshopper (cicada, at least) sing to him upon his hand, and preached to the birds, and made the wolf go its rounds every day as regularly as any Franciscan friar, to ask for a little contribution to its modest dinner. The Bee and Narcissus would have delighted to talk in this enchanted air.

Yes, that *is* really very pretty of Dr. John Brown to inscribe your books so, and it's so like him. How these kind people understand things! And that bit of his about the child is wholly lovely; I am so glad you copied it.

I often think of you, and of Coniston and Brantwood. You will see, in the May *Fors*, reflections upon the temptations to the life of a Franciscan.[3]

There are two monks here, one the sacristan who has charge of the entire church, and is responsible for its treasures; the other exercising what authority is left to the convent among the people of the town. They are both so good and innocent and sweet, one can't pity them enough. For this time in Italy is just like the Reformation in Scotland, with only the difference that the Reform movement is carried on here simply for the sake of what money can be got by Church confiscation. And these two brothers are living by indulgence, as the Abbot in the Monastery of St. Mary's in the Regent Moray's time.[4]

The people of the village, however, are all true to their faith; it is only the governing body which is modern-infidel and radical. The population is quite charming,—a word of kindness makes them as bright as if you brought them news of a friend. All the same, it does not do to offend them; Monsieur Cavalcaselle, who is expecting the Government order to take the Tabernacle from the Sanctuary of St. Francis, cannot, it is said, go out at night with safety. He decamped the day before I came, having some notion, I fancy, that I would make his life a burden to him, if he didn't,[5] by day, as much

[1] [No. 2 in *Hortus Inclusus*.]
[2] ["The Bee and Narcissus."]
[3] [Letter 41, §§ 8–10 (Vol. XXVIII. pp. 86–89).]
[4] [See the account in chap. xiii. of Scott's novel, *The Abbot*.]
[5] [Subsequently, however, Ruskin met Cavalcaselle and liked him: see Vol. XXIII. p. xl.]

as it was in peril by night. I promise myself a month of very happy time here (happy for *me*, I mean) when I return in May.

The sacristan gives me my coffee for lunch, in his own little cell, looking out on the olive woods; then he tells me stories of conversions and miracles, and then perhaps we go into the Sacristy and have a reverent little poke out of relics. Fancy a great carved cupboard in a vaulted chamber full of most precious things (the box which the Holy Virgin's veil used to be kept in, to begin with), and leave to rummage in it at will! Things that are only shown twice in the year or so, with fumigation! all the congregation on their knees; and the sacristan and I having a great heap of them on the table at once, like a dinner service! I really looked with great respect at St. Francis's old camel-hair dress.

I am obliged to go to Rome to-morrow, however, and to Naples on Saturday. My witch of Sicily[1] expects me this day week, and she's going to take me such lovely drives, and talks of "excursions" which I see by the map are thirty miles away. I wonder if she thinks me so horribly old that it's quite proper. It will be very nice if she does, but not flattering. I know her mother can't go with her; I suppose her maid will. If she wants any other chaperon I won't go.

She's really very beautiful, I believe, to some people's tastes, (I shall be horribly disappointed if she isn't, in her own dark style,) and she writes, next to Susie, the loveliest letters I ever get.

Now, Susie, mind, you're to be a very good child while I'm away, and never to burn any more stories; and above all, you're to write me just what comes into your head, and ever to believe me your loving J. R.

To Mrs. Arthur Severn

Messina, 28*th April*, 10 *morning* [1874].

. . . Such another sunrise as I saw this morning. Imagine—limestone cliffs of the size of the high tor at Matlock, set on the tops of hills as high again, sloping and sweeping down to the sea in steep ravines—Taormina is set round one of these ravines, looking down over the cliffs to the bay beneath—under the balcony of the inn the cliff was broken into ledges and terraces of orange, over which one looked down into the clear green edge of the breakers, fifteen hundred feet beneath. But my place this morning was the same quiet campo I told you of—the wind and the sea were from the north, so that I had my light greatcoat on; but the smoke of Etna was drifting in

[1] [Miss Amy Yule: see Vol. XXIII. p. xxxi.]

one soft horizontal bar, twenty miles long, eastward from the summit. I know the distance within a mile or two, for Etna summit is ten miles from the shore, and the smoke was like this [sketch]—drifted another ten miles out over the sea.[1] But where it rose from the crater, it was in close, pure, thunderous masses of white, which took the rose of sunrise exactly as a thunder-cloud would, a *white* one, while the rest of the mountain was still dark on the sky;—and on the opposite side, the sun rose so as to shine exactly *through* one of the arches of the Greek theatre, so that on one hand there came Etna in full flush of sunrise—on the other, a Greek building standing up against the light, and the Apolline beams piercing it as if with Apollo's own presence—a glory as of a statue of fire beneath the arch. . . .

(Palermo, *Wednesday morning, 29th April.*) Back, thus far, safe and well; very glad to have seen Etna, which I've to thank Amy for, for if she hadn't begged me to take her, I certainly should not have gone myself: and I have gained invaluable knowledge. To all intents and purposes I have been in Greece, and seen the Greek sea, and, for a wonder, I've got really near its colour in a dash at the Straits of Messina on grey paper. Also, last night I saw the Rock of Scylla perfectly, and have got its outline.[2]

I was on deck till ten, watching the Lipari Islands, first against a sunset like Turner's Polyphemus one, and then in moonlight. Between the rise and set of that sun, I had got five several pieces of knowledge, any one of which would have been quite worth coming all the way to Sicily for. Namely—

1. Etna in morning light from rosy Apollo; visible where his statue once stood.
2. Straits of Messina in iris-blue, bordered by golden beach.
3. This third was a wonderful sight—I must come back to it.
4. The Rock of Scylla in shadow, seen against warm-lighted Calabrian mountains.
5. Polyphemus sunset[3] behind Lipari (*Aeolian*) islands.

It was quite intolerably too much to *take* in. . . .

Well, that third sight I must tell you about. I owed that to Amy. She knew of an apothecary's shop in Messina that had remained unchanged since the fifteenth century! and went off by herself to see if it was still there, while I made my dash of the Straits of Messina.

[1] [Ruskin made several drawings of Etna: for one of them, see Plate XL. in Vol. XXI. (p. 151).]

[2] [These sketches—"First View on Leaving Messina" and "Scylla, Crossing to Sicily"—will be found enumerated in the Catalogue of Drawings in the next volume.]

[3] [That is, a sunset resembling the one in Turner's picture (No. 508), which, however, as Ruskin held, is rather a sunrise (Vol. XIII. p. 137).]

She came back in triumph to take me to it, and for that *alone* I would have come to Sicily. I never thought to see such a thing in this world. The room was perfectly symmetrical, and thus arranged [plan]. . . . Counter, in exquisite Florentine mosaic of Sicilian marbles; top and sides all inlaid; no Duke's drawing-room in Blenheim or Chatsworth can show grander marble work. . . . Three projecting presses exquisitely designed and carved; holding the more precious or poisonous drugs in glass vases, Venetian—close set on tiny shelves. Each press luxuriantly carved and gilded, but of course the gilt nearly gone, and the wood in places mouldered away; but no abbot's chair in a cathedral chancel could be more beautiful than each of these three presses. Pestle and mortar, fixed on marble pedestal. The mortar in superb bronze, dated with inscription round, M.C.C.C.C.LXXX. (1480), and standing in bronze above a foot and a half high, all wrought with cinque-cento arabesque—the pestle a bar of iron a yard long—a single blow on this mortar could crush a block of agate.

Then, the intermediate walls were fitted with close-set shelves, on which were ranged in perfect symmetry, as close as they would go, vases of majolica—every one of different, and most of superb design. On each of the six main wall compartments there were from fifteen to twenty shelves (Fool that I was not to count!), with ten or twelve vases on each, say, at the least—15 × 10 gives 150 vases for each compartment, or 900 for the entire shop contents, without the exterior wall towards the street. I think this was occupied in same way. Two majolica vases, standing each three feet high, occupied two arched niches beneath the two lateral presses. Say 1000 vases, exclusive of the Venetian glass, for the entire shop fitting.

The painting of them was in the manner of your *aqua* one, but with coloured medallions, portrait heads, etc., one mass of blue and brown [and] gold over the whole wall.

The shop has come from father to son since 1480, but the wall fittings, vases, etc., date only from 1520, or thereabouts. The present master—a black, sad-looking fellow—has still soul enough to refuse to sell any of his shop property.

To Miss SUSAN BEEVER[1]

NAPLES, *2nd May*, 1874.

I heard of your great sorrow[2] from Joanna six days ago, and have not been able to write since; nothing silences me so much as sorrow;

[1] [No. 3 in *Hortus Inclusus* (see below, p. 623).]
[2] [The death of Miss Margaret Beever (April 21, 1874).]

and for this of yours I have no comfort. I write only that you may know that I am thinking of you, and would help you if I could. And I write to-day because your lovely letters and your lovely old age have been forced into my thoughts often by dreadful contrast during these days in Italy. You who are so purely and brightly happy in all natural and simple things seem now to belong to another and a younger world. . . . And your letters have been to me like the pure air of Yewdale Crags, breathed among the Pontine Marshes; but you must not think I am ungrateful for them when I can't answer. You can have no idea how impossible it is for me to do all the work necessary even for memory of the things I came here to see; how much escapes me, how much is done in a broken and weary way. I am the only author on art who does the work of illustration with his own hand; the only one therefore—and I am not insolent in saying this—who has learned his business thoroughly; but after a day's drawing I assure you one cannot sit down to write unless it be the merest nonsense to please Joanie. Believe it or not, there is no one of my friends whom I write so scrupulously to as to you. You may be vexed at this, but indeed I can't but try to write carefully in answer to all your kind words, and so sometimes I can't at all. I *must* tell you, however, to-day, what I saw in the Pompeian frescoes. The great characteristic of falling Rome is her furious desire of pleasure, and brutal incapability of it. The walls of Pompeii are covered with paintings meant only to give pleasure, but nothing they represent is beautiful or delightful, and yesterday, among other calumniated and caricatured birds, I saw one of my Susie's pets, a peacock; and he had only eleven eyes in his tail.[1] Fancy the feverish wretchedness of the humanity which in mere pursuit of pleasure or power had reduced itself to see no more than eleven eyes in a peacock's tail! What were the Cyclopes to this?

I hope to get to Rome this evening, and to be there settled for some time, and to have quieter hours for my letters.

To Mrs. Arthur Severn

Rome, *5th May*, 1874.

The last days at any place are always pathetic, and the more work one has done, the more one has left *un*done. I try to keep cool, but there's a general view of Rome which I am sure will be spoiled

[1] [On the eyes in the peacocks' tails, compare *Stones of Venice*, vol. i. (Vol. IX. p. 288).]

when I come next, and a cloister which I'm sure will be restored, and a sarcophagus which I'm sure will be broken, and a rose thicket which I'm sure will never bloom again—as it does, now.

. . . I was in St. Cecilia's church to-day;—it was thundrous and a little dark outside—within, twilight—and her white statue looked like what it endeavours to look like—her poor little body just after they had killed her.[1] It is a fine, subtle thing, in its sentimental way. And there was her own house, built into the chapel in the aisle. . . .

I begin quite to understand the power of this place over the most noble class of English religious mind. For your average stuck-up orthodox divine—much more, your vulgar independent, who knows nothing of history, and cares for nothing but his own opinions and self—the sight of the prouder priesthood and of the present absurdities of ceremonial must be mere wormwood and abomination. The last place, *they* may well say, Rome, to make a Romanist. But for really earnest, well-informed, and tender-hearted Christians, the being daily brought into the homes and tombs of the persons whose words and lives have been their soul's food must be overwhelming. No matter what takes place *now* around them, the intense reality of the Past becomes to them an irresistible claim on their submission and affection. I never thought to have had the slightest weakness in that direction myself, but I verily believe that, were I a Christian at all, Rome would make a Romanist of me in a fortnight.

To Miss SUSAN BEEVER[2]

ROME, HOTEL DE RUSSIE, *8th May*, '74.

I have your sweet letter about Ulysses, the leaves, and the robins. I have been feeling so wearily, on this journey, the want of what, when I had it, I used—how often!—to feel a burden—the claim of my mother for at least a *word*, every day. Happy, poor mother, with two lines—and I sometimes—nay, often—thinking it hard to have to stay five minutes from what I wanted to do, to write them.

I am despising, now, in like senseless way, the privilege of being able to write to you and of knowing that it will please you to hear—even that I can't tell you anything! which I cannot, this morning—but only, it is a little peace and rest to me to write to my Susie.

[1] [A recumbent statue of the saint by Stefano Maderna (1571–1636). There is a reproduction of it in one of the chapels in the Church of the Oratory at Brompton.]

[2] [No. 4 in *Hortus Inclusus*.]

J. Ruskin

Allen & Co. Sc.

Rome: The Temple of Saturn

To Thomas Carlyle

Rome, 21*st May*, '74.

Dearest Papa,—I am greatly exercised in mind about the monks here,—one sees more of them than in other towns; and last night, close by the temple of Vesta, in a little eleventh-century church (Sta. M. in Cosmedin), a priest was preaching energetically standing on a raised platform only—no desk or anything before him, but as an actor from a small stage. Energetically—vociferously—it seemed in sincerity. But if one could only be in their hearts for one moment! What puzzles me is that the rougher monks certainly live entirely wretched lives. What do they gain by hypocrisy? My life is one of swollen luxury and selfishness compared with theirs; and yet it seems to me that I see what is right and *they* don't. How is it—how *can* it be?

Anything so dismal as the state of transitional and galvanized Rome I never saw. Two kinds of digging go on side by side—antiquaries' excavations and foundations of factories and lodging-houses. The ground, torn newly up in every direction, yawns dusty and raw round the feet of the ruins of Imperial—that is to say, of clumsy, monstrous, and even then dying—Rome. New chimneys and the white front of the Pope's new Tobacco manufactory[1] tower up, and glare beside the arches of the Palatine—the lower Roman mob distributing its ordure indiscriminately about both, and the priests singing and moaning all day long in any shady church not yet turned into barracks. What *will* it come to?—Ever your loving J. R.

To Dean Liddell

Rome, 23*rd May* [1874].

Dear Mr. Dean,—It was very sweet of you to take all that pains for me;[2] and I am entirely grateful for the secure, and otherwise by me wholly unattainable, knowledge. That digamma frets me, and I see from the passage you give that I must qualify my statement, and that one must gather from the context which flower is meant. But the excessive bluntness of the Greek faculty in discerning vegetable form involves confusion (like the perpetual one on vases between vine and ivy) in the representation and idea alike;—and as it is impossible

[1] [For this, see Vol. XXVIII. p. 125.]

[2] ["Ruskin would often consult the Dean on matters where wide classical knowledge was needed. There are letters from Liddell, written during the busiest days of his Vice-Chancellorship, discussing at great length, and illustrating by many quotations, the precise meaning of ἴων and its identification with our 'violet'" (H. L. Thompson's *Memoir of Liddell*, p. 229).]

but that the great purple flag and this intense blue one must have had their share of the words meaning blue flower, I think I shall be able to show that Homer's sea colour is derived from the iris, and not from the violet;[1] and this the more that in those precious early Cypriot sculptures the crowns are definitely olive, ivy, and *narcissus*, but never violet; and in all Byzantine mosaics the iris is used constantly, but the violet never. I gathered my first wild iris on the hill under Monreale; and, a quarter of an hour afterwards, showed it to my companion in the mosaic border of the arches of the Duomo—said companion (I confess slightly disposed to over-favour my theories) declaring also that violets certainly never *were* seen wild at Palermo.

The Moss data are exactly what I want;—I felt the difference between our Moss-trooper country[2] and Sicily very sharply, having just precisely Horace's *puræ rivus aquæ*[3] through my own garden, with a *circumlitio*, sometimes a little too soft and damp, of every stone near it, while the only brook bed in Sicily in which I found any water was a sandy cleft, weedy and ragged with confused vegetation, but never mossy, the stormy inundations tearing down its banks annually, under thickets of Indian fig.

Etna surprised me by the beautiful cloud-purity of its smoke. At dawn, when the column of it rose vertically and the morning light came on it first, it was absolutely the Israelite pillar of fire.

In ten minutes, too, I saw more of what Scylla and Charybdis meant than I could have made out by any quantity of reading. The rock of Scylla is really terrific. I never saw such a *jagged* thing on any other coast that I remember. The confounded fast steamer only let me get the slightest scratch of it, but I got neither bark nor scratch for my pains.

I have been grievously hindered by weather; and am literally frightened at this unnatural darkness and cold. To this hour I have not been able safely to make an out-of-door drawing—it is not the absolute cold (I can draw in healthy *frost*, if the air is quiet), but the bitter, blighting, black-clouded *wind* makes all work out of doors impossible to me. I am getting a good study, however, of Botticelli's Zipporah, in the Sistine;[4] and hope for one of a begging old woman

[1] [On this subject, see Vol. XXI. pp. 112 and *n.*, 243, Vol. XXIII. p. 147; and on the narcissus fillet, Vol. XXIII. p. 147 *n.*, and Vol. XXV. p. 161.]

[2] [See *Proserpina*, Vol. XXV. p. 213.]

[3] [*Odes*, iii. 16, 29: compare Vol. XXVI. p. 149.]

[4] [The frontispiece to Vol. XXIII. The "begging old woman" is probably a figure in the fresco of "St. Lorenzo giving Alms," in the "Chapel of Nicholas V." in the Vatican.]

by Angelico, which, if I succeed with it, will give people an idea or two about alms, new to them. I believe it would be wise in me to spend what best I have of strength for the next five years at least in this kind of work, while I still have eyes and hands. Love to you all. —Ever gratefully yours, J. Ruskin.

To Miss Susan Beever[1]

Rome, 23*rd May*, 1874.

A number of business letters, and the increasing instinct for work here as time shortens, have kept me too long from even writing a mere mama-note to you; though not without thought of you daily.

I have your last most lovely line about your sister—and giving me that most touching fact about poor Dr. John Brown, which I am grieved and yet thankful to know, that I may better still reverence his unfailing kindness and quick sympathy. I have a quite wonderful letter from him about you; but I will not tell you what he says, only it is so *very*, very true, and so very, very pretty, you can't think.

I have written to my bookseller to find for you, and send, a complete edition of *Modern Painters*, if findable. If not, I will make my assistant send you down my own fourth and fifth volumes, which you can keep till I come for them in the autumn.

There is nothing now in the year but autumn and winter. I really begin to think there is some terrible change of climate coming upon the world for its sin, like another deluge. It will have its rainbow, I suppose, after its manner—promising not to darken the world again, and then not to drown.

To Dr. John Brown[2]

Rome, 23*rd May*, 1874.

Dearest Dr. Brown,—I have your kind note with that quite exquisite description of Susie in it. Never was anything so softly true, —a Holbein portrait with Carpaccio's tenderness. I am so very, very glad you had a photograph of that picture.[3] I am getting Botticelli's

[1] [No. 5 in *Hortus Inclusus*. The complete edition of *Modern Painters* was sent for Miss Beever's use in making the selections, which were issued in 1875 under the title *Frondes Agrestes*.]

[2] [No. 16 of "Letters from Ruskin" in *Letters of Dr. John Brown*, 1907, p. 301. Dr. Brown's letter describing Ruskin's "Susie" (Miss Susan Beever) is at p. 230 of the same book. "Old and yet young," he says of her, "the young lamb's heart in 60 years, playful, fresh, blithe, and less selfish than your real lamb is."]

[3] [A photograph of Carpaccio's "St. Ursula" (Vol. XXVII. p. 344). "You have not said one word too much," Brown had written (p. 229); "it is wonderful for purity and quiet intensity."]

Zipporah well enough to give you some idea of *her* too. She's as pure as the other, but altogether a different sort of girl, and has fallen quite irrecoverably in love with Moses at first sight. It is curious that the hem of her robe is an embroidery of golden letters on a blue ground, the letters being all a lovely writing peculiar to Botticelli and Mantegna (so at least says my good and shrewd assistant, Mr. Murray[1]), and we can't hear of anybody who can read them. I fancy they have usually been thought merely grotesque ornament, but I have no doubt they are letters. . . .

I wonder what Dora Wordsworth's Journal is that it is to set me on fire.[2] I am very nearly burnt out, and scarcely show a flash, even on extreme delight of provocation. . . .

To Miss SUSAN BEEVER[3]

ROME, *24th May, Whit-Sunday*, '74.

I have to-day, to make the day whiter for me, your lovely letter of the 15th, telling me your age. I am so glad it is no more; you are only thirteen years older than I, and much more able to be my sister than mamma, and I hope you will have many years of youth yet. I think I *must* tell you in return for this letter what Dr. John Brown said, or part of it at least. He said you had the playfulness

[1] [For Mr. Murray's interpretation of the embroidery, see Vol. XXII. p. 427.]

[2] ["We are publishing Dora Wordsworth's Tour in Scotland in 1803, with 'William' and Coleridge, printed entire. . . . It is delightful," Brown had written (p. 230), "and will set you on fire and a-writing."]

[3] [No. 6 in *Hortus Inclusus* (see below, p. 623). Miss Beever's letter of the 15th was this:—

"15*th May*.—I have found such lovely passages in Vol. i. this morning that I am delighted, and have begun to copy one of them. You do float in such beautiful things sometimes that you make me feel I don't know how!

"How I thank you for ever having written them, for though late in the day, they were written for *me*, and have at length reached me!

"You are so candid about your age that I shall tell you mine! I am astonished to find myself sixty-eight—very near the Psalmist's threescore and ten. Much illness and much sorrow, and then I woke up to find myself *old*, and as if I had lost a great part of my life. Let us hope it was not all lost.

"I think *you* can understand me when I say that I have a great fund of love, and no one to spend it upon, because there are not any to whom I could give it *fully*, and I love my pets so dearly, but I *dare not* and cannot enjoy *it* fully because—they *die*, or get injured, and then my misery is intense. I feel as if I could tell *you* much, because your sympathy is so refined and so tender and true. Cannot I be a sort of second mother to you? I am sure the first one was often praying for blessings for you, and in this, at least, I resemble her.

"Am I tiresome writing all this? It just came, and you said I was to write what did. We have had some nice rain, but followed not by warmth, but a cruel *east* wind." (*Hortus Inclusus*, pp. 171, 172 (ed. 3).]

of a lamb, without its selfishness. I think that perfect, as far as it goes. Of course my Susie's wise and grave gifts must be told of afterwards. There is no one I know, or have known, so well able as you are to be in a degree what my mother was to me—in this chief way (as well as many other ways)—the puzzlement I have had to force that sentence into grammar!—that I have had the same certainty of giving you pleasure by a few words and by any little account of what I am doing. But then, you know, I've got out of the way of doing as I am bid, and unless you can scold me back into that, you can't give me the sense of support.

Tell me more about yourself first, and how those years came to be "lost." I am not sure that they were; though I am very far from holding the empty theory of compensation.[1] But much of the slighter pleasure you lost then is evidently still open to you, fresh all the more from having been for a time withdrawn.

The Roman peasants are very gay to-day, with roses in their hair; legitimately and honourably decorated, and looking lovely. Oh me, if they had a few Susies to have human care of them, what a glorious people they would be!

To the Rev. E. Peter Barrow[2]

Rome, *Whit-Tuesday*, '74.

My dear "Peter,"—I was so very grateful for your letter, that—I haven't answered it all this time, always waiting for "a more convenient season."[3] It's a perfect Saint of a Peter's letter, and makes me always think of you when I come in sight of your dome here, and all that you say in it is entirely right, and I've long been wanting myself to collect what is already said about the plan itself, and go on to make it more distinct. But I have been hindered through never yet feeling able to deal with the primary question of religious teaching in the children's schools. I am leading up to this, and leading *myself* up to it, which is the more important business of the two, and I am hindered by my own faults and doubts and poverties of heart, and have been, much more in reality, trying to provoke some one else to come forward, than to formalize my own plan. And I suspect it will have to formalize itself, gradually, out of what practical work I begin. You see

[1] [Compare Vol. XXXVI. p. 511.]

[2] [From "Recollections of Ruskin at Oxford," by "Peter," in *St. George*, April 1903, vol. vi. p. 110: see below, p. 619.]

[3] [See Acts xxiv. 25.]

I have actually begun, at last, in one way, at Oxford. And any day some one may rise up to take it off my shoulders—in the meantime I go on writing what I know is true, of bye-matters, which must come in, some day, serviceably.

I hope, in the October term, to enter on a new system altogether, by having a settled day each week to see any one who likes to come and talk with me. Breakfast for the young—dinner for the old—the breakfast, because I want my wits at their best for the young people; the dinner, because I want the old people to give their wits pleasantly to *me*.[1] *You* shall come to both if you will, for I am ever affectionately yours,

J. RUSKIN.

To Miss SUSAN BEEVER[2]

ROME, *2nd June*, 1874.

Ah, if you were but among the marbles here, though there are none finer than that you so strangely discerned in my study; but they are as a white company innumerable, ghost after ghost. And how you would rejoice in them and in a thousand things besides, to which I am dead, from having seen too much or worked too painfully—or, worst of all, lost the hope which gives all life.

Last Sunday I was in a lost church—found again: a church of the second or third century, dug in a green hill of the Campagna, built underground;—its secret entrance like a sand-martin's nest. Such the temple of the Lord, as the King Solomon of that time had to build it; not "the mountain of the Lord's house shall be established above the hills,"[3] but the cave of the Lord's house—as the fox's hole—beneath them.

And here, now lighted by the sun for the first time (for they are still digging the earth from the steps), are the marbles of those early Christian days; the first efforts of their new hope to show itself in

[1] [For Ruskin's weekly breakfasts (for his "diggers") and occasional dinners at Corpus, see Vol. XX. p. xxxiii.]

[2] [No. 7 in *Hortus Inclusus* (see below, p. 623), where it is headed "The Lost Church in the Campagna." The "lost church" is the subterranean Basilica of SS. Petronilla, Nereus, and Achilleus, built between A.D. 390 and 395 at a level between the first and second stories of the Catacombs of SS. Nereus and Achilleus, or of Domitilla. Partially excavated in 1854, the church was more thoroughly explored in 1873, 1874, and following years. A picture of the excavation (showing in the foreground a bas-relief such as Ruskin describes) is given on Plate ii. in vol. i. (p. 176) of *Roma Sotterranea*, by J. S. Northcote and W. R. Brownlow, 1879. Particulars of later discoveries may be read in Lanciani's *Pagan and Christian Rome*, 1902, p. 338.]

[3] [Micah iv. 1; and for the references at the end of the letter, see Hosea x. 8, Matthew xxi. 13.]

enduring record, the new hope of a Good Shepherd:—there they carved Him, with a spring flowing at His feet, and round Him the cattle of the Campagna in which they had dug their church; the very self-same goats which this morning have been trotting past my window through the most populous streets of Rome, innocently following their Shepherd, tinkling their bells, and shaking their long spiral horns and white beards; the very same deep dew-lapped cattle which were that Sunday morning feeding on the hill-side above, carved on the tomb-marbles sixteen hundred years ago. How you would have liked to see it, Susie!

And now to-day I am going to work in an eleventh-century church[1] of quite proud and victorious Christianity, with its grand bishops and saints lording it over Italy. The bishop's throne all marble and mosaic of precious colours and of gold, high under the vaulted roof at the end behind the altar; and line upon line of pillars of massy porphyry and marble, gathered out of the ruins of the temples of the great race who had persecuted them, till they had said to the hills, Cover us, like the wicked. And then *their* proud time came, and their enthronement on the Seven Hills; and now, what is to be their fate once more?—of pope and cardinal and dome, Peter's or Paul's by name only,—"My house, no more a house of prayer, but a den of thieves"!

I can't write any more this morning. Oh me, if one could only write and draw all one wanted, and have one's Susies here and be young again, oneself and they! (As if there were two Susies, or *could* be!)—Ever my one Susie's very loving J. Ruskin.

To F. S. Ellis[2]

Rome, *June 3rd,* 1874.

My dear Ellis,—I had your kind note, and am heartily glad you were able to get the books for my young and old lady friends.

I have been taking a course of Émile Gaboriau to acquaint myself with modern Paris: he seems to me to have a wonderful knowledge of the town and its evils. As specimens of its average middle-class literature, these novels—generally beginning with a murder, and having some form of theft, or delicate form of adultery, for principal subject—all through, are highly curious.[3] But from all I see and read we are advancing faster to revolutions, and miseries of the horriblest kind,

[1] [The diary shows S. Lorenzo to be meant.]
[2] [No. 9 in *Ellis*, pp. 13, 14.]
[3] [Compare *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 43 (Vol. XXVIII. p. 118).]

than I ever dreamed; and I have not taken a cheerful view of matters this many a day. This Italy is in an unspeakably fearful and perilous state.

My Oxford men can, I hope, bear being laughed at.[1] They are the only sane ones I know of—but I wish I had seen the correspondence about them.—Ever yours most truly and obliged, J. RUSKIN.

Kind regards to Mr. White. My address is: Poste Restante, Assisi.

To GEORGE ALLEN [2]

ASSISI, *8th June.*

MY DEAR ALLEN,—I find your letter here to-day enclosing Tyndall, etc. I have no intention of getting into controversy with him; the glacier lectures[3] will state all the facts gravely and sternly, taking no notice of his equivocations or impertinences; and will set the men on glacier work themselves next year.

I shall go to Courmayeur, and study the Brenva glacier; it is the riband structure I want to make out—I think Forbes insufficient on this point only.

I shall be here for three weeks—then a week at Lucca, perhaps, and then come up the Val d'Aosta to Courmayeur. Get ready to start in beginning of July, so as to meet me as soon as I arrive.

I think Burgess is right about the Botany, but *you* are quite right about the error of promising a more perfect book, when bound. You may state to your correspondents that I have changed my mind on this subject, and that no improved edition of any books published in separate numbers will ever appear. My sense of the shortness of life is so greatly increased by what I have seen in these last two months that I should have come to this conclusion on other grounds. I will do the best I can each day and have done with it.

A plate is already promised to be added to *engraving* lectures.[4] This I will prepare and have ready to publish *with* the sixth, detached number. I can't write more to-night. We can talk over all this better at Courmayeur.—Ever affectionately yours, J. R.

Your letter from Oxford gave me great pleasure.

[1] [The reference is to facetious allusions in the newspapers to the road-digging by Ruskin's pupils at Hincksey: see Vol. XX. p. xliii.]

[2] [Partly printed in the *Strand Magazine*, December 1902, p. 713; a few words of the letter have been cited in Vol. XXVI. p. xl.]

[3] [See Vol. XXVI. p. xl.]

[4] [Ultimately several Plates were issued with Part vi. of *Ariadne Florentina*.]

J Ruskin

Allen & Co. Sc.

Rome: the Cloisters of St. John Lateran

(*9th June, morning.*) I have opened my letter to copy for you a bit of glacier lectures I've just chanced upon, which may amuse you:[1]—

"Here then is your first group of questions—What sort of forces are—(were)—these which take (for familiar instance in our own chalk formation) the whole of the North Foreland with Dover Castle on it, turn it slap upside down and put it on the top of the parade at Margate—then sweep up Whitstable oyster beds and lay them in a heap on the top of the bottom of Dover cliffs turned upside down;—and finally strew blocks of Aberdeen granite over the whole—of the average size of an omnibus? That is the sort of thing which produces the north side of the lake of Thun, and provides after-dinner 'objects of interest' for the company of the Hotel de Bellevue."

To Miss Susan Beever[2]

Assisi, *June 9th* [1874].

Yes, I am a little oppressed just now with overwork, nor is this avoidable. I am obliged to leave all my drawings unfinished as the last days come, and the point possible of approximate completion fatally contracts, every hour, to a more ludicrous and warped mockery of the hope in which one began. It is impossible not to work against time, and *that* is killing. It is not labour itself, but competitive, anxious, disappointed labour that dries one's soul out.

But don't be frightened about me, you sweet Susie. I know when I *must* stop; forgive and pity me only, because sometimes, nay often, my letter (or word) to Susie must be sacrificed to the last effort on one's drawing.

The letter to one's Susie should be a rest, do you think? It is always more or less comforting, but not rest; it means further employment of the already extremely strained sensational power. What one really wants—I believe the only true restorative—is the natural one, the actual presence of one's "helpmeet." The far worse than absence of mine *reverses* rest, and what is more, destroys one's power of receiving from others or giving. How much love of mine have *others* lost, because that poor sick child would not have the part of love that belonged to her!

I am very anxious about your eyes too. For any favour don't write more extracts just now. The books are yours for ever and a day—no loan; enjoy any bits that you find enjoyable, but don't copy just now.

[1] [The "bit" appears, much revised, in *Deucalion:* see Vol. XXVI. p. 111.]
[2] [No. 8 in *Hortus Inclusus* (see below, p. 623).]

I left Rome yesterday, and am on my way home; but, alas! might as well be on my way home from Cochin China, for any chance I have of speedily arriving. Meantime your letters will reach me here with speed, and will be a great comfort to me, if they don't fatigue *you*.

To Miss SUSAN BEEVER [1]

PERUGIA, 12*th June* [1874].

I am more and more pleased at the thought of this gathering of yours,[2] and soon expect to tell you what the bookseller says.

Meantime I want you to think of the form the collection should take with reference to my proposed re-publication. I mean to take the botany, the geology, the Turner defence, and the general art criticism of *Modern Painters*, as four separate books, cutting out nearly all the preaching, and a good deal of the sentiment. Now, what you find pleasant and helpful to you of general maxim or reflection, *must* be of some value; and I think, therefore, that your selection will just do for me what no other reader could have done, least of all I myself; keep together, that is to say, what may be right and true of those youthful thoughts. I should like you to add anything that specially pleases you, of whatever kind; but to keep the notion of your book being the didactic one, as opposed to the other picturesque and scientific volumes, will I think help you in choosing between passages when one or other is to be rejected.

To Dr. JOHN BROWN [3]

ASSISI, 14*th June*, '74.

DEAREST DR. BROWN, . . . I'm writing most of my work here in the Sacristan's cell in the monastery, and yesterday morning was reading the honey and butter bit in Isaiah.[4] Now, isn't it a perfectly monstrous and unbelievable thing that in all Tyndall's talk and the rest of them's (even our James[5] not out of the mess in this), not one of these scientific gentlemen ever distinguished between a "plastic"

[1] [No. 9 in *Hortus Inclusus*.]
[2] [The selections from *Modern Painters* called *Frondes Agrestes*.]
[3] [No. 17 in "Letters of Ruskin" in *Letters of Dr. John Brown*, 1907, pp. 301–302, where part of the letter was omitted (see below, p. 634). For a sketch of the Sacristan's cell, see Vol. XXVIII. p. 172, and for accounts of Ruskin's researches at Assisi, Vol. XXIII. pp. xli.–xlvi.]
[4] [Isaiah vii. 15, 22.]
[5] [James Forbes.]

thing (butter) and a "viscous" thing (honey), nor even distinguished between "malleable" and "ductile."[1]

I couldn't give my Glacier lectures at Oxford, because I'm not satisfied with Forbes' explanation of the riband structure, and am going to look at it again myself. Meantime, I've got into an awful lot of questions about the mechanical results of mere *abduction* (as your lump of sugar melts, how will it subside?) out of the body of the whole mass of snow from top to bottom, and ever so many about pure squeezing (how much snow goes out at the side from under a given breadth and weight of cart wheel) and the like. And I've got to find out here how much is Giotto's work and how much restorers' and pupils'; restoration is easily caught on, but the pupils are the deuce and all. He sketches a bit for them, lets them do all they can, then mends a little and puts in a head of his own, and it's enough to drive one crazy. And then he's so confoundedly personal to me. One of the things I want to do myself is his Lady Poverty, and she has her head in a thicket of pale red and deep red roses, and just on the wall next her there's "Penitence" driving away Love, and Death, at least AMOR and MORS. Giotto always puts KARITAS for real love.[2] *She* stands beside Poverty as she is being married and gives her (the antiquaries say) an "apple." It is a heart, but I believe I'm the first person except the plasterers who has ever been up to look at it. St. Francis disappoints me dreadfully in his face, but puts the ring on like a lover.

Susie says she thinks you are sad. Please don't be. That's what my friends say to me too, and I sometimes snarl in return. But there *is* a certain power in us, isn't there, of "please don't be"?—Ever your loving J. R.

I've read such a lot of French novels since I came abroad, I feel as if I'd been living in Paris. I've got a curious and very useful result, the enormous importance of Revenge in the modern French mind as an element of pleasure and heroism; and I'm going to take this up to compare with Scott's feudal ancestors, and then show how exquisitely *he* has refused it as an element of interest in story (except in one comparatively weak story, *Peveril*), and changed the Feudal law into "Vengeance is Mine."[3]—Ever, and of course twice over in one letter, your loving J. R.

[1] [On this subject, see Vol. XXVI. pp. 124 *seq.*]

[2] [To an inquiry from Brown on this point, Ruskin wrote on June 27 the letter which is printed in Vol. XXVIII. p. 163 *n.*]

[3] [Romans xii. 19. The point here suggested is, however, not made in any of Ruskin's writing about Scott.]

To Mrs. Cowper-Temple[1]

[? 1874.]

You are compromising somehow between God and Satan, and therefore don't see your way. Satan appears to you as an angel of the most exquisite light—I can see that well enough; but how many real angels he has got himself mixed up with, I don't know. However, for the three and fortieth time—in Ireland or England or France, or under the *Ara Cœli* perhaps best of all, take an acre of ground, make it lovely, give what food comes of it to people who need it—and take no rent of it yourselves. "But that strikes at the very foundations of Society?" It does; and therefore, do it. For the Foundations of Society are rotten with every imaginable plague, and must be struck at and swept away, and others built in Christ, instead of on the back of the Leviathan of the Northern Foam.—Ever your affectionate St. C.—not the Professor.

To Mrs. Cowper-Temple[2]

The Sacristan's Cell, Monastery of Assisi,
14*th June*, '74. *Before breakfast.*

My dearest Isola,—I get leave to write here, always now, for the perfect quiet—two little windows looking out into the deep valley which runs up into the Apennines give me light enough, and there's the lower church, with Giotto's fresco of Poverty in it, between me and any "mortal" disturbance. St. Francis in his grave a few yards away from me does not, I find, give me any interruption. I have been thinking as I walked down the hillside to the church, why you couldn't believe in Utopia; and whether you really, since you don't *see Him* either, believe in Christ. Are you quite sure, William and you, that you do as *if* you saw Him? I can guess (I think) what He would say to you if you did. Do you ever try to fancy it, seriously? Suppose He were coming to dine with you to-day, now, Isola, and you've got to order the dinner, what will you have? Now, just get a bit of paper and write down your orders to the cook, on that supposition. Mind you do as I bid you, now, or I'll never write to you any more. And then, think where He's to sit, and where William is to sit, and how you'll arrange the other people, and what you'll talk about, if *He*

[1] [Printed by W. G. Collingwood in his paper "Ruskin's 'Isola'" (*Good Words*, February 1902), and reprinted in his *Ruskin Relics*, pp. 225–226.]

[2] [A few lines of this letter are printed in W. G. Collingwood's *Ruskin Relics*, p. 226. Compare *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 46, where Ruskin expands the present letter: Vol. XXVIII. p. 180.]

doesn't care to talk. Mind, you mustn't *change your party;* I suppose Him to have just sent Gabriel to tell you He's coming, but *particularly* that you're not to make any alterations in your company on His account.—Ever your affectionate ST. C.

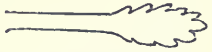
To Miss SUSAN BEEVER[1]

ASSISI, *17th June* [1874].

I have been having a bad time lately, and have no heart to write to you. Very difficult and melancholy work, deciphering what remains of a great painter among stains of ruin and blotches of repair, of five hundred years' gathering. It makes me sadder than idleness, which is saying much.

I was greatly flattered and petted by a saying in one of your last letters, about the difficulty I had in unpacking my mind. That is true; one of my chief troubles at present is with the quantity of things I want to say at once. But you don't know how I find things I laid by carefully in it, all mouldy and moth-eaten when I take them out; and what a lot of mending and airing they need, and what a wearisome and bothering business it is compared to the early packing,—one used to be so proud to get things into the corners neatly!

I have been failing in my drawings, too, and I'm in a horrible inn kept by a Garibaldian bandit; and the various sorts of disgusting dishes sent up to look like a dinner, and to be charged for, are a daily increasing horror and amazement to me. They succeed in getting *everything* bad; no exertion, no invention, could produce such badness, I believe, anywhere else. The hills are covered for leagues with olive trees, and the oil's bad; there are no such lovely cattle elsewhere in the world, and the butter's bad; half the country people are shepherds, but there's no mutton; half the old women walk about with a pig tied to their waists, but there's no pork; the vine grows wild anywhere, and the wine would make my teeth drop out of my head if I took a glass of it; there are no strawberries, no oranges, no melons, the cherries are as hard as their stones, the beans only good for horses, or Jack and the beanstalk, and this is the size of the biggest asparagus—



I live here in a narrow street ten feet wide only, winding up a hill, and it was full this morning of sheep as close as they could pack, at least a thousand, as far as the eye could reach,—tinkle tinkle, bleat bleat, for a quarter of an hour.

[1] [No. 10 in *Hortus Inclusus.*]

To CHARLES ELIOT NORTON[1]

SACRISTAN'S CELL, MONASTERY OF ASSISI,
Morning, June 19th, 1874.

. . . I am wholly occupied just now with Giotto's "Poverty." I've done Botticelli's Zipporah successfully[2]—but the "Poverty" is on a vault, and the looking up at it and not being able to change the distance torments me dreadfully. It is fine, but on the whole I am greatly disappointed with Giotto, on close study—and on the contrary, altogether amazed at the power of Cimabue, before wholly unknown to me.

Botticelli remains where he was, only because he couldn't get higher, in my mind, after a month's work on him. I wish I could give him the rest of my life, but it must be broken into small pieces. If a blessing comes on the fragments, they may some day multiply.

I write the supplementary part of my lectures on him here, every morning, in absolute quiet, looking out on the Apennines—St. Francis lying within thirty yards of me.

. . . The Cimabue is a discovery to me,—wholly unexpected,—Vasari mistaking as usual the place where he is, and everybody passing, as I did myself, the apparently coarse Madonna of the Scuola Greca. At last I set myself on it on a bright day and upset Giotto from his pedestal in a minute or two's close look.

Vasari is all right about the upper church, but not the lower. The large frescoes in upper church are grand, but it is one Madonna in the lower that has knocked me over.[3] I'm going to set to work on her to-day, *D.V.*—June 20th.

To CHARLES ELIOT NORTON[4]

ASSISI, INN OF THE LION, *June 20th.*

. . . To-day your dear little note finds me after some wanderings about Rome. I am very glad of it, chiefly of your thought of Greece. But I can't travel now, except in comfortable places—so much has my

[1] [No. 140 in *Norton;* vol. ii. pp. 75–77. Some passages are also printed in Mr. Norton's Introduction to the American "Brantwood" edition of *Ariadne Florentina:* "lectures on him" is there printed "Lectures on Line," but the former reading must be correct, the reference being to the lectures on "The Schools of Florence," delivered at Oxford later in the year.]

[2] [See the frontispiece to Vol. XXIII.]

[3] [See the frontispiece to Vol. XXXIII.; and for Ruskin's lecture on Cimabue (with citations from Vasari), Vol. XXIII. pp. 197 *seq.*]

[4] [No. 141 in *Norton;* vol. ii. pp. 77–78.]

too luxurious life corrupted me—and I don't know what I may have to do, these coming years. So far from being in peace as you think, my days here are passed in daily maddening rage, and daily increasing certainty that *Fors* is my work—not painting—at this time. But Fors pursued in deed, not word.

How you, with all the tenderness that is in you, can deliberately see this people perish, and yet tell every fiddler to go on fiddling, and every painter to go on painting, as if there were yet ears to hear or eyes to see, is the most amazing thing to me among all the various amazements which leave me alone in my work, or worse than alone—obliged, at each stone I lay, to drag up with me the lengthening chain of friends' reproof.

Note the date of this letter—you shall have a copy of what I wrote this morning in the Sacristan's cell[1]—it will be interesting to you. I'll write to Burgess. J. R.

To George Allen[2]

Assisi, 20*th June*, '74.

My dear Allen,—I am very glad you are ready to start, and send you a cheque for £50.

Through from Paris to Geneva. Then diligence to St. Martin's; go up to the fields under the Aiguille de Varens. If the village of St. Martin's is at *v*, the path goes up in the dotted line—it is a frequented one—two hours' or more climb—and the meadows are where the blot is—and see if there are the low white lilies growing there yet;—they'll be faded, but you'll be able to tell me if they're branched, or how they grow—I've talked of them so often that I forget them.[3]

Then, go to St. Gervais, take a mule and guide and go over the Col du Bon Homme and Col de la Seigne, sleeping at Chapiu, or any new place they've got since I was there; and if you're lucky in weather, you'll like it. When you get

[1] [See *Fors*, Letter 46, § 7, dated *August* (Vol. XXVIII. p. 171), where therefore "written *last* month" is not strictly accurate.]

[2] [The first part of this letter (down to "forget them") was printed in *facsimile* in the *Strand Magazine*, December 1902, p. 717. A few sentences of it have already been printed in Vol. XXVI. p. xli.]

[3] [See *Proserpina*, Vol. XXV. p. 204.]

to Courmayeur, look out for a nice place for me, as near the *allée* as possible, and begin examining the Glacier de Brenva for examples of the riband structure in places easily accessible, and think over it yourself.

Forbes has shown perfectly that it forms at right angles to the pressure. But he doesn't show how the pressure forms it. He supposes a series of rents, filled with solid ice.[1] But this would not cause a regularly successive structure at all. There would be small cracks running together into large ones, small solid veins ramifying into large ones. But no successive conditions.

Write me word if you understand about Aiguille, and I'll write to you again at Geneva; but don't leave till you get one more letter from me, only get ready as soon as you can.

To CHARLES ELIOT NORTON[2]

MONASTERY OF ASSISI, 21*st June*, 1874.

MY DEAREST CHARLES,—I am writing in my cell, within a few yards —just across the cloister passage—of the door into the lower church, in the angle of the transept, just opposite my newly found treasure of Cimabue.

It may be useful to you in your own work to know what I have—I may already almost say—ascertained about him. That he was a man of personal genius, equal to Tintoret, but with his mind entirely formed by the Gospels and the book of Genesis; his art, as you know, what he could receive from Byzantine masters—and his main disposition, *compassion*.

You will comprehend in a moment what a new subject of investigation this is to me, and the extraordinary range of unexpected interests and reversed ideas which it involves. Giotto is a mere domestic gossip, compared to Cimabue. Fancy the intellect of Phidias with the soul of St. John, and the knowledge of a boy of ten years old, in perspective, light and shade, etc.

He can't by any effort make his Madonna look as if she were sitting in her throne. She is merely standing stumpily. But I am prepared to assert her for the sublimest Mater Dolorosa ever painted, as far as my knowledge extends, in the Italian schools.

[1] [See ch. viii. of Forbes's *Travels through the Alps of Savoy*.]

[2] [Extracts in Mr. Norton's Introduction to *Ariadne Florentina*, pp. x., xi. No. 142 in *Norton;* vol. ii. pp. 79–82. Part of the letter ("I wrote these two pages . . . fountain at her door") had previously appeared (with the date June 20) in the *Atlantic Monthly*, September 1904, vol. 94, p. 379.]

I am going to draw her, and think I can, and you shall have a photograph (I hope a little sketch, also, quickly). But do you suppose my power either of drawing or seeing her, is merely because I have a painter's eye? I must have that, to begin with; but the reason I can *see* her, or draw her (*if* indeed I can), is because I have read, this morning, the ninth of Jeremiah, and understand *that* also. (I beg your pardon for the vulgar underlining.)

I wrote these two pages, and then went to my own work, rewriting or completing my lectures on Botticelli after my work on him in Rome. But it is grey and thunderous, and I can't write, somehow—have been awake since four, and am tired. I walk to the window—there's a lovely little scene down in the valley beneath—steep down—five hundred feet. I see the bed of the brook (Tescio) all but dry; a peasant has brought seven or eight sheep to feed on the shrubs among the stones of it; and his wife or daughter is walking up to their cottage in a white jacket with brown petticoat, carrying an amphora on her head, and with a Greek pitcher in her hand, full (I can see almost into the mouth of the amphora, I look so steeply *down* with my glass upon her).

"Such a picturesque figure, and so classical, and of course you'll sketch her," say my London acquaintances, enchanted at the idea—Charles Norton backing them, too. No, my good acquaintances and one friend, I shall go and explain to her why the bed of the stream is dry, why the sheep have to nibble among the stones of it, and why she has to go down to fill her amphora instead of having a fountain at her door.[1]

To Thomas Carlyle

Assisi, *June 24th,* 1874.

My dearest Papa,—I am so very glad of your letter and Mary's. I did not stop in the daily news because I couldn't go on, but because I was afraid you were away from home and would only find an unreadable mass of dead letters when you came back. Now I can go on again nicely. Your pleasure in the Embankment is a great joy to me;[2] what else you tell me, of your too quiet time, may well be sad. But it seems to me there are some subjects of thought, connected with your own past work, which such too sorrowful leisure might

[1] ["Here a small hasty sketch of the Sacristan's cell, with which the letter ends."—C. E. N.]

[2] [The Chelsea Embankment, which must have added greatly to the amenity of Carlyle's house in Cheyne Row, had been opened in 1873.]

nevertheless be grandly spent in. None of your readers, I believe —none even of the most careful—know precisely, in anything *like* practical approximation, what sympathy you have with the faith of Abbot Samson, or St. Adalbert;[1] I don't know myself. To me, the question of their faith is a fearful mystery, but one which I am sure is to be solved;—I mean that we shall either live up to Christianity, or refuse it. But I don't know what your own inner thoughts are of the faith, such as you told me of in your mother, and such as so many noble souls have had in Scotland.

What final sayings you would leave to men on this, now quite near and dreadful, arbitration which England has to make, and which you have left her as yet but with dim assertion upon—surely, this might well occupy many an otherwise valueless hour?

I can't write of myself to-day, being tired. I am so glad of all you give me of encouragement and sympathy. The Oxford movement[2] was, of course, long since planned by me; but I did not intend to begin it till the close of my drawing work, the wholly ineffectual trouble of which prevented all other energy. But one or two of the men themselves asked me to begin now, so I let them. And truly, I think it will grow. Next October, I go out myself with them: and hope to get other tutors to join. Gradually, I mean to develop a plan for the draining of the Oxford fields, which are under water at present all winter; and—well, enough for to-day.—Ever your loving J. RUSKIN.

Best love to Mary.

To Miss SUSAN BEEVER[3]

ASSISI, SACRISTAN'S CELL, *25th June* [1874].

This letter is all upside down, and this first page written last; for I didn't like something I had written about myself last night when I was tired, and have torn it off.

That star you saw beat like a heart must have been the Dog-star. A planet would not have twinkled. Far mightier, he, than any planet; burning with his own planetary host, doubtless, round him; and, on some speckiest of the specks of them, evangelical persons thinking our Sun was made for *them.*

[1] [References to *Past and Present* and *Friedrich.*]
[2] [Ruskin's "digging" experiment.]
[3] [No. 11 in *Hortus Inclusus* (see below, p. 623).]

Ah, Susie, I do not pass, unthought of, the many sorrows of which you *kindly* tell me, to show me—for I know that is in your heart—how others have suffered also.

But, Susie, *you* expect to see your Margaret again, and you will be happy with her in heaven. I wanted my Rosie *here*. In heaven I mean to go and talk to Pythagoras and Socrates and Valerius Publicola. I shan't care a bit for Rosie there, she needn't think it. What will grey eyes and red cheeks be good for *there?*

These pious sentiments are all written in my Sacristan's cell. . . .

This extract book of yours will be most precious in its help to me, provided it is kept within somewhat narrow limits. As soon as it is done I mean to have it published in a strong and pretty but *cheap* form, and it must not be too bulky. Consider, therefore, not only what you like, but how far and with whom each bit is likely to find consent, or service. You will have to choose perhaps, after a little while, among what you have already chosen. I mean to leave it *wholly* in your hands; it is to be Susie's choice of my writings.

Don't get into a flurry of responsibility, but don't at once write down all you have a mind to; I know you'll find a good deal! for you are exactly in sympathy with me in all things.

To Dr. John Brown[1]

Assisi, *June* 25.

My dearest Dr. Brown,—Please, I want to know this. In bending a sword blade of fine temper, there must be great approximation of the particles on one side, and separation on the other. In a solid cube of the same steel, will an equal relative force compress or expand it in the same proportion?[2]

I have been made, for life, somewhat uncharitable toward scientific men, by a wretched oculist who made all London believe that Turner's last style was only the result of a form of jaundice.[3] "Boo-hoo," said London and the Royal Institution, "here we have it at last; we always said there was nothing in Turner,—now you see!!!"

[1] [No. 18 (with some additions here made, see below, p. 634) in "Letters from Ruskin" in *Letters of Dr. John Brown*, 1907, pp. 302–303.]

[2] [Dr. Brown pencilled on the letter the following answer: "In all portions of the *same* steel the amount of compression or distortion is always in the same proportion to the compressing or distorting force, provided it is not laminated or fibrous, in which case the compressibility may be different in different directions.]

[3] [For other references to Dr. Liebrich's theories, see Vol. X. p. 458, Vol. XV. p. 357, Vol. XXXIII. p. 387.]

Another quite conclusive thing to me was Faraday's attitude about Spiritualism. First, that a man professing Christianity should deny spiritual power, and necromancy as one ghastly form of it; secondly, that a man professing philosophy should be unable to distinguish the evidence of nervous persons from that of healthy ones; lastly, that any man of feeling or education should be able to cast aside the entire faith and tradition of the previous world, and never so much as wonder what was to come next. I wish you had seen my Sacristan's eyes flashing with joy and faith to-day as he was describing, as fast as his tongue could move, the way in which good Christians used to be able to fly, or stand in the air, like Dr. What's his name's birds and kites with no string.[1]

To THOMAS CARLYLE

ASSISI, SACRISTAN'S CELL, 27*th June*, '74.

MY DEAREST PAPA,—There is the prettiest portrait of you here, close by me, in the lower church, as the leading Wise King, kissing the feet of Christ. It is by Taddeo Gaddi, not Giotto. Terribly high up—I only can see it through my glass—nobody in general sees anything here, or knows even what they come to see, for the monks added chapels all round, and put in dark painted glass, in the fifteenth century; and the frescoes, ever since, have been absolutely invisible, except on perfectly fine afternoons in June and July. What I wanted to say yesterday[2] was, more distinctly, this.

You have perfectly shown the value of sincerity in *any* faith moderately concurrent with the laws of nature and humanity. Faith in Allah—or Jupiter—or Christ.

You have also shown the power of living without any faith—in charity and utility—as Friedrich.

And what you say of Friedrich's sorrowful surroundings and impossibilities of believing anything is to me the most precious passage of the whole book[3]—many though there be—priceless.

But you don't say what you would have Friedrich *be*. You don't say what a Master ought now to teach his pupils to believe, or at least wish them to believe.

[1] [For other conversations with this Sacristan, see *Fors Clavigera*, Vol. XXVIII p. 145.]

[2] [Rather, three days ago: see the letter of June 24.]

[3] [See *Friedrich*, Book xxi. ch. ix.]

And this, remember, is now a quite vital and practical question for me at Oxford.—Ever your loving J. Ruskin.

I don't want you to write about these things to me, but to tell me when I come.

I was so grateful to you for seeing my good bookseller—the enclosed scrap shows what pleasure you gave:—

. . . I thought the best way to determine about Mr. Carlyle's health and whereabouts was to run down to Chelsea and ask after him. He very kindly told his housekeeper to ask me upstairs, and to have exchanged a few words with him will be one of the memories of my life. He is, I am happy to say, very well, and he said that it would not be long before you heard from him.[1] . . .

To Dr. John Brown[2]

Sacristan's Cell, Assisi, 28*th June*, '74.

Dearest Dr. Brown,—I never in my life yet heard so good a sermon as the Sacristan has just preached to me, on the text "la donna è *facsimile* del Diavolo." Stating that for a first principle, he branched off into a discourse on devils in general, on St. Michael, on baptism, and the calling of Matthew, as fast as his tongue could fly, and entirely splendid and beautiful in its way, his eyes flashing with eager passion of faith—John Knox never more earnest.

Yesterday I was looking at the piece of the hillside whence St. Francis went up in the chariot of Fire. I'm horribly tormented with Giotto's picture of it, because Giotto used Venetian red with a vegetable blue, for his *grey* monks' dresses; wherever the damp has got through the wall, it eats away the blue, and leaves a brilliant red, so that every now and then his Franciscans look the scarlet whore of Babylon, and his chariot of fire, which is Venetian red also, I had like to have taken for an effect of damp.

You scientific people (I beg your pardon and your brother's) are, to my mind, merely damp in the wall, making one look with suspicion on all chariots of fire. (If only they would be content to make me a vegetable blue that would stand, and a Red that there could be no mistake about.)

I've told Joanie (who was a Miss Agnew and is married to Keats's friend's son, whose father, Keats's own friend, I saw in Rome the other

[1] [Carlyle subsequently visited Mr. Allen at Orpington: see the Introduction, Vol. XXXVI. p. xcvi.]

[2] [No. 19 (with some additions, see below, p. 634) of "Letters from Ruskin" in *Letters of Dr. John Brown*, 1907, p. 303.]

day painting the Marriage of Cana[1]) . . . to send you a letter dictated by Carlyle to me (written by his niece); it will interest you, and I write now to ask forgiveness for the bit about the "long-eared race."

But for one final example of the way I feel about scientific men. Will you please pick up the next pebble you see, round, on Arthur's Seat, or the first bit of rubbish out of a lapidary's shop like this [sketch]? Pshaw, it looks like a bird's nest; one can't draw an agate in a hurry. See the difference between order and disorder [sketch]; that isn't much better, but I haven't time. Well, I *mean any* trap agate with its bit of quartz and hollow in the middle. Ask the wisest *ge*ologist you know (not a *bone*-ologist) how it was made. He'll tell you in an amygdaloidal trap.

Yes, very good, but how? When did the stuff it is made of get in? In what state? What makes it banded? When does it begin to crystallize? What throws the quartz inside? He'll stand with his mouth open. He knows nothing whatever about it. Try him next with a bit of variegated marble, and you'll produce exactly the same effect. And give him my compliments and tell him the scientific men had infinitely better hold their tongues at present on all subjects (and above all on detonating compounds), and work and think.—Ever your affectionate J. R.

Please, however, note the respect with which I always speak of science applied to use (as yours of medicine), or to beauty. I forgot *another* of the things that fired my mind. There's a great French Physiologist's book with gloriously laboured plates. (The book must be in Edinburgh Library, folio.)[2] Type of human race, a *Hottentot* woman.) He can't draw a horse, a dove, or a woman, but draws lice or frogs or monkeys, the most horribly true to the lousiest parts of their nature. This is *French Science*. Compare it with French Art in Chartres Cathedral!

To THOMAS CARLYLE

[ASSISI] *29th June*, '74.

MY DEAREST PAPA,—I can't easily answer your question, what I am doing; it is so mixed;—but, mainly, writing a patient and true account of this place,[3] the source of so much religious passion throughout Europe, and drawing bits that I think nobody but I can draw

[1] [Compare *Præterita*, Vol. XXXV. p. 561.]

[2] [For another reference to this book, by Geoffroy Saint-Hilaire, see Vol. XXII. p. 231. The ugly plates (by De Wailly) of the Hottentot woman are the first and second in vol. i.]

[3] [See above, p. 74.]

affectionately enough. I have been at work to-day on Love, Death, and the Devil.[1] The latter is the perfect likeness of an average "practical" Englishman. Giotto has the most intense hatred of that sort of person.

Love is blind—with a string of hearts round his neck—and lovely rose and violet wings. "Penitence" is flogging him and Death out of the way. I hope to let you see something very like it, for my drawing is coming well.—Ever your loving J. R.

To Thomas Carlyle

Sacristan's Cell, Assisi, *Last day of June* [1874].

Dearest Papa,—It is the first pure day of summer here. There is no cloud, and no poison-wind. I think you will like to know the view out of my little windows.

As I sit, the cloudless sky and green-and-gold Apennine;—corn-field with grass—clumps of olive, grey, and dark spots of ilex. If I rise, under the window, the hill falls steeply about 500 feet—clothed with broken wood—near the window, fig and Spanish chestnut—below, ilex—down to the stream bed—the Tescio;—(see Dante's account of St. Francis in the *Paradiso*. No, I've got confused; I see Dante doesn't name it. "L'acqua," etc., in Canto xi. is it, I *believe*, but I don't know Tupino[2])—which is all but dry; it runs beneath, *across* the window; but fronting me, comes down to it, winding for a couple of miles, a pretty tributary brook between low thickets, with rich corn-fields on each side of it, and, in the whole visible space of country up to the hills, there are countable eleven rough farmsteads or cottages, of which four are near enough to be pretty in the broken outlines and roofs of them (too broken for the good of the owners, or virtue). Beside the brook, five reapers have began their work in a golden field—the white specks of them gleam changefully in the sunshine. A bird or two is singing a little.

The room has a summer murmur of flies in it * (just a fly or two

* Also the frogs down at the edge of the Tescio are talking loudly every now and then. One can always hear *them*, any distance.

[1] [The allegory of Chastity in the Lower Church of Assisi.]

[2] [Canto xi. 43–45:—

"Intra Tupino e l'acqua, che discende
Del colle eletto dal beato Ubaldo . . ."

—in the description by St. Thomas Aquinas of the situation of Assisi, which stands between the streams of Tupino (on the E.) and Chiassi (on the W.). They are more distant; the Teschio is the local stream.]

too many, brother Anthony the Sacristan not being careful about washing up), and I'm writing down the measures of this Upper Church —very difficult to get accurately. I've been reading Lamentations iv. and thinking that I'm a precious son of Zion, comparable to fine gold, but I can't make out who "they" is, and who "them" is in the 15th and 16th verses.

Love to Mary always, and kindest regards to Mrs. Warner, and I'm your loving J. R.

To THOMAS CARLYLE

ASSISI, *7th July*, '74.

MY DEAREST PAPA,—It is getting very hot here, and if I had not a cave to work in I should have to come away. But the lower church is always cool. You can imagine it easily as two large chimney-pots cut in half and dovetailed, so forming nave and transepts, only, instead of crossing simply at the same height like that[1] where they cross, the *diagonal* arches are semicircular also, which gives a vault like that lifted in the middle. On the four compartments of this vault, as thus;[1] the pictures which I've mainly got to work on are painted, the figures all sloping together to the points of them.

Then the upper church is built over this lower railway tunnel one like that;[1]—and finally the tunnel mouths are stopped up and the cloister and convent added—and there you are,[1] on the top of the hill, like Stirling Castle. I'm writing to-day in the convent lumber-room—the coolest place I can find. Here's my table and chair, look—on enclosed leaf[2]—and all my books before me. I'm sadly ashamed of writing this so badly, but somehow when I'm thinking I *can't* shape the letters.—Ever your loving J. R.

To Miss SUSAN BEEVER[3]

ASSISI, *9th July*, 1874.

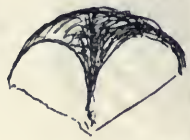
Your lovely letters are always a comfort to me; and not least when you tell me you are sad. You would be far less in sympathy with me if you were not, and in the "everything right" humour of some, even of some really good and kind persons, whose own matters are to their mind, and who understand by "Providence" the power which particularly takes care of *them*. This favouritism which goes so sweetly and pleasantly down with so many pious people is the chief of all

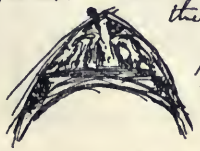
[1] [See the facsimile of the letter, opposite.]
[2] [See the other side of the facsimile.]
[3] [No. 12 in *Hortus Inclusus*.]

Assisi. 7th July. 74

My dearest Papa

It is getting very hot here, and if I had not a cave to work in, I should have to come away. But the lower church is always cool. You can imagine it easily as two large chimney pots cut in half and dovetailed so forming nave and transepts only instead of crossing simply at the same height - like that, where they cross, the diagonal arches are semicircular also, which gives a vault like that lifted in the middle - on the four compartments of this vault - as at this, the pictures

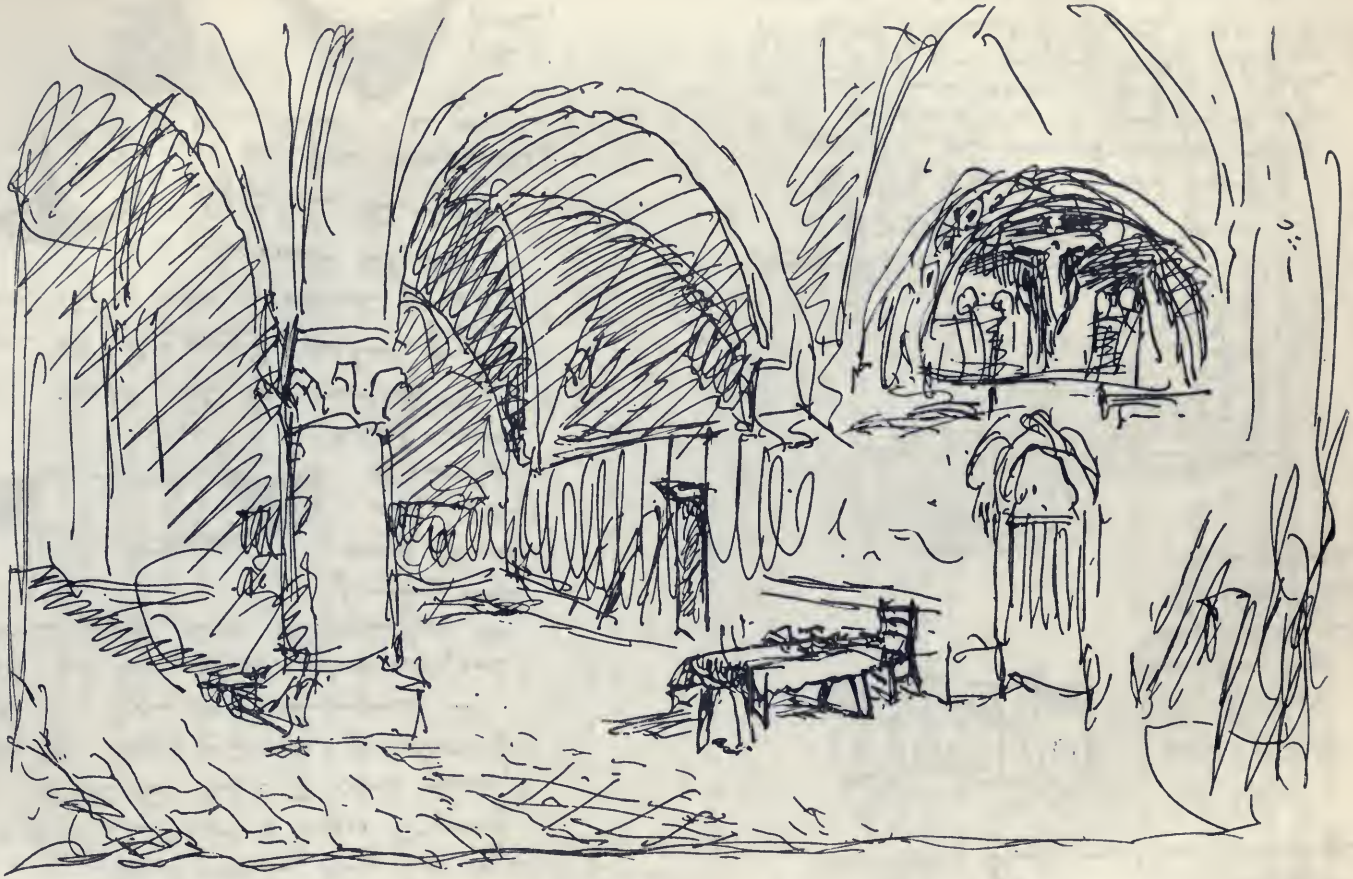




which I've mainly got to work on are painted, the figures all sloping together to the point of them. Then the upper church is built over this lower railway tunnel one like that and finally the tunnel mouths are stopped up and the cloister and convent added

and there you are on the top of the hill, like Stirling Castle. - I'm writing today in the convent lumber-room the coolest place I can find - Here's my table and chair, look - on endorsed leaf. and all my books before me I'm sadly ashamed of writing this so badly, but somehow when I'm thinking, I can't shape the letters

Ever your loving. VR.



THE SACRISTAN'S CELL, ASSISI

To face p. 123

stumbling-blocks to *me*. I must pray for everybody or nobody, and can't get into any conceptions of relation between Heaven and *me*, if not also between Heaven and earth, (and why Heaven should allow hairs in pens I can't think).

I take great care of myself, be quite sure of that, Susie; the worst of it is, here in Assisi everybody else wants me to take care of them.

Catharine brought me up as a great treat yesterday at dinner, ham dressed with as much garlic as could be stewed into it, and a plate of raw figs, telling me I was to eat them together!

The sun is changing the entire mountains of Assisi into a hot bottle with no flannel round it; but I can't get a ripe plum, peach, or cherry. All the milk turns sour, and one has to eat one's meat at its toughest or the thunder gets into it next day.

To Miss Susan Beever[1]

Perugia, 17*th July* [1874].

I am made anxious by your sweet letter of the 6th saying you have been ill and are "not much better." The letter is like all yours; but I suppose, however ill you were, you would always write prettily, so that's little comfort.

About the Narcissus, please, I want them for my fishpond stream rather than for the bee-house one. The fishpond stream is very doleful, and wants to dance with daffodils,[2] if they would come and teach it.

How happy we are in our native streams! A thunderstorm swelled the Tiber yesterday, and it rolled over its mill weirs in heaps, literally, of tossed water, the size of haycocks, but black-brown like coffee with the grounds in it, mixed with a very little yellow milk. In some lights the foam flew like cast handfuls of heavy gravel.

The chief flowers here are only broom and bindweed, and I begin to weary for my heather and for my Susie; but oh dear! the ways are long and the days few.

To Thomas Carlyle

Perugia, *Sunday*, 19*th July*, '74.

My dearest Papa,—I have your lovely letter, so full of pleasantness for me; chiefly in telling that I give you pleasure by putting you in the place of the poor father who used to be *so* thankful for

[1] [No. 13 in *Hortus Inclusus* (see below, p. 623).]
[2] [See Wordsworth's poem "I wandered lonely as a cloud."]

his letter,—and content with so little. "If only I would date accurately," said he—(and he never got me to do it).

What *is* the use of that terrible law of Nature that one knows all that is best to know, too late? But it is a great comfort to me to think that *you* also will be glad to see the postman stop sometimes. Your reading all those pieces that my mother chose is very wonderful and helpful to me. To think she should be able to give some new thoughts even to you!

I will note with extreme fidelity and care all you tell me of Germany and France.

I want mainly to ask you to give my love to Froude when you next see him. I will write some morning letters to him also, now, for the little while before he leaves. I am glad he is going on any mission in which he is interested, and thankful that his words are of weight with Government in any matter.[1] But what Colonial problem can there be, soluble by any formula, until the Home problem has become—I do not say soluble, but even intelligible? When your emigration is nothing but the overboiling of a neglected pot, what sort of problems can one have out of the fat in the fire? Our modes of dealing with the Aborigines may indeed be looked into with advantage. I heard—and have no doubt of the truth of the hearing—from the daughter of the Bp. of Natal, that our treatment of the Caffres had been as cruel as dishonourable, and that the effect of it was now remediless.

I am drawing angels carrying buckets of roses here—with peacocks' eyes in their wings.[2] Absolutely alone with them in the gallery to-day, till they seemed real. But to think that only one monk, out of the hosts, should have been able to draw such!—and now that they're drawn, I don't know anybody who really cares for them but myself. Love to Mary, and thanks for her pretty writing.—Ever, my dearest Papa, your affecte. J. RUSKIN.

To THOMAS CARLYLE

FLORENCE, 26*th July*, '74.

DEAREST PAPA,—This is only to say where I am—or where the shell of me is, for the kernel is nowhere; got all black and damp like a bad walnut with biliousness, and sulkiness—the two reacting

[1] [Froude was to visit South Africa, at the instance of Lord Carnarvon (Colonial Secretary), in the hope of forwarding that Minister's scheme of Federation.]

[2] [The "Madonna of Perugia" by Fra Angelico; Ruskin's studies were at one time at Oxford: see Vol. XXI. p. 202 (No. 109). One of them was No. 190 in the Ruskin Exhibition at Coniston, 1900, and No. 71 at Bond Street, 1907.]

on each other wonderfully when I find twelfth-century churches being knocked down to build barracks and billiard-rooms, which is the course of improvement here and elsewhere.

There's nobody in Florence and only one room in the inn, not under "restoration." That room is twelve of my paces by thirteen and a half—my pace being about a yard; it has three tall windows, and six tall doors. Over every door is a chandelier with five candles in it, and in the middle of the ceiling a chandelier with sixty-two candles in it—at least I count thirty-one on this side as I sit; the furniture is scarlet and gold, the paper green and gold; the doors all double-folding, hidden by crimson curtains; a landscape, good enough to sell to an American for a Salvator, hangs opposite the windows, and the marble chimneypiece is finely sculptured with vine leaves and a nymph going to sacrifice a goat.

The general sense of being in one of the deepest holes of Dante's Inferno which this room produces on me, after my cell at Assisi, is very unpleasant this Sunday morning. And so that's where I am, and what I am; and now I must stop, for I'm behindhand with my letter to the landlords,[1] and it's about the right room to get on with it in. Love to Mary.—Ever your affectionate J. R.

I've been reading Froude's Calvinism—State and Subject—Colonies—Progress,[2] carefully this last week. What a trick he has of knowing everything and then polishing himself off to nothing!

To Miss Susan Beever[3]

Lucca, *29th July* [1874].

I'm not going to be devoured when I come, by anybody, unless *you* like to. I shall come to your window with the birds, to be fed myself.

And please at present always complain to me whenever you like. It is the over boisterous cheerfulness of common people that hurts me; your sadness is a help to me.

You shall have whatever name you like for your book, provided you continue to like it after thinking over it long enough. You will not like *Gleanings*, because you know one only gleans refuse—dropped ears—that other people don't care for. *You* go into the garden and gather with choice the flowers you like best. That is not "gleaning."

[1] [*Fors*, Letter 45 (Vol. XXVIII. p. 145).]

[2] ["Calvinism," "Reciprocal Duties of State and Subject," "On Progress," and "The Colonies Once More": in the second series of *Short Studies on Great Subjects*.]

[3] [No. 14 in *Hortus Inclusus*.]

To THOMAS CARLYLE

LUCCA, *5th Aug.*, '74.

DEAREST PAPA,—I was out among the vines and maize last night, across the Serchio, now only a mountain stream, running among long banks of shingle, and *almost* clear; but with no voice like Tweed or Twizell. I shut my eyes and listened, to find if by any imagination, or honest defiance of imagination, I could fancy myself listening to Tweed at Melrose. But no—utterly shallow and empty—the Italian stream, in voice, as an Italian opera song to the fullest of Burns, in thought. The reasons were clear enough, on looking. The shingle was as wide as Tweed's, but was of dull limestone instead of ringing quartz—and for twenty *round* pebbles, lay one square stone. The water flowed past, silently, instead of tinkling *through*. In the second place, there were no deep-cut channels through enduring rock, to give gush and hollow tone—the bass to the pebble-treble. Nothing but waste of stone and sand—the signs of the folly and misery which left the river to overflow the plain in winter.

I went on, through winding lanes between maize and vine, sunset turning into little nimbuses the bunches of white filaments at the ends of the ears of maize—the peasants at work, of old Etruscan feature, bidding me good evening rightly and quietly. At last, at the turn of a path, I met a pretty dark-eyed boy of eleven or twelve years old. He knelt down in front of me quickly, silently, like a dog ordered to do so, on both knees, holding out his cap. There was no servility in the action, any more than would be in the dog's—great beauty in it, and in the entirely quiet face, not beseeching, but submitting its cause to you. I never saw such a thing before. The real root of it is in Etruscan religion, and the Ghibelline training of the old town, in Castruccio's time, and before. But, if Castruccio had seen it! in the fields of his own Lucca, as he went out on his triumphal march at Rome![1]—Ever your loving J. R.

To Miss SUSAN BEEVER[2]

LUCCA, 10*th August*, '74.

I have been grieved not to write to you; but the number of things that vex me are so great just now, that, unless by false effort, I could write you nothing nice. It is very dreadful to live in Italy, and more

[1] [For Ruskin's numerous references to Castruccio Castracani (1283–1328), who accompanied the Emperor Louis V. to Rome, see the General Index.]

[2] [No. 15 in *Hortus Inclusus* (see below, p. 623).]

J. Ruskin

Vaus & Crampton, Sc.

A Vineyard Walk at Lucca

(1874)

dreadful to see one's England and one's English friends, all but a field or two, and a stream or two, and a one Susie and one Dr. Brown, fast becoming like Italy and the Italians. . . .

I have *too much* sympathy with your sorrow to write to you of it.[1] What I have not sympathy with, is your hope; and how cruel it is to say this! But I am driven more and more to think there is to be no more good for a time, but a Reign of Terror, of men and the elements alike; and yet it is so like what is foretold before the coming of the Son of Man that perhaps, in the extremest evil of it, I may some day read the sign that our redemption draws nigh.[2]

Now, Susie, invent a nice cluster of titles for the book and send them, for me to choose from, to Hotel de l'Arno, Florence. I must get that out before the Day of Judgment, if I can. I'm so glad of your sweet flatteries in this note received to-day.

To Charles Eliot Norton[3]

Lucca, 12*th August*, 1874.

Art. I.

My dearest Charles,—This "Art. I." was to be the beginning of an art-grammar for a young Italian who besought me at Assisi to teach him something.[4] In endeavouring to do which, I have taught him a little, but myself much.

Art. I. is to be, in such Italian as I can manage: "Every light is shade to higher lights; and every shade is light to lower shades,"—from the Sun to Night, which alone are Light and Shade absolute.

Art. II. Every colour has its own proper darkness; that is to say, as soon as it can be distinguished from darkness, it is distinguished also from other colours. Therefore, you must not shade any colour with grey, for red darkened with grey is not dark red, but a condition of purple; and blue darkened with grey is not dark blue, but a debased blue; and yellow darkened with grey is not dark yellow, but a condition of green. Therefore, the shade of every colour must be the darkness of itself. Normally, it is the shade of a hollow removed from the influence of reflection in a surface of that colour. A deep fold in red velvet is proper dark red; and a deep fold in yellow velvet, proper dark yellow.

[1] [See above, p. 96.]
[2] [See Luke xxi. 28.]
[3] [No. 143 in *Norton;* vol. ii. pp. 82–84.]
[4] [With "articles" I. and II., compare the Aphorisms (viii., ix.) in *Laws of Fésole*, Vol. XV. p. 361.]

Article three is to define red, blue, and yellow, and I am in a fix about dark yellow, or proper brown; which is dreadfully optical and puzzling.

I have your letter in answer to Assisi. My dearest Charles, I never meant to accuse you of not considering the poor,[1] or of ill-management of your own life. It has been an incomparably wiser one than mine. But you are like Henry Morton remonstrating with Habakkuk Mucklewrath, or Pleydell pacifying Dandie—or as Lucy Bertram to Meg Merrilies.[2]

I can't write more to-day. Write—Hôtel de l'Arno, Florence. I'm there for a month yet.

To CHARLES ELIOT NORTON[3]

LUCCA, 12*th August.*

DEAREST CHARLES,—I sent you a scrawl this morning, thinking it might amuse you a little, and before going to bed must answer about Cimabue.

Giotto is not dethroned—at least, not diminished—in his own real place, which is of human passion. In mystic and majestic thought, Cimabue leads wholly, and the Byzantines generally. Giotto and Taddeo Gaddi are loving realists of little things. The finest thing of Giotto's in Assisi is not the "Poverty" or "Chastity," but a little group of people in the street, looking at a boy who has just been restored to life, after falling out of a three pair of stairs' window.[4] The Christ, St. Francis, and Charity, are all three total failures in the great Poverty Fresco; and in the Charity, she herself and Fortitude are quite valueless; while Obedience in the opposite one is monstrous. But the sweetness of a monk reading on the grass while St. Francis receives the stigmata,[5] and the sudden passion of a woman clasping her hands and thanking God for the boy brought to life, are more pure and exquisite than anything of the subsequent schools.

I find the Spanish Chapel of boundlessly more importance than I

[1] [See above, p. 112.]

[2] [See *Old Mortality*, ch. 22; *Guy Mannering*, ch. 36, and *passim*.]

[3] [No. 144 in *Norton;* vol. ii. pp. 84–86. Part of the letter ("Giotto is not dethroned . . . the subsequent schools") had previously appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly*, September 1904, vol. 94, p. 379. Extracts also given in Mr. Norton's Preface to *Ariadne Florentina*, pp. xi., xii., where the reading "rank and place" occurs for "real place" in Mr. Norton's other versions of the letter.]

[4] [For this fresco, see Vol. XXIII. p. 477.]

[5] [In the 19th of the series of frescoes of the Life of St. Francis in the Upper Church.]

had imagined. I'm staying a month longer in Italy for this alone, hoping to draw Astronomy and Logic. I think the daring and divine heresy of Zoroaster under Astronomy—enclosed scrawl may remind you[1]—quite exquisite; I can't make out whose they are, though. Not Gaddi nor the man called Simon Memmi at Assisi.[2]

By the way, Geography's globe *was* divided thus, and is thus. . . .[3] Here's rather a pretty bit I wrote this morning about the Music: "Under her sits Tubal-Cain, striking on his anvil with two hammers. But he forges nothing. He looks up into the air and listens. And the sounds of the sheep bell on the mountains, of the chime and call and lament on the tower, of clashed cymbal, thunderous organ, far-thrilling trumpet—these he forges in thought, from the beginning of the world to its Judgment."[4]

Of course this assumes that Memmi mixes him up with Jubal—on Giotto's tower they are separate. But it is curious that at Perugia, the other day, I heard the only bit of fine choral singing I *ever* heard given in a free-hearted way in Italy—out of a smithy, timed to the hammers—"harmonious blacksmith" to purpose, but very different from Handel's; this was a really grand, slow chant.—Ever your loving

J. R.

To Charles Eliot Norton[5]

Lucca, *Feast of the Assumption* [*August* 15].

My dearest Charles,—I am writing my account of Giotto's "Poverty," for you, and for others who care for it—and was getting into some feeling and power with it, when I was entirely stopped and paralyzed by a steam whistle at the railway, sent clear through intensely calm and watery air at intervals of about a quarter of a minute for the last quarter of an hour—a sharp, intense, momentary explosive whistle, like a mocking Devil playing the "Lucca trumpet"[6] in a high key—the most torturing and base thing that in all my St.

[1] [Not here reproduced from *Norton*, as Ruskin's Oxford study of the subject has already been given: Vol. XXIII. Plate XXXVIII. (p. 396).]

[2] [Further study led Ruskin, however, to attribute the paintings in the Spanish Chapel to the author of some of those attributed to Simon Memmi (Martini) at Assisi: see Vol. XXIII. pp. 371, 455.]

[3] [Here a sketch showing the globe divided originally into Asia, Africa, and Europe, now into Asia, America, and Europe.]

[4] [See *Mornings in Florence*, Vol. XXIII. pp. 393, 394, where, however, Ruskin, on finding that the artist did not confuse Tubal-Cain and Jubal, does not use the present passage.]

[5] [No. 145 in *Norton*; vol. ii. pp. 86–88.]

[6] [Mr. Norton does not explain the allusion; possibly it is to the "brazen trumpet" used by Bishop Anselm of Lucca on an historic occasion (see Milman's *Latin Christianity*, book vi. chap. iii.).]

Anthony times has happened to me. It comes every morning at my best worktime, and at midnight—it is a luggage train which can't make up its mind to anything, and whistles at every new idea that strikes it.

If you can *read Fors*,—which I don't believe you do,—look at the bit I am writing—it will be the end of the "Squires" *Fors*, for September. I stopped to write this to you at the words, "Charity is crowned with white roses, which burst as they open into flames of fire."[1] And the whistle of the Lucca devil is going on *all this time.*

I meant to have written to you at any rate, to say that I can't think what I wrote to put you on the self-defensive, to that extent, in this last letter.[2] My dearest Charles, I never said that you ought to live, or think, otherwise than you do; I am only pained because you think *I* ought. I wish you enjoyed *Fors*, and looked for it, and saw something more in it than a "monthly letter." I wish also you knew a little more the change there is upon me—unfitting for any other work—fitting me, I think, very definitely for this. . . . Don't you see that one *must* feel "grim" to the full extent of *Fors;* and it's of no use to say one oughtn't or that that "isn't the right method"?—Ever your loving J. R.

To THOMAS CARLYLE

LUCCA, *16th Aug.*, '74.

MY DEAREST PAPA,—I only got your lovely letter of 30th July this moment at breakfast, having been kept here by unlooked-for difficulties in work, and *delights* in neighbourhood.

I underline that word because I want you to be assured I don't write to you in mere *bilious* misery—I've plenty of that, and know it well. But I never allow it to alter my thoughts of things. I was wretched in that Florence room,[3] because I knew it to be English Nidification in Florence, and the Sum of English Influence there. And that it was pure Hell fire—in the midst of what I have here, every evening;—a country of marble rocks—of grass terraces—of olive groves —of chestnut shades—of purple hills, and skies of softest light, under which *still* dwell a people who labour, and pray. You like the "David" because—it is the only piece of true Tuscan sculpture you have been able to see. Its colossal size rescues it from the Kensington lumber[4]—

[1] [See Letter 45, § 18 (Vol. XXVIII. p. 164).]
[2] [See above, pp. 112, 128.]
[3] [See the Letter of July 26, above, p. 125.]
[4] [A copy of Michael Angelo's "David" in the South Kensington Museum.]

you cannot see any other piece of Florence work, but in its place. I am at work here on the statue carved in the olden times, "Lady Gladness" (Ilaria) of Caretto; it lies on her tomb quite open, at the cathedral wall, as if she had been carried in and laid there while they sang the burial service. Thirty years ago, a modern Radical—one of the school of that Florence drawing-room—put his hat on the face of it as he was talking to me, thinking it would answer handily to keep said hat from the dust.[1]

As I was working there, last week, two of the Lucca country-women came in, and stopped at it suddenly; then knelt down, and kissed the hem of its robe. "Yes, she deserves your kiss," I said. They opened their great black eyes wide, half frightened, like wild pretty animals. "Che santo è?" said the bravest of them, at last.

These are the people whom Froude is leaving to be crushed to death—to breed Englishmen on black pepper.[2] (He had better give them gunpowder at once, for permanent diet, and then set them to—fire eating.) And you, Papa, preaching *patience* to me!

. . . I happen, by Fors's care, to have under my hand two leaves of an old lecture,[3] cancelled and kept to be worked up farther—perhaps Mary won't mind looking over the second before reading it to you. I don't, so she must. Mind it is "sighting," not "fighting."

[1] [Compare Vol. XXIII. p. 233, where, therefore, "two" should have been "thirty" (*i.e.*, in 1845).]

[2] [A general allusion to Froude's colonial enthusiasms.]

[3] [These are as follow:—". . . thought as the sense of proportion determines its placing of form. To give you a simple instance: Michael Angelo's well-known statue of David represents him watching the approach of Goliath—and without failure of resolution, slightly hesitating and at pause,—his hand on the sling,—but his attitude uncertain;—his enemy is drawing near, but it is not time for him yet to take aim; and as you look at him, you do not think of the action of slinging, but of the entire personality of David as a youth under Divine inspiration, the Champion of the armies of God opposed to the Champion of the armies of the Heathen. That is the longest and deepest view you can have of the contest—that is essentially the Sculptor's view of it. The taste, discipline, and skill of the Sculptor as such will be shown by his leading you, through every line of body and drapery, to that inmost thought; and by his refusing every accessory which could interfere with it. Among sculpture lately exhibited by one of our rising schools, I saw a somewhat clever study of David imagined at this same moment by I suppose a young student—at all events an inexperienced one—and catalogued under the title of 'David *sighting* Goliath.' The youth's mind being probably fuller of rifle practice than of his art, he would not regard the contest otherwise than as a momentary question of handling the thong and pebble—all that he thought of, and desired the spectator to think of, was, 'Will he hit him?' Now, that is essentially an *unsculpturesque* view of the matter; but it would not be of the least use to give the young volunteer a lecture on principles of sculpture, or tell him that he should study Michael Angelo's statue and endeavour to imitate that. In his heart, he cannot but at present think, whatever we say to him, that Michael Angelo's statue is entirely dull and stupid."]

To THOMAS CARLYLE

LUCCA, 17*th Aug., Morning.*

MY DEAREST PAPA,—I've just been reading the prayer of Judith (Judith ix.). (If Froude is with you still, tell him I do so wish he'd stop from his Missionary business, and write a *Philistine's* history of Delilah.) But how glorious those 8th and 9th chapters are!

It is no wonder you disbelieve in Art, papa. Of the history of John the Baptist, and of Judith, the practical sum and substance, to the British and other public, is two pretty girls carrying two bloody heads, which is what the Painters and Sculptors as a Body have seen, in these matters, with the utmost of eyes they had—the Italo-French schools giving further flavour to the apocryphal story by scornfully sniffing at Judith's report of the way she passed the night.[1]

Yesterday was the loveliest day I have seen in Italy this year. I was up after dinner 1500 feet on the hills to the south, in a little stubble field, hedged with sweet chestnut and wild bay; the field itself terraced out of the steep hillside in banks about four feet high, which lay, like a line of steep bastions, green, successive, fragrant, with all manner of herbs, relieved against the blue mountains of Carrara, twenty miles away.

Have you ever noticed how steady I am to my purpose of terracing the Apennines like this—everywhere on their soft ground, and catching all the rain? The spear into the sickle—the Bastion, into banks like this [rough sketch]. But I scarcely hoped to see it with my own eyes.

I must get to my work.—Ever your loving FILIUS.

To CHARLES ELIOT NORTON[2]

LUCCA, 18*th August,* 1874.

MY DEAREST CHARLES,—As soon as you get the illustrated *Val d'Arno* you will be interested by the plate of Niccolo's Madonna,[3] and some others; I hope also by the distinction between "Greeks and Greeks"[4] of the Baptistery font.

[1] [See Judith xiii. Compare what Ruskin says in Vol. XXIX. p. 187 of "the heroic treachery of Judith."]

[2] [Partly ("As soon as you get . . . The race has held its own to this day," "I have here . . . stone or two at it," "[Niccolo's] great points . . . as it falls," and "With those pincers . . . and mean") printed in Professor Norton's Introduction (p. x.) to the American "Brantwood" edition of *Val d'Arno*, 1891 (where, however, the date of the letter is given as "August 15"). No. 146 in *Norton;* vol. ii. pp. 88–91.]

[3] ["The Pisan Latona," Plate II. in *Val d'Arno* (Vol. XXIII. p. 11).]

[4] [See §§ 12, 13 of *Val d'Arno;* Vol. XXIII. p. 17.]

I've found it all out now. The effete Greek of St. John Lateran is real Byzantine—polluted at Rome to its death.

The Font of Pisa is native Etruscan. So is that of Pistoja. So are the masons of Como, who formed the Free masons. The race has held its own to this day; one of them drove me last night, with the same black eyes that are inlaid on the Font of Pisa,[1]—the same sharp, ridged nose, a breast like a Hercules,—and he drove (and drives every evening if I would let him) like Auriga, before he died for his kiss.[2] The infallible mark of the race and style in the sculpture is straight hair carved in ridges like a ploughed field.

I have here, side by side in the porch of the Duomo, Niccolo Pisano's first (known) sculpture (the Deposition) and an Etruscan reaper (June), with his straight hair and inlaid black eyes. He and February are the only ones who have their heads left, for modern Italy, taught by America, considers it "the thing" to knock off heads, and the schoolboys rarely pass the porch without throwing a stone or two at it. (The *great* thing to do is to knock off the nose; but that is not always possible when the sculpture is high up.)

Niccolo has the bossy hair of the Greek Jupiter for everybody, and his great points in the Deposition are pulling out the nails with the pincers, and supporting the weight of the body as it falls.[3] You will see in a moment how much follows from this, the Etruscan never losing his contemplative religious habit, and caring nothing whatever about Weight going down, but only about Spirit going up, while, on the other hand, Niccolo, with those pincers pulling the nail out, laid hold of the entire scheme of material and naturalistic art, good and bad; and with the arm of Joseph of Arimathea, catching the (*dead*) body of Christ, embraced Michael Angelo and Rubens and all that they are, and mean.

My Etruscan drives me every evening to a valley which is entered through a glade of Spanish chestnuts, like that in the Cephalus and Procris;[4] then the path goes over and under rocks of the hardest marble I ever struck, into groves of olive, which go up and up the hillside, for which the Pisans can't see Lucca,[5] but from which, on

[1] [See Ruskin's study, Plate XXXVII. in Vol. XXI. (p. 147).]

[2] [For a reference to the story, see *Fors Clavigera,* Letter 24, § 3 (Vol. XXVII. p. 418).]

[3] [See *Æsthetic and Mathematic Schools of Florence,* § 52 (Vol. XXIII. p. 226 and Plate XVIII.).]

[4] [For this plate in *Liber Studiorum,* see Vol. XXII. Plate XV. (pp. 66–7).]

[5] ["—al monte
Per che i Pisan veder Lucca non ponno."

Inferno, xxxiii. 30: compare Vol. V. p. 308, and Vol. XXI. p. 268.]

this side of them, I see as I climb, the Carrara mountains in their purple, and Lucca lying like a crown of gold on the Etruscan plain.—Ever your loving J. R.

To THOMAS CARLYLE

LUCCA, 19*th Augt.*, '74.

MY DEAREST PAPA,—Yesterday morning I was climbing among the ravines of marble to the south; and came on a cottage like a Highland one—for roughness of look—only the mountain path winding round beneath it, went under a roof of vines trellised from its eaves, and opened, before it entered the darkness of green leaves, into a golden threshing floor—the real "area" of the Latins. That so few people past that the people could make their threshing floor of the path, was the first deep prettiness of it. Then, they *had* been threshing and winnowing—the little level field was soft with chaff. The marble rocks, bright grey, came down steep into it, as at Loch Katrine the rocks into the water—below, on the other side, the hill went down steep to the blue plain of Lucca, itself (the hillside) one grove of olive, but, as I saw, without fruit, or nearly so.

I crossed the threshing floor, and met the peasant under his vines, looking pale and worn—the Lucchese "Good even, Signoria," given with more than usual gentleness. I said to him what I thought of his happy place, as well as I could. Yes, he said, but it was a "very dry" country. "The olives had no fruit this year—see—the berries had all fallen, withered for want of rain."—For want of *water*, yes, I said—why don't you catch it on the hillside, before it runs to the Serchio and the sea? In short, I found him able to hear, and think. He was actually building a cistern behind his house to catch the rain. "From the *roof!*" (And the Roof from which he ought to receive it rose above him—1500 feet of pure marble!) I had a long talk; I examined the place; and though I've to go to Florence to-day to hunt down St. Dominic, if I don't come back to do a little bit of engineering beside that man's threshing floor, it will be—not my fault, God willing. . . .

To CHARLES ELIOT NORTON[1]

FLORENCE, 21*st August*, 1874.

MY DEAREST CHARLES,—My discovery of this native Etruscan element has so beautifully cleared and composed my scheme given in

[1] [This letter was first printed (with a few curtailments) in Professor Norton's Introduction (pp. xi., xii.) to the American "Brantwood" edition of *Val d'Arno*, 1891. No. 147 in *Norton;* vol. ii. pp. 91-93.]

2nd *Ariadne*[1] that I can't help—partly in exultation, and partly because I think you'll like it—stopping in my sketching out notes for next October's lectures on Arnolfo and Brunellesco, to give you the form they have taken.[2]

School of 1200.
Chartres Cathedral—North.
Monreale —South.
Font of Pisa. (Etruscan)—Centralized.
Still all in a certain sense savage and Pagan. Broken in upon by Niccolo Pisano.

Then the Three Great Successive Christian Schools:
A. Arnolfo's and Dante's. *Christian or Pure Gothic.* Type—St. Paul's tomb under the twelfth-century form of basilica. The Gothic School is entirely Faithful and imaginative.
B. Brunellesco's. *Christian or Pure Classic.* The Classic School, nobly naturalist—beginning to try its faith and rule level lines.
C. Perugino's. *Christian or Pure Romantic.* Horatius Cocles—Cincinnatus—St. Michael—Madonna—all seen through Christian Iris of colour.
Luini, Bellini, Botticelli.
(When I send you a photograph of my Zipporah (she's really come nicely) it will explain to anybody with eyes; of course you'll see it (I mean how pat and pretty it comes) without wanting Zipporah.)

Then—chivalry expiring—we get surgery and optics—Michael Angelo and Leonardo. . . .

To Charles Eliot Norton[3]

Florence, 23*rd August*, 1874.

My dearest Charles,—I'm in the Hôtel d'Arno, itself a palace once, opposite (street only 10 feet wide) one of the grandest of the old towers, with a mason's shop in the bottom of it. . . .

But that is not the point; I've just done such a lovely bit—to my own fancy—of notes for lectures on Contemplative and Dramatic,[4]

[1] [See Vol. XXII. p. 330.]
[2] [The lectures on *The Æsthetic and Mathematic Schools of Florence*, first printed in this edition (Vol. XXIII. pp. 179 *seq.*).]
[3] [No. 148 in *Norton;* vol. ii. pp. 93–95.]
[4] [The passage, given in the above-mentioned lectures (see Vol. XXIII. p. 205), was printed in *Mornings in Florence* (*ibid.*, p. 326).]

that I must just scratch it over the Atlantic to you. You see, Lord Lindsay always talks of Contemplative and Dramatic, without observing that the nobleness of each school is in *what* you Contemplate and *what* you do. You Contemplate a "Lemon Peel and Pigs," if you're a Dutchman, and a Maestà of Cimabue, if you're an Etruscan. You have for Drama—at present in Naples—a policeman catching two parties who are chopping up a child. Or you have—of old in Pisa—The Last Judgment.

But of all the loveliest bits of acutely piquant drama of the loveliest sort, I think the one in the Spanish Chapel beats. We have our modern dramas of Court introduction, "The Queen receiving the Princess Alexandrina, or Russymutchka, or whatever she may be; His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales receiving the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress, etc., etc." But of all piquant Introductions, here's the *acutest*—"Eve introduced to Christ, with the Devil looking on."[1]

Simon has done it, oh, so prettily!—Ever your loving

J. R.

To Miss SUSAN BEEVER[2]

FLORENCE, *25th August* [1874].

I have not been able to write to you, or any one lately, whom I don't want to tease, except Dr. Brown, whom I write to for counsel. My time is passed in a fierce, steady struggle to save all I can every day, as a fireman from a smouldering ruin, of history or aspect. To-day, for instance, I've been just in time to ascertain the form of the crown of the Emperor, representing the power of the State in the greatest *political* fresco of old times[3]—fourteenth century. By next year, it may be next month, it will have dropped from the wall with the vibration of the railway outside, and be touched up with new gilding for the mob.

I am keeping well, but am in a terrible spell (literally, "spell," enchanted maze, that I can't get out of) of work.

I *was* a little scandalized at the idea of your calling the book "word painting." My dearest Susie, it is the chief provocation of my life to be called a "word painter" instead of a thinker.[4] I hope you haven't filled your book with descriptions. I thought it was the thoughts you were looking for?

[1] [See Vol. XXIII. p. 375.]
[2] [No. 16 in *Hortus Inclusus* (see below, p. 623).]
[3] ["The Visible Church," Plate XXXIX. in Vol. XXIII. (p. 437). For Ruskin's study of the Emperor, see *ibid.*, Plate XL. (p. 438).]
[4] [Compare Vol. XXII. p. 302.]

"Posie" would be pretty. If you ask Joanie she will tell you perhaps *too* pretty for *me*, and I can't think a bit to-night, for instead of robins singing I hear only blaspheming gamesters on the other side of the narrow street.

To Charles Eliot Norton[1]

Florence, 26*th August*, 1874.

Dearest Charles,—I am not without hope of a change in your thoughts about *Fors* and all my work, as you read the concluding letters of this year, especially one I've been writing to-day,[2] after returning last night from the Badía of Fésole, which I thankfully found uninjured—*wholly* uninjured in adjunct and fact, and with only one sign of modern Florentine life on it—a pencil scrawl on one of the pieces of its white inlaid marble, of which I will tell you another day;[3] to-day I only want to say that it must have seemed to you I had only half read your letter by not asking you to send the St. Buonaventura life.[4] Please do, to Oxford when I get there this October; this morning I inquired for those you tell me of,—the *Fioretti* and Fra Jacopone,[5] and quoted the "utile e humile e pretiosa e casta," appropriately watching the people getting up on the other side of Arno and throwing their slops out of window with great crashes into the river, occasional drifts of spray in the descent—as of the Staubbach—into their neighbours' windows—occurring under the sublime influences of a thunderous and fitful wind.

"And the Spirit of God moved on the face of the waters."[6]

Cimabue's "Creation" at Assisi is the sum and substance of all others.[7] God the Father in a circle of closely set, crowded, infusorial Angels; beneath them the Dove—beautifully drawn—in profile, not [a slight sketch], but [another sketch] (Goodness—that I can't draw it!); then Christ descending in the form of Man; and the waters below

[1] [No. 149 in *Norton;* vol. ii. pp. 95-98.]
[2] [Letter 46 (dated "Florence, 28th August"): Vol. XXVIII. p. 169.]
[3] [The inlaid marble in question is reproduced on Plate LXI. and described on p. 266 of Vol. XXI.]
[4] [*The Life of St. Francis*, by St. Buonaventura. "Fra Jacopone" means the *Cantici* and *Poesie Spirituali* of Giacopone de' Benedetti.]
[5] [Ruskin refers in *Præterita* to Mr. Norton introducing him to the *Fioretti* of St. Francis (Vol. XXXV. p. 523).]
[6] [See Genesis i. 2.]
[7] [Compare *The Schools of Art in Florence*, § 29 (Vol. XXIII. p. 206).]

beginning to take order under them; and the successive events then all crowded below.

I am more and more crushed every day under the stupendous power of Botticelli. But he is always—even at his grandest—a rapturous dreamer, or thoughtful, disciplined, practical reformer, while Cimabue lives in the solemn presence of the Maestà of God and the Virgin—the last of the great Greeks. But Botticelli—there are no words for his imagination, solemnity of purpose, artistic rapture, in all divinely artistic things; mightier in chiaroscuro than Correggio, brighter in jewellery than Angelico; abundant like Tintoret, and intent on completion like Leonardo—I never saw or thought such things possible till I went into the Academy delle Belle Arti this last time.[1]—Ever your loving J. RUSKIN.

P.S.—That dove's wrong, after all. Cimabue's wings go *up* [sketch]. I confuse things now in a day, if I don't put them down instantly.

To Miss SUSAN BEEVER[2]

FLORENCE, *1st September* [1874].

Don't be in despair about your book. I am sure it will be lovely. I'll see to it the moment I get home, but I've got into an entirely unexpected piece of business here: the interpretation of a large chapel[3] full of misunderstood, or not at all understood, frescoes; and I'm terribly afraid of breaking down, so much drawing has to be done at the same time. It has stranded botany and everything.

I was kept awake half of last night by drunken blackguards howling on the bridge of the Holy Trinity in the pure half-moon light. This is the kind of discord I have to bear, corresponding to your uncongenial company. But, alas! Susie, you ought at ten years old to have more firmness, and to resolve that you won't be bored. I think I shall try to enforce it on you as a very solemn duty not to *lie* to people as the vulgar public do. If they bore you, say so, and they'll go away. That is the right state of things.

How am I to know that *I* don't bore you, when *I* come, when you're so civil to people you hate?

[1] [Compare, again, *The Schools of Art*, Vol. XXIII. pp. 265–279.]
[2] [No. 17 in *Hortus Inclusus*.]
[3] [The Spanish Chapel at S. Maria Novella: see Vol. XXIII.]

To Charles Eliot Norton[1]

Florence, *7th September*, 1874.

My dearest Charles,—I'm writing "A Walk in Florence," for the English Respectable Tourist!—explaining to him Giotto's frescoes of St. Francis in Sta. Croce, and the Gospel of Works; and Simon Memmi's frescoes of St. Dominic and the Gospel of Faith. And I'm very much pleased with my own bit of work as it's coming; only I've so much drawing to do. I'm drawing Astronomy, and Music, and Logic, and Grammar—telling little Florentine boys and girls to enter in at the straight gate[2] (which really is too straight to be comfortable, as well as Grammar's own stays),—and the Emperor, and the King, and Botticelli's Spring's ankle among the daisies; and I've enough to do.

But in my account of the Gospel of Faith, I'm going to quote Lowell's St. Ambrose, but with the proper contrary of John Bunyan's Presumption's "Every vat must stand on its own bottom,"[3] and I'm going to finish with this: "At least, you must be sure that you *are* a vase of crystal being filled by an angel with water of life, and not a gobbling little fish wagging your tail in a drain."[4]

I've had such a time of it with Donatello and Luca and all the unfinished M. Angelos to-day in the National Museum.—Ever your loving J. R.

[1] [No. 150 in *Norton;* vol. ii. pp. 98–99. Ultimately the book became *Mornings in Florence.* Giotto's frescoes and those attributed to Memmi were duly explained, but the references to Lowell and Bunyan were not introduced.]

[2] [The title of ch. v. in *Mornings in Florence.*]

[3] ["*Simple* said, 'I see no danger'; *Sloth* said, 'Yet a little more sleep'; and *Presumption*, 'Every Fat must stand upon his own bottom'" (*The Pilgrim's Progress*, part i.).]

[4] [The vase of crystal, etc., refers to Lowell's poem. The Saint meets a young man who will not accept the faith:—

"The youth to the streamlet's brink drew near,
Saying, 'Ambrose, thou maker of creeds, look here!'
Six vases of crystal then he took,
And set them along the edge of the brook.
'As into these vessels the water I pour,
There shall one hold less, another more,
And the water unchanged, in every case,
Shall put on the figure of the vase;
O thou, who wouldst unity make through strife,
Canst thou fit this sign to the Water of Life?'
When Ambrose looked up, he stood alone,
The youth and the stream and the vases were gone;
But he knew, by a sense of humbled grace,
He had talked with an angel face to face."]

To DAWTREY DREWITT[1]

FLORENCE, 12 *Sept.* [1874].

MY DEAR DREWITT,—I got your happy letter to-day, but am a little provoked with you for talking nonsense about Darwinism, even in play. Of course you might just as well say that grass was green because the cows selected the flowers, or that moths were brown because sparrows catch the conspicuous ones. Nature shows and conceals exactly as she chooses. It is true that *we* have only sparrows because we shoot the kingfishers; but God makes gentians gay and lichens grave as it pleases Him, and by no other law, no other reason. Do you suppose a gnat escapes a trout because it is grey, and that dragon-flies are blue because salmon like red ones—if they do!

Also, I hope you will soon see that modern political economy is not a bore merely, but a lie, and one which it will be incumbent upon you to detect and proclaim.

Thanks for the pretty chequer wings.[2] They are not the least like a tree trunk, but like a Giotto background.

Those white-billed choughs must have been jolly. I thought I might see some Harpies and Attic owls in Sicily—but nothing but cocks and hens that I am aware of. I shall be at Oxford in October, and you must come and be the first Doctor in the digging squad.—Ever your aff. J. RUSKIN.

So many thanks for stuffing the swallow like my boat.[3] Your drawing of the sails is admirable. I am glad I haven't printed the chough lecture yet.

To CHARLES ELIOT NORTON[4]

FLORENCE, 16*th September*, '74.

MY DEAREST CHARLES,—I've been writing myself sick, not with fatigue, but interest, in describing the frescoes of Spanish Chapel this morning, and must be off to my work on them in a quarter of an hour, but I have your letter and its scented herb,—very grateful to me,—and the writing is for three cheap Walks or Mornings in

[1] [For Dr. Drewitt, see *Præterita*, Vol. XXXV. p. 424; Vol. XXIV. p. xxvi.; and General Index.]

[2] [Of a wryneck. The white-billed choughs had been seen in Switzerland.]

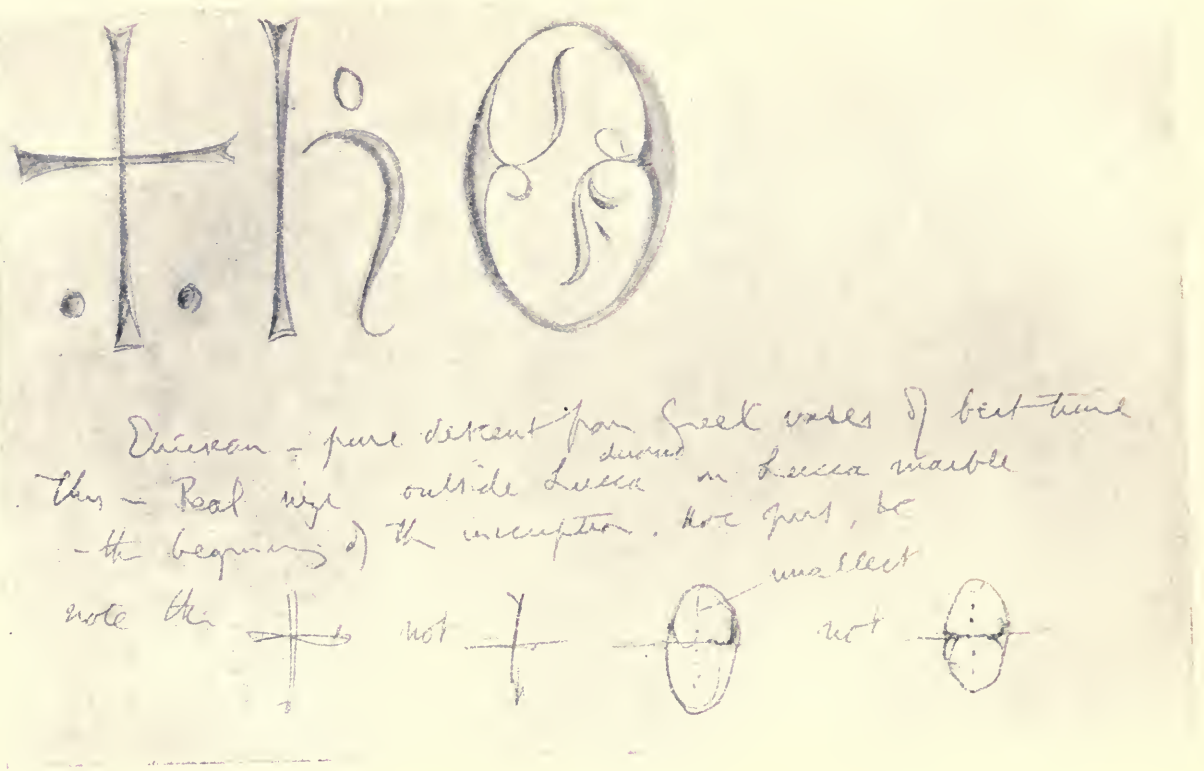
[3] [See *Love's Meinie*, Vol. XXV. p. 61. The lecture on The Chough is printed for the first time in this edition: *ibid.*, pp. 152 *seq.*]

[4] [No. 151 in *Norton;* vol. ii. pp. 99-101.]

FROM THE PORCH OF THE DUOMO, LUCCA

(Enclosed in the letter to C. E. Norton of September 16, 1874)

To face p. 140



INSCRIPTION ON THE DUOMO OF LUCCA

(Enclosed in the letter to C. E. Norton of September 16, 1874)

To face p. 141

Florence[1] with which I hope to cut out Mr. Murray a little this winter. First Morning, Sta. Croce and Gospel of Works. Second, the Spanish Chapel, and Gospel of Faith. Third, *Mio bel San Giovanni.* Please tell me over again what you told me about Dominican buildings, in San Domenico of Siena; it has got fuzzy in my head (not in my heart).

I send you three scrawls drawn on a ladder from the "June" at Lucca—pure, native Etruscan work, of 12th-13th century—you'll see what they mean; you've got my letter about them by this time, I hope.[2] I was too sanguine about noses—only February's nose is left now, of all the months. The "divine in all men exercise of the Will," according to Mr. Lowell,[3] has produced that effect on them.

What an intensely simple fellow Lowell is! Read his paragraph about "Race" in *My Study Windows*, written in the vain hope of establishing America as a nation. I saw a wall scratched down its new plaster here at Mont' Oliveto the day before yesterday, with a pattern out of the village mason's head, Greek—eighth century B.C. pure—and without a flaw in the genealogy, as I can prove.—Ever your loving J. R.

To CHARLES ELIOT NORTON[4]

LUCCA, *21st September.*

MY DEAREST CHARLES,—Coming here this evening,—dog, cat, and mouse-tired with trying to draw the Etruscan sculpture on the font of Pistoia—I found your dear little note. . . . I had been writing in the morning a piece a little making amends to Giotto, as I hope you will think, about four frescoes I have found, which nobody knows anything of, in a back cloister of Santa Maria Novella.[5] . . .

It is a very difficult question, that about doing one's best. Here in a month at Florence I've drawn Grammar, Logic, Astronomy,

[1] [His plan, however, was altered and extended, as a reference to Vol. XXIII. will show.]

[2] [The letter of August 18 (above, p. 133). Mr. Norton published here two of the "scrawls" referred to, and they are reproduced here; the second is of the inscription which has been given (from Ruskin's Oxford study) in Vol. XXI. pp. 266–267.]

[3] [This seems to be a reference to a passage in Lowell's essay on Carlyle in *My Study Windows:* "It is indeed strange that one who values Will so highly in the greatest, should be blind to its infinite worth in the least of men." For the "paragraph about 'Race,'" see (in the same volume) a passage towards the end of the essay "On a certain Condescension in Foreigners."]

[4] [No. 152 in *Norton;* vol. ii. pp. 101–102.]

[5] [See *Mornings in Florence,* §§ 19–25 (Vol. XXIII. pp. 314–321). Plates (XXVIII.–XXX.) are given of three of the frescoes; the fourth (now much defaced) is mentioned in § 25 (p. 320 *n.*[1]).]

Zoroaster, Tubal-Cain, the Pope, the Emperor, Eve, St. Agnes, Practical Religion, and a "found sheep," all in a very second or third best way.[1]

If I had done my best, I could only have drawn one figure in the time. It is true it would have been worth more than the whole eleven, but I should not have learned the eleventh part of what I have, nor been able to prove what I now can, that poor old Vasari is entirely right in his account of that chapel.

The best thing I got in Florence, however, was a quick, early morning sketch of the woman and the man-child[2] in Giotto's Apocalypse.

To Miss SUSAN BEEVER[3]

PASS OF BOCCHETTA, 1*st October* [1874].

. . . All that is lovely and wonderful in the Alps may be seen without the slightest danger, in general, and it is especially good for little girls of eleven who can't climb, to know this—all the best views of hills are at the bottom of them. I know one or two places indeed where there is grand peeping over precipice, one or two where the mountain seclusion and strength are worth climbing to see. But all the *entirely* beautiful things I could show *you*, Susie; only for the very highest sublime of them sometimes asking you to endure half an hour of *chaise à porteurs*, but mostly from a post-chaise or smoothest of turnpike roads. *This* pass, between La Spezzia and Sestri, is very lovely in its way—promontories of olive hills jutting into blue sea. . . .

But, Susie, do you know, I'm greatly horrified at the penwipers of peacocks' feathers! *I* always use my left-hand coat tail, indeed, and if only I were a peacock and a pet of yours, how you'd scold me!

Sun just coming out over sea (at Sestri), which is sighing in towards the window, within your drive, round before the door's breadth of it,* the glittering little waves seen between two masses of acacia copse and two orange trees at the side of the inn courtyard.

* That is, within that distance of the window.—J. R.

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[1] [All studies in the Spanish Chapel. That of "Grammar" was shown at the Ruskin Exhibition at Coniston (No. 54). For "Logic" and "Astronomy" (Oxford, Reference Series, Nos. 122, 121), see Plates XXXVII. and XXXVIII. in Vol. XXIII.; beneath "Astronomy" is the figure which Ruskin called "Zoroaster" (*ibid.*, p. 379 *n.*). For the "Pope and Emperor" (Oxford, Reference Series, No. 123), see Vol. XXIII. Plate XL. The studies of "Eve," "St. Agnes," "Practical Religion," and "a found sheep" would also have been made in the same chapel: see Vol. XXIII. pp. 375, 452, 402, 444–445.]

[2] [Revelation xii. 5. Giotto's Apocalypse is one of the frescoes in the Peruzzi Chapel at S. Croce.]

[3] [No. 18 in *Hortus Inclusus* (see below, p. 624).]

To CHARLES ELIOT NORTON[1]

HÔTEL DU MONT BLANC, ST. MARTIN'S,
12*th October*, 1874, 1 P.M.

MY DEAREST CHARLES,—I received your letter of the 18th September three hours since, as I sate, after a quiet morning's work on Walter Scott,[2] breakfasting in my father's room, with Mont Blanc grey against the dazzling white eastern light of perfect autumn morning.

No plank, no stone, no garden litter, no cottage roof, has been stirred, so far as I can see, in all this village, since our morning walk.[3]

This village, observe. Sallenches is entirely spoiled, in the open part of it; but the dingle and all the hills are absolutely unchanged. The trees don't seem to me to have grown. It is like a miracle or a dream.

I saw Sirius rise over Mont Blanc last night at half-past one, like Agamemnon's beacon,[4] Orion above, blazing like a fixed flash of lightning. All star-lights in Italy as of mere star-dust and faded thrones, in comparison.

And I am *quiet* here,—for the first time these six months,—and after the faces of what is now average humanity in Florence, the face of the worst crétin here is as the face of an angel in its innocence and pitiable, indeed, but not hateful, fatuity. The withered-apple Savoyard of average honest heart and quiet spirit—lovely and divine. The horror of those Italian towns now is unutterable.

I am *re*-writing my glacier lectures,[5] and much more, in days of cloudless sunshine, one after another from dawn, and golden autumn morning over blue mist, to rose-purple sunset. . . .

Yes, I haven't been thinking of Eastern Italy. I don't know the Ravenna part of it; and I call Venice—Venice, and nobody else. She's no more Italy than I am. She won't fit in but in a world scheme. (Don't think I've modified, anyhow, my notion in the different titles given to the schools in my coming lectures,—they are only a partial glance in one direction.[6])

[1] [No. 153 in *Norton;* vol. ii. pp. 102–105. The first paragraph of the postscript had previously appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly*, September 1904, vol. 94, pp. 379, 380.]

[2] [See *Fors*, Letter 47 (Vol. XXVIII. pp. 183 *seq.*).]

[3] [In 1856: see *Præterita*, Vol. XXXV. p. 522.]

[4] [Æschylus, *Agamemnon*, ad init.]

[5] [Delivered in October and November 1874, and partly printed in *Deucalion* (Vol. XXVI.).]

[6] [For the scheme sent to Mr. Norton, see above, p. 135. He now decided to entitle the lectures "The Æsthetic and Mathematic Schools of Art in Florence." See on the subject, Vol. XXIII. p. 249.]

Thanks for all you say of *Fors*. Very solemn things are happening to me. You see how my mind is leading me to a personal effort, made in simple life. I have also been spending and losing money at a great rate in these last years, and must now live—not extravagantly.[1]

I can't think how this horrid leaf got crushed. I can't write on it what I want—must enclose another which will show you I've enough to think on, and decide. Meantime, I'm writing, as I told you, on glaciers, and am ever your loving J. R.

Also you see in *Fors* how all my thoughts are bent on certain spiritual problems,[2] only to be approached in, I don't say monastic, but at all events secluded life. These, I believe, you think only morbid remnants of old days. It may be so. I should not be sad, if I did not feel thus. But they are still, you see, *questions* to me, and now getting imperative.

I'll soon write again. I'm always thinking of sending you things, never doing it—wretch that I am! I've a great plan of sending now.

To CHARLES ELIOT NORTON[3]

ST. MARTIN'S—*Evening.*

MY DEAREST CHARLES,—The enclosed scrawl (tired in stupidity and writing both) may yet show you I was thinking of you. It was kept to carry news also of my last bit of work in Florence, getting the bas-reliefs photographed on Tower of Giotto. I never did anything more useful. I have ordered a complete set to be sent to you.[4] . . .

You will see in an instant how precious they are. The Astronomy seeing through the vault of heaven to the Spirits of it, to my (intolerable, almost) humiliation had escaped me, in the bas-relief itself. The Hercules and Antæus, if you remember with it that of Pollajuolo in the Uffizi,[5]—in which they are two exhausted wrestlers, H. himself at the last gasp *but* one, and A. at the one,—is the most striking type of the glory of Contemplative against Anatomical (always,

[1] [Eighteen months later in *Fors*, Letter 76, Ruskin gave an account of his inheritance and expenditure, with plans for economy (Vol. XXIX. pp. 99 *seq.*).]

[2] [See for example *Fors*, Letter 45 (Vol. XXVIII.).]

[3] [No. 153A in *Norton;* vol. ii. pp. 106–107.]

[4] [See Vol. XXIII. pp. 461 *seq.* The "Astronomy" is on Plate XLV. there; the "Hercules and Antæus" on Plate XLVII. For Ruskin's notes on the subjects in *Mornings in Florence*, see *ibid.*, pp. 419, 425, 427–8.]

[5] [One of two small panels, No. 1153.]

I mean)[1] Drama that I have yet got hold of. Turner would have given the Drama, but otherwise than Pollajuolo. The hiding of half the body by the earth—the soft, unconvulsed death—how beautiful—in Giotto's (or Andrea's)![2]

I've done a furious six months' work. Went south through Cenis tunnel on 4th of April, back through it on 4th of October. Here since the 6th, or at Chamouni, in cloudless calm. I saw my old guide—80, from 69 when last seen. A beautiful old man.

The Glacier des Bois is no more. Of that of our days is left a little white tongue of ice showing in the blank bed. . . . But the saddest of all is Mont Blanc itself from here—it is, to what it was, as a mere whitewashed wall to a bridecake. When the snow is level nearly, it holds on pretty well, but on the steep Bionnassay valley it has all flowed down and consumed away.

I have much to think of in this little room—of things that are as that snow.[3]

To Mrs. John Simon

Chamouni, *14th Oct.*, '74.

My dearest S.,—You will like one other little line from the place. I never saw it more seventh-heaven-like than to-day from that smooth field in the wood near Couttet's house. The alders in groves of amber round it, and the blue mountains pure like purple glass. Poor old Couttet, sitting watching his cows, could not come home with me. I, having cold, could not sit on the grass, or wooden log—for Couttet himself used that precaution—but after a little chat went back to see Judith. Back, for I had come from the Bossons, where I walked over the bottom of the bed of the old "pyramides," and found—*No* cause for them; which will give me material for thought to-night, if the sound of Arve keep me awake.

By the way, have you the quick, slight sketch in colour of the Bouchard and Glacier des Bois, now invaluable as a record?[4]

Judith was asking much about you and Miss O'Meara, and greatly impressed still by some exhibition you took her to, with a painting of a man at the door, who she thought was alive.

[1] [That is, in contrasting the "Contemplative" school with "Dramatic" (see above, p. 135), he means by the latter the school of anatomical drama.]

[2] [Ruskin decided for Giotto: see Vol. XXIII. p. 428.]

[3] [Compare the Preface to *Queen of the Air*, Vol. XIX. p. 293.]

[4] [This sketch was given by Lady Simon to Mr. Herbert Severn, in whose possession it remains.]

But alas! what sorrowful life!—yet they are contented, and I not!

For one discontent, it's too hard that I must go on lecturing and *Fors*-writing instead of painting here quietly. I *could* paint a mossy rock, still, and perhaps something more.

(15*th Oct., evening.*) I've done my Montanvert, quite splendidly.[1] I thought my strength quite gone when I tried it on the Lucca hills; but that air relaxes. I walked up and down to-day just as fast as ever,* and made a drawing, without sitting down, of the dirt bands, for my lectures, from the cabane window.

I daresay I'm pretty good, if I take care of myself, for another ten years; and I see it will be as useful for people in general to paint a châlet as it ought to be painted, as to give the best of lectures in any quantity. I saw some frost-bitten bilberry to-day, too! My goodness! that I should have forgotten it.

All the same, the glacier lectures will be rather good, too. I couldn't help touching up a bit in the old showy style this morning—it took me a while, too. "Tide, that takes a year to rise; Cataract, that takes fifty to fall; River, that is ribbed like a dragon; and Rock, that is diffused like a lake!"[2] Don't you tell anybody now!

Love to John, over and over again. I wish I had you both here

By the way, if you've been here lately, you might wonder at my saying it was unchanged, with that huge monster of an inn by the church. But the actual village was done for, to *me*, when Eisenkrämer—poor wretch—built the second Union with the cockney garden; and a big house or two less or more *here* is nothing to me. I expected to find them up and down all over the valley. There *is one* accursed thing—but small—built, exactly, of all places, in the Brévent Fountain![3] and the Montanvert path is smoothed down sorrowfully: but half of *that* even is as I first knew it, still. Ah, if only half of Florence or Rouen were left, also,—but of them, it is as the gleaning when the vintage is done.

It's a pity to leave that nice half-sheet empty. John and you

* Average pace, I mean—I couldn't put steam on now without doing myself harm.

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[1] [That is, made the walk up the Montanvert. The drawing of "the dirt bands" may be the one reproduced in Plate A of Vol. XXVI. It is there ascribed to the year 1849—the date given to it in the Manchester Exhibition of 1904, but a later date seems more probable.]

[2] [This "bit" was used in the lecture on Glaciers delivered at the London Institution: see Vol. XXVI. p. 163 *n.*]

[3] [For a description of the spot so called by Ruskin, see Vol. IV. p. 363.]

never answered me a word about what I wrote concerning John's anxieties. Is he still worrying himself about the "Government"?

There can't be any government, soon, anywhere; the reds are having it all their own way, and the Ultramontanes, as well as our British snob-shepherds, are simply insane. They think to feed the poor, and stop God's justice, by ringing bells all day and night out of tune. If only Albert Smith were alive again to play "Florentine bells o' Sunday" as I could show him how, though I couldn't play it.[1]

I've promised Joan, faithful, to be home on Wednesday next—time and tide serving. Will come soon to see you.—Ever your affe.

J. Ruskin.

(15*th.*) Your kind long letter just come. Is it only eighteen years! I seem to have known you both all my life.

To Miss Susan Beever[2]

Geneva, 19*th October* [1874].

How I have been neglecting you! Perhaps Joanie may have told you that just at my last gasp of hand-work, I had to write quite an unexpected number of letters. But poor Joanie will think herself neglected now, for I have been stopped among the Alps by a state of their glaciers entirely unexampled, and shall be a week after my "latest possible" day, in getting home. It is eleven years since I was here, and very sad to me to return, yet delightful with a moonlight paleness of the past, precious in its kind.

I shall be at home with Joan in two days now, God willing. I have much to tell you, which will give you pleasure and pain; but I don't know how much it will be—to tell you—for a little while yet, so I don't begin.

To Miss Susan Beever[3]

Oxford, 26*th October* [1874].

Home at last with your lovely, most lovely, letter in my breast pocket.

I am so very grateful to you for not writing on black paper.

Oh, dear Susie, why should we ever wear black for the guests of God?

[1] [Albert Richard Smith (1816–1860), popular entertainer; the "Overland Mail" and "Ascent of Mont Blanc" being among his favourite "sketches."]

[2] [No. 19 in *Hortus Inclusus* (see below, p. 624).]

[3] [No. 20 in *Hortus Inclusus*. Miss Margaret Beever had died on April 21: see above, pp. 79, 96.]

To R. H. COLLINS

CORPUS CHRISTI COLLEGE, OXFORD, 11*th Nov.*, '74.

DEAR MR. COLLINS,—I shall have sincere pleasure in waiting on the Prince on Tuesday the 17th.

I did not think it necessary to ask you, when I saw you, what, nevertheless, I like at least to say that I need not ask—whether the Prince entirely knew how painful it had been to me to bear the imputation of disloyalty thrown out against me in the casual gossip which followed my refusal of the medal of the Institute of Architects.[1]

Had they published my letter, no whisper of the kind would have got abroad. But I had confidence in the Prince's just interpretation of what I did, and did not move further in a matter in which I might have seemed actuated by mere desire for notoriety.—Believe me, dear Mr. Collins, ever faithfully yours, J. RUSKIN.

To THOMAS CARLYLE

CORPUS CHRISTI COLLEGE, OXFORD, *Friday Evening.*

MY DEAREST PAPA,—I have been hindered from getting up to town this evening, and must dine at Balliol to-morrow, so that I fear the cold double journey in this snowtime, and must resign myself to the loss of my happy hour to-morrow with you. I was going to have brought poor Rosie to see you, but she is too ill to bear coming out just now; next Saturday, at all events, *I* shall keep tryst, if I'm well; my lectures will be over, and I shall be free-hearted.

I expect a report soon from Mr. Merritt on John Knox;[2] but he is displeased with me for not going to see *him*, and may be dilatory.

Three of my men have asked leave to come to talk, or learn, about St. George's Company. I've asked them to breakfast on Monday. Love to good little Mary.—Ever your affectionate J. RUSKIN.

To Miss SUSAN BEEVER[3]

BRANTWOOD [? 1874].

I am better, but not right yet. There is no fear of sore throat, I think, but some of prolonged tooth worry. It is more stomachic than coldic, I believe, and those tea cakes are too crisply seductive!

[1] [See Vol. XXXIV. p. 513.]

[2] [The "Somerville portrait" of Knox. Merritt's report is printed at the end of Carlyle's *Essay on the Portraits of John Knox.*]

[3] [No. 121 in *Hortus Inclusus.*]

What *can* it be, that subtle treachery that lurks in tea cakes, and is wholly absent in the rude honesty of toast?

The metaphysical effect of tea cake last night was, that I had a perilous and weary journey in a desert, in which I had to dodge hostile tribes round the corners of pyramids.

A very sad letter from Joanie tells me she was going to Scotland last night, at which I am not only very sorry, but very cross. A chirping cricket on the hearth advises me to keep my heart up.

Foolish hedgehog, not to come for that egg. Don't let Abigail be cast down about her tea cakes. An "honest" egg is just as destructive of my peace of mind.

To Miss Susan Beever[1]

Brantwood.

It is very lovely of you to send me so sweet a note, when I have not been near you since the tenth century. But it is all I can do to get my men and my moor looked after; they have both the instinct of doing what I don't want, the moment my back's turned; and then there has not been light enough to know a hawk from a handsaw,[2] or a crow from a ptarmigan, or a moor from a meadow. But how much better your eyes must be when you can write such lovely notes!

I don't understand how the strange cat came to love you so quickly, after one dinner and a rest by the fire! I should have thought an ill-treated and outcast animal would have regarded everything as a trap, for a month at least,—dined in tremors, warmed itself with its back to the fire, watching the door, and jumped up the chimney if you stept on the rug.

The pheasant had come from Lachin-y-gair, with two others, which I've been eating hot, cold, broiled, and devilled, and with your oysters for lunch. Mattie, Diddie, and Joanie have fine times of it together, they say, and that I ought to be there instead of here. Do you think so?

To Henry Acland, M.D.

Brantwood [1874].

My dear Henry,—Your letter is of singular value and comfort to me just now, for I have not thought you were so far and tenderly feeling with me—and indeed, I can so little say what I am feeling, myself, that I do not wonder if friends are much withdrawn just now, as most of them are. I know you felt for me in the personal sorrow,[3]

[1] [No. 105 in *Hortus Inclusus* (see below, p. 628).]
[2] [See *Hamlet*, Act ii. sc. 2.]
[3] [The illness of Miss Rose La Touche.]

but did not think you were with me in the more public anxiety. All that you say of evil is true; but good men are too apt to be content with fighting, not considering if the fight is in the manner and place that Heaven intends to be successful, and one never thinks, in reading of St. George, how many knights the dragon ate first, who had not measured or prepared or rightly directed their strength. And nearly all benevolent effort is at present being swallowed whole, and serves only to whet the dragon's appetite—our best workers are to him like the oysters at the Prince's dinner, which one begins with (and I'm always afraid of taking pepper lest I should sneeze).

But there is one thing of which I am convinced, by what has come on me lately—that for most men, our saddest thoughts are our wisest, and that although our life can only go on by turning away from thoughts when we can do no good, yet it is only when we can bear the oppression of sadness that we see clearly. Our hopes continually deceive us—our cautions rarely; our ambition is foolish—our humility, when painfullest, the most profitable. And I see that strong men do not learn by happiness, or success, what I have learnt by pain and failure. But that is no reason for allowing those to be miserable who cannot learn, and can only perish.

Your paper at the Church Congress seems of extreme value—(not so the Episcopal remarks on Lancashire, p. 20!!).[1] It happens that I just wanted to ask you a practical matter. I don't want to let anything go into the lake from this house. The drains I can deal with, but am puzzled by the dish-washings and other slops which I don't want to dilute the other. What arrangement do you order, when there is no drainage to cottages?

I have not entered in this letter on the principal matter I wanted to speak of: the need of some resolve to penetrate as far as Heaven allows into the relations of the Spiritual powers of Evil to the Guardian angels.

I'll write more to-morrow.—Ever your loving J. R.

To Miss SUSAN BEEVER[2]

BRANTWOOD [?1874].

That is so intensely true what you say about Turner's work being like nature's in its slowness and tenderness. I always think of him as a great natural force in a human frame.

[1] [*The Influence of Social and Sanitary Conditions on Religion: a paper read by desire at the Church Congress at Brighton, Oct. 9, 1874* (Oxford: 1874). On p. 20 is a speech by the Bishop of Chichester, in which, *inter alia*, he suggested that machinery in Lancashire had an invigorating effect on the people.]

[2] [No. 107 in *Hortus Inclusus* (see below, p. 629).]

So nice all you say of the *Ethics!* And I—a monster of ingratitude, as bad as the Dragon of Wantley—don't like Dr. Brown's friend's book at all. It's neither Scotch nor English, nor fish nor flesh, and it's tiresome.

I'm in the worst humour I've been in this month, which is saying much; and have been writing the wickedest *Fors* I ever wrote,[1] which is saying more; you will be *so* angry.

To Charles Eliot Norton[2]

Brantwood, Coniston, Lancashire,
Last day of 1874, *sun just down.*

My dearest Charles,—I cannot employ the last busy hour of 1874 better than in sending you my love. I have been looking out a few fragments of memoranda which may be interesting to you, enabling you to show people who care, how the work was done for *The Stones of Venice;*[3] there's a little bit of brown cave bone which I drew for the heads of extinct animals on it,[4] one day beside Richard Owen; a blot from Tintoret's Annunciation (I wish I had done more of these), and finally a little pen sketch of Edward Frère, on a letter to Gambart.

I am gradually putting my things into some order, I hope, and going over what can be turned to any good. I've been reading your notes on third volume of *Modern Painters* this afternoon, of which I chiefly concur in the frequent one, "All this needs modification." Which I fear me it can never get. Perhaps a single volume of Aphorisms may be possible to me, when I've done Oxford work, telling all I know.

You rebel abominably against my great chapter about Lawlessness.[5] You know it is all summable in a sentence: "There can be no rule for doing what cannot be done twice."

Well, here's more love to you. Bitter, but bright, frost here, makes me fancy it must be like *there.*—Ever your loving

John Ruskin.

[1] [Letter 45 (January 1875), Vol. XXVIII.]

[2] [No. 154 in *Norton;* vol. ii. pp. 108–109.]

[3] [There are still at Brantwood many sheets of these memoranda, some of which Ruskin mounted on cards and gave away from time to time to different friends. Mr. Wedderburn has several of them. Plate C in Vol. IX. is an example.]

[4] [This drawing was exhibited by Mr. Norton at Boston in 1879 (No. 91): see Vol. XIII. p. 587. The "blot from Tintoret" was No. 72 in the same exhibition: *ibid.,* p. 586.]

[5] [Part iv. chap. vii. ("Of the True Ideal"): see in this edition, Vol. V. pp. 119 *seq.*]

1875

[In this year Ruskin made two posting tours in Yorkshire and Derbyshire (see Vol. XXIV. p. xxvii.). In May Miss Rose La Touche died, to his great distress. The story of this year in his life is told in Vol. XXIV. pp. xix.–xxxiv.]

To F. S. ELLIS[1]

BRANTWOOD, *January 3rd*, 1875.

MY DEAR ELLIS,—I am greatly delighted with your letter, because, as far as I can guess, it lets me hope you really can come down *just now;* and I am in a state of disquiet with myself from having nobody else to speak to, which will make it a special charity to me if you will,—the rather that there are very few people whom I would ask; many of my best friends having angles, which get into my ribs and hurt me, when we are living together. But I particularly want you to come, because I think you will enjoy a wintry day or two (as many as you can spare, please) in the extreme quiet of this place, and you always help and never hurt me.

If this thaw holds, travelling will be as safe as usual to-morrow; and if you can tell me what day you can come, I will send a carriage for you to the Windermere Station, which you can easily reach now by daylight. I will write, however, to-morrow what trains are best. I can't ascertain to-day, for they change (probably) at the New Year, and I haven't got the new time-bill.—Ever very gratefully yours,

J. RUSKIN.

To Mrs. COWPER-TEMPLE

BRANTWOOD, 16*th January*, '75.

MY DEAREST ISOLA,—I am so very glad of your note; but more than usually ashamed of the quantity of trouble I have given both you and William—all turning to no good—and I'll try not to be troublesome by recollections of door steps or garden walks, or the like, in future; and I would come down just now at once, but for mere and absolute need for me to be in my own house all the time I can be, especially as the servants are out of temper with the place and the walls weary of rain. It is curious that I have been reading

[1] [No. 7 in *Ellis*, pp. 10, 11.]

the 24th Ezekiel this morning. Did you ever hear anybody pitying him? Yet, I fancy, he was much more really to be pitied than Job unless—do you recollect Coleridge's epigram on Job ending "Short-sighted Satan *not* to take his spouse"?[1] The worst of me is that the Desire of my *Eyes*[2] is so much to me! Ever so much more than the desire of my mind. (You see, that is what William doesn't allow for, and I think it's such a horrid shame of him, seeing what he has got himself. But I suppose you are so good, he has no idea you are anything else!) So that the dim chance of those fine things in the next world does me no good, and though I've known some really nice girls, in my time, in this world, who wouldn't perhaps have been so hard on me as some people, none of them had a thin waist and a straight nose quite to my fancy. But you know, if I am to do any great thing in St. George's way, I needn't expect to do it without trouble, or ever to be rewarded for it with red lips. But the worst of all to me is that I have not pride or hope in myself. Meantime St. George's work is now coming fast into literal form, and among other matters, the girl I once spoke to you of is making her will, and her lawyer wants some proper form for St. George's Company to be expressed in, as well as the names of the Trustees. This, I fancy, must be drawn up now with some care to answer this on all other occasions. Shall William's lawyer do it, or mine?[3]—Ever your loving

E Minor.

To Miss Susan Beever[4]

Kirkby Lonsdale, *Thursday Evening* [*January* 21, 1875].

You won't get this note to-morrow, I'm afraid, but after that I think they will be regular till I reach Oxford. It is very nice to know that there is some one who does care for a letter, as if she were one's sister. You would be glad to see the clouds break for me;

[1] ["Job's Luck," printed in Owen's *Epigrams* (1799):—

> "But Heaven that brings out good for evil,
> And loves to disappoint the Devil,
> Had predetermined to restore
> Twofold all Job had before,
> His children, camels, horses, cows—
> Short-sighted Devil not to take his spouse."]

[2] [Ezekiel xxiv. 16: "Behold, I take away from thee the desire of thine eyes with a stroke; yet neither shalt thou mourn nor weep, neither shall thy tears run down."]

[3] [Mr. Cowper-Temple was one of the original trustees of St. George's Guild: see Vol. XXX. p. xxv.]

[4] [No. 151 (and 153) in *Hortus Inclusus* (see below, p. 632).]

and I had indeed a very lovely morning drive and still lovelier evening, and full moonrise here over the Lune.

I suppose it is Kirk-by-Lune's Dale? for the church, I find, is a very important Norman relic. By the way, I should tell you, that the *coloured* plates in *The Stones of Venice* do great injustice to my drawings; the patches are worn on the stones. My *drawings* were not *good*, but the plates are total failures. The only one even of the engravings which is rightly done is the (*last*, I think, in Appendix) inlaid dove and raven.[1] I'll show you the drawing for that when I come back, and perhaps for the San Michele, if I recollect to fetch it from Oxford, and I'll fetch you the second volume, which has really good plates. That blue beginning, I forgot to say, is of the Straits of Messina, and it is really *very* like the colour of the sea.

That is intensely curious about the parasitical plant of Borneo. But —very dreadful! Do you know, Susie, everything that has happened to me (and the leaf I sent you this morning may show you it has had some hurting in it) is *little* in comparison to the crushing and depressing effect on me, of what I learn day by day as I work on, of the cruelty and ghastliness of the *Nature* I used to think so divine? But I get out of it by remembering, This is but a crumb of dust we call a "world," and a moment of eternity which we call "time." Can't answer the great question rightly to-night.

To F. S. ELLIS[2]

KIRKBY LONSDALE, *Thursday, January 21st*, 1875.

MY DEAR ELLIS,—You never did me a greater kindness than in sending me these books to look at. I suppose they are far beyond my power in price,—and for that matter the songs[3] I should not care to have, and even the Hogarth[4] would be a horror in the house. But yet I couldn't part with them before I had to come away, they were full of such intense interest to me.

I never had seriously studied Hogarth before,—and he and Fielding pull so splendidly together, stroke and bow.

The songs entirely justify what you said; but you see they have one quality—to me a very redeeming one—perfect naturalness and

[1] ["Wall-Veil Decoration," Plate XX. (last but one) in vol. i. (in this edition, Vol. IX. p. 425). The "San Michele" is Plate XXI. (*ibid.*, p. 432); the drawing for it is No. 83 in the Educational Series at Oxford (Vol. XXI. p. 123).]

[2] [No. 13 in *Ellis*, pp. 19–21 (where the letter is wrongly dated "Jan. 25th").]

[3] [A collection of seventeenth-century broadside ballads.]

[4] [A collection of Hogarth's prints in various states.]

openness, while in modern literature every fine passage of sentiment is liable to have a lurking taint in it. At least, these ballads would do *me* not the least harm, while Tennyson's *Vivien* would do me much. However, I feel rather knocked down, on the whole, by them.

May I keep them till I go back? If you want them they can be sent up at any time (for I left them packed ready for sending) if you wanted them.

The Children's books[1] are—what you said. But I've kept all but one, with best thanks for your trouble.

The *worst* I consider Christina Rossetti's. I've kept that for the mere wonder of it: how could she or Arthur Hughes sink so low after their pretty nursery rhymes?[2]

Oh dear, *how* I wish you had been at breakfast this morning at Brantwood!

Did the Ferns behave well at all?

Please don't forget, or change your mind, about coming in spring with Mrs. Ellis. You *must* see the view from my windows yet.[3]—Always faithfully and gratefully yours, J. Ruskin.

I'm posting up to Oxford. A line would find me at Post Office, Wakefield.

To Miss Susan Beever[4]

Bolton Bridge, *Saturday* [*January* 23, 1875].

I never was more thankful than for your sweet note, being stopped here by bad weather again; the worst of posting is that one has to think of one's servant outside, and so lose a day.

It was bitter wind and snow this morning, too bad to send any human creature to sit idle in. Black enough still, and I more than usual, because it is just that point of distinction from brutes which I truly say is our only one,* of which I have now so little hold.

* I've forgotten what it was,[5] and don't feel now as if I had "got hold" of *any* one.—J. R.

[1] [A number of children's books, which Ruskin had requested Mr. Ellis to procure for him.]

[2] [The earlier book is *Sing-Song: a Nursery Rhyme Book, with Illustrations by A. Hughes* (1872); the later, *Speaking Likenesses, with Pictures thereof by A. Hughes* (1874).]

[3] [During the whole of Mr. Ellis's previous visit, in January 1874, a fog hung persistently over the lake.]

[4] [No. 24 in *Hortus Inclusus.*]

[5] [See Vol. XVII. p. 63 *n.*]

The bee *Fors*[1] will be got quickly into proof, but I must add a good deal to it. I can't get into good humour for natural history in this weather.

I've got a good book on wasps which says they are our chief protectors against flies.[2] In Cumberland the wet cold spring is so bad for the wasps that I partly think this may be so, and the terrible plague of flies in August might perhaps be checked by our teaching our little Agneses to keep wasps' nests instead of bees.

Yes, that is a pretty bit of mine about Hamlet, and I think I must surely be a little pathetic sometimes, in a doggish way.[3] "You're so dreadfully faithful!" said Arthur Severn to me, fretting over the way I was being ill-treated the other day by R.

Oh dear, I wish I were at Brantwood again, now, and could send you my wasp book! *It* is pathetic, and yet so dreadful,—the wasp bringing in the caterpillar for its young wasp, stinging each enough to paralyse but not to kill, and so laying them up in the cupboard.

I wonder how the clergymen's wives will feel after the next *Fors* or two! I've done a bit to-day which I think will go in with a shiver.[4] Do you recollect the curious *thrill* there is—the cold *tingle* of the pang of a nice deep wasp sting?

Well, I'm not in a fit temper to write to Susie to-day, clearly.

To Miss SUSAN BEEVER[5]

BOLTON ABBEY, *January* 24, 1875.

I stopped here to see the Strid again—not seen these many years. It is curious that life is embittered to *me*, now, by its former pleasantness; while *you* have of these same places painful recollections, but you could enjoy them *now* with your whole heart.

Instead of the drive with the poor over-laboured one horse through the long wet day, here, when I was a youth, my father and mother brought me,* and let me sketch in the Abbey and ramble in the woods as I chose, only demanding promise that I should not go near

* In 1837. [Note in *Hortus.*]

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[1] [Letter 51; Vol. XXVIII.]

[2] [Dr. Latham Ormerod's *History of Wasps:* see Vol. XXVIII. pp. 277, 280. Ruskin here refers to p. 21 of the book. For "our little Agneses," see *Fors,* Letter 50 (Vol. XXVIII. p. 254).]

[3] [The reference is to *Stones of Venice,* vol. i. (Vol. IX. p. 68): "Hamlet leaps into the grave of his beloved, and leaves it,—a dog would have stayed."]

[4] [See Letter 50 (February 1875), Vol. XXVIII.]

[5] [No. 25 in *Hortus Inclusus.*]

the Strid. Pleasant drives, with, on the whole, well paid and pleased drivers, never with over-burdened cattle; cheerful dinner or tea waiting for me always, on my return from solitary rambles. Everything right and good for me, except only that they never put me through any trials to harden me, or give me decision of character, or make me feel how much they did for me.

But that error was a fearful one, and cost them and me, Heaven only knows how much. And now, I walk to Strid, and Abbey, and everywhere, with the ghosts of the past days haunting me, and other darker spirits of sorrow and remorse and wonder. Black spirits among the grey, all like a mist between me and the green woods. And I feel like a caterpillar,—stung *just enough*. Foul weather and mist enough, of quite a real kind besides. An hour's sunshine to-day, broken up speedily, and now veiled utterly.

To Miss Susan Beever[1]

Bolton Abbey, 24*th January*, 1875.

The black rain, much as I growled at it, has let me see Wharfe in flood; and I would have borne many days of prison to see that.

No one need go to the Alps to see wild water. Seldom, unless in the Rhine or Rhone themselves at their rapids, have I seen anything much grander. An Alpine stream, besides, nearly always has its bed full of loose stones, and becomes a series of humps and dumps of water wherever it is shallow; while the Wharfe swept round its curves of shore like a black Damascus sabre,[2] coiled into eddies of steel. At the Strid, it had risen eight feet, vertical, since yesterday, sheeting the flat rocks with foam from side to side, while the treacherous mid-channel was filled with a succession of boiling domes of water, charged through and through with churning white, and rolling out into the broader stream, each like a vast sea wave bursting on a beach. There is something in the soft and comparatively unbroken slopes of these Yorkshire shales which must give the water a peculiar *sweeping* power, for I have seen Tay and Tummel and Ness, and many a big stream besides, savage enough, but I don't remember anything so grim as this.

I came home to quiet tea and a black kitten called Sweep, who lapped half my cream jug-full (and I had plenty) sitting on my shoulder,—and Life of Sir Walter Scott. I was reading his great Scottish history tour, when he was twenty-three, and got his materials

[1] [No. 21 in *Hortus Inclusus* (see below, p. 624).]
[2] [Compare Vol. VI. p. 316.]

for everything nearly, but especially for *Waverley*, though not used till long afterwards.[1]

Do you recollect Gibbie Gellatly? I was thinking over that question of yours, "What did I think?"* But, my dear Susie, you might as well ask Gibbie Gellatly what *he* thought. What does it matter what any of us think? We are but simpletons, the best of us, and I am a very inconsistent and wayward simpleton. I know how to roast eggs,[2] in the ashes, perhaps—but for the next world! Why don't you ask your squirrel what *he* thinks too? The great point—the one for all of us—is, not to take false words in our mouths, and to crack our nuts innocently through winter and rough weather.[3]

I shall post this to-morrow as I pass through Skipton or any post-worthy place on my way to Wakefield. Write to Warwick. Oh me, what places England had, when she was herself! Now, rail-stations mostly. But I never can make out how Warwick Castle got built by that dull bit of river.

To Miss SUSAN BEEVER[4]

WAKEFIELD, *25th January*, 1875.

Here's our book in form at last, and it seems to me just a nice size, and on the whole very taking. I've put a touch or two more to the Preface, and I'm sadly afraid there's a naughty note somewhere.[5] I hope you won't find it, and that you will like the order the things are put in.

Such vile roads as we came over to-day, I never thought to see in England.

To Miss SUSAN BEEVER[6]

CASTLETON, *26th January*, 1875.

Here I have your long dear letter. I am very thankful I can be so much to you. Of all the people I have yet known, you are the only one I can find complete sympathy in; you are so nice and young

* Of the things that shall be, hereafter.—J. R.

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[1] [On this subject, see Vol. XXIX. p 541.]
[2] [For the reference here to Gellatly, see Vol. XXXV. p. 188.]
[3] [*As You Like It*, Act ii. sc. 5 (song).]
[4] [No. 22 in *Hortus Inclusus* (see below, p. 624). The book (*Frondes Agrestes*) still underwent, however, some further alteration.]
[5] [Such notes, he means, as the one appended to § 20 in *Frondes:* see now Vol. VI. p. 12 *n.*]
[6] [No. 23 in *Hortus Inclusus* (see below, p. 624).]

without the hardness of youth, and may be the best of sisters to me. I am not so sure about letting you be an elder one; I am not going to be lectured when I'm naughty.

I've been so busy at *wasps* all day coming along, having got a nice book about them—at least *my* "Frondes Agrestes" of it will be nice.[1] It tells me, too, of a delightful German doctor who kept tame hornets,—a whole nest in his study! They knew him perfectly, and would let him do anything with them, even pull bits off their nest to look in at it.

Wasps, too, my author says, are really much more amiable than bees, and never get angry without cause. All the same, they have a tiresome way of inspecting one, too closely, sometimes, I think.

I'm immensely struck with the Peak Cavern, but it was in twilight.

I'm going to stay here all to-morrow, the place is so entirely unspoiled. I've not seen such a primitive village, rock, or stream, this twenty years; Langdale is as sophisticated as Pall Mall in comparison.

To Charles Eliot Norton[2]

Ashbourne, Derbyshire, 27*th January*, 1875.

My dearest Charles,—I think I sent some sort of an answer to yours of November 9th. Perhaps not; for, as you feared, I had rather a bad time just then, . . . and was again somewhat seriously injured in health, going down to Brantwood in a state of torpor and feebleness from which I am but now slowly recovering.

I write to-day to tell you what may be of some value to you. The "Cokayne" tombs in the church here[3] are of elaborate fifteenth-century and Elizabethan work, and consist of recumbent figures on raised sarcophagi surrounded by niches, correspondent in design to the first Italian and French tombs, but so barbarous, ludicrous, and helpless in all the actual sculpture, so stupid in their savageness, that I feel compelled at once by them to read in a different light great part of our English history and literature. That any noble family, even in the remotest country place, should be such baboons as to put up these tombs in Donatello's time, is quite appalling to me. Also, measuring my strength and circumstances, and possible time, it seems to me now expedient to trouble myself no more with history, mythology, or literature, but to concentrate myself on what I have peculiar

[1] [Again, Dr. Latham Ormerod's *History of Wasps*. Ruskin's references here are to pp. 56, 32. The "German doctor" is Pastor Müller, whose *Beiträge zur Naturgeschichte der grossen Hornissen* (1817) is quoted.]

[2] [No. 155 in *Norton;* vol. ii. pp. 109–112.]

[3] [Compare *Fors Clavigera,* Letter 52, § 13 (Vol. XXVIII. p. 303).]

gift for—natural history, including sky (not that we've much left of that in England), in connection with Turner's work only, and so end as I began. I much and bitterly regret that I cannot go on doing fresco copies of the greater Italians; but this would involve, I think, as I get older, too much effort, sorrow, and disappointment, to be consistent with my health.

I have not yet acknowledged the receipt of your catalogue and admirable illustrations of the *Liber*:[1] nothing could possibly be better. But I do not believe you will ever have the satisfaction of seeing any result of your labours in America. There is not a tree of Turner's which is not rooted in ruins; there is no sunset of his which does not set on the accomplished fate of the elder nations.

I have been thinking much of my portrait.[2] In the autobiography which will develop, I hope, in *Fors*, into something more interesting than I had expected (for as I think over it much becomes interesting to myself which I once despised), I am perhaps going to try to give a portrait or two, and may end with myself. But at present I'm busy on saxifrage and stone-crop.

My best love to you all—particularly to S. And I am your loving J. R.

All you said about my being among wrong sort of people has come home to me in a deadly way lately. I have been an infinite ass to let myself drift as I have.

To Miss SUSAN BEEVER[3]

CORPUS CHRISTI COLLEGE, OXFORD [1875].

DEAR SUSIE,—I am so thankful for that word of Dr. John Brown, and to hear that people are asking for our book.

I am still planning a little. I feel as I read the old bits, as I fancy a wise old goose would feel, who had come to think the meat on her was of more general use for roasting, etc., than the quills: but, who suddenly saw the loveliest little gilded shuttlecock, made of her feathers dropt when a gosling.

I can't see to write,—much less you, without injury to eyes, to

[1] [*Catalogue of the Plates of Turner's Liber Studiorum. With an Introduction and Notes. With heliotype facsimiles of three etchings.* Cambridge (Mass.), 1874.]

[2] [See above, pp. 82, 91. The portraits given by Ruskin in *Præterita* (into which the autobiographical pieces in *Fors* were ultimately developed) were, however, confined to those of his Aunts.]

[3] [No. 36 in *Art and Literature*. "Our book" is *Frondes Agrestes*.]

read such writing; so I won't say more to-day. Book will be *very* soon done.

How glad I am to see you enjoy the stones, and how wonderful it is you do so much.—Ever your loving J. R.

To Miss Susan Beever [1]

Herne Hill, London, 11*th February*, 1875.

I have your sweet letter with news of Dr. John and his brother. I have been working on the book to-day very hard, after much interruption; it is two-thirds done now. So glad people are on tiptoe.

Paddocks are frogs, not toads, in that grace.[2] And why should not people smile? Do you think that God does not like smiling graces? He only dislikes frowns. But you know, when once habitual, the child would be told on a cold day to say "Cold as paddocks"; and everybody would know what was coming. Finally the deep under-meaning—that as the cold hand is lifted, so also the cold heart, and yet accepted—makes it one of the prettiest little hymns I know.

To Charles Eliot Norton [3]

Herne Hill, 13*th February*, 1875.

My dearest Charles,—If I don't answer your letters on the instant, months go by somehow, so I send scrawl at once. How you can find so much art in those old sketches of mine I can't think; but as it is so, I'll look you out more at once. I am, in fact, putting things, as much as I can now, where I think they should be if I went where last year's roses are,—not that I'm at all beaten yet, but I'm fifty-six; and strongly emotional lives with much disgust at the end of them are not good at insurance offices.[4] . . . The deadliest of all things to me is my loss of faith in nature. No spring—no summer. Fog always, and the snow faded from the Alps. But even through all this I can fight yet, if I can only carry on with rhubarb pills instead of a stomach. Grief kills me, not by its own strength, but by indigestion.

I think you will be pleased, however, with my Italian work, which

[1] [No. 26 in *Hortus Inclusus* (see below, p. 624).]
[2] [Herrick's. See *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 50 (Vol. XXVIII. p. 265).]
[3] [No. 156 in *Norton;* vol. ii. pp. 112–114.]
[4] [Compare Vol. XXXVI. p. 593.]

will soon now come to you.[1] My botany also pleases me, and I expect *Fors* will have much that interests you this year.

All that was so terrifically true you wrote about my friends being not fit for me—but it's difficult to make new ones. . . . But really, the one thing that I physically want is one of those Graces out of Botticelli's picture of the Spring. I can't make out how that confounded fellow was able to see such pretty things, or how he lived among them.

I hope Allen has sent you the fifth *Ariadne*, and will soon have sixth out—but press correction hurts me more than any other work.

Bother your Parthenon! I'm really sick of that one thing the Greeks did in architecture. I was in Westminster the other day—thought it finer than ever. But how can I help you in your work? It seems to me as if you gave all sympathy to me, and I none to you. I never feel so selfish in any other relation as I do in all mine with you; but am ever your loving J. RUSKIN.

To WILLIAM BARNES TARRANT[2]

HERNE HILL, 14*th Feb.*, '75.

DEAR MR. TARRANT,—The St. George's Company, on the position of which you are kindly disposed to take Counsel's opinion, has been established by myself, as a co-operative body for the education of agricultural labourers.

The members of it act with me, as they think best, under my sole direction in certain particulars (as for instance that no steam machinery is to be employed, etc., etc.), but the capital of the Company is placed entirely at my disposal, though vested for security, in case of my decease, in the hands of two Trustees, Sir Thos. Acland and the Rt. Hon. W. Cowper-Temple. I simply give account to the Company of the way I spend or may spend their money, but they have no legal claim on me for interest, or principal. My proposed action is to buy or receive gifts of land, wherever offered, in small or large parcels, and to cultivate that land to the utmost perfection by human and animal labour, establishing schools on each estate for instruction in such branches of knowledge as may be found desirable. The agent

[1] [Probably Parts v. and vi. of *Ariadne Florentina*, issued in February and July 1875.]

[2] [Of the firm of Tarrant & Mackrell, solicitors: see Vol. XXVIII. pp. 579, 628, and compare Vol. XXX. pp. xxiv.–v.]

on each estate will receive salary as when acting for an ordinary landlord, and the rents of the tenants will be kept on their present footing, but otherwise used—namely, for the general benefit of the estates—no profit (beyond the fixed salary of employed overseers or schoolmasters) accruing to the Company.

The regulation of the entire design will be always in the hands of one person, the appointed "Master" of the St. George's Company for the time. I am at present necessarily myself the Master; but shall abdicate thankfully the moment I can find a fitter person.

The Master receives no salary or profit whatsoever, on any of the Company's operations, but will ultimately of course have large patronage.

The small piece of land now offered us is the first of which we take possession, but once at work I do not doubt rapid increase.—Believe me, dear Mr. Tarrant, ever faithfully yours, J. Ruskin.

To Charles Eliot Norton[1]

Brantwood, Coniston, Lancashire, *25th March*, 1875.

My dearest Charles,—I was so glad to see your hand, having got anxious about you; and, with all that is distasteful in it, your letter is gladdening to me, in one way, more than usual,—in its showing the longing to be back in our old country. That you and I, with our insights and will to help people, should both be obliged to economise (I have not bought a Turner for years, and miss the most lovely things in MSS. continually), while any rogue with a glib tongue and cool head gets his £100,000 a year, is not one of the least causes of my writing of political economy instead of art,—useless, at present, the last, in our country, as in yours.

But nothing would beat me except the plague of darkness and blighting winds,—perpetual—awful,—crushing me with the sense of Nature and Heaven failing as well as man.

I have also been singularly weak and ill all this spring, and am obliged to take warning of many things, and give up some of the most pet possessions of hope. But many things are over, for me, altogether. My additional years begin to tell now in the fatal sense of there being no time to try anything again.

I want to answer on the day I get your letter, and am too stupid to write more.—Ever your loving J. R.

[1] [No. 157 in *Norton;* vol. ii. pp. 114-116. Some sentences from the letter had previously appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly,* September 1904, vol. 94, p. 380.]

To Walter Severn[1]

Brantwood, *March 26th*, 1875.

My dear Walter,—I had better not put off, though I am hurried to-day, telling you how glad I am to hear of any likelihood of your putting your power of sketching to real service. I have never myself seen anything so wonderful in its way, as your power of obtaining true and complete effects in limited time. And if I were travelling myself in a country of which I wished to convey knowledge to others, I would rather have you for my aide-de-camp than any other artist I know, without exception. I never saw so steady truth united with so dashing rapidity, and I am even in some doubt of the expediency of the advice I ventured to give you as to methods of more detailed study. As a traveller your method is the best possible. If, indeed, you were to stay at home, and wished bringing out all your higher gifts, you would need other kinds of practice, but they would diminish your rapidity and courage, and scarcely add, for *public* service, to your skill.—Ever affectionately yours, J. Ruskin.

To Miss Susan Beever[2]

Brantwood [1875?].

I never thought the large packet was from you; it was thrown aside with the rest, till evening, and only opened *then* by chance. I was greatly grieved to find what I had thus left unacknowledged. The drawings are entirely beautiful and wonderful, but, like all the good work done in those bygone days (Donovan's own book[3] being of inestimable excellence in this kind), they affect me with profound melancholy in the thought of the loss to the entire body of the nation of all this perfect artistic capacity, and sweet will, for want of acknowledgment, system, and direction. I must write a careful passage on this matter in my new *Elements of Drawing*.[4] Your drawings have been sent me not by you, but by my mistress Fors, for a text. It is no wonder, when you can draw like this, that you care so much for all lovely Nature. But I shall be ashamed to show you my peacock's feather; I've sent it, however.

[1] [*Life and Letters of Joseph Severn*, pp. 219–220.]
[2] [No. 135 in *Hortus Inclusus* (see below, p. 631).]
[3] [See Vol. XXX. p. 244.]
[4] [Not fully done, but see the Preface to *Laws of Fésole* (Vol. XV.).]

What a naughty child you were to pick out all that was useless, and leave all that's practical and useful, for *Frondes!* You ought to have pounced on all the best bits about drawing from nature!

To Miss Susan Beever[1]

Brantwood.

I cannot tell you how very apposite to my work these two feathers are. I am just going to dwell on the exquisite result of the division into successive leaves [sketch], which I had never noticed till you sent me some feathers (and which comes in, you will see how, in my new book on geology)—which is the means by which Nature obtains the *glittering* look to set off her colour;[2] and you just send me two feathers which have it more in perfection than any I ever saw, and I think are more vivid in colour.

How those boys must tease you! but you will be rewarded in the world that good Susies go to.

You must *show* me the drawing of the grebe. The moss is getting on.

To Miss Susan Beever[3]

Corpus Christi College, Oxford, *26th April* [1875].

I've been made so miserable by a paper of Sir J. Lubbock's on flowers and insects[4] that I must come and whine to you. He says, and really as if he knew it, that insects, chiefly bees, entirely originate flowers; that all scent, colour, pretty form, is owing to bees; that flowers which insects don't take care of have no scent, colour, nor honey.

It seems to me that it is likelier that the flowers which have no scent, colour, nor honey, don't get any attention from the bees.

But the man really knows so much about it, and has tried so many pretty experiments, that he makes me miserable.

So I'm afraid you're miserable too. Write to tell me about it all.

[1] [No. 26 in *Hortus Inclusus* (see below, p. 624).]

[2] [The point was made, however, not in *Deucalion*, but in *Laws of Fésole:* see Vol. XV. p. 405.]

[3] [No. 105 in *Hortus Inclusus* (see below, p. 628).]

[4] ["Common Wild Flowers considered in relation to Insects." Address by Sir John Lubbock, F.R.S., at the Belfast meeting of the British Association, August 1874. Printed in *Nature*, vol. 10, pp. 402–406, 422–426. Compare *Proserpina*, Vol. XXV. p. 414.]

To W. R. S. RALSTON [1]

CORPUS CHRISTI COLLEGE, OXFORD, *April 29th*, 1875.

MY DEAR RALSTON,—I am sincerely grieved at the contents of your letter, and yet, partly triumphant, in hearing of an English gentleman who resigns himself to live on so narrow an income, farther diminished by duty to relations. I wish you would teach me to do the same. It seems to me more distinctly every day that it may become my own duty to live at least on as little as I can, if I would enforce simplicity of life on others.

Please tell me how you get on, when you have fairly tried. I enclose cheque, and *have* written to my bankers as you wish.—Always respectfully and faithfully yours, J. RUSKIN.

To DEAN LIDDELL

CORPUS CHRISTI COLLEGE, OXFORD, 10*th May*, 1875.

DEAR MR. DEAN,—It is my father's birthday; and it is just forty years since he brought me to Oxford to be matriculated. Looking back, it seems to me as if I had been rebelling in the Wilderness forty years, and were now only received again by the University as her prodigal son.

At all events, I trust gradually to become more and more worthy of the sonship, and therefore I venture to ask you, who first showed me the difference between classic and common art, to be one of the Trustees of the series of drawings permanently placed in my schools of practice; Prince Leopold has accepted in the kindest way, on condition of your coadjutorship, with that of Dr. Acland and Mr. Coxe.[2] I write also to Mr. Coxe this evening, being sure of Henry; as, I cannot but hope, I am of this good help from the Head of my old College, who knows me, I think, for his faithful servant,

J. RUSKIN.

To Mrs. ARTHUR SEVERN

CORPUS CHRISTI COLLEGE, 31*st May*, '75.

Just as I was settling to my work this morning, after a gloomy fight with things and myself, came in the enclosed note. I went an hour before (at ten, at least), dusted the school, chose out drawings by

[1] [No. 33 in *Furnivall*, pp. 84–85. Ralston, the Russian scholar (1828–1889), had in 1875 resigned his appointment in the British Museum, in the idea that the state of his health rendered him no longer equal to the discharge of its duties.]

[2] [H. O. Coxe (1811–1881), librarian of the Bodleian: see Vol. XX. p. xxx., Vol. XXI. p. xxiii.]

Macdonald, Burgess, and of my own, my study of Wild Rose, and the Alfred's lily.[1]

I had just got all in order when in came the Doctor with the lawyer, and deed of gift of all to the University—Prince Leopold, Trustee. Now it happened by absolute Fors, that I had appointed Eleven, at my rooms, to sign this.

Acland, with much real feeling, said that his first introduction to Prince Albert had been through the Museum work undertaken with me; and, that it was no mere "chance" that made the Princess fetch us all to the galleries—for, as matters stood, the properest witness to the deed would be the Prince Louis.[2]

Before he could well explain so much to me, the Princess came—and directly into my school.[3] Where, having these things out for her, she got thoroughly interested directly, and quite eagerly asked me to "lend" her some drawings for her children. So of course I asked if I might make them for her and give them to her, and of course she was good enough to be pleased; and then I asked her to tell me what she would have, and she said "a water-lily,"[4] and some tree stems. And I think I shall do one for her that she'll like. For she verily knows what drawing is.

Then they saw the Turners. Then, they—*i.e.*, Prince Louis and Princess, and Prince Leopold—came all into my private Professor room. And then I signed my deed, and Prince Louis witnessed it—Prince Leopold looking on, ever so pleased, as he did. And then—I'm not sure, because I had to thank Prince Louis afterwards and make a little speech to him, but in the meantime I am almost certain that Acland made the Princess sign too beside her husband.

So then we went on all through the room—and at last I had to put the Princess into her little open carriage, and Prince Leopold took the reins, and I think Prince Louis went behind them, and so they said good-bye; and it was all in the brightest summer day I've ever seen in Oxford—almost in England.

To Thomas Carlyle

Corpus Christi College, Oxford, *4th June*, 1875.

Dearest Papa,—I have had so little to say of myself, pleasing to a Papa's ear, that I neither wrote nor came when I was last in London—for the rest, the Academy work[5] involved much weariness. I had just

[1] [Nos. 13 in the Educational Series (Vol. XXI. p. 76) and 238 in the Rudimentary (*ibid.*, p. 230 and Plate XLVI.).]

[2] [H.R.H. the Grand Duke of Hesse, married to the Princess Alice.]

[3] [Compare Vol. XXI. p. xxiv.]

[4] [For a reference to this drawing, see Vol XXXV. p. 425 *n.*]

[5] [*Academy Notes* for 1875: Vol. XIV.]

got it done, with other worldliness, and was away into the meadows, to see buttercup and clover and bean blossom, when the news came that the little story of my wild Rose was ended, and the hawthorn blossoms, this year, would fall—over her. Since which piece of news, I have not had a day but in more or less active business, in which everybody congratulates and felicitates me, and must be met with civil cheerfulness. Among the few rests or goods I get, indeed, the reading of the Knox's portraits[1] has been the chief. I never saw a more close, inevitable piece of picture criticism; and the incidental sketches of Wishart and Knox are invaluable. I am coming to town in a week or ten days now. What possesses Froude to go away again so soon? Love to Mary.—Ever, dear Papa, your affectionate J. RUSKIN.

To Dr. JOHN BROWN[2]

CORPUS CHRISTI COLLEGE, OXFORD, 18*th June*.

DEAREST DR. BROWN,—I am very thankful for your kind letter, chiefly in that it shows me I've got *you* still. I was afraid you would be overworking yourself again.

That death[3] is very bad for me—*seal* of a great fountain of sorrow which can never now ebb away; a dark lake in the fields of life as one looks back—Coruisk,[4] with Sarcophagus Mountains round. Meanwhile I live in the outside of me and can still work. Glaciers going on well. *They* have become four first chapters of *Deucalion*, which is to be the Philosophy of Stones in *General*—after Venice! Soon, really, now, out with first chapter.

The death numbed me for some days so that I couldn't work, but am none the worse, as far as I know, only there's no blood in my hands or feet.

PLEASE take care of yourself—for *me*, as Mr. Winkle asked Mr. Pickwick for him.[5]—Ever your loving J. R.

To Mrs. ARTHUR SEVERN

[OXFORD, *June* 26, 1875.]

. . . I'm a good deal better these two or three last days, somehow. I enjoyed my Turners last night greatly.

[1] [Carlyle's *Essay:* see above, p. 148.]
[2] [A few words of this letter have already been printed in Vol. XXIV. p. xx.
[3] [The death of Miss Rose La Touche: see Vol. XXIV. p. xx.]
[4] [See Scott's description of Loch Coruisk in *The Lord of the Isles.*]
[5] ["For my sake," said Mr. Winkle to Mr. Pickwick on the ice (ch. xxix.).]

Carlyle took me to Boehm's[1] — who is *such* a duck — the very ideal of noblest intense Germanism, with the grey gleaming eye, and inexhaustible will—rationalism—imagination—and bodily vigour. And he's done the only horse I ever cared for—such a love—rearing, and hitting out straight with his right fore-paw—hoof, I mean. . . .

To F. S. Ellis[2]

Lichfield, *June 30th*, 1875.

My dear Ellis,—I have just seen an article in the *Telegraph* on Dr. Schliemann, the excavator in the Troad, which refers to his "autobiography." I am intensely desirous to see this, but fear there may be no translation. Can you refer me to any completer account of the grand fellow than this absurd *Telegraph* one? Write to Bolton Abbey.—Ever affectionately yours, J. Ruskin.

To F. S. Ellis[3]

Bolton Bridge, *July 4th*, 1875.

My dear Ellis,—I am really *very* glad of your two delightful letters, this of *June 28th* only reaching me to-day, and being especially helpful to me in all ways, but chiefly in what you say of the short letter I wrote to the *World*. It is so very valuable to me in confirmation of errors which it has taken me long to make entirely definite even to myself, and which I feared would remain more than disputable to men actively engaged in business. It is this sympathy with my ways of thought which renders me always anxious to know f my books have given you pleasure.

Your letters to-day have brightened an already bright forenoon, the first fair one we have had on our journey; and a walk on the moorland, in the upper reach of Wharfedale, has given me more feeling of return to life than has come to me since those dark days which you helped me to bear patiently (except for your sake) at Coniston.

If at any time you like to follow my, really not unwise, example in this way of travelling, and bring Mrs. Ellis to Coniston to see our fine cascade, you would really find it little else than one delightful

[1] [Sir J. E. Boehm, R.A., for whom see Vol. XIV. p. 288 *n.*]

[2] [No. 20 in *Ellis*, p. 32. Schliemann's Autobiography was prefixed to his *Ilios*. The article in the *Daily Telegraph* was a "leader" on June 28, in connexion with Schliemann's lecture, to the Society of Antiquaries, on the Site of Troy.]

[3] [No. 21 in *Ellis*, pp. 33–35. For the "short letter to the *World*"—on Ruskin's method of publishing—see Vol. XXXIV. p. 519.]

park-drive all the way, in the line I have taken—Oxford, Warwick, Lichfield, Ashbourne, Castleton, Wakefield, and here. There is nothing but the actual towns of Sheffield, Wakefield, and Leeds to pass of entire ugliness; the country is beautiful, even between Wakefield and Leeds; and the drive from Castleton commands one of the finest moorland views in England.

I shall certainly be at Coniston for two months from this time, and Mr. and Mrs. Severn would help me to make the visit as pleasant as we could for you both.—Ever faithfully and gratefully yours,

J. RUSKIN.

To CHARLES ELIOT NORTON [1]

BRANTWOOD, *15th July*, 1875.

DEAREST CHARLES,—I have not been writing, because that death, as you so well understand, has made so much of my past life at once dead weight to me that I feel as I did when I first got out of bed after my illness at Matlock,[2] as if my limbs were of lead—mentally and bodily. This is so with me just now, and I only fight through by going on with mechanical work all I can—but the effect on my general health has been very paralyzing, and it was no use writing about it; also, my work has now at once and in all things taken the form of bequest, and I am reviewing old notes, drawings, etc., etc., and being my own executor as much as I can . . . and writing, if I can, some things that I want to say before ending—not that I definitely expect to end yet; and to the public I keep my head above water as if I had no cramp; hitherto, at least, I think so. My literary work seems to me up to its usual mark. . . . *Proserpina* is liked, and *Deucalion*, which will have all my geology swept up in it, is liking to myself. If only I can keep my stomach in order.

Now, about the bust. I send you photographs of Carlyle,[3] but they are miserable. Perspective of feet of course ridiculous, and all the subtlety of face lost. But Boehm is a jewel, not a Jew. A perfect type of intense blue-eyed, Harz-bred Germany. I *hope* he will like me, and *ask* to do me,—that will be ever so much better than if I asked him, or you either. But if he doesn't I will. . . . Ever your loving J. R.

[1] [No. 158 in *Norton;* vol. ii. pp. 116–118. A part of the letter ("I have not been writing . . . usual mark") had previously appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly*, September 1904, vol. 94, p. 380.]

[2] [In the summer of 1871: see Vol. XXII. p. xviii.]

[3] [Of Boehm's statue of Carlyle: see Vol. XIV. p. 288. The bust of Ruskin was made some years later: see below, p. 301.]

To Miss Susan Beever[1]

Brantwood [1875?].

I hope you will be comforted in any feeling of languor or depression in yourself by hearing that I also am wholly lack-lustrous, *de*pressed, *op*pressed, *com*pressed, and *down*pressed by a quite countless press-gang of despondencies, humilities, remorses, shamefacednesses, all-overnesses, all-undernesses, sicknesses, dulnesses, darknesses, sulkinesses, and everything that rhymes to less, mess, and distress, and that I'm sure you and I are at present the mere targets of the darts of the —, etc.,[2] etc., and Mattie's waiting and mustn't be loaded with more sorrow; but I can't tell you how sorry I am to break my promise to-day, but it would not be safe for me to come.

To Miss Susan Beever[3]

Brantwood [1875?].

I am a little better, but can't laugh much yet, and won't cry if I can help it. Yet it always makes me *nearly* cry, to hear of these poor working men trying to express themselves and nobody ever teaching them, nor anybody in all England, knowing that painting is an *art*, and sculpture also, and that an untaught man can no more carve or paint than play the fiddle. All efforts of the kind mean simply that we have neither masters nor scholars—in any rank or any place. And I, alas! what have *I* done for Coniston schools yet? I don't deserve an oyster-*shell*, far less an oyster.

To the Rev. F. A. Malleson[4]

Brantwood, 23*rd July*, 1875.

Thanks for your note and your kind feelings. But you ought to know more about me. I profess to be a teacher; as you profess also. But we teach on totally different methods. *You* believe what you wish to believe; teach that it is wicked to doubt it, and remain at rest and in much self-satisfaction. *I* believe what I find to be true, whether I like or dislike it. And I teach other people that the chief of all wickednesses is to tell lies in God's service, and to disgrace our Master and destroy His sheep as *involuntary* wolves.

[1] [No. 148 in *Hortus Inclusus* (see below, p. 632).]
[2] [See Ephesians vi. 16.]
[3] [No. 150 in *Hortus Inclusus* (see below, p. 632).]
[4] [No. 3 in the synopsis of Ruskin's Letters to Malleson: see Vol. XXXIV. p. 184.]

I, therefore, am in perpetual effort to learn and discern—in perpetual unrest and Dissatisfaction with myself. But it would simply require you to do twenty years of such hard work as I have done before you could in any true sense "speak" a word to me on such matters. You could not use a word in my sense. It would always mean to *you* something different. For instance—one of my quite *bye* works in learning my business of a teacher—was to read the New Testament through in the earliest Greek MS. (eleventh century) which I could get hold of.[1] I examined every syllable of it, and have more notes of various readings and on the real meanings of perverted passages than you would get through in a year's work. But I should require you to do the same work before I would discuss a text with you. From that and such work in all kinds I have formed opinions which you could no more move than you could Coniston Old Man. They may be wrong, God knows; I *trust* in them infinitely less than you do in those which you have formed simply by refusing to examine—or to think—or to know—what is doing in the world about you. But you cannot stir them.

I very very rarely make presents of my books. If people are inclined to learn from them, I say to them as a physician would, "Pay me my fee—you will not obey me if I give you advice for nothing." But I should like a kind neighbour like you to know something about me, and I have therefore desired my publisher to send you one[2] of my many books which, after doing the work that I have done, you would have to read before you could really use words in my meanings. If you will read the introduction carefully, and especially dwell on the 10th to 15th lines of the 15th page, you will at least know me a little better than to think I believe in my own resurrection—but not in Christ's: and if you look to the final essay on War, you may find some things in it which will be of interest to you in your own work.

Please also read carefully the 84th and 85th pages of text. I shall hope to see you with your friends on the day you name.—Ever faithfully yours, J. RUSKIN.

I will answer the other parts of your letter *vivâ voce*—about money, etc. When you know more of me, you will find I am now a beggar, not a giver. I have given seven thousand pounds to a charity of my own fancy,[3] and now—beg of others for that only. I will say one word as

[1] [See Vol. XXXIV. p. 703.]

[2] [*The Crown of Wild Olive*. For the first and last of Ruskin's references (which are to the edition of 1873), see now Vol. XVIII. pp. 395 ("On the contrary, a brave belief in death . . . energy of hand"), and 448–450 (§ 74). For the Essay on War (which had, however, in 1873 ceased to be the final essay), see *ibid.*, pp. 459 *seq.*]

[3] [The St. George's Guild.]

to your own letter. You say, "We see the *effects* of the *Resurrection*." Pardon me—you see only the effects of *belief* in it. There is not an ornament on your tongs—poker—or railroad carriage which is not the effect of belief in Jupiter, and the birth of Athena from his head. But they don't prove the facts, for all that.

To Dr. John Brown[1]

Brantwood [*4th August*, 1875].

Dearest Dr. Brown,—It has just occurred to me that you can't come to me because, like a stupid beast as I am, I did not ask your sister too. This was pure inadvertence and stupidity. My life has been ruined by stupidity; I am a dolt, a cretin, a log, a dead mole, a stuffed hedgehog, a fossil echinus, not to have thought of it. *Come both* directly. I am convinced by your own last note, Brantwood's the only place for you.—Ever your loving J. R.

To Mrs. Cowper-Temple[2]

Brantwood, 10*th August*, 1875.

Dearest Isola,—Your sweet letter has done me so much good, specially the prettiest word about adopting me like Juliet;[3] it is so precious to me to be thought of as a child, needing to be taken care of, in the midst of the weary sense of teaching and having all things and creatures depending on one, and one's self a nail stuck in an *in*secure place.[4] I *should* like to come to Broadlands and feel like that. But if I come, you must let me keep child's hours, and not even come down to dessert; you must let me have my dinner at your lunch time, making then any little appearance, or being of any poor little social use I can; then I must have my tea and bit of toast in my own room at your dinner time, and go to bed at my own time. I can do nothing now unless I keep these primitive hours; and am always hurt by any effort to talk or think in the evenings. It is very dear and wonderful in you to want to have me at all, and really I think you might like having me, so, knowing me to be quite comfortable.

[1] [No. 20 of "Letters from Ruskin" in *Letters of Dr. John Brown*, 1907, pp. 303–304. Brown replied (p. 235): "No, my dear friend, my not coming to you in no sense whatever depended, or was in any sense connected with my sister not coming, be assured of this; it was simply my feeling of inability for being even with you. . . . Good-bye, and God for ever bless you and all you love and who love you.—Ever affectionately, J. B." Ruskin, in sending the letter to Miss Anderson, wrote on it: "Keep this for me. I trust he may write often yet, but he may not." Brown at the time was seriously ill (p. 235).]

[2] [A few words of this letter have been quoted in Vol. XXIV. p. xxi.]

[3] [For a letter to whom, see below, p. 182.]

[4] [See Isaiah xxii. 23.]

And if you—how I repeat myself!—if I could but feel indeed that you had a kind of motherly, being old in holiness of heart, feeling for me, it would be the best thing the world could now give me. And your telling me a little about yourselves is the best thing you can do for me: though I shall need always to be *told* of singing hymns by that river, for I shall never sing anything any more. I may like to hear it through my window, perhaps. I am doing some good work, when there is any weather, however,—things that you will like to see on your table, I hope. And I am getting a little stronger, lately. Write and tell me if William and you will let me have tea in my room.—Ever your loving ST. C.

To H.R.H. PRINCE LEOPOLD

BRANTWOOD, *20th August*, 1875.

SIR,—I received your Royal Highness's most kind letter yesterday, and the Princess Louis of Hesse's drawings were safely placed in my hands by Miss Helps on her arrival the day before.

I should be unwilling to say how highly I thought of these drawings, were I not sure that your Royal Highness has already seen so far through me as to place trust in my frankness, and to feel that however much I may desire to please your Royal Highness and your gracious sister, or to obtain the favour of either, I should neither think insincerity a likely way of doing so, nor use it even if I had the foolish hope that it would be of use. The drawings are in truth of extreme beauty, showing not only very high natural gifts for art, but an energy and patient industry which would be singular and admirable in any woman—how much more in one whose position, while it must so strictly limit her available time for exertion, would in so many cases also take away all serious disposition for it.

I confess to being almost mortified in finding that there remains so little for me to show to her Royal Highness: yet, observing that her intelligence and power show themselves no less in the discomfort with which she regards her work, than in the sterling rightness of all she does, I am at least confident of being able to make some suggestions to her Royal Highness which will prevent this disquietude, and enable her to take some of the delight in her own skill which it must always give to others.

May I trust to your Royal Highness's kindness to inform the Princess of the safety of her drawings, and to say for me, that just in proportion to the little I have to teach, is the much that I must think; so that it cannot but be some days before I am able to return

the drawings with such notes as her Royal Highness expresses her gracious wish that I should make on them.

The brightness of a golden autumn morning on my poor Lancastrian hills leads me to hope that your Royal Highness may have found the sunshine warm to welcome you on the heath of your noble Scottish ones. In that, as in all more serious wishes for your happiness, believe me, Sir, ever your Royal Highness's faithful and loyal servant,

JOHN RUSKIN.

To Miss SUSAN BEEVER[1]

BRANTWOOD [1875].

I am most interested in your criticism of "Queen Mary." I have not read it, but the choice of subject is entirely morbid and wrong, and I am sure all you say must be true. The form of decline which always comes on mental power of Tennyson's passionately sensual character, is always of seeing ugly things: a kind of delirium tremens. Turner had it fatally in his last years.

I am so glad you enjoy writing to me more than any one else. The book you sent me of Dr. John Brown's[2] on books has been of extreme utility to me, and contains matter of the deepest interest. Did you read it yourself? If not, I must lend it you.

I am so glad also to know of your happiness in Chaucer. Don't hurry in reading. I will get you an edition for your own, that you may mark it in peace.

To Miss SUSAN BEEVER[3]

BRANTWOOD.

I found a strawberry growing just to please itself, as red as a ruby, high up on Yewdale crag yesterday, in a little corner of rock all its own; so I left it to enjoy itself. It seemed as happy as a lamb, and no more meant to be eaten.

To Miss SUSAN BEEVER[4]

BRANTWOOD.

Yes, those are all sweetest bits from Chaucer (the pine new to me);[5] your own copy is being bound. And all the Richard,—but you

[1] [No. 128 in *Hortus Inclusus* (see below, p. 630).]

[2] [A book lent by Dr. John Brown, not one written by him.]

[3] [Printed in *Hortus*, as part of No. 130, though really from a separate letter: see below, p. 630.]

[4] [This letter was printed as a part of No. 130 and as No. 131 in *Hortus* (see below, p. 630). For the strawberry incident during Patmore's visit, see Vol. XXIII. p. xxvi. It may be mentioned that Ruskin's name has been given to a variety of strawberry, the "John Ruskin" being an early fruit of Alpine flavour.]

[5] [See *Romaunt of the Rose*, 1455–64; "the Richard" may be the "Ballade sent to King Richard," or the lines on the death of Richard in the "Nonne Prestes Tale," 527 *seq.*]

must not copy out the Richard bits, for I like all my Richard alike from beginning to end. Yes, my "seed pearl" bit is pretty, I admit; it was like the thing.[1] The cascades here, I'm afraid, come down more like seed oatmeal.

Now it's very naughty of you, Susie, to think everybody else would have ate that strawberry. Mr. Severn and Mr. Patmore were both with me; and when *I* said, "Now, I don't believe three other people could be found who would let that alone," Mr. Patmore was quite shocked, and said, "I'm quite sure nobody but *you* would have thought of eating it!"—Ever your loving, gormandising (Patmore knows me!)

J. R.

To Miss SUSAN BEEVER[2]

BRANTWOOD.

What a sweet, careful, tender letter this is! I re-enclose it at once for fear of mischief, though I've scarcely read it, for indeed my eyes are weary, but I see what gentle mind it means.

Yes, you will love and rejoice in your Chaucer more and more. Fancy, I've never time, now, to look at him,—obliged to read even my Homer and Shakespeare at a scramble, half missing the sense,—the business of life disturbs one so.

Will you please thank Miss Watson for the *Queen's Wake*?[3] I should like to tell her about Hogg's visit to Herne Hill, and my dog Dash's reception of him; but I'm never pleased with the Shepherd's bearing to Sir W. Scott, as one reads it in Lockhart.

There's no fear of Susie's notes ever being less bright as long as she remains a child, and it's a long while yet to look forward to.

To Miss SARA ANDERSON

KESWICK, 1*st Sept.*, '75.

It is really a very great comfort and help to me to know you are so happy. I have a great desire to make all creatures happy—particularly lambs, squirrels, Joanies, and Diddies; and if the squirrel really will come and play with me, and gather nuts with me, and be

[1] [The "bit" is the description of the cascade at "Fairies' Hollow," near Chamouni, in *Modern Painters*, vol. v. (Vol. VII. p. 107).]

[2] [No. 123 and part of No. 124 in *Hortus;* really one letter: see below, p. 629.]

[3] [*The Queen's Wake: a Legendary Poem*, by James Hogg: Edinburgh, 1813. On Hogg's visit to Herne Hill, see Vol. XXXV. p. 93 *n.* For his "bearing to Scott," see Lockhart *passim.*]

admired as well as happy, it completes my satisfaction to an almost incredible degree, so that I begin asking myself, over and over again, Now, *is* that squirrel really enjoying itself *here?* But truly, if you'll come again next year, I shall be finally convinced, and I shall be less busy (according to my present plans!), and we'll have some nutting to purpose. But next year, sometimes, seems a long way away—and perhaps you'll be married half-a-dozen times over before then—and so I'm very sulky to-day at being obliged to stay and lose my day in hand for days far hidden in hazel-bush.

I really believe it must be fine even at Coniston, for it is very divinely beautiful here to-day, and there are little white cheerful clouds in the sky, beautiful after the fashion of lambs and Diddies, which do my heart good.

So I hope the woods will be nice and shadowy-warm, and will know, in *their* hearts, what a Dryad means, before I return to them, as *I* shall—being ever your loving taskmaster, J. Ruskin.

To W. B. Pullar

Brantwood, *3rd September*, '75.

Dear Mr. Pullar,—I am indeed most grateful for your letter, though I have a quantity of work to do now which forbids all but essential answer. Time only "mollifies" matters to me by killing me. That tranquillity is only a form of death. But I am thankful to have anger enough in me to last me for fifty lives—and love enough to reach some living yet from its home with those who are not. Your sweet wife's message was a true joy to me.—I am ever faithfully and affectionately hers and yours, J. Ruskin.

To Coventry Patmore[1]

Brantwood, *5th Sept.* [1875].

My dear Patmore,—I have put up a stone for Bertha, which would have come before, but I wanted to see the moss on it quite dry, that I might be sure it would reach her in an available state. Let her do any *bit* of it she thinks pretty, about this size [sketch]—the moss and stone background being of course of their real size, as they would

[1] [*Memoirs and Correspondence of Coventry Patmore*, vol. ii. p. 294. For Patmore's visit to Brantwood, referred to in this letter, see Vol. XXIII. p. xxvi.]

be seen through a hole cut in paper the size of the proposed drawing, and put *close* to them.

She will thus get practice at once in delivery of arborescent form and shadow of background—which must look transparent and detach the moss from it by the mysterious variety of its half-seen detail, not by any mere trick of painting. *Only* she cannot detach this moss more than she can see it detached in nature by closing one eye, or looking through a small hole,—for nature displays small distances stereoscopically more than by shade.

You made *me* very happy, not by disagreeing with me, but by giving me knowledge. My belief is that our opinions are, on all subjects with which we are equally acquainted, far more at one than our feelings, closely as these often correspond.

Can you tell me, please, where a verse (of yours?) quoted by me in *Sesame and Lilies*—"saddens us with heavenly doubts"[1]—comes from? I am divided between you and Blake as author of it.

My true regards to Mrs. Patmore and Bertha—and from us all here to yourself—your affecte. J. RUSKIN.

To H.R.H. PRINCE LEOPOLD

KIRKBY LONSDALE, 10*th Sept.*, '75.

SIR,—I did not venture to reply further to your Royal Highness's gracious letter on the day I said, because the kind wish it expressed that I should lecture in Oxford this next term, joined with the, to me, very sorrowful foretelling of your Royal Highness's leaving us, gave me much to think of, just when, as mischance had it, I had least time to think. It was my intention only to have given some readings, with comments, on Reynolds's lectures, adding here and there any pieces of *Modern Painters* written with reference to them, and I trust that this design may not be without interest to your Royal Highness, in that you have designed to take the same relation to the school of Oxford which the King held to the Royal Academy when Reynolds was its President. But it may be that when I am again permitted to wait upon you at Oxford, I may have arranged materials for lecture on other subjects more directly connected with the institution of the schools, and more definitely needing the good auspices given by your presence during their delivery, being guided in such choice of subject by your Royal Highness's commands.

The beautiful drawings of the Princess Louis of Hesse are, I hope,

[1] [Neither Patmore nor Blake, but Emerson: see Vol. XVIII. p. 77.]

now safe in her Royal Highness's possession; two of my own were sent also, which the dark weather, joined with my somewhat failing sight, rendered, I fear, too unworthy of being looked at by the Princess, but they may be of some use in showing methods which may be found serviceable.

I did not venture to write, except, as her Royal Highness bade me, on the backs of the drawings; and that without any but the necessary notes as to modes of work, trusting to your Royal Highness to make known to the Princess the admiration which I feared to displease her by too constantly expressing in connection with my criticism, and my true gratitude for the privilege of doing anything for her service, being in all things, also, your Royal Highness's faithful and loyal servant,

J. Ruskin.

To Mrs. Arthur Severn

[Bolton Bridge, *Sept.* 15, 1875.]

The letter to Arfie, with all its good news, was a great delight to both of us; and he is really doing quite splendid work. I am entirely taken aback by his rapidity and technical knowledge in these rock subjects; he did in half-an-hour this afternoon as much as I could have done in a day, and better, in all essential ways.

To Charles Eliot Norton[1]

Brantwood [? Kirkby Lonsdale], 17*th September,* 1875.

Dearest Charles,—Little deserving a letter, I greatly weary for one. The summer is past, and the dark days are darker to me than ever yet, and fly faster. But I have done a little leaf-drawing and Turner drawing in my old way which may please you a little, and I've been trying to get photos of the Italian book[2] for you, but they will not come rightly; a very little darkening of the shade vulgarizes all. And in all ways I am disappointed and failing, yet still I hope advancing in main battle. Only you don't care about my main battle. . . .

My old work haunts me. I don't like to let it all rot in the damp here, till you can't read any of its wreck; so I am going to try to edit some, with engravings, as I used to do, if I can find engravers, or else numbering the drawings, and leaving them for reference or

[1] [No. 159 in *Norton;* vol. ii. pp. 118–120.]

[2] [The book of Italian drawings (*A Florentine Picture Chronicle*) which Ruskin had recently bought: see Vol. XXII. p. xxxviii. It is now in the British Museum, and the drawings have been reproduced by photographic process.]

publication by my executors. The geology and botany will, I hope, become classical books in education. I mean to collect and separate with extreme care what is really known of geology proper from mere theory, and illustrate it as best I can. . . .

I've found myself rather weak in body this summer; the thing that chiefly tires me, however, is the continually dark sky, like a plague—all the rest is chiefly stomachic. If grief would only let one's stomach alone, I would manage the heart, well enough. Oh, dear, what's this brown, horrid stain? Tea? I'm forbidden tea by the doctor, and it's high time if I throw it about like this. All possible good be with you.—Ever your affectionate J. R.

To ARTHUR SEVERN

KIRKBY, 17*th Sept.*, '75.

MY DEAR ARFIE,—I hope your day was as successful as mine. It was very hot, but more or less sunny, and Weathercote is wonderful. Fancy one of the narrow Tivoli falls plunging into a pit, and disappearing in it, and feeling oneself, as if one might go through a hole into—wherever holes go to,—at any moment. But you couldn't have painted it. The fall fills the cave with spray, and it is always without sunshine, the rottenest—deadliest—loveliest—horriblest place I ever saw in my life. Mind you do some studies of the trees (pine and holly) in that Garden, before you leave it. Oh dear! I'm so sleepy! and I haven't written to Joanie, and must say good-night.—Ever your affecte. DI PA.

To Miss SUSAN BEEVER[1]

HERNE HILL, *4th October* [1875].

All your letter is delicious, but chiefest the last sentence where you say you like your Chaucer so much. And you need never fear touching that wound of mine. It is never more—never less—without its pain. I like you to lay your pure, gentle hand on it.

But I am not despondent or beaten at all; and I'm at work on your peacock's feathers—and oh me, they should be put into some great arch of crystal where one could see them like a large rainbow. I use your dear little lens, deep in and in, and can't exhaust their wonderfulness.

[1] [No. 27 in *Hortus Inclusus*.]

To Charles Eliot Norton[1]

Herne Hill, *5th October*, 1875.

. . . I am more cheerful than I have been for several years. David's behaviour when the child died is I think natural and possible,[2] not because grief is a form of prayer, but because pure grief is not a disturbing element as the returning waves of steadily ebbing hope are. My actual work, however, is also more pleasing and interesting to me, coming into full ear out of its blade.

I hope you will begin to like *Fors* better, as it now associates itself with other things. . . . I don't like what you say of Froude. I like the man, and have learned much from his work. If it is romance, it is unintentionally so, and at present, to me, unique among history-work since Thucydides, for being of no side. . . .

To Charles Eliot Norton[3]

Broadlands, *5th October*, 1875.

My dearest Charles,—You are the first person I write to from my new home. The Temples have given me a room here for my own, and leave to stay in it in the evenings instead of coming down to their late dinner—and say they will be generally good to me and take care of me; so I came down here to-day from my old nursery at Herne Hill, and am making myself comfortable in my new nest—a cloudless sunset giving me its good omen, over the sweet river and woods. . . .

To Miss Susan Beever[4]

Broadlands, *12th Oct.* [1875].

I am very thankful for all your dear letters always—greatly delighted above all with the squirrel one and Chaucer. Didn't he love squirrels![5] and don't I wish I was a squirrel in Susie's pear trees, instead of a hobbling, disconsolate old man, with no teeth to bite, much less crack, anything, and particularly forbidden to eat nuts!

[1] [No. 160 in *Norton;* vol. ii. p. 120.]
[2] [See 2 Samuel xii. 16–23.]
[3] [No. 161 in *Norton;* vol. ii. p. 121.]
[4] [No. 84 in *Hortus Inclusus.*]
[5] ["And many squireles, that sett
Ful high upon the trees and ete
And in his maner made festys."—*The Dethe of Blaunche*, 430.]

To MISS SUSAN BEEVER[1]

BROADLANDS, ROMSEY, 18*th October*.

I was very thankful for your letter this morning—having heard you were unwell and being a little despondent myself—more than of late—an Italian nobleman is here who cares for nothing but shooting, and everybody thinks it perfectly right!

It is a great joy to me that you find so much in *The Stones of Venice*—I hope that book is worth the time it took me to write it; every year of youth seems to me, in looking back, now so precious.

How very strange I should give you *quietness*, myself being always disquieted in heart—a Ghost of poor Samuel—helpless—in sight of ruining Israel.

To think of the difference between those two scenes,—Samuel at his feast sending the prepared portion to the expected Saul.

And Samuel the Ghost—with his message.[2]

Well—this is a cheering letter to send my poor Susie. It's all that Italian Duke.

To MADAME DESCHAMPS[3]

COWLEY RECTORY, *October* 27, 1875.

MY DEAR JULIET,—I was so very sorry to go away without my kiss. Please keep it very carefully for me, and when you've any to spare, put them aside with it, and keep them in rose leaves, with a little ice outside, till I come back in December; just thaw them at the fire the least bit the day before, and give me them all together. And please take care not to hurt yourself in carrying faggots and chopping them, and don't get scratched in the hedges, or anywhere; and play one bar of music right before you come to the next; and be sure that I'm always your loving RUSK.

To CHARLES ELIOT NORTON[4]

COWLEY RECTORY, 30*th October*, 1875.

MY DEAREST CHARLES,—I've just sent—late—to press the November *Fors*, announcing that I have now on hand altogether seven big

[1] [No. 97 in *Hortus Inclusus* (see below, p. 628).]
[2] [See 1 Samuel ix. 22–24, and 1 Samuel xxviii. 11 *seq.*]
[3] [Mrs. Cowper-Temple's adopted daughter, Juliet, aged nine at this time. The letter is printed from *T. P.'s Weekly*, September 25, 1903, p. 538.]
[4] [No. 162 in *Norton;* vol. ii. pp. 121–123.]

books going on at once[1]—and I must always have a little book going on besides, to close the octave, of letters to you; for you will begin to take pleasure in my work again, now, if we both live. . . .

Meantime, I have been resting a little at Broadlands, and it is a great relief to me to be where I've nothing to manage, and can go out in the garden without being asked what is to be sown, or cut, or sold, or bought, or burnt, or manured, or drained, or fenced, or carted, or—something or other that I don't know half so much about as the blackbirds. Then the servants are all nice, the cook especially; and she makes creams and jellies for me, and I go down to the kitchen and make experiments on glacier motion in valleys of napkin and have got the loveliest results.[2] . . .

To-morrow I go to Oxford to give twelve lectures on Sir Joshua's lectures;[3] then I'm going to Brighton for the dark days, to see sunsets over sea, and Aquarium. Then, if all's well, to Brantwood for the spring; and to Fésole and Siena perhaps, once more, for the summer —home by Venice.

It is very strange to me to feel all my life become a thing of the past, and to be now merely like a wrecked sailor, picking up pieces of his ship on the beach. This is the real state of things with me, of course, in a double sense—People gone—and things. My Father and Mother, and Rosie, and Venice, and Rouen—all gone; but I can gather bits up of the places for other people.

I'm wonderfully well, on the whole, and doing masses of work—only my eyes fail—in languor more than lens. I can only see well by strong light. . . .

Love, very true, to your mother and sisters and children.—Ever your devoted J. Ruskin.

To Alexander Wedderburn[4]

[*Nov.*, 1875.]

Dear Wedderburn,—It is so very good of you to copy all so quickly, and I'm so glad you like it; but, my dear boy, have I been so arrogant with you that you think it needful to speak of a useful bit of help as "venturing a criticism"? Indeed I *am* able to be found fault with—please don't confuse my obstinate statements of truth when I know it, with a temper that will not be mended. Tell me

[1] [See Vol. XXVIII. p. 444.]
[2] [See Vol. XXIV. p. xxi., and Vol. XXVI. p. 177.]
[3] [See Vol. XXII. pp. 493 *seq.*]
[4] [For whose friendship with Ruskin, see the Introduction; Vol. XXXVI. p. lxviii. The present letter refers to *The Economist of Xenophon* (see Vol. XXXI.).]

anything that pains or disappoints you in this preface—I may have reason for it; but I may also be unconscious, or mistaken, so please tell always: I *am* very slow at my work, having the most irregular things happening to disturb me, yet to help also, but not immediately.

And I shall try your patience—for I see there's no hope of 1st January. You know printers won't work for a week after Christmas. As for *binding*, we must give all thought of that up, and issue in mere Review stitching at first—for people to bind as they will; I can't settle such a matter as binding but in London.—Ever your affectionate J. R.

Write now to Dr. Oldham, Lucastes, Hayward's Heath.

To COVENTRY PATMORE[1]

CORPUS CHRISTI COLLEGE, OXFORD, *12th Nov.* [1875 or 1877?].

DEAR COVENTRY,—Bertha's drawings came safely, with the books, for which my truest thanks. I can't have too many if you have really more to spare. The drawing is beautiful, but it would not be accepted at an exhibition, nor can I explain to Bertha how it fails, till she has done simpler exercises, whereof I must forthwith provide her. She needs chiefly perception of relation of parts. I shall send her some ornaments in black and white speedily. My love to her, and I am ever yours, J. RUSKIN.

To F. W. H. MYERS[2]

CORPUS CHRISTI COLLEGE, OXFORD [1875?].

MY DEAR MYERS,—I cannot tell you how grateful I am for the writing of that noble poem, though I cannot understand how you could have known so much of Death, and of the power of its approach, in your fervid youth,—and though I, in spite of all you and other very dear friends have taught me, feel too fatally the terror still. But it is partly a help to know that one does not work in the shadow alone.

Yes, I can come to Cambridge at the time you ask me—say the

[1] [*Memoirs and Correspondence of Coventry Patmore*, vol. ii. p. 296.]

[2] [This and the following letter are from *Fragments of Prose and Poetry, by F. W. H. Myers*, edited by his wife, 1904, pp. 23, 24. For Ruskin's acquaintance with Myers, see Vol. XXIV. p. xxii. The "noble poem" is probably "St. John the Baptist": see above, p. 54, and below, p. 239.]

last day of this month—staying over the Sunday. I have been greatly pained by reading some of Miss R——'s *Spiritism*, and need some help from nobler hands.—Ever affectionately yours, JOHN RUSKIN.

OXFORD [1875?].

MY DEAR MYERS,—I am *very* grateful for, and infinitely surprised by, your letter. It is a comfort and strength to me in extreme weakness of soul.

The surprise being that, in this weakness, I am able to give you the pleasure you tell me of.

My own feeling is always that the things of which I try to show the force are open to every one who will look at them—and that my own work is merely a dog's quartering a field, and that the very game I put up is not for me; and I don't expect anybody to care for me ever.

I mean that being sure there is a spiritual world, I am so poor-hearted and cold that I never think I shall get to it, but I may show the path. It makes me hope better of myself ever so much, that *you* were happy with me. I ought to have written to have thanked you for all things, and to be remembered to all the friends that showed themselves so friendly—very especially to Mr. Stewart, and very earnestly to all.

It is late—and I am weary and cannot say what I would; but I am ever affectionately yours, J. RUSKIN.

To CHARLES ELIOT NORTON[1]

COWLEY, 14*th November*, 1875.

. . . You cannot have in America the forms of mental rest with soothed memory of other, far distant, sorrow, not our own, which is so beautiful in these old countries. How different for a man like you, a walk by our riversides under Bolton or Furness, or in cloister of Vallombrosa or Chartreuse, from any blank cessation from absolute toil in that new land! Do come to us again. . . . Let us have a quiet time in Italy together, as soon as days are long, next year. What will a picture less matter to me? or a cipher less in my banker's book? Let us take a pleasant little suite of rooms in Florence or Venice—and we'll economize together, and think together—and learn together—and perhaps—even Hope a little together before we die. . . .

[1] [*Atlantic Monthly*, September 1904, vol. 94, p. 380. No. 163 in *Norton;* vol. ii. pp. 123-124.]

To Miss Susan Beever[1]

Corpus Christi College, Oxford, *20th Nov.*, '75.

If you only knew the good your peacock's feathers have done me, and if you could only see the clever drawing I'm making of one from the blue breast! You know what lovely little fern or equisetum[2] stalks of sapphire the filaments are; they beat me so, but they're coming nice.

Joanie says she thinks you are not well; and I'm easily frightened about you, because you never take any care of yourself and will not do what Mary or Joan or I bid you, you naughty little thing.

You won't even submit quietly to my publishing arrangements, but I'm resolved to have that book remain yours altogether; you had all the trouble with it, and it will help me ever so much more than I could myself.

To Thomas Carlyle

[Oxford, *November* 27.]

Dearest Papa,—I'm just putting the notes together for my last of twelve lectures. Here's a nicish little bit just concocted—I rather like it—I hope it'll make you laugh:—

"English Constitution

"The rottenest mixture of Simony, bribery, sneaking tyranny, shameless cowardice, and accomplished lying, that ever the Devil chewed small to spit into God's Paradise."[3]

I must write it fair, to be sure it's given without a slip of the tongue.

They say my lectures have made rather an impression this term.

Oh dear, I mustn't go on; the morning is the only time I can find things rightly in my head, and I've two lectures to-day—the closing one here, and one at Eton.—Ever your loving J. R.

[1] [No. 106 in *Hortus Inclusus* (see below, p. 628). The "book" is *Frondes Agrestes*, published in April 1875. A drawing of a peacock's feather (No. 80 in the Manchester Exhibition of 1904) was noted in the catalogue as inscribed, "For Miss Susie. J. R., Dec. 7, 1873" (where "1873" is probably a mistake for "1875").]

[2] [The plant popularly known as Horsetail or Mare's-tail.]

[3] [The "nicish little bit" was duly delivered at the lecture: see Vol. XXII. p. 507.]

To W. G. Collingwood[1]

December, 1875.

Now that I have got my head fairly into this Xenophon business, it has expanded into a new light altogether; and I think it would be absurd in me to slur over the life in one paragraph.[2] A hundred things have come into my head as I arrange the dates, and I think I can make a much better thing of it—with a couple of days' work. My head would not work in town—merely turned from side to side—never nodded (except sleepily). I send you the proofs just to show you I'm at work. I'm going to translate all the story of Delphic answer before Anabasis: and his speech after the sleepless night.

To Miss Susan Beever[3]

Broadlands, 11*th Dec.*

Your precious letter, showing me you are a little better, came this morning, with the exquisite feathers, one, darker and lovelier than any I have seen, but please, I still want one not in the least flattened; all these have lost just the least bit of their shell-like bending by having been flattened. You can so easily devise a little padding to keep two strong cards or bits of wood separate for one or two to lie happily in. I don't mind giving you this tease, for the throat will be better the less you remember it. But for all of us, a dark sky is assuredly a poisonous and depressing power, which neither surgery nor medicine can resist. The difference, to me, between nature as she is now, and as she was ten years ago, is as great as between Lapland and Italy, and the total loss of comfort in morning and evening sky the most difficult to resist of all spiritual hostility.

To Oscar Browning[4]

Broadlands, *December* 14, '75.

Dear Mr. Browning,—As I heard with profound regret that you were leaving Eton, so it will be with extreme thankfulness that I

[1] [From the *Life and Work of John Ruskin*, 1900, p. 310.]

[2] [No life of Xenophon was, however, included in the Preface to the *Economist:* for some notes on the subject, see Vol. XXIII. p. 162 *n.*]

[3] [No. 85 in *Hortus Inclusus.*]

[4] [Ruskin had made Mr. Browning's acquaintance in connexion with lectures at Eton: see above, pp. 64, 65. This letter is reprinted from his "Personal Recollections of John Ruskin" in *St. George*, 1903, vol. vi. p. 143.]

shall hear of your success in the attainment of any authoritative educational position. I am sure that the views you hold on all subjects relating to the education of the higher classes of our youth are brightly and liberally, but not rashly, extended beyond those which have too long checked, if not thwarted, the best spirits among our public schoolboys, and left youths of the highest genius undiscovered for want of timely sympathy. What I have been permitted to see of the relations existing between your pupils and you seemed to me completely to realise the ideal of vital, affectionate, and enduringly beneficent education.—Believe me always, affectionately and respectfully yours,

JOHN RUSKIN.

To CHARLES ELIOT NORTON[1]

BROADLANDS, 14*th December*, 1875.

. . . I have heard wonderful things this very afternoon. I have seen a person who has herself had the Stigmata, and lives as completely in the other world as ever St. Francis did, from her youth up, and—this is for *you*—she had the wounds more than once, but on one occasion conveyed instantly by a relic of St. Catherine of Siena.

And I'm as giddy as if I had been thrown off Strasburg steeple and stopped in the air; but thing after thing of this kind is being brought to me. I can't write more to-night. . . .

1876

[Early in this year Ruskin spent some time at Broadlands, going thence to Oxford, where, however, he did not feel equal to lecturing (Vol. XXIV. p. xxxiv.). In April he went on a posting tour, with Mr. Arthur Severn, to Sheffield; several letters written *en route* have already been given (*ibid.*, pp. xxvii., xxx.–xxxi.). After some weeks spent at Brantwood, he went to Venice, in accordance with a suggestion made by Prince Leopold that he should resume Venetian studies: see *ibid.*, pp. xxxiv.–xxxv.]

To CHARLES ELIOT NORTON[2]

8*th January*, 1876.

DEAREST CHARLES,—In case of missing a steamer, I answer your kindest letter by return post—though only a word.

I am most thankful for its warning; and truly I need it, for the

[1] [No. 164 in *Norton;* vol. ii. pp. 124–125. For the spiritualist experiences here mentioned, see Vol. XXIV. p. xxii.]

[2] [No. 165 in *Norton;* vol. ii. p. 125.]

forms of disturbance that present themselves to me, not at Broadlands only, are terrific in difficulty of dealing with, because you know the Middle Ages are to me the only ages, and what Angelico believed, did produce the best work. That I hold to as demonstrated fact. All modern science and philosophy produces abortion. That miracle-believing faith produced good fruit—the best yet in the world. . . . Ever your loving J. R.

To Charles Eliot Norton[1]

13th January, '76.

. . . The pleasure you take in those drawings and scratches is infinitely delightful to me—almost infinitely amazing, except that I suppose you feel through their failure the intense and pathetic love of the places in which they are done.

It is true that I am burning the candle at many ends, but surely in the many dark places I live in, that is the proper way to use one's life. . . . There was a time in my work when it was tentative and stupid—to a degree now quite incomprehensible to myself. . . .

I enclose proof of fifth and roughly bound fourth *Morning*.[2] It is woeful to have to leave that pleasant work—driven out by fiendish modern republicanism too horrible to be borne with.

Here in England, Atheism and Spiritualism mopping and mowing on each side of me. At Broadlands, either the most horrible lies were told me, without conceivable motive—or the ghost of R. was seen often beside Mrs. ——, or me.—Which is pleasantest of these things I know, but cannot intellectually say which is likeliest—and meantime, take to geology.—Your loving J. R.

To Charles Eliot Norton[3]

20th January, 1876.

. . . I am absolutely certain that were either St. Louis, St. Francis, or St. Hugo of Lincoln here in the room with me, they would tell me, as positively as John Simon would tell me the disease of a muscle, that my ignorance of what they knew was wholly owing to my own

[1] [No. 166 in *Norton;* vol. ii. pp. 126–127. Parts of the letter ("It is true . . . one's life," "I enclose proof . . . each side of me," and "Which is pleasantest . . . geology") had previously appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly,* September 1904, vol. 94, pp. 380–381.]

[2] [*Mornings in Florence.*]

[3] [An extract in Mr. Norton's preface to *Ariadne Florentina.* The letter as here printed, No. 167 in *Norton;* vol. ii. pp. 127–128.]

lust, apathy, and conceit; and that if I chose to live as they lived, I should learn what they knew.

My perfectly firm conviction of this, and yet the distinct duty which I feel to cultivate the rare analytic and demonstrative faculty of me, rather than the enthusiastic one which has been common to so many, will give a very singular tone to my writings, henceforward—if I am spared to complete any part of what is in my mind. I have sent to-day the first chapter of the *Laws of Fésole* to the printer—and have got the second plate home. Here's a little waste study for the fifth plate, which you may perhaps like to have.

I have been looking at your *Vita Nuova* again lately. I wonder whether, when he was alive, you would have told *him* that "anything that disturbed him was bad for him"? One would think you looked on me as an alderman after dinner. All the same, it's very true, and quiet after dinner is very good for me.

To CHARLES ELIOT NORTON[1]

BROADLANDS, 1 *February*, 1876.

. . . I am being brought every day now into new work and new thoughts, and, whether I will or no, into closer contact with evidence of an altered phase of natural, if not supernatural, phenomena, the more helpful to me, because I can compare now, with clear knowledge, the phase of mind in which J. S. and other noble Deists or infidels are, and in which I have been for ten years, with that which I am now analysing in the earlier Florentines, and recognizing in some living Catholics.

To me, personally, it is no common sign that just after the shade of Rose was asserted to have been seen beside Mrs. T. and beside me, here, I should recover the most precious of the letters she ever wrote me, which, returned to her when we parted, she had nevertheless kept. . . .

To Miss SUSAN BEEVER[2]

BRANTWOOD [1876?].

I am so very glad you like Sir Philip so much.

I've sent for, and hope to get him for you. He was shot before

[1] [No. 168 in *Norton;* vol. ii. pp. 128–129. The first paragraph ("I am being . . . Catholics") had previously appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly*, September 1904, vol. 94, p. 381.]

[2] [No. 54A in *Hortus Inclusus.*]

he had done half his Psalter—his sister finished it, but very meanly in comparison; you can tell the two hands on the harp at a mile off.[1]

The photograph—please say—like all photos whatsoever, is only nature dirtied and undistanced.—If that is all one wants in trees,—they might be dead all the year round.

To Coventry Patmore[2]

Corpus Christi College, Oxford [? *February,* 1876].

Dear Coventry,—Yes, I wish I could come. But I have duties here—and many loving friends who want me elsewhere. And talk is delightful, but deed needful, nowadays.

You will see in next *Fors* something of Catholic Faith wider than yours!

Bertha's drawing is quite beautiful. I cannot praise it enough: she must surely have learned a great deal in doing it.

I return it to-day with the copy, which she may keep if she likes, and another photograph, on the back of which are in pencil, directions for what she is to do. It is a Byzantine altar at Rome of extreme beauty in San Nereo and Achilleo.[3]—Ever your affectionate J. R.

Oh! the Angels have come, and I'm so very glad to have them.[4]

To Coventry Patmore[5]

Corpus Christi College, Oxford [? *February,* 1876].

Dear Patmore,—You are illogical. I did not tell you to look for a "morass" wider than your faith, but for a rock wider.

Gravely, I think you are too scornful even of the morass, in which

[1] [On this subject of the joint authorship of "Sidney's Psalter," see Vol. XXXI. pp. xxiv.–xxvii.]

[2] [*Memoirs and Correspondence of Coventry Patmore*, by Basil Champneys, vol. ii. pp. 295–296. This and the following letter are addressed, but not dated, by Ruskin. Mr. Champneys conjectures "July 1876," and says that the reference in "next *Fors* to something of Catholic faith wider than yours" is to "a number of *Fors Clavigera* which contains a diatribe against usury." But Ruskin was not at Oxford in July 1876. Probably the date is February 1876, when Ruskin was writing at Oxford *Fors*, Letter 63 (see Vol. XXVIII. p. 545), in which he develops the idea of the St. George's Company, in accordance with "The Catholic Prayer" already given in Letter 58 (*ibid.*, p. 417). The book which Ruskin was trying to get out would in this case be *Laws of Fésole.*]

[3] [See above, p. 103 *n.*]

[4] [No doubt, copies of the different parts of *The Angel in the House.*]

[5] [*Memoirs and Correspondence of Coventry Patmore*, vol. ii. p. 292.]

there is much bog, heather, and miserable peat. Ought we not all to be redeeming what we may of it?

Love to Bertha. If only I *could* get my book out, but the days melt like snow.—Ever affectly. yours, J. R.

To Miss MARY AITKEN

CORPUS CHRISTI COLLEGE, OXFORD, *4th Feb.*, '76.

MY DEAR MARY,—You should before now have received *Ulrich der Knecht*, and I cannot tell you how very happy I am in the thought of your translating it, with occasionally a flash of guidance or sprinkle of salt from your uncle. It will give three times the value to the book that it has been so done; and the character of Freneli deserves it—no less than of the House-mistress.

I think it would be well to keep the German *Knecht* in our title, and call it *Ulrich the Knecht*. This will serve to lead us to another kind of knighthood.

For, in our company, the title of Servant is to be highest! There are to be three orders of Companions—namely, lowest C. Retainers, who, though taking the vow, are paid as labourers, clerks, etc.; Companions simple, who are paid nothing, but attend more to their own business than the Company's, giving the tenth of their income, however, always; and Companion-Servants, who devote themselves wholly to the Company's work. They will write themselves C. R. of St. George, C. of St. George, C. S. of St. George, which will be equivalent to the knighthood in other orders.

The book has perhaps been sent to Broadlands by mistake, but will soon come. Dearest love to Papa.—Ever your affectionate

J. RUSKIN.

I've told the printers to send you a revise of the Preface to Xenophon's *Economist*, which begins the series.[1]

To Miss SUSAN BEEVER[2]

CORPUS CHRISTI COLLEGE, OXFORD, *19th February* [1876].

What a sad little letter! written in that returned darkness. How can *you* ever be sad, looking forward to eternal life with all whom you love, and God over all? It is only so far as I lose hold of that

[1] [*Bibliotheca Pastorum*, in which it was at first intended that *Ulric* should be included. Miss Aitken ultimately abandoned the task of translation: see her letter in Vol. XXXII. p. 344 *n.*]

[2] [No. 117 in *Hortus Inclusus*.]

hope, that anything is ever a trial to me. But I can't think how I'm to get on in a world with no Venice in it.

You were quite right in thinking I would have nothing to do with lawyers. Not one of them shall ever have so much as a crooked sixpence of mine, to save him from being hanged, or to save the Lakes from being filled up. But I really hope there may be feeling enough in Parliament to do a right thing without being deafened with lawyers' slang.[1]

I have never thanked you for the snowdrops. They bloomed here beautifully for four days. Then I had to leave them to go and lecture in London.[2] It was nice to see them, but my whole mind is set on finding whether there is a country where the flowers do not fade. Else there is no spring for me. People liked the lecture, and so many more wanted to come than could get in, that I had to promise to give another.

To Charles Eliot Norton[3]

Corpus Christi College, Oxford [*February* 22, 1876].

My dearest Charles,—Actually, there is American blood in you; strongly as I have denied it. To think that after all your work at Siena, you can still think that the races of men were made to do their best work in heartily believing lies.

I wish you would read the *Memorabilia* again, I understand it so much better than of old.[4] The enclosed letter may interest you. I think it will at least show you that all Spiritualism, however mistaken, is not cold.

I can only write this scrap to-night, but am your loving

J. R.

Lowell's *Dante*[5] is very good; *but* the entire school of you moderns judge, hopelessly out, of these older ones, because you never admit the possibility of their knowing what we don't. The moment you take that all-knowing attitude, the heavens are veiled. Lowell speaks of Dante as if Dante were a forward schoolboy, and Lowell his master.

[1] [The reference is to the agitation against Railways in the Lake District: see Vol. XXXIV. p. 135.]

[2] [The lecture at the London Institution on Precious Stones, on February 17, 1876, repeated on March 28: see Vol. XXVI. p. 165.]

[3] [No. 169 in *Norton;* vol. ii. pp. 129–130.]

[4] [For Ruskin's references to the book, see General Index ("Xenophon").]

[5] [An essay (1872) in the form of a review of Maria F. Rossetti's *Study of Dante;* included in vol. iv. pp. 118–264 of Lowell's *Prose Works* (1890).]

To CHARLES ELIOT NORTON[1]

CORPUS CHRISTI COLLEGE, 1*st March*, 1876.

. . . My final work on Angelico at Perugia taught me much, last year, and the real difference between you and me, now, is in my intense "Practicality." . . .

I'm just doing a most careful preface to Xenophon—mapping Greek colonies and religion all over Europe,[2] and am giddy with the lot of things that focus, now, out of past work.

I heard, day before yesterday, Crookes's lecture on the motive power of light.[3] Black things first absorb, and then run away from it. . . . His little pith wafers behaved beautifully, and whirled, being poised *in vacuo*, blackened on one side, white on the other, on the approach of a candle, about five revolutions in a second, for slowest. In sunshine, one had whirled itself to pieces, the black so eager to get away. No saying what this mayn't lead to.—Ever your lovingest J. R.

I don't see why I should be separated from you in our prison, because I hope to get out, now, and you don't. Certainly, it would be better for any prisoner to have his friend in that—however absurd—condition, though he might not find him so literally companionable. . . .

I have no *new* faith, but am able to get some good out of my old one, not as being true, but as containing the quantity of truth that is wholesome for me. One must eat one's faith like one's meat, for what good's in it. But modern philosophy for the most part contents itself in the excremental function, and rejoices in that: absolutely incapable of nourishment.

To H.R.H. PRINCE LEOPOLD[4]

CORPUS CHRISTI COLLEGE, OXFORD, 4*th March*, '76.

SIR,—I pray your leave to be importunate, now that once I have found words, for indeed here is sudden occasion. Yesterday I went to the Brit. Museum, and found the beautiful remains of the Castellani

[1] [Of this letter the following portions—viz., "I don't see why . . . companionable," and "I have no new faith . . . good's in it"—appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly*, September 1904, vol. 94, p. 381. The letter was next printed, with one exception as here given, as No. 170 in *Norton;* vol. ii. pp. 130–132. The exception is that the sentence "I don't see . . . companionable" was omitted.]

[2] [See Vol. XXXI. pp. 7 *seq.*]

[3] [Sir William Crookes, F.R.S., first delivered his lecture on "The Mechanical Action of Light," exhibiting his instrument known as "Crookes's Radiometer," at the Royal Institution on February 11, 1876: see the *Proceedings*, vol. 8, pp. 44–67.]

[4] [The "remains of the Castellani collection" were the portion of Signor Alessandro Castellani's antiquities which remained for sale after the purchases

collection ordered to be packed up to go to Philadelphia—quite priceless Greek marbles—quite marvellous Etruscan gold—and here at Oxford, where what power we have of teaching gentlemen what their name demands of them must always depend on our nurture of them in classic literature—here, we have a single Greek bust, and not an earring nor a brooch, nor a bit of armour, to show what knights and ladies of the Greek days were, or wore (for what they *were*, they show, as all of us do, by their decoration no less than their deed). But just think of it, Sir! here we spend half a million as if it were a handful of dust, to build an iron ship and sink her—and here is an entire history and substance of Greek art, offered us for forty thousand, and we send it to the Americans. Who is answerable for this? Who is Mr. D'Israeli, who is Mr. Robert Lowe, that *they* should decide such a matter as this for the Nation or for its Universities? Why should not your Royal Highness, with your noble brothers and sisters, take such a matter into your own hands, and have it done for England's good in peace, as if it were needful you would, as her princes did in heroic times, serve her in her heroic war? I am going in again to the Museum to-day to protest to both Newton—if he be there—and Mr. Birch against the utter meanness of their having cheapened (now these two times) collections wholly beyond all estimate for historic value (first Count Cesnola's[1] and then this), and let them be lost for ever. And what a farce it is, also, calling any one Professor of Art at Oxford or Cambridge, and never so much as writing them word of the discussion of such questions. I have made it a steady law never to act on motives of personal pride. But I am not sure whether it would not become my *duty* to resign my Professorship if this Castellani collection went to America without any question of what the University schools required. In the meantime I write in such disordered haste as the time compels, to beg your Royal Highness to take this matter into your kindly thoughts, believing me always your faithful and loyal servant,

JOHN RUSKIN.

made from him by the British Museum in 1872 and 1873. The "remains" were exhibited in the Museum (for an account of them, see *Times*, January 24, 1876), but the Treasury declined to purchase them (see *Athenæum*, March 18, 1876). In 1872 the University of Oxford had also purchased a collection of Greek antiquities (vases, terra-cottas, and bronzes) from Signor Castellani (see W. S. W. Vaux's *Catalogue of the Castellani Collection in the University Galleries, Oxford:* this was published in 1876, but the work had been in hand for four years). Ruskin's appeal in 1876 did not prevail, and the Castellani "remains" went to America.]

[1] [For another reference to this transaction, see Vol. XXIX. p. 563. The remarks in Vol. XXV. p. 161 are there noted as referring to the Cesnola collection; they may, however, refer to the Castellani collection (for though the lecture in which the remarks occurred was delivered in 1873, the MS. may have been revised at a later date).]

To C. FAIRFAX MURRAY[1]

CORPUS CHRISTI COLLEGE, OXFORD, *March 10th* [1876].

MY DEAR MURRAY,—I am greatly delighted by your present letters; do you know the writing makes all the difference between the possibility of answer and none! I never could read your former letters without pains which I put off, till to-morrow, for ever.

But you must just charge me for all the photos you sent. I can't find any I don't want.

I enclose cheque for £10, and cannot say how glad I am that you feel that want in chiaroscuro. I believe it can only be remedied by making studies in chiaroscuro only; but it is quite immaterial whether you make them from Carpaccio—Titian—Botticelli—or nature. Merely to take their colour, or natures, with the question concerning it, "*Is* this colour darker or lighter than that, and with what gradations?" and work out that basic scheme, will soon lead you into new views of all they do.

I shall be grateful for any memoranda you can make; any parts that interest you either in the Crowning of Madonna or St. Catherine and Michael Madonna of Botticelli's[2]—the clouds and angels of the first especially.—Always affectionately yours, J. RUSKIN.

In painting, one should never darken to full chiaroscuro. The use of chiaroscuro study is to enable one to see what are the facts before we modify them, beginning with the highest light, and lowering all below it till we lose ourselves in darkness. In true colour-study, one begins with black, and raises all above it, till one is lost in light.

To Miss SUSAN BEEVER[3]

CORPUS CHRISTI COLLEGE, OXFORD [? 1876].

I can only thank you for telling me; and say, Praised be God for giving him back to us.

Worldly people say "Thank God" when they get what they

[1] [No. 17 in *Art and Literature,* pp. 48–50.]

[2] [For these pictures in the Accademia at Florence, see Vol. XXIII. p. 273. A study made by Mr. Murray from the latter is in the St. George's Museum (Vol. XXX. p. 192).]

[3] [No. 154 in *Hortus Inclusus.* Possibly written after Dr. John Brown's recovery from illness.]

want; as if it amused God to plague them, and was a vast piece of self-denial on His part to give them what they liked. But I, who am a simple person, thank God when He hurts me, because I don't think He likes it any more than I do; but I can't *praise* Him, because —I don't understand why. I can only praise what's pretty and pleasant, like getting back our Doctor.

To Miss Constance Oldham

Carshalton, *9th April* [1876].

. . . For C.'s debate with you, the *essence* of a gentleman is what the word says, that he comes of a pure *gens*, or is perfectly bred. After that, gentleness and sympathy, or kind disposition and fine imagination. After that, training in the accomplishments of his age and time, to the highest point. A certain quantity of self-restraint is generally a result of all this, but it is quite possible to be a passionate pilgrim and yet a gentleman. Ulysses is not more a gentleman than Achilles, and Claverhouse is only more a gentleman than Fergus MacIvor, not because his countenance never shows his emotion, but because all his emotions are unselfish and all his principles honourable. . . .

To Coventry Patmore[1]

Easter Monday [*April* 17], '76.

Dear Patmore,—Your letter is of *extreme* interest to me. Will you allow me, with or without your name, to print it, and reply, in my *Fors* Correspondence?

I had really no idea that Bertha was so docile: you told me, you naughty papa, that she liked taking her own way, and I find that so frequent a disposition in young ladies that I easily credited her with it. Love to her, and I had a most *solemn intention* of sending her something by this post, as the first that Easter lets go with parcels. But my heap of letters may take till post time.—Ever yours,

J. R.

[1] [*Memoirs and Correspondence of Coventry Patmore*, vol. ii. p. 291. If this letter be rightly dated, that printed in *Fors* must have been not the one of May 15 in Letter 66 (June), but the one on bricklayers reserved for a later number: see Vol. XXVIII. p. 633.]

To CHARLES ELIOT NORTON[1]

HERNE HILL, S.E., *20th April*, 1876.

MY DEAREST CHARLES,—I'm leaving H. Hill (my old nursery) to post quietly down to Brantwood; to-day, *D.V.*, to St. Albans—to-morrow to Cambridge, then Peterborough, Grantham—Lincoln, etc. I hope to get down in about twelve days. The rubbishy scrawl with this is the view down the lake (about four miles long) from my own bit of moor—opposite hills from three to five hundred feet only, width from a quarter to a half mile—little Monk island in distance. Looking north, I have Helvellyn and the Wordsworth Fells, but this view to the south is of most rare and sweet beauty.

All these things are little more than a dream to me, now—the destruction of Venice, Florence, etc., being to me simply *fractus orbis*;[2] and Rosie's death, *fractum cælum* (which Horace might as well have added, when he was about it)—and I am chiefly at present (slightly *pavidus*, however) trying to mend both.

I wonder when you will begin to understand me a little? It *is* against you that with all my practical and logical faculty—colossal as both are—I can't get my sums in addition right in *Fors*.

The thing that beats me most of all is the Weather; but there's a little watery gleam of sun to-day.—Ever your loving J. R.

To H.R.H. PRINCE LEOPOLD

BRANTWOOD, CONISTON, LANCASHIRE, *10th May*, 1876.

SIR,—I have just been made very happy (in the midst of many sorrowful matters) by a letter from my dear old friend Rawdon Brown, giving me account of the joy he had in attending your Royal Highness at Venice, and in being permitted to show his affection to me in the many ways of which he tells me, in bringing to your Royal Highness's notice what we have been doing together at Venice about Rino,[3] etc.

I cannot conceive pleasure greater than my old friend would feel in all this; and I obey instantly the command he conveys to me to write to your Royal Highness at Nuremberg,—not a little glad myself to have the opportunity of saying how grieved I was not to have

[1] [No. 171 in *Norton*; vol. ii. pp. 132–133.]

[2] [Horace, *Odes*, iii. 3, 7:—

"Si fractus illabatur orbis,
Impavidum ferient ruinæ."]

[3] [Copies made by Signor Caldara from the Herbal of Benedetto Rino in the Library of St. Mark: see Vol. XXI. pp. 98, 231, Vol. XXX. p. 357.]

been able to see you when you were last in Oxford; also, to thank you for what Mr. Brown tells me of your kind encouragement to prepare a new edition of *The Stones of Venice*. I hope indeed to go to see my old friend this autumn; and we will consult on the matter in very loyal duty.

rejoice to hear that you had pleasure in the Paradise, and Scuola of St. Roch. The older I grow, the more I reverence the mighty Venetian hand, and soul.

I had a happy time at Cambridge with Mr. Myers: I cannot enough thank your Royal Highness for giving me that friend.

If Mr. Collins is with you, may I be affectionately remembered to him, and will your Royal Highness please always believe me your loyal and affectionate servant, JOHN RUSKIN.

To J. D. SEDDING[1]

BRANTWOOD, *27th May*, '76.

MY DEAR SEDDING,—Your work is all good, but I do not remember why I spoke so specially of texture. I was under the impression that I had dwelt chiefly on fidelity to light and shade of surfaces—which you are gradually gaining. As for not having time, of course to learn any art takes time, and we must either give it or remain no artist.

Modern so-called architects are merely employers of workmen on commission—and if you would be a real architect, you must always have either pencil or chisel in your own hand. In the meantime you can scarcely do better than you are doing. But you had better copy some of Holbein's ornamental work, to learn use of pen and sepia, fast.—Ever most truly yours, J. RUSKIN.

To Miss SUSAN BEEVER[2]

BRANTWOOD.

You could not possibly have sent me a more delightful present than this Lychnis; it is the kind of flower that gives me pleasure and health and memory and hope and everything that Alpine meadows and air can. I'm getting better generally, too. The sun *did* take one by surprise at first.

[1] [John Dando Sedding (1838–1891); entered the office of G. E. Street, 1858; endeavoured to form a school of carvers and modellers from nature; F.R.I.B.A., 1874; diocesan architect for Bath and Wells.]

[2] [These and the two following letters were run together (with some words from another letter) as No. 101 in *Hortus Inclusus* (see below, p. 628). 1876 is conjectured as the date of the third, as it was in August 1875 that he made the studies of geranium in Malham Cove: see Vol. XXIV. p. xxix.]

BRANTWOOD.

I never heard the like—my writing good! and just now!! If you only saw the scratched notes on the back of lecture leaves!

But I am so very glad *you* think it endurable, and it is so nice to be able to give you a moment's pleasure by such a nothing. I'm better to-day, but still extremely languid. I believe that there is often something in the spring which weakens one by its very tenderness; the violets in the wood send one home sorrowful that one isn't worthy to see them, or else, that one isn't one of them.

It is mere Midsummer dream in the woods, to-day.

BRANTWOOD [? 1876].

Here are the two bits of study I did in Malham Cove; the small couples of leaves are different portraits of the first shoots of the two geraniums. I don't find in any botany an account of their little round side leaves, or of the definite central one above the branching of them.

Here's your lovely note just come. I am very thankful that the "Venice" gives you so much pleasure. . . .

I *have*, at least, one certainty, which few authors could hold so surely, that no one was ever harmed by a book of mine; they may have been offended, but have never been discouraged or discomforted, still less corrupted.

There's a saucy speech for Susie's friend. You won't like me any more if I begin to talk like that.

The nice bread is come. May I come to tea again to-morrow? I never send my love to Miss Beever, but I *do* love her for all that.

To H.R.H. PRINCE LEOPOLD

BRANTWOOD, 19*th June*, '76.

SIR,—A delightful telegram from Doctor Acland says that your Royal Highness asked for me, and if you could do anything for me. Yes, a thousand things; but I cannot come to tumultuous Oxford to ask for them. These few long days of summer in the hill-country are the main strength of all my work, and my petitions must be preferred to your Royal Highness—trusting to your own generosity, not to my importunity. Indeed, if besides so much to ask there were but one thing on which I could be of service, I would wait on your Royal Highness instantly. But I know of nothing; I cannot

so much, when I *am* in Oxford, as hold your ponies for you, far less drive. It was always you who were helping me.

And I can tell you better in writing than I could in speaking how rejoiced I was to hear of your kindness to Mr. Brown at Venice, and of your having been interested in some of my dear pictures under his guidance. I cannot imagine anything more rapturous than the good old man's feelings in being able to interest your Royal Highness in praising his old Venetian pupil (for I learned Venice wholly under Mr. Brown's rein), or in having the pride of taking your Royal Highness first into the Great Council Chamber of his beloved and reverenced State. I wrote instantly, on receiving Mr. Brown's account of it all, to Nuremberg, by his direction; but heard afterwards you had not passed there, and have been in much vexation of heart since.

And now, lest I should trespass too long, if I allow myself to say the half of what I would about Mr. Brown, and the Paradise—and the Rino botany, and the encouragement your sympathy gave to every one of my Venetian friends—I will only name my one chief petition for our Oxford Schools, that your Royal Highness would get Turner's perspective diagrams for them;[1] you can extricate these drawings with a word of your lips, from the darkness of their prison under the floors of the National Gallery—they will perish for mere want of light and air, and, to our schools, would be of inestimable service. They are in one large portfolio, with some unfinished drawings, and Mr. Wornum can lay his hand on them at once. And for other aid and comfort, I will come to your Royal Highness as I need it; but only, do not blame me for want of duty in not attending on you personally. I *am* doing my best duty to your Royal Highness, and to all the gracious Persons of your Family, who have honoured me with their aid, by fitting myself here, in my summer labour, for the better teaching of all that I am appointed to teach, under their auspices. And so believe me, my dear Prince, ever your loyal and faithful servant,

J. Ruskin.

To Miss Susan Beever[2]

[1876.]

I believe you know more Latin than I do, and can certainly make more delightful use of it.

Your mornings' ministry to the birds must be remembered for

[1] [These remained in the cellars of the National Gallery; but a large selection of Turner's sketches was obtained in 1878 on loan for the Ruskin Drawing School at Oxford.]

[2] [No. 83 in *Hortus Inclusus*.]

you by the angels who paint their feathers. They will all, one day, be birds of Paradise, and say, when the adverse angel accuses you of being naughty to *some* people, "But we were hungry and she gave us corn, and took care that nobody else ate it."

I am indeed thankful you are better. But you must please tell me what the thing was I said which gave you so much pain. Do you recollect also what the little bit in *Proserpina* was that said so much to you? Were you not thinking of *Fors?*

To Miss SUSAN BEEVER[1]

BRANTWOOD [1876?].

What *can* you mean about your ignorance—or my astonishment at it? Indeed you are a naughty little Susie to think such things. I never come to the Thwaite but you and your sister tell me all kinds of things I don't know, and am so glad to know.

I send a book of architect's drawings of Pisa,[2] which I think will interest you—only you must understand that the miserable Frenchman who did it could not see the expression of face in any of the old sculptures, nor draw anything but hard mechanical outlines—and the charm of all these buildings is this almost *natural* grace of free line and colour.

The little tiny sketch of mine, smallest in the sheet of 4 (the other sheet only sent to keep its face from rubbing), will show you what the things really are like—the whole front of the duomo, Plate XI. (the wretch can't even have his numbers made legibly), is of arches of this sweet variable colour.

Please, can your sister or you plant a grain or grains of corn for me, and watch them into various stages of germination?[3] I want to study the mode of root and blade development, and I am sure you two will know best how to show it me.

To E. R. S.[4]

BRANTWOOD, CONISTON, LANCASHIRE [1876?].

DEAR MISS ——, First, be your mother's true daughter in all needful service, and above all in educating your thoughts so as to love her as exclusively and deeply as possible.

[1] [No. 99 in *Hortus Inclusus* (see below, p. 628).]

[2] [*Les Monuments de Pise au Moyen Age*, par M. Georges Rohault de Fleury, Architecte. Atlas, 1866. Plate xi. shows the front of the cathedral.]

[3] [See pp. 319-320 and "Line-Study V." in Vol. XXV. (*Proserpina*).]

[4] [From the *Girls' Realm*, April 1906, in an article by E. R. S. headed "A Letter from Ruskin: a Message to all Girlhood." The date is not given; it is

But be resolute in feeling and saying that you owe duty to others as well as to her. The "Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?"[1] has to be spoken, I believe, to all parents, some day or other. They accept it when it is a matter of income, scarcely ever as one of principle.

Secondly. Give up all thoughts of work in London. You might as well work in mines or prisons. There is *no* remedy for London but to destroy its rich luxury, and that is not your business.

Thirdly. Trouble not yourself nor any one else about Church quarrels. Keep yourself invulnerably silent.

Be gentle to everybody who is gentle and loving, helpful when you can help, and sometimes join in any conventicle or household worship that comes handy, as well as in your own.

Don't call yourself anything. What any of us *are* has no name, for only God knows it.

Fourthly. The "Girls' Friendly Society" sounds inviting. Tell me what it attempts? *That*, directing what girlhood you can win the friendship of, to learn first itself, and then teach the poor, as much true music and pretty natural history as it can, seems to me a quite luminous sufficient sphere for you.—Ever affectionately yours,

J. R.

Yes. I never wrote truer word than that of women, and have been more and more convinced since that the call now is to *them*, more then ever.

To Coventry Patmore[2]

Brantwood, 7 *July*, 1876.

My dear Patmore,—Enclosed letter seems from a more civilised sort of person than usually writes from the other side of the water. I have told him that I believed you had some copies of the *Angel*, and recommended him to write to you. I hope you will be able to give this reference to original sources some encouragement. Why don't you answer my snap at you in *Fors?* I do hope Bertha's drawings will soon come out of my hands.—Ever affectly. yours,

John Ruskin.

probably about 1876 (the date of his *Letter to Girls*). The postscript refers to a letter written by E. R. S. to Ruskin telling him how much his *Sesame and Lilies* had stirred her.]

[1] [Luke ii. 49: compare Vol. XXXVI. p. xvii.]

[2] [*Memoirs and Correspondence of Coventry Patmore*, vol. ii. p. 291. For "the snap in *Fors*," see Letter 66 (June 1876): Vol. XXVIII. pp. 633–634.]

To COVENTRY PATMORE [1]

WEENS, BY HAWICK, *Friday, 21st* [*July*, 1876].

DEAR PATMORE,—I return the lovely rose at once in case anything should happen to it. It is utterly beautiful, and I doubt not the miracle of finish will be so too. *You* can teach her as well or better than I, that everything done in "pride" will be ill done, that her excellence will be according to her love of beauty, and dutiful, not insolent, industry. No time for more.—Your loving J. R.

After all, I keep the rose till Monday; can't part with it so soon, and want to tell B. about the snowdrops.

To CHARLES ELIOT NORTON [2]

DOLGELLY, N. WALES, *2nd August*, 1876.

MY DEAREST CHARLES,—I want to write to you every day, but must at last, having had quite a feeling of next door neighbourhood to you this last month, in sight of Mr. Moore first,[3] and then in talk with Leslie Stephen,[4] and with a very pleasant American traveller, Mr. Field.[5]

I was, of course, delighted with Mr. Moore; and had most true pleasure in the time he could spare to me, increased by feeling that I was able to show him things which he felt to be useful.

I left, on Monday, my pleasant Brantwood, and Miss Thackeray, and Leslie Stephen, and my Joanie, and all, to begin movement Venicewards, to meet Mr. Moore in Carpaccio's Chapel. Alas, every place on the Continent is now full of acute pain to me, from too much association with past pleasure, giving bitterness to the existing destruction. I do not know how I should have felt in returning to the places which my Father and Mother and I were so happy in, had they remained in unchanged beauty—but I think the feeling would have been one of exalting and thrilling pensiveness, as of some glorious summer evening in purple light. But to find all the places we had

[1] [*Memoirs and Correspondence of Coventry Patmore*, vol. ii. p. 295. Ruskin was staying at Weens, near Hawick, with Mr. George Barclay. The reference is to a water-colour drawing of a wild rose which Miss Bertha Patmore had sent to Ruskin.]

[2] [No. 172 in *Norton;* vol. ii. pp. 135–138.]

[3] [Mr. Charles H. Moore, then instructor, since professor of the Fine Arts in Harvard University: see Vol. XXIV. p. xli.]

[4] [For Ruskin and Leslie Stephen, see *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 43, § 11 (Vol. XXVIII. p. 211 and *n.*).]

[5] ["Mr. John W. Field, a most friendly and genial man."—C. E. N.]

loved changed into railroad stations or dust-heaps—there are no words for the withering and disgusting pain. However, when once I get there I shall set to work to make a few pencil outline drawings from general scenes, such as are left, to illustrate the new edition of *Stones of Venice*. It is no use to re-engrave old plates. I will make new drawings, giving some notion of my old memories of the place, in Turner's time, and get them expressed in line engraving, as best may be—then I shall omit pretty nearly all the architectural analysis of the first volume, and expand and complete the third. Your commented volumes will suggest all that needs to be done, though probably the line I shall take in doing it will be more divergent from that you hoped than I care to say, till I find out what it is really likely to be.

I walked up Cader Idris yesterday with good comfort, but find my limbs fail me in my attempt at such swift descent as I used to be proud of.

But I would fain leave all my printing and talking, and set myself to quiet study of geology with such legs and eyes as I have still left,—were not the world too miserable to be let alone. . . .

I shall be away for Venice before you can answer this. It will be best to address there, but let *The Stones of Venice* when you send them (if not already sent) come to Oxford, as I shall not use them till my return. . . . With love to your mother and sisters, your faithful and loving

J. R.

To Miss Susan Beever[2]

Hotel Meurice, Paris, 26*th August*, '76.

I'm so very miserable just now that I can't write to you: but I don't want you to think that I am going so far away without wishing to be near you again. A fit of intense despondency coming on the top, or under the bottom, of already far-fallen fatigue leaves me helpless to-day, my tongue cleaves to the roof of my mouth. Oh dear, the one pleasant thing I've to say is that it will make me know the blessings of Brantwood and dearness of the Thwaite, twenty-fold more, when I get back.

[1] [Ruskin made many pencil-drawings at Venice, but they were not used to illustrate *St. Mark's Rest*. Some are reproduced in this edition: see frontispiece to Vol. XI., and Vol. XXIV. Plates A, B, C, and D.]

[2] [No. 28 in *Hortus Inclusus*. For the Bible reference in line 5, see Psalms cxxxvii. 6.]

To MRS. ARTHUR SEVERN

HOTEL DES BERGUES, *Sunday Morning* [GENEVA, *Aug.* 27 (?), 1876].

I got your sweet letter to Meurice's, to my great relief, just before leaving last night, and have had an entirely prosperous journey here. Taking two first classes, by good chance I got two corner coupé seats, and was entirely at ease all the way, with the most perfect morning sunshine through the lovely valley from Amberieux. Certainly our Cumberland hills have little to say for themselves in "*form*," but in colour and sweet detail they are lovely. Still, I never felt the superiority of Switzerland more complete.

It is fine still, but has been misty. I am just catching a glimpse of the Buet at last, and I have not seen so much snow on it at this season since I was a boy; and I am convinced at once, that the snows are supplied by dew, not rain!—*i.e.*, by *snow dew*, in fine weather. For here is this unexampled drought and sunshine, covering them with snow!

I am greatly delighted at this discovery, and feel myself again, and the Alps *them*selves. Not that the glaciers can recover themselves, these fifteen years, as they've been more than that going back. But to see the upper snows again right is an immense blessing. . . .

To DR. JOHN BROWN[1]

SIMPLON INN, *My Mother's Birthday, 2nd September,* '76.

DEAREST DOCTOR,—You would have a longer note than this, but that I am finishing with great care a little bit for 4th *Deucalion*,[2] which *must* be written in this room, giving account of the evening spent in the next one to it (whence at this moment the voices of the diligence people at breakfast clatter loudly with their knives and forks through the ill-closed door) thirty-two years ago by my father and mother and me, with James Forbes, such account prefacing a needful critique of Master Viollet-le-Duc on le Massif du Mont Blanc!!!

At last my enemy *has* written a book!

Well, next about myself. I'm a good deal shocked at finding how

[1] [No. 21 of "Letters from Ruskin" in *Letters of Dr. John Brown*, 1907, p. 304. For the Bible reference in line 9, see Job xxxi. 35.]

[2] [Fourth *Part* (chapter x.): see Vol. XXVI. pp. 219 *seq.*]

my old limbs fail me, on the rocks they used to love, and I'm greatly vexed to find the high Alpine air more directly provoking bilious headache than ever, so that even where I *can* climb to, I've no comfort. But I had a wonderful study yesterday of the moraines of the Simplon Glaciers, and of stomachic as distinguished from real despondency; it is very curious that the stomachic despondency is often intensely *sublime!* giving a wild, lurid, fever-struck grandeur to grand things, which, thank God, to-day I shall see none of, for I put myself on chicken and dry toast, and am all right again for the ravine of Gondo, which I'm just starting to walk down. . . .

To the Rev. F. A. Malleson[1]

[Venice] *September 8th,* 1876.

Dear Mr. Malleson,—I am grateful for your letters, but if you will calculate the work necessary for the tasks I have in hand you will find I have absolutely no time for private correspondence, except what is owed to dear friends, and full fellow workers. You have also your own sufficient work—and I do not suppose it will ever bring you much in the way of mine. When you feel inclined to help me, you must find out how by reading *Fors* carefully. I don't debate. I simply say—Whosoever likes to come thus, let him come, else let him attend to his own work and not attempt to judge mine.—Ever faithfully yours,

J. R.

There is nothing whatever said, as far as I remember, in the July *Fors* about "people's surrendering their judgment." A colonel does not surrender his judgment in obeying his general, nor a soldier in obeying his colonel. But there can be no army where they *act* on their own judgments.[2]

The Society of Jesuits is a splendid proof of the power of obedience, but its curse is falsehood. When the Master of St. George's Company bids you lie, it will be time to compare our discipline to the Jesuits. We are their precise opposites—fiercely and at all costs frank, while they are calmly and for all interests lying.

[1] [No. 4 in the synopsis of Ruskin's Letters to Malleson: see Vol. XXXIV. p. 184.]

[2] [The reference is to the passage in *Fors*, Letter 67, where Ruskin says that St. George's Company must obey a "Dictator" (Vol. XXVIII. p. 649).]

To Miss SUSAN BEEVER[1]

VENICE, 10*th September*, '76.

I am a sad long way from the pretty garden steps of the Thwaite, now; yet in a way, at home, here also—having perhaps more feeling of old days at Venice than at any other place in the world, having done so much work there, and I hope to get my new *Stones of Venice* into almost as nice a form as *Frondes*. I'm going to keep all that I think Susie would like, and then to put in some little bits to my own liking, and some other little bits for the pleasure of teasing, and I think the book will come out quite fresh.

I am settled here for a month at least—and shall be very thankful for Susie notes, when they cross the Alps to me in these lonely days.

Love to Mary—I wish I could have sent both some of the dark blue small Veronica I found on the Simplon!

To GEORGE ALLEN[2]

VENICE, 10*th Sept.*, '76.

MY DEAR ALLEN,—I got here on Thursday in great comfort; and find things much less grievous than I feared; and have set to work fairly on the new *Stones of Venice*, which will have all the "eloquent" bits in the second and third volume served up like pickled walnuts, in sauce of a very different flavour—perhaps brandy cherries would be a better symbol of what I hope the book will be.

I have got a drawing well on, with two days' work, already. And I'm not miserable here, as everybody else in Italy. The sea and boats are still sea and boats—the pictures are still pictures, and I have the sense of home, without that of loss, for I had not my father and mother much with me here.

Bunney is doing good work too, which pleases me. I want you to send him a Xenophon[3]—Fondamenta San Biagio, 2143.

I have some nice pickled walnuts getting ready for Professor Tyndall, too—fourth *Deucalion*[4] will be a duck. But oh, how the days fly—and get so short!—Ever affectly. yours, J. R.

[1] [No. 29 in *Hortus Inclusus* (see below, p. 624).]
[2] [This letter was printed (partly in facsimile) in the *Academy*, October 8, 1898.]
[3] [The *Economist* in *Bibliotheca Pastorum* (Vol. XXXI.).]
[4] [Part iv., containing chap. x.; for the references in it to Tyndall, see Vol. XXVI. pp. 226 *seq.*]

To Miss Susan Beever[1]

Venice, 12*th September*, 1876.

I must just say how thankful it makes me to hear of this true gentleness of English gentlewoman in the midst of the vice and cruelty in which I am forced to live here, where oppression on one side and license on the other rage as two war-wolves in continual havoc.

It is very characteristic of fallen Venice, as of modern Europe, that here in the principal rooms of one of the chief palaces in the very headmost sweep of the Grand Canal there is not a room for a servant fit to keep a cat or a dog in (as Susie would keep cat or dog, at least).

To Miss Susan Beever[2]

Venice, 18*th September* [1876].

I never knew such a fight as the good and wicked fairies are having over my poor body and spirit just now. The good fairies have got down the St. Ursula for me and given her to me all to myself,[3] and sent me fine weather and nice gondoliers, and a good cook, and a pleasant waiter; and the bad fairies keep putting everything upside down, and putting black in my box when I want white, and making me forget all I want, and find all I don't, and making the hinges come off my boards, and the leaves out of my books, and driving me as wild as wild can be; but I'm getting something done in spite of them, only I never *can* get my letters written.

To Miss Susan Beever[4]

Venice, *September* 29*th* [1876].

I have woeful letters telling me you also were woeful in saying good-bye. My darling Susie, what *is* the use of your being so good and dear if you can't enjoy thinking of Heaven, and what fine goings on we shall all have there?

All the same, even when I'm at my very piousest, it puts me out

[1] [No. 30 in *Hortus Inclusus* (see below, p. 624).]
[2] [No. 31 in *Hortus Inclusus*.]
[3] [See Vol. XXIV. p. xxxvi.]
[4] [No. 32 in *Hortus Inclusus*.]

if my drawings go wrong. I'm going to draw St. Ursula's blue slippers to-day, and if I can't do them nicely shall be in great despair. I've just found a little cunning inscription on her bedpost, "IN. FANN.TIA." The double N puzzled me at first, but Carpaccio spells anyhow. My head is not good enough for a bedpost. . . . Oh me, the sweet Grange! —Thwaite, I mean (bedpost again): to think of it in this mass of weeds and ruin!

To CHARLES ELIOT NORTON[1]

VENICE, *5th October*, 1876.

MY DEAREST CHARLES,—It always seems to me that whenever I write a careful letter, people don't get it. I'm sure one or two long ones to you have been lost. However, I have yours, to-day, and sit down to tell you how my days pass. I wake as a matter of course, about half-past five, and get up and go out on my balcony in my night-gown to see if there's going to be a nice dawn.

That's the view I have from it[2]—with the pretty traceried balcony of the Contarini Fasan next door. Generally there is a good dawn (nothing but sunshine and moonlight for the last month). At six I get up, and dress, with, occasionally, balcony interludes—but always get to my writing table at seven, where, by scolding and paying, I secure my punctual cup of coffee, and do a bit of the *Laws* of Plato to build the day on. I find Jowett's translation is good for nothing and shall do one myself, as I've intended these fifteen years.[3]

At half-past seven the gondola is waiting and takes me to the bridge before St. John and Paul, where I give an hour of my very best day's work to painting the school of Mark and vista of Canal to Murano. It's a great Canaletto view, and I'm painting it against him.[4]

I am rowed back to breakfast at nine, and, till half-past ten, think over and write what little I can of my new fourth vol. of *Stones of Venice*.[5] At half-past ten I go to the Academy, where I find Moore at work; and we sit down to our picture together. They have been very good to me in the Academy, and have taken down St. Ursula and given her to me all to myself in a locked room and perfect light. I'm painting a small carefully toned general copy of it for Oxford,[6] and

[1] [No. 173 in *Norton;* vol. ii. pp. 138–141.]
[2] [See facsimile; and for the Palazzo Contarini Fasan, the Plate facing p. 212 in Vol. III.]
[3] [Compare below, p. 292.]
[4] [Ruskin's drawing is the frontispiece to Vol. XI.]
[5] [That is, *St. Mark's Rest.*]
[6] [In the Ruskin Drawing School there: Vol. XXI. p. 300.]

A Page of a Letter to C. E. Norton

To face p. 210

shall make a little note of it for you, and am drawing various parts larger. Moore is making a study of the head, which promises to be excellent.

He sits beside me till twelve, then goes to early dinner with Mrs. Moore and Bessie—I have a couple of hours tête-à-tête with St. Ursula, very good for me.

I strike work at two or a little after—go home, read letters, and dine at three; lie on sofa and read any vicious book I can find to amuse me—to prevent St. Ursula having it all her own way. Am greatly amused with the life of Casanova[1] at present.

At half-past four, gondola again—I am floated, half asleep, to Murano—or the Armenians—or the San Giorgio in Alga—wake up, and make some little evening sketch, by way of diary.[2] Then take oar myself, and row into the dark or moonlight.

Home at seven, well heated—quiet tea—after that, give audiences, if people want me; otherwise read Venetian history—if no imperative letters—and to bed at ten.

I am very much delighted at having Mr. Moore for a companion—we have perfect sympathy in all art matters and are not in dissonance in any others. His voice continually reminds me of yours.

And he's not at all so wicked nor so republican as you, and minds all I say! But for all your naughtiness, I'm always your loving

JOHN RUSKIN.

To Miss SUSAN BEEVER[3]

VENICE, *13th November* [1876].

I have to-day your dear little note; and have desired Joan to send you one just written to her, in which I have given some account of myself, that may partly interest, partly win your pardon for apparent neglect. Coming here after, practically, an interval of twenty-four years, —for I have not seriously looked at anything during the two hurried visits with Joan,[4]—my old unfinished work, and the possibilities of its better completion, rise grievously and beguilingly before me, and I have been stretching my hands to the shadow of old designs and striving to fulfil shortcomings, always painful to me, but now, for the moment, intolerable.

[1] [For a reference to the *Mémoires de Jacques Casanova*, see Vol. XXIV. p. 446.]
[2] [For such a sketch at Murano, see Vol. X. p. 40.]
[3] [No. 33 in *Hortus Inclusus*.]
[4] [In 1870 (see Vol. XX. p. xlix. *n.*, and above, pp. 6, 7) and in 1872 (see Vol. XXII. p. xxvi. *n.*). He had also been in Venice, without Mrs. Severn, in 1869 (see Vol. XXXVI. p. 573).]

I am also approaching the close of the sixth year of *Fors*, and have plans for the Sabbatical year of it, which make my thoughts active and troubled. I am drawing much, and have got a study of St. Ursula which will give you pleasure; but the pain of being separate from my friends and of knowing they miss me! I wonder if you will think you are making me too vain, Susie. Such vanity is a very painful one, for I know that you look out of the window on Sundays now, wistfully, for Joan's handkerchief.[1] This pain seems always at my heart,—with the other, which is its own.

I am thankful, always, you like St. Ursula. *One* quite fixed plan for the last year of *Fors* is that there shall be absolutely no abuse or controversy in it, but things which will either give pleasure or help; and some clear statements of principle, in language as temperate as hitherto violent; to show, for one thing, that the violence was not for want of self-command.

I'm going to have a good fling at the Bishops in next *Fors* to finish with,[2] and then for January! Only I mustn't be too good, Susie, or something would happen to me. So I shall say naughty things still, but in the mildest way.

I am very grateful to you for that comparison about my mind being as crisp as a lettuce. I am *so* thankful you can feel that still. I was beginning to doubt, myself.

To ALBERT GOODWIN

VENICE, *Nov.* 30, 1876.

MY DEAR ALBERT,—I am very happy in your letter received to-day —grateful for the regard, and glad to think of your wise and happy life, and to be more brought into sweet entanglement with Ivy.[3] But I must not let the day pass without saying what seems to me the answer to your questions about painting—that all great efforts are errors, and that we only use our powers fully by doing what we know we can do well and enjoy doing, better and better every day. I have always felt deep regret at your taking to oil and to large canvases. The virtue of oil, as I understand it, is perfect delineation of solid form in deep local colour. It seems to me not only adverse to, but even to negative, partially, beautiful landscape effect.

[1] [When Susie was no longer able to go to church, Mrs. Severn, in driving past on Sunday morning, always waved her handkerchief from the window of the carriage to that of the Thwaite.]

[2] [See Letter 72: Vol. XXVIII. p. 765.]

[3] [Mr. Goodwin's daughter.]

To see a blue mountain varnished is at once an offence to me, and the subtlest conditions of colour in lights which are opal in water-colour are japanning in oil. Farther, large canvases mean the complete doing of what they contain, and the painting of not more than three or four in the year, while I think you have eyes to discern every summer three or four and forty, of which it is a treason to your genius to omit such record as would on small scale be easily possible to you.

And as a mere matter of personal comfort, twenty people can enjoy a small drawing for one who wants to cover half a furlong of wall. Very thankful should I be for some of those Danieli days[1] again. I can't sketch myself and write too; nor now do my eyes serve me as of old. But happiness is at Ilfracombe for you, not here, and I, wishing you to be happy, am ever yours affectionately,

J. R.

To Thomas Carlyle

Venice, *1st December*, 1876.

Dearest Papa,—I am so thankful to hear from Mary that you are yourself again, and bright,—and reading Shakespeare to her. What a blessed girl that is, to have you and another uncle to "do for," and to be able to do for them!—and to be witty and insighted besides; and have her uncle liking to read Shakespeare to her.

There is something left in "the Present" still—if we can get the mischief of it quieted—cocks not to crow except on properly far off dunghills, and so on.[2]

Then it's so nice having your beautiful letter to read. I didn't mean to stay out this winter, and I've no Carlyle with me—not a bit—and I've been reading French novels instead, with no benefit in the change.

All the same, I think if you will glance over two stories in an English-French one, which I told Joanna to get and will tell her to send to Cheyne Row—"Our New Bishop" and "A Hero of the Commune"—you will find some good in them.[3]

I'm very unhappy in my work here. I don't want to write about Venice, now, but about Sheffield;—and yet I think I ought to finish rightly what I have done so much of, and dot all the i's. I get in a

[1] [In 1872, when Mr. Goodwin was at Venice with Ruskin (Vol. XXII. p. xxvi.), and made for him a large number of small drawings and sketches.]

[2] [A reference to Carlyle's suffering from the cock-crowing nuisance: see, *e.g.*, Froude's *Carlyle's Life in London*, vol. ii. p. 135.]

[3] [*French Pictures in English Chalk:* Smith, Elder & Co., 1876. The author was E. C. Grenville Murray.]

fury, because whenever I come to the original statement of anything it's always a reference to an MS. in the Vatican, or the like.

Fancy, papa, what times you and I should have had if those beasts of aristocrats, instead of spending all their money in horses, had set up printing presses, and printed all the first documents of their own history (the worthless dish-washings that they are)—and nice Indexes!

Please give my love to Froude, and impart the above idea to him. I'm a little proud of it, because it's the first time it ever occurred to me what printing was good for.

Love to Mary, and thank her for her letter, and say I rather like that notion of the bursting bubble—only I fear it's more like a bursting balloon, with small chance for the car.

Forgive my ill writing. I've tried so hard to do better, but it's not in me.—Ever your loving and faithful J. RUSKIN.

It is very dear of you to revise *Ulric* for me.[1]

To Miss SUSAN BEEVER[2]

VENICE, *2nd December* [1876].

I have been very dismal lately. I hope the next captain of St. George's Company will be a merrier one, and happier in being of use. I am inherently selfish, and don't enjoy being of use. And here I've no Susies nor Kathleens nor Diddies, and I'm only doing lots of good, and I'm very miserable. I've been going late to bed too. I picked myself up last night and went to bed at nine, and feel cheerful enough to ask Susie how she does, and send her love from St. Mark's doves. They're really tiresome now, among one's feet in St. Mark's Place, and I don't know what it will come to. In old times, when there were not so many idlers about, the doves were used to brisk walkers, and moved away a foot or two in front of one; but now everybody lounges, or stands talking about the Government, and the doves won't stir till one just touches them; and I who walk fast[3] am always expecting to tread on them, and it's a nuisance.

If I only had time I would fain make friends with the seagulls, who would be quite like angels if they would only stop on one's balcony. If there were the least bit of truth in Darwinism, Venice would have had her own born seagulls by this time building their nests at her thresholds.

[1] [See above, p. 192.]
[2] [No. 34 in *Hortus Inclusus* (see below, p. 624).]
[3] [See *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 82 (Vol. XXIX. pp. 249–50).]

To Miss Susan Beever[1]

Venice, 11*th December* [1876].

My mouth's watering so for that Thwaite currant jelly, you can't think. I haven't had the least taste of anything of the sort this three months. These wretches of Venetians live on cigars and garlic; have no taste in their mouths for anything that God made nice.

The little drawing (returned) is nice in colour and feeling, but, which surprises me, not at all intelligent in line. It is not weakness of hand but fault of perspective instinct, which spoils so many otherwise good botanical drawings.

Bright morning. Sickle moon just hiding in a red cloud, and the morning stars just vanished in light. But we've had nearly three weeks of dark weather, so we mustn't think it poor Coniston's fault—though Coniston *has* faults. Poor little Susie, it shan't have any more nasty messages to carry.[2]

1877

[Ruskin remained at Venice till May in this year; returning home by the Simplon. In November he lectured at Oxford. Records of the year, with some letters additional to those here given, will be found in Vol. XXIV. pp. xl.–xlv., and Vol. XXV. pp. xix.–xxii.]

To Charles Eliot Norton[3]

Venice, 16*th January*, '77.

My dearest Charles,—I must at once thank you for your Christmas note, but can scarcely do more, being at very heavy work all day long. . . . I can't get my own studies for Oxford completed, the Carpaccio colour being the most subtle and impossible I ever attempted, except Turner's. Giotto and Angelico tried me; but this is hardest of all. I get on with it, nevertheless, though slowly, and with much else—chiefly in thoughts good for Christmas of which——(*7th February*) and so it stopped. . . . I've nearly now done three drawings from

[1] [No. 35 in *Hortus Inclusus* (see below, p. 624).]

[2] [The drawing, submitted to Ruskin, was by a friend of Miss Beever.]

[3] [No. 174 in *Norton;* vol. ii. pp. 141–144. Part of the letter ("I have been four months . . . when I was first taught") had previously appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly*, September 1904, vol. 94, pp. 381–382; and a few words of it ("Time was . . . mother dead") had been printed by Professor Norton in his Introduction (pp. viii.–ix.) to the American "Brantwood" edition of *Stones of Venice*, 1891.]

Carpaccio[1]—one of the entire picture, one of the window with vervain leaves, the third, of the hand,—hand and clothes over the breast, full size. The hair has cost me terrific work. I thought Carpaccio had done it by felicity, but found it was art and cunning carried to such a point as to be totally unrecognizable from the felicitous lightness of Gainsborough. I had to do it all over again, putting literally every hair in its place, approximately.

I've been four months at work on these three drawings, with other sketches going on, not slight ones, and a new history and guide in Venice. The detail of each day varies not much; nor in the detail of it ought you to take much pleasure—for I have none—except of a solemn kind. Time was, every hour in Venice was joy to me. Now, I work as I should on a portrait of my mother, dead. I am pleased with myself when I succeed; interested in the questions of the meaning of such and such a bend of lip, such and such a winding vein, pulseless. You will be interested in the history of her life,[2] which I can thus write. So am I; and "happy"—in that way in my work. But it is a different happiness from having my mother to read Walter Scott to me.

There is also now quite an enormous separation between you and me in a very serious part of our minds. Every day brings me more proof of the presence and power of real Gods, with good men; and the religion of Venice is virtually now my own—mine at least (or rather at greatest) including hers, but fully accepting it, as that also of John Bunyan, and of my mother, which I was first taught. . . .

I hope my next letter will be able to report more actual accomplishment. . . . Ever your grateful and loving J. R.

I have been very "happy"—in such sense as I ever can be—with Mr. Moore, he *is* so nice.

To Miss SUSAN BEEVER[3]

23rd January, 1877.

I've caught cold, and can think of nothing to do me good but making you miserable by telling you so. It's not a very bad one. And it's a wonder I've got so far through the winter without any.

Things have gone very well for me, hitherto, but I have been depressed by hearing of my poor Kate's * illness; and can't think of Brantwood with any comfort, so I come across the lake to the Thwaite.

* Then, my head servant; now Kate Raven, of Coniston. [J. R.]

[1] [From Carpaccio's picture of the Dream of St. Ursula. The drawing of the whole picture is at Oxford (Vol. XXI. p. 300).]

[2] [That is, in the story of St. Ursula.]

[3] [No. 36 in *Hortus Inclusus* (see below, p. 624).]

A great many lovely things happened to me this Christmas; but if I were to tell Susie of them I am sure she would be frightened out of her bright little wits, and think I was going to be a Roman Catholic. I'm writing *such* a Catholic history of Venice, and chiselling all the Protestantism off the old *Stones*, as they do here the grass off steps.

All the pigeons of St. Mark's Place send you their love. St. Ursula adds hers to the Eleven thousand Birds' love. And the darlingest old Pope who went a-pilgrimaging with her, hopes you won't be too much shocked if he sends *his* too![1] (If you're not shocked, *I* am!)

My new Catholic history of Venice is to be called *St. Mark's Rest.*

To Miss Susan Beever[2]

27th January [1877].

Joanie tells me you are writing her such sad little letters. How *can* it be that any one so good and true as my Susie should be sad? I am sad, bitterly enough and often; but only with sense of fault and folly and lost opportunity, such as you have never fallen into or lost. It is very cruel of Fate, I think, to make us sad, who would fain see everybody cheerful, and make so many cheerful who make others wretched.

The little history of Venice is well on, and will be clear and interesting, I think,—more than most histories of anything. And the stories of saints and nice people will be plenty.

Such moonlight as there is to-night, but nothing to what it is at Coniston! It makes the lagoon water look brown instead of green which I never noticed before.

To Mrs. John Simon

Venice. *Written 1st February, Evening, dated 2nd, Morning,* 1877.

My dearest S.,—That is pensive news to me,[3] as you partly know—or, it may be, wholly know, understanding me sometimes better than I do myself, and it may be, therefore, knowing beforehand, more than I, how solitary these departures leave me.

To walk up the valley now, in a bright morning, with the dew on the grass, and the eternal light on the snow, and so alone! think of it, for me.

[1] [The references are to pictures Nos. 6 and 7 in the St. Ursula Series: see Vol. XXIV. pp. lii., liii.]

[2] [No. 37 in *Hortus Inclusus* (see below, p. 624).]

[3] [Mrs. Simon had written to tell him of the death of his old guide and friend, Joseph Couttet (see Vol. XXIX. p. 67).]

Indeed, if ever now *I* begin to think of those old days, there are more fountains of tears in me than ever runlets through the moss of Fairies' Hollow.[1]

I scarcely know what sort of life I am living *now*. I have no pleasure in anything, and yet am not unhappy so long as I am not tired—I am surprised at being able for so much; at Keswick in '67—ten years ago!—though I could walk well, I could not work after ten o'clock; my brain seemed tired. But at present, either in writing or drawing, my work is ceaseless from seven to three, and I don't think my friends will say I give a bad account of my time,—if I get home safe in June.

If in 1860, instead of writing *Unto this Last*, I had taken up the flowers of the Alps, and their stories, and if no R. had come in the way, and if my Father had not died, and if——After all, *if* the poor Father had loved the valley as much as, or the tenth part as much as I, perhaps I never should have gone into political economy.

I wonder what John and you would have me do, now.

Poor Judith,[2] I wonder if she'll miss le papa, as I do mine. She did her duty to him better.

I am very sorry, as you know, that you have been ill. Please write me a little line some day, with more in it of John and yourself.—Ever your affectionate J. RUSKIN.

Perhaps I am wearing myself out, without knowing, but I rowed more strongly yesterday than when I came to Venice, by much.

To Miss SUSAN BEEVER[3]

VENICE, *4th February*, 1877.

Your praise and sympathy do me double good, because you could not praise me so nicely and brightly without pleasure of your own. I'm always sure a *Fors* will be good if I feel it will please Susie;—but I can only write them now as they're given me; it all depends on what I'm about. But I'm doing a great deal just now which you will enjoy—I'm thankful to say, I know you will. St. Theodore's horse is delightful—and our Venetian doggie—and some birds are coming too![4] This is not a letter—but just a purr.

[1] [For this favourite haunt of Ruskin's at Chamouni, see Vol. VII. p. 107, and Vol. XXXV. p. 634.]

[2] [Couttet's daughter: see Vol. XXIX. p. 67.]

[3] [No. 38 in *Hortus Inclusus*.]

[4] [See the legend of Theodore, and his speaking to his "horse of Christ" as to a man, in *Fors*, Letter 75 (Vol. XXIX. p. 66). The story of the "Venetian doggie" and some remarks on birds follow (pp. 68, 71).]

To Miss Susan Beever [1]

Venice, 17*th February* [1877].

It is very grievous to me to hear of your being in that woeful weather, while I have two days' sunshine out of three, and starlight or moonlight always; to-day the whole chain of the Alps from Vicenza to Trieste shining cloudless all day long, and the sea-gulls floating high in the blue, like little dazzling boys' kites.

Yes, St. Francis would have been greatly pleased with you watching pussy drink your milk; so would St. Theodore, as you will see by next *Fors*, which I have ordered to be sent you in first proof, for I am eager that you should have it. What wonderful flowers these pinks of St. Ursula's are,[2] for life! They seem to bloom like everlastings.

I get my first rosebud and violets of this year from St. Helena's Island[3] to-day. How I begin to pity people who have no saints to be good to them! Who is yours at Coniston? There must have been some in the country once upon a time.

With their help I am really getting well on with my history and drawing, and hope for a sweet time at home in the heathery days, and many a nice afternoon tea at the Thwaite.

To Miss Susan Beever [4]

Venice, 8*th March*, 1877.

That is entirely new and wonderful to me about the singing mouse.[5] Douglas's (was it the Douglas?) saying "he had rather hear the lark sing than the mouse squeak"[6] needs revision. It is a marvellous fact in natural history.

The wind is singing a wild tune to-night—cannot be colder on our own heaths—and the waves dash like our Waterhead. Oh me, when I'm walking round it again, how like a sad dream all this Venice will be!

[1] [No. 39 in *Hortus Inclusus.*]
[2] [See, again, *Fors*, Letter 75 (Vol. XXIX. p. 66).]
[3] [For this once beautiful spot, now the seat of an iron foundry, see Vol. X. p. 423 *n.*, and Vol. XXIV. p. xliii.]
[4] [No. 40 in *Hortus Inclusus.*]
[5] ["A pleasant story that a friend sent me from France. The mouse often came into their sitting-room and actually sang to them, the notes being a little like a canary's."—S. B.]
[6] [See ch. xxx. of Scott's *Fair Maid of Perth.*]

To COUNT ALVISE ZORZI[1]

1877.

CARISSIMO CONTE ZORZI,—That is all the Italian I know, pretty nearly, and I must trust your sweet secretary to interpret my letter to-day. For indeed I must tell you why I am so troublesome and hindering to you. *Indeed* there are most grave reasons for the changes I am making in my letter.[2] You have been thinking, my dear friend, too much of the Prefecture of Venice—and not enough of the Soul of Europe. It is neither your part nor mine becomingly to play the part of police officers detecting petty theft. We are antiquaries and artists, defending a monument of Christianity.

You shall forgive me—but I *must*, for your sake as for my own, insist on the word "Religion" being introduced in page 12, and on the other alterations made in the pages now sent. Between 14 and 15 the new piece comes in, and I have had to transpose the San Severo bit, for I mean to finish in a much better way. I shall be in my rooms at ten minutes past three this afternoon, and will then finish all. There is, alas! enough, and too much, for your poor, hardworked secretary to do, though for your loving friend, J. RUSKIN.

Please also—Nothing must be in italics or capitals in Italian which I do not put in italics or capitals in English. True translation is as much of accents as words.

To COUNT ALVISE ZORZI[3]

ZATTERE, 17 *March*, '77.

MON CHER COMTE,—Je fus hier chez les imprimeurs, et les choses sont bien en train; mais chaque fois que je relis ma lettre, je m'en trouve moins content; je vous prierai bien de venir—non, la prego, aux pieds des colonnes d'Acre comme les conspirateurs, aujourd'hui à 4 heures après midi, pour convenir sur certaines choses que je voudrais y changer: à présent ce n'est presque qu'une réclamation et cri au voleur—ce qui ne me semble pas ni prudent ni politique. Un jour de plus ou moins en telle matière vaut bien la chandelle; en cas donc

[1] [From "Ruskin in Venice," by Count A. Zorzi, in the *Cornhill Magazine*, September 1906, p. 368. For the Count's reminiscences of Ruskin, see Vol. XXIX. pp. xvi.–xix.]

[2] [The prefatory letter to Count Zorzi's book on Venetian restorations. Ruskin's references are, as will be seen, to pages in the proof-sheets of his letter. The word "religion" occurs in § 3; the "San Severo bit" in § 7: see Vol. XXIV. pp. 406, 409.]

[3] [*Cornhill Magazine*, September 1906, p. 369.]

que vous ne pourriez pas venir l'après midi, je vous attendrai demain soir; l'Imprimerie ne peut travailler le dimanche, je suppose.—Croyez moi, cher Comte, toujours votre ami dévoué, J. Ruskin.

To Mrs. Arthur Severn

Venice, *Thursday, 22nd March,* '77.

I've just done up the nicest little explosive torpedo I've ever concocted, to my own mind;[1] and am in good hope of pitching it into the Academy of Venice, and the general Artistic Mind, for an Easter-Egg. I'm licking my lips over it considerable. Jowett will send you a first proof!

And yesterday, for a companion to little Bear, I began painting the Doggie with the switch in his mouth and his paws on Carpaccio's name.[2]

To Madame Szczepanowska[3]

26th March, 1877.

My dear Madam,—How did you ever know that those flowers were exactly what I wanted to make me quite happy (as far as old bachelors *can* be happy), in my little sunny rooms? Who told you, or how did you guess? I don't recollect talking of my flowers to you—and I had no vervain when you came that fortunate evening for me, to enlighten my solitude in that charming way. Indeed I thank you, I can't tell you how much.[4]

The moment this terrible book of Count Zorzi's and mine (if I may claim in sympathy some part of it) is well out of our way, I do hope that I may be permitted to show that earnest-hearted secretary of ours[5] some of my earnest ways of drawing study. She shall not be *tired;* but it will certainly help her to express her own graceful fancies with more ease and perfectness, if she submits to a month's work under my tyrannous laws of imitation of the natural facts.

Will you please tell me her name, so that I may write it properly in a book I want to ask her acceptance of—and so believe me, dear Madam, in all ways possible to me, your faithful servant,

J. Ruskin.

[1] [The *Guide to the Academy at Venice*, issued in March 1877.]

[2] ["Little Bear" is Ruskin's study of St. Ursula; the "doggie" is in the picture of "Venetian Ladies and their Pets": see Plate LXVII. in Vol. XXIV. (p. 364).]

[3] [*Cornhill Magazine*, September 1906, p. 370.]

[4] [On the significance of the vervain to Ruskin, see Vol. XXIX. p. 31.]

[5] [Miss Eugenia Szczepanowska (afterwards married to Count Zorzi), who had undertaken the translation of Ruskin's letter.]

To MRS. ARTHUR SEVERN

16*th April* [VENICE, 1877].

I have to-day your lovely account of the roses. It is delightful. But alas, only a more graceful form than usual of our English selfishness. Praiseworthy,—as my care of Turners is; all our passions are praiseworthy when innocent and well followed. But we must have, to be right, before God and Man, not only passion, but *com*passion. It is the poor in the East of London, the East and West of Manchester, who really need roses. Not my Puss. It is mere luxury giving them to her, and getting the grateful look of her eyes, in exchange.

To RAWDON BROWN[1]

8*th May*, 1877.

MY DEAREST PAPA,—I was a little mortified by your note, for I thought you would have been more pleased, and that you had more confidence in my knowledge of architecture. I don't go by the School of St. Mark's at all—it is quite corrupt and lascivious of the style. I go by the perfectly faultless work of Giocondo's own wholly at Verona, the most perfect Renaissance building in Italy, till its recent restoration—the public palace in the little square where the statue of Dante is. Giocondo also did the most difficult work of the Veronese bridges, and was the complete founder of the style, which the Lombardi merely overcharged with fat babies and succulent ivy leaves. The fantasy of the School of St. Marco is brilliant, but I believe not at all owing to the Lombardi, but to the author, whoever he was, of the Sogno di Polifilo.[2] Also the enormous inconvenience of the double meaning of

[1] [The letter refers to a passage in Ruskin's *Guide to the Academy at Venice* (Vol. XXIV. pp. 169, 170) where he proposed to call the architectural style of the early Renaissance at Venice (see Vol. XI. p. 20)—1480–1520—the "Giocondine." In the *Stones of Venice* (*l.c.*), Ruskin had instanced the Scuola di San Marco (see Vol. XI., frontispiece) as typical of the style; in the *Guide*, he instances the Scuola di San Giovanni. The style in question is commonly called at Venice "Lombardic" (after Pietro and Tullio Lombardo), and Ruskin himself in his earlier books uses the term: see, *e.g.*, *Modern Painters*, vol. iii. (Vol. V. p. 75 *n.*). He now suggests that "Lombard" and "Lombardic" are confusing, and proposes, for the latter, to substitute "Giocondine"—in honour of the building which he considered the masterpiece in the style, namely, Fra Giocondo's Loggia at Verona; this is shown on Plate XVIII. in Vol. XXX. (pp. 207, 208). For Brown's comment on Ruskin's letter, see the Introduction, Vol. XXXVI. p. xciii. *n.*]

[2] [Ruskin's reference is to the authorship of the designs in the *Hypnerotomachia Poliphili* (or "Sogno di Polifilo," or "Battle of Love in Dreams") by the monk of Treviso, Francesco Colonna, published by Aldus at Venice in 1499; a copy of the rare first edition is in the British Museum. The designs have been variously attributed to the young Raphael, the Bellinis, Jacopo de' Barbari, Carpaccio, Mantegna, the "master of the Dolphin," and others; there is a considerable literature about the book: see, *e.g.*, the introduction to Claudius Popelin's French

the word Lombard is a further reason for changing the usual name. I shall keep the Lombardi conspicuous as carvers of Giocondine building, as Bartolomeo Bon, of the Ducal Palace. But the real inventors, as so often happens, were forgotten, in both styles; and Rizzo, I suppose the designer of the finest Renaissance thing in Venice, the Canonica side of the Ducal Palace,[1] effaced himself by his own crime—while Giocondo was as good, I believe, as strong in intellect.

I think you will be pleased when you see how my archivolts and mosaics work out on St. Mark's,[2] however.—Ever your loving

FIGLIO.

I wonder if my papa would be so very good as to tell me if *ancoratus* is classic Latin for "anchorite"—or only heraldic Latin? I don't seem to recollect seeing the word.

To WILLIAM WALKER[4]

SIMPLON INN, *June 9th*, 1877.

MY DEAR WALKER,—In the late sale of drawings at Christie's there were four which I've been looking after for thirty years—and I would have bought them with my last guinea, as Goldsmith his bottle of claret. Your kind letter has just come. This one will, I doubt not, give you real concern: but, my dear Sir, be assured—and think over your experience of men to confirm what I say—no man who is in real danger of ruin ever takes the public into his confidence, or allows, with thanks, the advice of his friends, even when he does not follow it.—Ever gratefully yours, JOHN RUSKIN.

To CHARLES ELIOT NORTON[5]

BRANTWOOD, 31*st July*, 1877.

DEAREST CHARLES, . . . I have no comfort now for anything unless in thoughts which you would not care for my telling you. I am nearer breaking down myself than I meant voluntarily to have

translation (Paris, 2 vols., 1883), the Science and Art Department's reproduction of the designs (edited by J. W. Appell, 1888), and Jos. Poppelreuter's *Der Anonyme Meister des Poliphilo* (Strassburg, 1904). The architectural designs (*e.g.*, the full pages in sig. *c* and *r*) are said to have influenced Palladio and earlier architects.]

[1] [What Ruskin elsewhere calls the "Rio façade": see Vol. XI. p. 32 and *n*. For the crime of Antonio Riccio, or Rizzo, see Vol. X. p. 354.]

[2] [See ch. viii. of *St. Mark's Rest* (Vol. XXIV.).]

[3] [The word is not given in Du Cange.]

[4] [No. 37 in *Furnivall*, p. 92. For Mr. Walker, who assisted Ruskin in connexion with St. George's Guild, see Vol. XXVIII. p. 556.]

[5] [No. 175 in *Norton*; vol. ii. pp. 144–145.]

run,—owing to the extreme need for doing all I could at Venice this winter—and I have reduced myself nearly to the state of a brittle log—which you may break before you can fetch fire out of, or grief —and what I do or seem to do is more a kind of lichenous greenery than anything of my own; else I should have written, as you may well believe, many a day before now. . . .

P.S.—I read your note—knowing how much pleasure it would give —to Joan and Arthur, who are here. You will be glad to know that when I read them the first page of my answer I was stopped by screams of laughter—partly subdued, indeed, complimentary—but real enough, because I was out walking with them yesterday and, it seems, gave neither of them the impression of being a "brittle log."

To Miss Susan Beever[1]

Brantwood [1877?].

The feathers nearly made me fly away from all my Psalters and Exoduses, to you, and my dear peacocks. I wonder when Solomon got his ivory and apes and peacocks,[2] whether he ever had time to look at them? He couldn't always be ordering children to be chopped in two and the like. Alas, I suppose his wisdom, in England of to-day, would have been taxed to find out which mother lied in saying which child *wasn't* hers!

But you *will* like my psalter, I'm sure. Diddie wouldn't copy the wickedest bits, so I was obliged to leave them all out!

Oh dear, I feel *so* wicked to-day, I could even tease *you*, by telling you Joanie was better, and how it came to pass. I mustn't say more, but that I love you ever so much, and am ever, etc.

I began this note especially to tell you how delighted I was with your idea of the flower show; how good it will be for the people,—how nice for *you*.

Brantwood [1877?].

I've been writing to Miss R. again, and Miss L.'s quite right to stay at home. "She thinks I have an eagle's eye."[3] Well, what else should I have, in daytime? together with my cat's eye in the dark? But you may tell her I should be very sorry if my eyes were *no* better than eagles'! "Doth the eagle know what is in the pit?"[4] *I* do.

[1] [This and the following letter were run together into one, as No. 142, in *Hortus Inclusus* (see below, p. 631).]

[2] [1 Kings x. 22: compare Vol. XXIV. p. 445.]

[3] [This, it will be seen, is the source of the remark given in Vol. XXXIV. p. 722.]

[4] [For this quotation from Blake, see Vol. XXII. pp. 138, 151.]

To Edward Burne-Jones[1]

Brantwood [? *August*, 1877].

Darling Ned,—You're a *couple* of darlings, Morris and you—and perhaps I may want you, but I don't think so. It's mere nuts and nectar to me the notion of having to answer for myself in court, and the whole thing will enable me to assert some principles of art economy which I've never got into the public's head, by writing, but may get sent over all the world vividly in a newspaper report or two.

Meantime *I've* heard nothing of the matter yet, and am only afraid the fellow will be better advised.

Dear love to Georgie, and Phil, and Two-Sapphires. I am so very glad you like poor dear Burgess.[2]—Ever your loving St. C.

To the Rev. J. P. Faunthorpe[3]

Brantwood, *August* 31*st*, 1877.

My dear Sir,—I am sincerely obliged by your letter and gift, but must decline on St. George's part to accept the last, because I am sure that you can help us better by retaining all the power you have for meeting expenses connected with right education, in purchase of instruments, engravings, etc., and if you really sympathise with St. George your designs will be continually extending.

I am not, of course, able at once to judge of the character of your proposed Standard Books,[4] but I think the term "Standard" a little saucy, unless you are more sure of your ground than I perceive you to be; and I am obliged to decline permitting any entire publications of mine to be issued in other forms, else I should have them in cheap small print at every bookstall.—Always faithfully yours,

J. Ruskin.

[1] [This letter is printed (with some omissions) in *Memorials of Edward Burne-Jones*, vol. ii. p. 86, and a few words have been cited at Vol. XXIX. p. xxii. The libel-action, threatened in consequence of Ruskin's attack on Whistler in *Fors* for July 1877, was brought a year later.]

[2] [Ruskin's engraver: for whom, see Vol. XIV. pp. 349 *seq.*]

[3] [This is the first of Ruskin's letters to the Rev. J. P. Faunthorpe, Principal of Whitelands Training College (Church of England) for Girls at Chelsea. Mr. Faunthorpe's collection of letters from Ruskin was privately printed, in two volumes, in 1895. For particulars of the book, and of the circumstances in which the correspondence began, see below, p. 641. It is henceforth referred to as *Faunthorpe*. The present letter is in vol. i. pp. 3, 4.]

[4] [The Whitelands Series of Standard Reading Books for girls—not "standard" in the sense assumed by Ruskin, but graduated according to the several "Standards" of the Education Department.]

To a CORRESPONDENT[1]

BRANTWOOD, 1877.

MY DEAR SIR,—The leaves which have very rightly interested you, are those of the common dock. These are entirely grand in their sculpturesque masses. Turner uses them always, because they are the only ones big enough to be completely and rightly drawn in the scale of his ordinary studies; and also because they enable him to get massier lights of noble form. He sometimes also takes Coltsfoot and Fern for similar purposes; but is afraid of Fern because it takes too much work to finish it rightly, and it draws the eye away from the qualities of finely divided foliage.—Faithfully yours, J. RUSKIN.

To the Rev. J. P. FAUNTHORPE[2]

BRANTWOOD, *September 5th*, 1877.

MY DEAR SIR,—Your very kind and interesting second letter, and the report which accompanied it,[3] give me much to think of; but I cannot at present think of it, being in every way overworked and overthoughted. I am entirely sensible, however, of the privilege of being brought into connection with the teaching in an establishment of this character, and hope to be useful to you. Would the Church of England's principles permit you to accept the published series of my books to begin with?[4] I am unable, to my sorrow, to take part in any prize-givings, or the like, but always most truly yours,

J. RUSKIN.

To GEORGE ALLEN[5]

BRANTWOOD, 20*th Sept.*, '77.

MY DEAR ALLEN,—This orchis plate is not only our best, but it is one of the finest things ever done on steel. It cannot be bettered (so far as we either of us have tried to go)—you have done all that could be done—and I, as much as could be done in a given time. I am delighted with it, and very much pleased also that you like

[1] [No. 23 in *Art and Literature*, pp. 60, 61. The reference may be to the leaves in the foreground of Turner's "Okehampton Castle": see Vol. XXV. p. 303 *n.*]

[2] [No. 2 in *Faunthorpe* (see below, p. 642).]

[3] [Report of Whitelands College.]

[4] ["Of course we accepted the books, and they now form part of the College Library."—J. P. F.]

[5] [Some words of this letter have been quoted in Vol. XXV. p. lvi., in connexion with the "orchis plate" in *Proserpina: ibid.*, p. 341.]

Fésole. I have the second part virtually done, but it needs just a touch and stitch here and there, which I must re-read all before I can do, and I'm perfectly overwhelmed under the quantity of things which must be kept in my mind, now, going like a juggler's balls in the air —a touch first to one, then another. I'm doing a fifth *Deucalion* and *Proserpina*, and should have had both done by this time had it not been necessary for me to rest when the fine weather came. I have done so, and am now nearly recovered from Venetian mischief. The mass of work I shall (*D.V.*) bring out this autumn will astonish people, I think, who know what work costs.

I cannot enough praise your admirable orchis work. It shall be Plate VII.,[1] and redeem the somewhat cold Plate VI.

I can't write more to-day. This has missed the post, owing to unexpected interruptions. I shall telegraph to-morrow morning to say how pleased I am.—Ever gratefully yours, J. Ruskin.

To F. S. Ellis[2]

Brantwood [*October 9th*, 1877].

Dear Ellis,—I have never answered your kind letter of gentle remonstrance with me, for asking you to get what could not be gotten. But I am very glad to know the rarity of that old German Bible,[3] though I am very sorry for it, for its cuts are splendid—nearly all, I believe, designed by Holbein; and the Apocalypse cuts especially seem to me originals by Holbein, afterwards taken and enlarged by Dürer. But I forget all about the dates and relations of these two men—and my days grow shorter and fewer, and I've no time to look.

You will be sorry to hear of a trouble I've had this last ten days in Mrs. Severn's illness. The danger is past, her doctor says (and he is a good one, to whom I am profoundly grateful). But I've had a terrible fright, and feel now stunned a little, and giddy, and can't remember dates.

Please can you find for me Sedgwick's *Letters on Lake District?*[4]

It is a lovely district to-day; cloudless, and the lake an expanse of boiling blue like the blue of ground ivy. Kindest regards to Mr. White.[5]—Ever affectionately yours, J. R.

[1] [In *Proserpina*, Plate VI. (Plate XXII. in Vol. XXV.) was "Iris Germanica."]
[2] [No. 23 in *Ellis*, pp. 37, 38.]
[3] [The edition of Froschover, Basle, 1536.]
[4] ["Three Letters on the Geology of the Lake District," by Adam Sedgwick, in J. Hudson's *Complete Guide:* Kendal, 1843.]
[5] [Mr. Ellis's business partner.]

To Dr. JOHN BROWN[1]

BRANTWOOD, CONISTON, LANCASHIRE [*October*, 1877].

. . . Your letter is *such* a delight to me. You are evidently so well and so strong—reading novels at that rate! but what a cormorant!

There's some more Scott in next *Fors*[2] planned, and I must get it soon in print, as I want to touch up well for Christmas. It has come well into my head, and will be the best of the longest *Fors* there has been, but I hope, liked. It's still on music, but brings in poetry and *Marmion*, then on the Lydian measures, Sardis, Crœsus, and the II. Apocalypse as addressed to the great group of the Lydian churches. I've got to draw a map of them with Tmolus and Pactolus, and if I don't go in at the Nicolaitanes!

Then it's so lovely working out the correspondence in each case, of the Attribute with the Threat and Promise. The "that shutteth and no man openeth" with the "thou shalt go out no more,"[3] etc. . . .

To Mrs. JOHN SIMON

BRANTWOOD, CONISTON, LANCASHIRE [*October*, 1877].

MY DEAREST S.,—I am so very glad of your letter. Indeed, considering how much you and I have felt *with* each other for many and many a year, it is strange—and partly to my shame—that I do not know enough of your past life to allow for those old shot wounds, nor —as I think you know—has it ever been faith of mine that "crescit vulnere virtus";[4]—the wounds of my own life have in all cases weakened it—although, for some present purposes, such weakness is better than strength. But I feel more and more that all our extreme cares and sorrows are a form of selfishness, in that we centre our affections too much on our own possessions—whether of things, or souls. I found, by

[1] [No. 22 of "Letters from Ruskin" in *Letters of Dr. John Brown*, 1907, pp. 304–305. Brown's letter (*ibid.*, pp. 253–254) was in acknowledgment of an early copy of *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 83 (see Vol. XXIX. p. 267): "I am sure you are right about *The Heart of Midlothian;* it is the most innerly, Shaksperian, and spiritual of them all. . . . I have within ten days read *The Monastery, The Abbot, Waverley,* and am now deep in *Peveril of the Peak,* and am lost in wonder and love."]

[2] [See Letter 84 (Vol. XXIX.). For Ruskin's fulfilment of the promise to "go in at the Nicolaitanes," see p. 301 of that volume.]

[3] [Revelation iii. 7, 12.]

[4] [Apparently a recollection of the saying of Furius Antias (in Aulus Gellius, 18, 11, 4): "Increscunt animi, virescit vulnere virtus"; for Ruskin's criticism of the sentiment, see Vol. VII. p. 451. For the subsequent Bible reference, see Romans xii. 15.]

the state to which Joanie's illness brought me last week, that I was too dependent on her, as I used to be on Rose; and it seems to me that the forms of affection which thus occupy us wholly must really be ranked as one of the more amiable conditions of self-love; and that all extreme pain is sent to show us that we are thinking too little of others' losses, or not rejoicing enough with those that rejoice. Not that there are many of that sort nowadays—except the devils and their children.

Dear love to John; and I do feel that weight of hot coals—but it's rather comfortable to-day, for the Old Man has fresh snow on him, and a keen north wind has followed a storm from the N.W., which tore the lake up into clouds as if it were being razed by grapeshot.—Ever your loving J. R.

To Henry Stacy Marks, R.A.[1]

1877.

. . . I greatly thank you also for the sentence in your letter about friendship. I do most seriously think that among all my friends there is none with whom I have so complete sympathy. The differences between us seem to me never in the least *contrary*, but to be in each of us some specialty, which as it were goes out on the other side, while we can fit like hand and glove on the fitting side. My other friends fit more or less on many sides, but always with some bumps or grit in the way.

To Henry Stacy Marks, R.A.[2]

[*November*, 1877.]

I jumped all about the room when I got your letter. I've been gloating like a good vulture over those vultures ever since I got them, and have got wilder and wilder about them every day; and I'm just going to show them in my lecture here on Tuesday as examples of true natural history drawing; and all you tell me of your feelings about them, and your work, at least the issue of it in the bird-room at the Duke of Westminster's,[3] is wholly delightful to me; and that's all I can say, for I've been interrupted, and all my forenoon's gone.

[1] [*Pen and Pencil Sketches*, ii. 169. For Ruskin's friendship with Marks, see the Introduction (Vol. XXXVI. p. lxxi.).]

[2] [*Ibid.*, p. 171. Undated; but the date is approximately fixed by the reference to the lectures. At one lecture of the course, entitled "Readings in *Modern Painters*," Ruskin showed some drawings by Marks, who, he said, "produced the first pictures of birds" (E. T. Cook's *Studies in Ruskin*, p. 210).]

[3] [One of the smaller drawing-rooms at Eaton, for which Marks was commissioned by the late Duke to paint twelve panels of birds: see *Pen and Pencil Sketches*, vol. i. pp. 217–219.]

To HENRY STACY MARKS, R.A.[1]

C. C. COLL., OXFORD.

MY DEAR MARCO,—How I am ever to say enough or pay enough for those most precious drawings, I don't know, even if there's a letter with them, for I'm going to lecture upon them on Tuesday, and mean to open my lecture by showing the carelessness of a really great painter about his work, unfolding the parcel and investigating its crushed contents as I speak.

I've only peeped in without unfolding, just to see how beautiful they are, and when I think of the impression they will make in being unfolded, I can't scold you for sending them so, as much as you deserve.

I think this will begin an entirely new system of things in the Oxford Museum. Can't write more to-night.—Ever your grateful

J. R.

To HENRY STACY MARKS, R.A.[2]

I've been buying Japanese books of birds myself, but only to study their way of extracting the ugliness of things with vicious variety, and the way they gloat over black as if it was blue and gold! There's a "peacock" in my book which looks like a cabful of old straw tucked through a broken gridiron!—Ever your affectionate CONUNDRUM.

To HENRY STACY MARKS, R.A.[3]

OXFORD, *December*, 1877.

MY DEAR MARCO,—I've just been framing the black crane with the red eyes with Turner and Bewick, and he holds his own against both—a glorious fellow! But look here! you must come and see it between

[1] [*Pen and Pencil Sketches*, vol. ii. p. 172. "A few days later I sent a batch of sketches by book-post and rolled up, without any protecting cardboard. Across the top of this letter was written a postscript: 'Note found, after writing this, in a heap of unopened letters. Book-post indeed!'" (H. S. M.).]

[2] [*Ibid.*, p. 181, undated. "The signature," says Marks, "was owing to my having called Ruskin 'a conundrical professor,' on one occasion when I could not reconcile two of his statements that appeared contradictory, or as I actually put it, 'a man knows not when to have you.'"]

[3] [*Ibid.*, pp. 172–3. "And a merry party we made," says Mr. Marks, "at an afternoon performance at Hengler's. . . . Soon after, a brief visit to Ruskin at his rooms in Corpus was settled. Having specified the day and the train I thought most convenient to both, I had this brief but prettily expressed note in reply:—

'I must just say that that's the very nicest and best train you could possibly come by, and that all the birds are dying to see you, and I living more than usual for the same cause.'"]

the 5th and the 10th; all will be lonely, quiet, and you can see the Millais portrait[1] and everything in the perfectest peace. We'll talk it over on Saturday when we meet at half-past two, and will have a time of it at Hengler's and afterwards. Arthur has arranged it all. . . .

To Miss Susan Beever[2]

Corpus Christi College, Oxford, *2nd December*, '77.

I write first to you this morning to tell you that I gave yesterday the twelfth and last[3] of my course of lectures this term, to a room crowded by six hundred people, two-thirds members of the University, and with its door wedged open by those who could not get in; this interest of theirs being granted to me, I doubt not, because for the first time in Oxford I have been able to speak to them boldly of immortal life. I intended when I began the course only to have read *Modern Painters* to them; but when I began, some of your favourite bits interested the men so, and brought so much larger a proportion of undergraduates than usual, that I took pains to re-inforce and press them home; and people say I have never given so useful a course yet. But it has taken all my time and strength, and I have not been able even to tell Susie a word about it till now. In one of my lectures[4] I made my text your pretty peacock and the design * of him. But did not venture to say what really *must* be true, that his voice is an example of "the Devil sowed tares," and of the angels letting both grow together. . . . My grateful compliments to the peacock. And little (but warm) loves to all your little birds. And best of little loves to the squirrels, only you must send *them* in dream-words, I suppose, up to their nests.

To Miss Susan Beever[5]

Herne Hill, *Sunday*, 16*th December*, '77.

It is a long while since I've felt so good for nothing as I do this morning. My very wristbands curl up in a dog's-eared and disconsolate manner; my little room is all a heap of disorder. I've got a

* Decorative art of his Plumage.—J. R.

[1] [Of Ruskin, belonging to Dr. Acland: see the frontispiece to Vol. XII.]

[2] [No. 42 in *Hortus Inclusus* (see below, p. 625). For the Bible reference in the letter, see Matthew xiii. 25, 30.]

[3] [See Vol. XXII. p. 529.]

[4] [Perhaps Lecture iv. (of which only a few notes are preserved): see Vol. XXII. p. 520.]

[5] [No. 43 in *Hortus Inclusus*.]

hoarseness and wheezing and sneezing and coughing and choking. I can't speak and I can't think; I'm miserable in bed and useless out of it; and it seems to me as if I could never venture to open a window or go out of a door any more. I have the dimmest sort of diabolical pleasure in thinking how miserable I shall make Susie by telling her all this; but in other respects I seem entirely devoid of all moral sentiments. I have arrived at this state of things, first by catching cold, and since by trying to "amuse myself" for three days. I tried to read *Pickwick*, but found that vulgar,[1] and, besides, I know it all by heart. I sent from town for some chivalric romances, but found them immeasurably stupid. I made Baxter read me the *Daily Telegraph*, and found that the Home Secretary had been making an absurd speech about art,[2] without any consciousness that such a person as I had ever existed. I read a lot of games of chess out of Mr. Staunton's handbook,[3] and couldn't understand any of them. I analysed the Dock Company's bill of charges on a box from Venice, and sent them an examination paper on it. I think *that* did amuse me a little, but the account doesn't—£1, 8s. 6d. for bringing a box two feet square from the Tower Wharf to here! But the worst of all is, that the doctor keeps me shut up here, and I can't get my business done; and now there isn't the least chance of my getting down to Brantwood for Christmas, nor, as far as I can see, for a fortnight after it. There's perhaps a little of the diabolical enjoyment again in that estimate; but really the days *do* go, more like dew shaken off branches than real sunrisings and settings. But I'll send you word every day now for a little while how things are going on.

To HENRY STACY MARKS, R.A.[4]

[HERNE HILL, *Dec.* 23.]

DEAR MARCO,—We had a jolly night of it, of which quite the brightest point to me was your being so pleased with the little blue crane. I send you a rough piece of the rock it came out of, containing various illustrative pieces of colour. It may lie about in your

[1] [The publication of the letter in *Hortus* called forth some strictures on this passage in the *Daily Telegraph*, to which Ruskin replied in the letter printed in Vol. XXXIV. pp. 612–3.]

[2] ["Mr. Cross on Art," in the *Daily Telegraph* of December 14, 1877.]

[3] [*The Chess-Player's Handbook*, by Howard Staunton, 1847.]

[4] ["A reference to an evening spent at Hamilton Terrace (Marks's house), when Ruskin gave me a small daintily carved crane of opal" (*Pen and Pencil Sketches*, vol. ii. pp. 170–171).]

studio wherever you like, being perfectly uninjurable, except by actual hammer-stroke (it could only be scratched by diamond or ruby): only it must not be on the chimney-piece, or otherwise near fire, nor in hot sun; all heat above a certain point diminishes opal colour.

To Miss Susan Beever[1]

[Herne Hill] *Sunday, 23rd* [1877].

I'm going to Oxford to-day (*D.V.*), really quite well, and rather merry. I went to the circus with my new pet, and saw lovely riding and ball play; and my pet said the only drawback to it all, was that she couldn't sit on both sides of me. And then I went home to tea with her, and gave mamma, who is Evangelical, a beautiful lecture on the piety of dramatic entertainments, which made her laugh whether she would or no; and then I had my Christmas dinner in advance with Joanie and Arfie and Stacy Marks, and his wife and two pretty daughters, and I had six kisses—two for Christmas, two for New Year's Day, and two for Twelfth Night—and everybody was in the best humour with everybody else. And now my room is ankle deep in unanswered letters, mostly on business, and I'm going to shovel them up and tie them in a parcel labelled "Needing particular attention"; and then that will be put into a cupboard in Oxford, and I shall feel that everything's been done in a business-like way.

That badger's beautiful. I don't think there's any need for such beasts as *that* to turn Christians.

To Miss Susan Beever[2]

Corpus Christi College, Oxford, *24th December* [1877].

This is just for Christmas love, and I'm quite well and up to work this morning, and the first thing I opened here was St. Ursula from Mr. Gould—and I hope the darling will be with me and you and him, and all good lovers and labourers everywhere. Love to Mary. Also to the servants. Also to the birds. If any mice are about—also to them,—and in a hush-a-bye to the Squirrels—wherever they are.

[1] [No. 119 in *Hortus Inclusus.*]

[2] [No. 92 in *Hortus Inclusus.* "St. Ursula from Mr. Gould" means one of Mr. David Gould's coloured reproductions of Carpaccio's picture: see Vol. XIII. p. 526.]

To H. S. MARKS, R.A.[1]

Xmas Eve, 1877.

Knowing you as I have learnt to do this year, adds a very broad "bit of blue" to my Christmas sky, and a very bright "bit of red" to my Christmas holly-bush. I am at ease with you as I have not been with any one since I lost my own very dearest relations, and I am not the least afraid but that I shall tell you so again more earnestly next Christmas, if we all live. I can only write you this tiny card to-night with truest wishes that your kindly and modest life may be more and more brightened with daily love, and due and tranquil prosperity.—Ever your affectionate J. RUSKIN.

To Miss SUSAN BEEVER[2]

CORPUS CHRISTI COLLEGE, OXFORD, *26th December*, '77.

I don't know really whether I *ought* to be at Brantwood or here on Christmas. Yesterday I had two lovely services in my own cathedral. You know the *cathedral* of Oxford is the chapel of Christ Church college, and I have my own high seat in the chancel, as an Honorary Student, besides being bred there, and so one is ever so proud and ever so pious all at once, which is ever so nice, you know; and my own dean, that's the Dean of Christ Church, who is as big as any bishop, read the services, and the psalms and anthems were lovely; and then I dined with Henry Acland and his family, where I am an adopted son,—all the more wanted yesterday because the favourite son Herbert died this year in Ceylon,—the first death out of seven sons. So they were glad to have me. Then I've all my Turners here, and shall really enjoy myself a little to-day, I think; but I do wish I could be at Brantwood too.

Oh dear, I've scribbled this dreadfully. Can you really read my scribble, Susie? Love you may always read, however scribbled.

To Miss SUSAN BEEVER[3]

CORPUS CHRISTI COLLEGE, OXFORD, *27th December*, '77.

Yes, I really think that must be the way of it. I *am* wholly cattish in that love of teasing. How delighted I used to be if Rosie would even condescend to be the least bit jealous!

[1] [*Pen and Pencil Sketches*, vol. ii. pp. 169–170. "A Bit of Blue" was the title of one of the artist's pictures (No. 246) in the Royal Academy of 1877.]

[2] [No. 44 in *Hortus Inclusus* (see below, p. 625).]

[3] [No. 45 in *Hortus Inclusus* (see below, p. 625).]

By the way, what a shame it is that we keep that word in the second commandment, as if it meant that God was jealous of images. It means burning, zealous or full of life, visiting, etc., *i.e.*, necessarily when leaving the father, leaving the child; necessarily, when giving the father life, giving life to the child, and to thousands of the race of them that love me.

It is very comic—the way people have of being so particular about the second and fourth commandments, and breaking all the rest with the greatest comfort. For me, I try to keep all the rest rather carefully, and let the second and fourth take care of themselves.

Cold quite gone.—Now it's *your* turn, Susie; I've got a love letter in Chinese, and can't read it!

1878

[On New Year's Day, 1878, Ruskin went from Oxford to Windsor on a visit to Prince Leopold. Later in the month he visited Mr. Gladstone at Hawarden. Returning to Brantwood, he was engaged in much hard work, and at the end of February he succumbed to a very serious attack of brain-fever: see, for these events, Vol. XXV. pp. xxii.-xxv. By the end of April he was convalescent; letters written on his recovery to Prince Leopold and Dr. Acland are printed in Vol. XXV. pp. xxvi.-xxviii. In July he was able to go to London, and do various work there. In August he went with Mr. Arthur Severn to Malham. In September he stayed with Mr. William Graham at Dunira, and in October again visited Hawarden.]

To Rawdon Brown

Windsor Castle, 1*st Jan.*, 1878.

My dear Brown,—It is doubly my duty to write you just one affectionate line to-day, for right beginning of the year, and that it may take you the pleasant news of the pleasant memory which Prince Leopold has of you. He was talking of you nearly all through dinner, and seems to have been entirely happy in his visit to Venice (he gave me the story of the brown paper and vinegar—and I took your part and not the Doctor's!—as you may well suppose).

That I am sorry not to be with you again, this winter—I hope you much more than suppose. But I have not got the half of the things done I had to do this summer; and I found my sight would not bear the kind of work I had been doing with the lens, for another winter. I am full of sorrow for a thousand things I cannot do,—do

not add to the fullness by distrusting the regard with which I am ever gratefully and faithfully yours, J. RUSKIN.

My true love to Toni—and to Mr. Lorenzi—my respectful regards to Signor Veludo.

To Miss SUSAN BEEVER[1]

WINDSOR CASTLE, *2nd January*, '78.

I'm horribly sulky this morning, for I expected to have a room with a view, if the room was ever so little, and I've got a great big one looking into the Castle yard, and I feel exactly as if I was in a big modern county gaol with beautiful turrets of modern Gothic. I came to see Prince Leopold, who has been a prisoner to his sofa lately, but I trust he is better; he is very bright and gentle, under severe and almost continual pain.

My dear little Susie, about that rheumatism of yours? If it wasn't for that, how happy we both ought to be, living in Thwaites and Woods, instead of nasty castles! Well, about that Shakespeare guide?[2] I cannot, cannot, at all fancy what it is. In and out among the stars; it sounds like a plan for stringing the stars. I am so very glad you have told me of it.

"Unwritten books in my brain"? Yes, but also in how many other brains of quiet people, books unthought of, "In the Book and Volume" which will be read some day in Heaven, aloud, "When saw we thee?"[3] Yes, and "When *read* we ourselves?"

My dear Susie, if I were to think really *lost* what you, for instance, have never *found* in your own powers of receiving and giving pleasure, the beautiful faculties you have scarcely venturing even to show the consciousness of them, when it awakes in you, what a woeful conception I should have of God's not caring for us! He will gather all the wheat into His garner.[4]

To HENRY WILLETT[5]

CORPUS CHRISTI COLLEGE, OXFORD, *8th Jan.*, '78.

DEAR MR. WILLETT,—Anything more entirely delicious than this book[6] you've sent me cannot be! It ends the matter—its wit and

[1] [No. 46 in *Hortus Inclusus* (see below, p. 625).]

[2] [Either *A Book of Reference to Remarkable Passages in Shakespeare*, by Susanna Beever (1871), or a previously published *The Shakespeare Handbook*.]

[3] [Psalms xl. 7; Matthew xxv. 37.]

[4] [Matthew iii. 12.]

[5] [For whom, see the Introduction, Vol. XXXVI. p. lxxii. *n*.]

[6] [*The English Usurer; or Usury Condemned. . . . Collected by John Blaxton, Preacher* . . . (1634). Ruskin refers to the book in Vol. XXXIV. p. 422. The

truth are flawless. I think I shall issue an entire reprint. Then having the pig's head for crest. It's mine too! and has the double meaning of being *pigsticker* in general and yet having a certain quantity of piggishness for grubbing up ground myself. Where *did* you find it?

Well, I talk of my own affairs first! but now of the picture.[1] All that I can say is what I said before—that there is "even a probability" of its being by Ghirlandajo rather than Botticelli—but I have never studied Ghirlandajo, and am no authority about him. When my friend Mr. Murray comes back, he will tell you at once.

Without the name, the letter will be all I want; but if even that is trespassing on the "private" sign, I will not ask it, and be assured that I shall never do anything without your permission.—Ever yours affectionately,

J. Ruskin.

To Thomas Carlyle[2]

Hawarden Castle, 15*th Jan.*, '78.

Dearest Papa,—I am going home to-day, but I think it will be only to bid the servants good New Year, and that I shall be quickly up in Oxford again; and the more that I want to see you again soon, and not let you say any more "How long?"

Also, I want to bring with me to your quiet presence-chamber a youth,[3] who deeply loves you, and for whom the permission to look upon your face will be strength and memory in the future, much helpful to the resolution and the beauty of his life, and give *me* also better will to return to my Oxford duty from the Calypso woods of Coniston.—And so, believe me, ever your faithful and loving son,

J. Ruskin.

To the Hon. Alfred Lyttelton[4]

[1878.]

My dear A.,—I am most thankful for your letter, and much more earnest to see you than you can possibly be to see me, though

"pig's head for crest" refers to the bookplate of a former owner in the copy which Mr. Willett had given to Ruskin. For his own pig's crest, see Vol. XXXV. p. 390.]

[1] [Probably the portrait of Giovanna, wife of Lorenzo Tornabuoni, lent for some time by Mr. Willett to the National Gallery (see E. T. Cook's *Popular Handbook*, 5th ed., p. 809).]

[2] [From *Letters to M. G. and H. G.*, 1903, preface, pp. x.–xi.]

[3] [The Rt. Hon. Alfred Lyttelton, K.C., M.P.; then an undergraduate at Cambridge.]

[4] [From *Letters to M. G. and H. G.*, 1903, preface, pp. xi.–xii. Mr. Lyttelton had consulted Ruskin on his choice of a profession, indicating a predilection for the bar.]

I am not certain that—for many a day yet—I may be able to tell you what you ask in a way acceptable to you. That will depend on the time you take in receiving (I do not doubt your receiving ultimately) the truth I have been trying to teach these ten years, that neither the Holy Ghost—nor the Justice of God—nor the life of man—may be sold.—Ever affectionately yours, J. R.[1]

To H.R.H. PRINCE LEOPOLD

BRANTWOOD, 16*th Jany.*, 1878.

SIR,—I have waited that from my own home I might in quiet gratitude acknowledge the kindnesses with which you have crowned the beginning of this year to me, and strengthened me with more hope than I have been able to feel for many past years, and indeed, in the same deep and fixed measure, to feel at all.

Your Royal Highness cannot, I feel assured, be doubtful of my especial joy in the gracious letter written by your own hand, which I received two days ago, not only for my Father's sake or my own, but because in the few words that closed it you admitted me so far into the seclusion of your thought as to give me courage in saying to you what only my own experience of very great sorrow enables me to say with certainty—that by our acceptance, at the hand of our Father in Heaven, of all that He appoints whether for those whom we love or for ourselves, as indeed a Father's ordinance,—every distress will become to us at last ordinances, every distress will become to us at last a blessing, chiefly in the power given us to feel for others, but not a little in enabling us to form higher hopes than any which this world has to give, and in quenching and subduing the mean interests and petty prides which inevitably choke the currents of a too happy life. Many good men I have known, untroubled—but none, without pain, brought to high discernment or perfectly beneficent power.

I do not like to speak, after these, of any lower matters, but must yet also most earnestly thank your Royal Highness for your letter to the Trustees of the National Gallery,[2] of which the issue cannot but complete all that I have been endeavouring to do in the Oxford schools to a perfectness beyond my best hopes hitherto.

[1] ["The man's affection for youth is followed here somewhat abruptly by the prophet's fulmination of his message to the world. But, in another note, he writes :—

'You know I entirely sympathise with your cricketing, though I don't make a fuss about it.'"

(Mr. George Wyndham's Preface in *Letters to M. G. and H. G.*, p. xii.)]

[2] [In support of Ruskin's request for the loan of a collection of sketches by Turner : see above, p. 201.]

I have much more in my heart to say, but must not be a weariness to you—if in any way I can ever be a comfort, you cannot but know the surety of service in which I shall always remain your loyal and grateful and loving subject, JOHN RUSKIN.

To Miss MARY GLADSTONE[1]

BRANTWOOD, 18*th January*, 1878.

DEAR MISS GLADSTONE,—You are then yet at Hawarden? It has been only my doubt of your stay there that has prevented *my* letter of thanks from dutifully anticipating this lovely one of yours—*after* which, it feels itself very helpless and poor, not so much in actual words, as in ways of showing the pleasant hiding-places of the web of things one doesn't quite like to say; one's flattered little prides being all threaded in among quite real and more close-set humilities—equally unspeakable—and quick little affections which one is greatly ashamed of for having grown so fast, and which one dares not tell of. But I will courageously say this letter of yours makes me very happy.

For the thanks after the J. R.—they mean *both* the things you have all guessed—but are meant, or were on the sudden when you brought me the book, meant, to distinguish the poem[2] as one which had taught and helped me in the highest ways, from those which one merely reads with admiration or equal sympathy; one falls "upon the great world's altar stairs" helplessly *beside* Tennyson.[3] I thank Myers for lifting me up again.

I thank Fors and your sweet sister, very solemnly, for having let me see your father, and understand him in his earnestness. How is it possible for the men who have known him long—to allow the thought of his course of conduct now, or at any other time, having been warped by ambition, to diminish the lustre and the power of his name? I have been grievously deceived concerning him myself,[4] and have *once*

[1] [*Letters to M. G. and H. G.*, pp. 31–33.]

[2] [Above the poem "St. John the Baptist" (F. W. H. Myers), Ruskin had written, "J. R., with deep thanks."]

[3] ["I falter where I firmly trod,
And falling with my weight of cares
Upon the world's great altar-stairs
That slope thro' darkness up to God . . ."
In Memoriam, lv.]

[4] [So in another letter, also written in January 1878, Ruskin said :—
"It was a complete revelation to me, and has taught me a marvellous quantity of most precious things—above all things, the rashness of my own judgment (not as to the right or wrong of things themselves, but as to the temper in which men say and do them)."
(*Letters to M. G. and H. G.*, p. 34.)]

written words about him which I trust *you* at least may never see. They shall be effaced henceforward (I have written to cancel the page on which they are[1]). If ever you see them, forgive me, and you will know what it *is* to forgive.

And you will *like* having me with you again, then, in the autumn? I never *can* understand that people can like me at all, if I like *them*. I'll read your letter over and over again, meantime; and am indeed, myself, to your Father and to you all, your grateful and loving

JOHN RUSKIN.

To JAMES REDDIE ANDERSON

BRANTWOOD, *19th January.*

What a snail, slug, limpet, crab, slow-worm, pholus, barnacle—and everything that hinders and sticks—you *must* think me by this time. My dear boy, since 1st January I've just rolled over and over down the days without being able to catch at a blade of grass in them. I've got breath at last, and we'll have St. George "lancé" at long last—before I do anything else now in this world.[2]—Ever your loving J. R.

To CARDINAL MANNING[3]

BRANTWOOD, *January* 25, 1878.

MY DEAR LORD CARDINAL,—It was a great joy to me to receive your letter, in all but that it told me you had been ill. There are few people now left for me in the world whose illness troubles me;—yours does, both for my own heart's sake, and in its anxiety for the good of the Christian Church (when does one get over that wicked foolishness of anxiety?)—which can ill spare you, it seems to me.

Yes, that Oxford Lecture,[4] in common with all I have written since 1875, means what you desire it should; and that in the ultimate degree implied in what I am well assured you remember me once saying to you, that "no educated man could be a Christian, without

[1] [See *Fors*, Letter 57, Vol. XXVIII. p. 403 (where Ruskin's letter to Mr. Allen cancelling the page is given), and Vol. XXIX. p. 364.]

[2] [The reference is to the long delayed "Second Supplement" to *St. Mark's Rest*, written by Mr. Anderson; not published till March 1879, though Ruskin's Introduction to it is dated "26th January, 1878": see Vol. XXIV. p. 373.]

[3] [Printed from a copy kept by Ruskin: for his friendship with Manning, see the Introduction, Vol. XXXVI. p. lxxxvi., and Vol. XXXV. p. xxx.]

[4] [In the *Nineteenth Century* for January 1878: see now Vol. XXII. p. 529.]

also being a Catholic"—and yet, your Eminence's interpretation of that last word would be—is—so much other (and so much narrower!) than mine, that I fear you are a long way yet from being able to rejoice over your "piece which was lost."[1]

For, while my own hardness of heart, and folly, and sin do so hinder and blind me that I know not where I am nor what I do, and utterly forbid my speaking with any confidence of the higher truths of Christianity,—so far as I imagine myself to know these, or dare to speak of them, it seems to me that your Catholic Hierarchy is, to the Christian Church it governs now, precisely what the Hierarchy of Caiaphas was to the Jewish Church, and that you are, as a priestly order, leading it to its ruin,—desirous, at heart, the main body of you, only of your own power or prevalence in doctrine, and regardless wholly of the infinite multitude of your flock, who are perishing because you do not separate yourselves heroically from the rich, and powerful, and wicked of this world, but entangle yourselves in their schemes, comply with their desires, and share with them in the spoils of the poor. So that I believe the existing Hierarchies of Christianity must perish—and the King Himself, in some way we dream not of, come to possess His people in peace.

Let me thank your Eminence once more from my heart for your kindness in thinking of me, and pray you to believe me your Eminence's faithful and grateful servant, JOHN RUSKIN.

To COUNT ALVISE ZORZI[2]

BRANTWOOD, 29 *Jan.*, '78.

DEAR COUNT ZORZI,—My silence has been only in sadness. When I left Venice I found myself (measuring my strength and sight on the Alps) far more exhausted than I knew—and was forced to rest utterly through great part of the summer, throwing all my intended work in England out of tune, and at last preventing my return to Venice.

What was the use of writing to tell you this? When I received your book on San Moisè,[3] though I entirely agreed with you, I was

[1] [See Luke xv. 9.]

[2] [From "Ruskin at Venice," in the *Cornhill Magazine*, September 1906, pp. 375–376.]

[3] [In 1877, says Count Zorzi, "the Technical Commission of the 'Genio Civile di Venezia' had decreed the demolition of the Church of San Moisè, detested by all the so-called purists, who considered it an artistic atrocity. . . . I opposed the projected destruction, and the scheme was abandoned. I sent the little pamphlet which embodied my views on the subject to Mr. Ruskin" (*Cornhill*, p. 375).]

sorry that you had divided your strength, and appeared as a general caviller, and objector, instead of champion of St. Mark's alone, and I was more and more disgusted with Venice herself and her doings. What was the use of writing to say *this?*

In my own country, all is going wrong too—and my battle here is not only with those who would pull down churches, but who would pull down England—church, people, and God—if they could rake sixpence out of the ruin. All my days are occupied to the last instant when I *dare* work—and of all work, writing is the most painful to me; do you wonder that I shrink from it, when I have none but these things to say! You know, or ought to know, that I care for you, and for your mother and sisters, and for your sweet secretary and her sister and mother. But the more I care, the less I am able to speak when I have only sorrowful things to say.

I got all the pretty cards, but they are not needed to assure me of your affectionate memories.

If only I could be in two places at once! It always seems as if one *ought* to be. But I am sure that my business at present is in England. Only believe me, as much there as in Venice, your affectionate friend, JOHN RUSKIN.

To H. S. MARKS, R.A.[1]

BRANTWOOD, *February*, 1878.

MY DEAR MARCO,—That is just what I want. I like to give Severn the pleasure of buying, and of course you are the man in the whole world to choose what is my taste in animal drawing. Don't go against Leslie. I should like him to have all he cares for. If there's anything you think I should like much, and he doesn't want much, then he, I am sure, won't go against me. *No* anxiety, please, *no* sense of responsibility; just buy, you and Leslie, as you would for yourselves; but with *carte-blanche* for drawings in pencil by his own hands which Leslie does not want. Buy *no rare editions, no fine bindings, no blocks;* only drawings and any cheap going copies of the *Birds.*[2]

[1] [*Pen and Pencil Sketches*, vol. ii. pp. 175–177.]

[2] [Marks had undertaken to attend, on Ruskin's behalf, the sale of Mr. E. B. Jupp's library, comprising books illustrated by the brothers Bewick, etc. Marks bought for Ruskin thirty drawings in pencil for the *History of British Birds* (43 guineas); two water-colour drawings of a starling and a shrike (13 guineas), and two of a merlin and a quail (60 guineas). "I was *delighted* with my Bewick," Ruskin wrote a few days afterwards; "I hope Leslie and you had nice ones too."]

To Charles Eliot Norton[1]

Brantwood, 17*th February*, 1878.

Dearest Charles,—Good things have "chanced" to me to-day. Perhaps, to many besides. I have had a wonderful letter from America, and would fain tell you what some day or other you will be glad to hear of the incredible.

I sent you some etchings. "Fésole" *is* going on.—Don't be angry with me—I *can't* do it faster. Second number all but done—and it is nice. My love to your mother—to your sister.

Oh, how little I ever show you of the gratitude and love I have to yourself!—Your faithful John Ruskin.

Written with Sir Walter Scott's own pen, given by him to Maria Edgeworth, and lent to me by Mr. Butler, to whom it came.[2]

To Miss Susan Beever[3]

Brantwood, 17*th February*, 1878.

By Hook or by Crook, by Swans and Cygnets, by Carpaccio and the Queen of Sheba, I'll come to see you, please, "to-day."

[The gap in the correspondence at this point was caused by Ruskin's attack of brain-fever.]

To George Allen[4]

Brantwood, 15*th April*, 1878.

Dear Allen,—How good and kind you are, and have always been. I trust, whatever happens to me, that your position with the copyright of my books, if anybody cares for them, and with the friends gained by your honesty and industry, is secure on your little piece of Kentish home territory. I write this letter to release you from all debt to me of any kind, and to leave you, with my solemn thanks for all the energy and faith of your life, given to me so loyally, in all that I ever tried to do for good, to do now what is best for your family and yourself.

[1] [No. 176 in *Norton*; vol. ii. pp. 145–146.]
[2] [See Vol. XIII. p. 400 *n.*]
[3] [Printed (without the date) as part of No. 144 in *Hortus Inclusus* (see below, p. 631). Many of Ruskin's notes to Miss Beever (as also much of his other correspondence) were written in the early morning, and sent across the lake by boat.]
[4] [Printed (in *facsimile* also) in *St. George*, vol. iii. pp. 90, 120.]

As I look back on my life in this closing time I find myself in debt, to every friend that loved me, for what a score of lives could not repay, and would fain say to them all, as to you, words of humiliation which I check only because they are so vain.

Ever (Nay—in such a time as this what "ever" is there except "to-day"—once more) your thankful and sorrowful friend—Master, no more— J. RUSKIN.

To MRS. JOHN SIMON

BRANTWOOD, 15*th April*, '78.

DEAREST S.,—The goodness of all my friends to me—but chiefly John's and yours—through all these wilful and foolish years I have so wasted, would need another life to repay—if real goodness is meant to be ever repaid but in the joy of it, as my own uselessness and selfishness are now brought home to me in pain, which I will not burden you with the bitterness of. Joanie is *so* good, and so—I know not how far in noble *pretence*—cheerful, and has so many and many and manifolded many burdens on her, that I dare not write a word of the sadness that is in my own mind, lest she should see my letter. This I *must* write to you, with beseechings that you and John forgive me for my dull, wretched silence. J. R.

To the Rev. J. P. FAUNTHORPE[1]

BRANTWOOD, 17*th April*, 1878.

DEAR MR. FAUNTHORPE,—I can yet say nothing to all my dear and noble friends, but what would grieve them:—this illness having been one continued vision to me of my selfishnesses, prides, insolences, failures, written down day by day, it seemed to me, with reversed interpretation of all I had fondly thought done for others, as the mere foaming out of my own vanity.[2] If only those dear good girls could know how much more I always in truth thought of their doings than of my talkings, and how ashamed I am to cause them any concern, when there are thousands of suffering people, how much worthier than I. And yet how thankful I am to them, and how helpless to say it! I am not allowed to write, but they will believe my gratitude to them, and my sorrow that I have been no more to them, except in fruitless intention.—Ever faithfully theirs and yours, J. RUSKIN.

[1] [No. 7 in *Faunthorpe;* vol. i. pp. 13, 14.]
[2] [See Jude 13.]

To Miss Beever[1]

Brantwood, *2nd May.*

Dear Miss Beever,—I *never* saw anything so wonderful as this Narcissus! The perfect finish and accuracy of its lines, and the development of the Corona into the entire flower, with the petals and sepals becoming mere appendages, interest me in the highest degree. I hope to draw its outline, but have not yet attempted any careful drawing since my illness.

It is so nice to be able to find anything that is in the least new to *you*, and interesting; my rocks are quite proud of rooting that little saxifrage.

I'm scarcely able to look at one flower because of the two on each side, in my garden just now. I want to have bees' eyes, there are so many lovely things.

To Mrs. John Simon[2]

Brantwood, *15th May*, '78.

My dearest S.,—The Splügen Pass—with all its mountains—was moved here by your faith in me and that of other dear friends, last night. I could be well content to go through a worse illness than that in which John and Dr. Parsons have carried me forth of the shade, to receive the tenth part of the witness it has won for me of manifold kindness which I had not before understood or conceived. But it *does* seem to me rather unfair that I should be so rewarded for being absurd; and receive so many congratulations upon having

[1] [No. 49 in *Hortus Inclusus* (see below, p. 625).]

[2] [This letter refers to the gift to Ruskin by a body of subscribers of Turner's drawing of the "Splügen": see Vol. XIII. p. 487. The following was the circular which invited subscriptions:—

"*Private and Confidential.*—Mr. RUSKIN.—Some friends of Mr. RUSKIN'S, who know that he has frequently regretted having on two occasions failed to possess himself of Turner's drawing of the 'Pass of the Splügen,' and who grieve to think that illness has now made him lose this third chance, offered by the Novar Sale, of becoming its owner, have bought the drawing, and intend to present it to him on his recovery, as a mark of affection for himself and gratitude for his teaching.

"They believe that many besides themselves would be glad to take part in presenting to Mr. Ruskin this small token of the feelings with which he is regarded, and they invite the co-operation of all such persons.

"Contributions may be sent to

The Right Hon. W. Cowper-Temple, M.P., 15 Stanhope Street, Mayfair.
John Simon, Esq., C.B., 40 Kensington Square.
A. W. Hunt, Esq., Tor Villa, Campden Hill, W.
Thomas Hughes, Esq., Q.C., Athenæum Club.
Prof. Sidney Colvin, Cambridge.
The Rev. R. St. John Tyrwhitt, Oxford.
} London.

"When One Thousand Guineas, the price of the Drawing, has been received, the Subscription List will be closed."]

tumbled down the stairs of my wits, which never were forthcoming when I kept my feet on them.

I am, however, profoundly thankful both for the sweet gift, and that I have again eyes to see it,—for indeed, I am, as far as I can make out, quite myself again, and for the present *one* self only, and not one—beside myself. I never understood the meaning of that phrase before, but indeed I was a double, or even treble, creature through great part of that dream.

I am more solicitous to know what Master John, of 40 Kensington Sq., is about, than for my own future state just now. For indeed, my dear S., he had got his head fuller of contagion than ever mine was of religion. He is cured, I doubt not, of his notions of my "angelic" character, but I do hope you will persuade him to be less enthusiastic on the subject of "bacteria," or whatever the things are called in scientific terms, and insist on his taking *true* holiday this summer.

I must not write more,—and whatever I wrote would be alike useless to say how grateful I am to you and my other friends at all times, for loving me at all, which seems to me extremely odd of them[1] (giving me Turners being quite a minor corollary of that marvellous state of their minds).—Ever your loving J. R.

To GEORGE RICHMOND, R.A.

BRANTWOOD, 31*st May*, 1878.

MY DEAREST RICHMOND,—I must not let May-time leave us, this year, without telling the friend who has oftenest gone in heart a-Maying with me, that indeed the pleasantness of beholding the sun has been given me again—now, I think it may be said, as clearly as of old; and that although I must not think of what would trouble me, on peril of more than health, I may still work at things that *don't* trouble me, and have the joy of giving yet some pleasure to those who care for me. Of whom you and Henry Acland are now chief; both of you being always helpers of me in my first days of effort; and *you* especially associated with my Father in his anxieties for me,—and pride, such as he could take.

I should have written to you long ago; but it is a pathetic matter for me, still, to do so, for the chief final result of that long Dream was a terrific impression of my failure in duty to my Father, and of the pain I had caused him, and my best friends.

The dream itself, though full of *merest* fantasy and madness in

[1] [Compare Vol. XXXVI. p. 343; and above, pp. 185, 240.]

many respects, was on the WHOLE a sifting examination of me, by myself, on all the dark sides and in all the dark places; coupled with some passages of proud conceit enough; and others of great beauty and bright jest. I find that among the expressions of this last, given audibly, the references to "George Richmond's joke" were the most earnest—the fact being that you, Henry Acland, and Mrs. Edward Jones were the three principal real personages recognised as such in the depth of the trance.

I only knew Mrs. Severn and Kate as I got better, and was entirely unconscious of Henry Acland's living presence at the time when I was most concerned with him in the Dream.

Your Joke was a beneficently practical one, which ended in some Princess's getting unexpectedly married, and living happily ever after, but, though one of the most interesting pieces of the earlier part of the trance, it got effaced by terrific ones that followed, with which none of my friends had any association except Georgie Jones as a continually protecting and—sometimes disagreeably Advising Matron! (I'm so frightened, in fact, I daren't write to her!) However, the end of it all has, I trust, come, except in warning memory;—I don't think that any mischief has been seriously done to my brains, and when you see something I'm saying about Michael Angelo in my new Turner Catalogue,[1] you'll be very sure no *good* has been done to them!

So that, as far as I can judge, I'm about as wise as I was before; only, knowing the view the public always took of my wisest sayings, I shall perhaps be more chary in future of the expression of those opinions which I myself consider most valuable.

In one way, I *am* wiser than before—I never knew how kind, or how many, friends I had, and my chief present discomfort is not being able to acknowledge their kindness in any—I do not say adequate, but remotely intelligible way.

The more so that the doctors still say I must not write of anything that much excites me. Forgive me, therefore, my silence till now—and give my love to yourself first and then to Mrs. Richmond, and Julia, and all who have any care for love not wholly clear in its wits. I wrote rather a pretty bit about Ophelia almost the last thing before I fell ill, which I think is really better than I could have done if I hadn't been going crazy—but I'm not going to correct it for press yet awhile.[2]

I've much to say! but must not, more, at present—only I am always ever your loving and grateful J. RUSKIN.

[1] [See Vol. XIII. p. 520.]
[2] [Never published, and not now available.]

To the Rev. E. P. BARROW[1]

BRANTWOOD, *Friday* [1878].

You are a great darling, and your doings and advice are all delightful, only you needn't be frightened about me. . . . The difficulty of talking amiably in *Fors*, too, was too much for me, and I won't persevere in that pernicious practice.

And, at present, I'm really doing nothing but catch flies (only I've been rather put off that by some nasty Darwinite flowers that do it too![2]) and break stones—with other little exercises of one's destructive temper—and find myself quite refreshed and giving plenty of little screeches of satisfaction. . . . Ever your affectionate J. R.

BRANTWOOD.

The chief effect of my illness, so far as I can myself trace it, has been to make me timid and irresolute, and I can at present form no plans, but I am doing fairly good work on natural history, and perhaps, as the longer days return, may revive into some sense of power and duty, but at present I have neither will nor conscience, and think only of getting any pleasure I can out of the passing day.

If it is really thought desirable that I should keep the Professorship, I believe I can read some short and quiet lectures, without disgust to the audience or harm to myself.[3] But I must wait a while yet to see what the spring does for me.—Ever affectionately yours,

J. RUSKIN.

To THOMAS CARLYLE

BRANTWOOD, 23*rd June*, '78.

MY DEAREST PAPA,—I have not written to you, because my illness broke me all to pieces, and every little bit has a different thing to say—which makes it difficult in the extreme to write to any one whom one wants to tell things to, just as they are, and who cares very truly whether they are right or wrong. It was utterly wonderful to me to find that I could go so heartily and headily mad; for you know I had

[1] [This and the following letter are reprinted from "Recollections of Ruskin at Oxford" in *St. George*, vol. vi. p. 113.]

[2] [See Vol. XXVIII. p. 183, and Vol. XXV. p. 224.]

[3] [Ultimately, however, he decided to resign: see Vol. XXIX. p. xxv.]

been priding myself on my peculiar sanity! And it was more wonderful yet to find the madness made up into things so dreadful, out of things so trivial. One of the most provoking and disagreeable of the spectres was developed out of the firelight on my mahogany bedpost; and my fate, for all futurity, seemed continually to turn on the humour of dark personages who were materially nothing but the stains of damp on the ceiling. But the sorrowfullest part of the matter was, and is, that while my illness at Matlock encouraged me by all its dreams in after work,[1] this one has done nothing but humiliate and terrify me; and leaves me nearly unable to speak any more except of the natures of stones and flowers.

I have regained great part of my strength, and am not in bad *spirits*,—on the condition, otherwise absolutely essential, that I think of nothing that would vex me. But this means a very trifling form of thought and direction of work, throughout the day.

Nevertheless, I am working out some points in the history and geography of Arabia[2] which I think will be useful, and reading you, and Gibbon! alternately—or Mahomet! I am going to stigmatise Gibbon's as the worst style of language ever yet invented by man—its affectation and platitude being both consummate. It is like the most tasteless water-gruel, with a handful of Epsom salts strewed in for flowers, and served with the airs of being turtle.

Has Mary done any more Gotthelf?[3] I never read him without renewed refreshment.

By the way, *you* are very unsatisfactory about Mahomet's death[4]—which I want to know all that may be known of; and also, in rereading *Frederick*, the first book I got to, after I got my natural eyes again, I was worried by your never entering on what, it seemed to me, was the question of questions in his life—How far it was good for Silesia to be Prussian or Austrian—whether Silesia itself is Prussian or Austrian—tempered—and how its geography marks its relations to south and north. I might make out this from detached passages; but the great impression left on me was, how blessed it would have been for Silesia, Prussia, and Austria if all their soldiers, generals, and Princes had been made at the first outbreak of the war one grand *auto-da-fé* of, in the style of my recent scenic effects deduced from damp in the ceiling.

I can't write more to-day, but am ever your lovingest

J. Ruskin.

[1] [See *Ariadne Florentina*, Vol. XXII. pp. 445–447.]
[2] [Used in the *Bible of Amiens*, see Vol. XXXIII. pp. 92–97.]
[3] [See above, p. 192.]
[4] [Touched on very cursorily in *Heroes and Hero-Worship*.]

To Miss SUSAN BEEVER[1]

BRANTWOOD.

I'm *so* idle. I look at the hills out of bed, and at the pictures off the sofa. Let us *both* be useless beings; let us be butterflies, grasshoppers, lambs, larks, anything for an easy life. I'm quite horrified to see, now that these two have come back, what a lot of books I've written, and how cruel I've been to myself and everybody else who ever has to read them. I'm too sleepy to finish this note.

To FREDERICK GALE[2]

BRANTWOOD, *July 2nd*, 1878.

DEAR MR. GALE,—I was at first very grieved at the thought of your going to Australia, even for ever so short a time; not only because of my own loss, but because I thought the papers you were occasionally now writing in our periodicals were so exactly what was chiefly wanted in the present state of English Society, both to warn and stimulate us.

But what I feel in my own case may be also true in yours—that the antagonism, or at least the hubbub, of other voices prevents, among us, any quietude of common sense from obtaining a hearing; and if, indeed, over there in Australia the instruction of harder and simpler life has already so far prevailed that the voice of Old England, as you interpret it, may yet be *there* understood, I quite feel that you do wisely and well in taking such missionary office.

You and I agree so utterly in all our views of life, and its duties and pleasures, that it would be gratuitous and ridiculous in me to say what I think of your teaching, political and other; and I do not know if I keep within the limits of modesty in wishing you success, seeing that I would fain be following in your track, if I had the spirit and zeal to do so. Anyway, I hope you will soon come back to us; and remain, wherever you are—or go—your faithful and grateful friend,

J. RUSKIN.

[1] [No. 109 in *Hortus Inclusus* (see below, p. 629).]

[2] [No. 21 in *Various Correspondents*, pp. 67–69. Frederick Gale (1823–1901), a brother-in-law of Mr. Arthur Severn, was educated at Winchester, and for many years was a well-known Parliamentary agent. He was still better known as a cricketer (in the Surrey eleven) and as a writer on games and sports (largely under the *nom de plume* of "The Old Buffer") in *Baily's Magazine*. He was admitted a Brother of the Charterhouse in 1898, and died there. For references by Ruskin to his articles in *Baily's*, see Vol. XXIX. pp. 162, 220; and see also Vol. XXXIV. pp. 580–1.]

To E. S. Dallas[1]

Brantwood, *July 8th*, 1878.

My dear Dallas,—I am sincerely obliged to you for your kind letter; but I trust there will be no need to relieve the anxiety of my friends by the intrusion of bulletins on public notice.

I have got into quiet work again, and from time to time I hope that a number of *Deucalion* or *Fésole* will assure the people who care for me that I am still moderately well, and partially sane.

It is pleasant to hear of such clear and bright sunset life as Lady Wood's. For the question about the green Venetian blind, I have no doubt it was used, as the girl's apron which Lady Wood will find noticed[2] in the "Flint Castle"—painful in itself, but having lovely result, on the rest of the picture. While Turner was alive, his eccentricities were too provoking to the public to be forgiven, and the reasons of them were never looked for. But his best pictures were those which needed neither forgiveness nor patience.

Returning for a moment to myself, I must further say that though I hope to be able for quiet work in future, I must never again risk the grief and passion of writing on policy or charity; and scarcely permit myself the excitement of correspondence, much less that of society. But I would not have it thought that I have grown sullen, or that I regret anything that I have said or intended. I merely miscounted my days, and over-rated my strength—but am as much as ever my friends' and yours, faithfully and affectionately, J. Ruskin.

To Miss Susan Beever[3]

[? Herne Hill, *July*, 1878.]

Your letters always warm me a little, not with laughing, but with the soft glow of life, for I live mostly with *la mort dans l'âme*. (It is curious that the French, whom one thinks of as slight and frivolous, have this true and deep expression for the forms of sorrow that kill, as opposed to those that discipline or strengthen.) And your words and thought just soften and warm like west wind.

[1] [No. 22 in *Various Correspondents*, pp. 70–72.]

[2] [That is, in Ruskin's then recently-published *Notes on his Drawings by Turner*, No. 41: see Vol. XIII. p. 443.]

[3] [No. 116 in *Hortus Inclusus* (see below, p. 629). The letter bears no indication of date or place; but "work at the Arundel Society" perhaps means the address of 1878 (see Vol. XXXIV. p. 634).]

It is nice being able to please you with what I'm writing, and that you can tell people I'm not so horrid.

Here's the *Fors* you saw the proof of, but *this* isn't quite right yet.

The Willy quotations are very delightful. Do you know that naughty "Cowley"[1] at all? There's all kind of honey and strawberries in him.

It is bitter cold here these last days. I don't stir out, but must this afternoon. I've to go out to dinner and work at the Arundel Society. And if you only knew what was in my thoughts you would be *so* sorry for me, that I can't tell you.

To CHARLES ELIOT NORTON[2]

HERNE HILL, *Tuesday* [23*rd July*, 1878].

DEAREST CHARLES,—I haven't read your last letter! but I can answer it at least, and at last, so far as to tell you with some security that I've got most of my strayed wits together again, for better or worse, and have for the present locked the gate they got out at, and they seem all pretty quiet and very much ashamed of themselves, so I hope the best for them.

The Doctors say it was overwork and worry, which is partly true, and partly not. *Mere* overwork or worry might have soon ended me, but it would not have driven me crazy. I went crazy about St. Ursula and the other saints,—chiefly young-lady saints,—and I rather suppose had offended the less pretty Fors Atropos,[3] till she lost her temper. But the doctors know nothing either of St. Ursula or St. Kate, or St. Lachesis—and not much else of anything worth knowing.

The chief real danger of the delirium, I believe, was not in the brain disease itself, which was a temporary inflammation, running its course, and passing, but in the particular form it took during the first stages of recovery—the (quite usual, I believe, in such cases) refusal to eat anything; not that I didn't want to, but I wouldn't take it out of a cup with a rose on it, or the like,—and so on, till poor Joan was at her wit's end, nearly—but her wits were longer than mine, and held on. How she ever got through it, I can't think,

[1] [For a reference by Ruskin to Cowley, see Vol. XVII. p. 273. For the "Willy (Shakespeare) quotations," see above, p. 236.]

[2] [No. 177 in *Norton*; vol. ii. pp. 148–150.]

[3] [See Vol. XXVII. p. xxi.]

for I took to calling her hard names at one time, and didn't know her at another.

However, here she is, and well; and here I am, not much the worse in looks, people say; and I believe, if anything, a little bit wiser than I was before,—but *very* little.

Practically, I can go on with my Botany and Geology, and with a *little* Turner work, but nothing else, and no more of that than I can do without the least trouble. *Therefore*, I couldn't read your letter, nor can I take up the Turner etching business in the least. I've far more on my hands for *Fésole* than I shall get through this year with all the time I have or can have, and will not add to it by a grain of pains in any other direction. . . . This is all I can write to-day.—Ever your loving J. R.

To Coventry Patmore[1]

[1878.]

My dear Patmore,—Your paper has come safe (which I thought it as well to assure you of), and *shall be* safe. Though I do not promise to return it in less than a week, it being intensely interesting to me, as declaring what I now believe to be entirely true (though entirely contrary to my, up to this time, strongly held opinion), that verse must "feel, though not suffer from"[2] the restraint of metre. My type of perfection has hitherto been perfect and energetic prose:—

> "You have the Pyrrhic dance, as yet:—where is the Pyrrhic phalanx gone?—of two such lessons, why forget the nobler and the manlier one?"[3]

But I believe you are entirely right. The Gothic simile crushes me. I was afraid, after our walk yesterday, that you would go home in a rage at my depressing and degrading inquiries. It must have been the consciousness of helping that made you feel helped.

I hope to see you again soon and hear that Mrs. Patmore is better.—With all our best regards, yours gratefully, J. Ruskin.

[1] [*Memoirs and Correspondence of Coventry Patmore*, vol. ii. pp. 284–285.]

[2] [The quotation is from p. 11 of Patmore's essay, "Prefatory Study of English Metrical Law," published with *Amelia* (1878). For "the Gothic simile," see p. 12: "The very deformities produced, really or apparently, in the phraseology of a great poet, by the confinement of metre, are beautiful, exactly for the same reasons that in architecture justify the bossy Gothic foliage," etc.]

[3] [Compare Vol. XXXVI. p. 388, where Ruskin quotes these lines from Byron's "Isles of Greece" in the same way and in the same connexion.]

To Miss MARY GLADSTONE[1]

NATIONAL GALLERY, *Friday, 28th July,* 1878.

MY DEAR M——, You were a perfect little mother to me last night. I didn't feel safe a moment except when I was close to you. Look here, I've got notice from George Richmond and Acland saying they're both going to try to find me this afternoon. And I should like to see them, and to have that music to hope for all this evening and to-morrow morning; and, besides, I want you to give me a cup of tea this afternoon at about five, and if you can't, you can't, and never mind; but I'll just ask at the door, and it's of no consequence, as Mr. Toots says.[2] You can't *tell* me you can't, *till* I ask at the door; because I don't know where I shall be. And I'll come for my music at three, to-morrow, instead, and you needn't say I may, because I must and will.—And I'm ever your devoted J. RUSKIN.

To F. S. ELLIS[3]

BUCK INN, MALHAM, *August 3rd,* 1878.

DEAR ELLIS,—I was very heartily sorry not to see you again before leaving town, to assure you how much I was pleased with Jones's work,[4] and much else derivative from it, in the Grosvenor. I shall be compelled to disturb my peace among the hills here by giving Master Mallock his pickle in next *Nineteenth Century.*[5]

Will you kindly get this book for me, and send it here: *The Earth,* by Elisée Réclus? And, if it is getable, I want a nice copy of James Forbes's *Travels in the Alps* sent to my godson, Phil. Burne-Jones, at the Grange.—Ever your affectionate J. RUSKIN.

To Miss MARY GLADSTONE[6]

MALHAM (BY LEEDS), *4th July—no, August,* 1878.

MY DEAR M——, Please thank your Father very dearly for his message, and take dearer thanks still for your own. I will come to

[1] [*Letters to M. G. and H. G.*, pp. 35–36.]
[2] [*Dombey and Son*, passim.]
[3] [No. 25 in *Ellis*, pp. 42–43.]
[4] [Burne-Jones's "Golden Stairs."]
[5] [The reference is to an article by W. H. Mallock in the *Nineteenth Century* for August 1878 (vol. 4, pp. 289–302), entitled "A Familiar Colloquy," on recent art, with hostile criticism of Burne-Jones and an incidental reference to Ruskin's theory of art and morality.]
[6] [*Letters to M. G. and H. G.*, pp. 36–37.]

Hawarden if I may, towards the close of autumn, for I want the longer days for walks among the hills to get gradual strength, and I shall be better able, I trust, so, for all the happy talk of Hawarden. But papa must mark *branches*, not trees, for me. *I* can't cut anything more than inch thick.

Yes, I wish I had known that about Mr. B.; yet it was perhaps better as it chanced, for I am in a wonderfully sad marsh and pool of thought myself since my illness, and should perhaps only have done him mischief if the talk had touched that shore.—Ever your grateful and loving J. Ruskin.

To Alexander Macdonald[1]

12*th August* [1878].

Dear Macdonald,—The enclosed letter from Mr. Burton announces the satisfactory issue of my visit to London, and if you will now wait upon him, first enclosing him this note, and naming your time, I do not doubt but his kindness will allow you to look over the series and make the necessary notes for preparation of the cabinets. I write this only on the supposition that you may still be in Oxford; if not, I will have the drawings packed when finally conceded to us, and sent to Oxford for the Dean and Dr. Acland to take order about.—Ever affectionately yours, J. Ruskin.

There are some larger sketches than any we have got, but I think all will go into my large frames, *temporarily*.

[1] ["Ruskin Drawing Master" at Oxford: see Vol. XXI. p. xxvi. The "enclosed letter" is as follows:—"Nat. Gall., *Aug.* 7, 1878.—My dear Mr. Ruskin,—I have been kept so closely at work, ever since the Board meeting of Monday, that I have found no quiet moment to spend in writing to you.

"I must now first of all thank you heartily for the two parts of your educational work which you so kindly caused to be sent me. I snatched time on Sunday morning to read as far as was practicable in the first Part, and was powerfully struck by the admirable precepts there inculcated, and by the clear manner in which they are laid down. There are sentences, both in the preface and amongst the Aphorisms, which should be blazoned on the walls of every school of Art in golden characters.

"The Trustees are quite content to acquiesce in the selection you have made out of our Turner treasure, for the Oxford Schools; and there now remains nothing more to be done than to have a form of agreement drawn up between the National Gallery Trustees and those of the Oxford Museums, so that the respective parties to the arrangement may be secured from risk. This will be indispensable, as the Trustees have no power to alienate these works, but only to lend them. But no time will be lost in securing aid from the Treasury in the proceeding above mentioned.—Believe me, dear Mr. Ruskin, yours most sincerely, F. W. Burton."

The "two parts of your educational work" are Parts I. and II. (see Vol. XV. p. 337) of *The Laws of Fésole*. For the "Turner treasure" lent to Oxford, see above, pp. 201, 238, and Vol. XIII. pp. 560–568.]

To Miss SUSAN BEEVER [1]

INGLETON, 17*th August*, '78.

It's a charming post here, and brings me my letters the first thing in the morning; and I took care to tell nobody where I was going, except people I wanted to hear from. What a little busy bee of a Susie you've been, to get all those extracts ready by this time. I've got nothing done all the while I've been away, but a few mathematical figures, and the less I do the less I find I can do it; and yesterday, for the first time these twenty years at least, I hadn't so much as a "plan" in my head all day. But I had a lot to look at, in the moorland flowers and quiet little ancient Yorkshire farmhouses, not to speak of Ingleborough, who was, I think, a little depressed because he knew you were only going to send your "remembrances" and not your "love" to him. The clouds gathered on his brow occasionally in a fretful manner, but towards evening he resumed his peace of mind and sends you *his* "remembrances" and his "blessing." I believe he saves both you and me from a great deal of unpleasant east wind.

Well, I've got a plan in my head *this* morning, for the new extracts.[2] Shall we call them "Lapides (or "Marmora") Portici"; and put a little preface to them about the pavement of St. Mark's porch and its symbolism of what the education of a good man's early days must be to him? I think I can write something a little true and trustworthy about it. Love to Mary and singing little Joan.[3] You are very right about its not being good for me to be alone, but I had some nice little times in London with Mary Gladstone, or I shouldn't have known what to do. And now I'm coming home as fast as I can.

To Miss MARY GLADSTONE [4]

KENDAL, 19*th August*, 1878.

MY DEAR M——, I'm going home to-day, and have just been putting these letters, that have been carried in my breast-pocket on the moor, to keep the bleak breezes out, up in their own separate envelopes, written in the corner—F—— and M——. I've taken them

[1] [No. 47 in *Hortus Inclusus* (where it is wrongly dated): see below, p. 625.]
[2] [A projected book of extracts from *Stones of Venice*, to companion *Frondes Agrestes*; the project was abandoned.]
[3] [Probably a bird.]
[4] [*Letters to M. G. and H. G.*, pp. 37–40.]

as near the sky as I could reach—always; you have been on the top of every moorland at Malham, and finished with Ingleborough last Sunday after church. Judge how fondly by this time I think of the Hawarden trees! Not but that there are some dark clusters about the older farmhouses very beautiful, and I learned something quite new to me of the majesty of the plane in a group of them which I took, in the distance, for Scotch Firs, and could scarcely believe my eyes as I drew near, and saw the great leaves, the branches had been twisted so grandly by the rock-winds.

Are you really going to be at Hawarden all the autumn? and can you let me come, when the leaves begin to fall? I don't think a pretty tree is ever meant to be drawn with all its leaves on, any more than a day when its sun is at noon. One draws the day in its morning or evening, the tree in its spring or autumn.

But I'm still afraid of myself, whether I shall be able to draw at all. I am not, yet; that is to say, it tires me more than anything, when it's the least difficult. It is but too likely I shall just want you to play to me all day long.

You never told me why you were disappointed that day with Browning, or, did you say, as it seems to me I remember, "*always* disappointed"? He knows much of music, does not he? but I think he must like it mostly for its discords.[1] I haven't had anybody to show off to since you told me whom to talk of, and now I've forgotten his name. It's a great shame to have forgotten anything you told me, but I think it's better to confess at once, and then, perhaps, you'll send me a little note, and tell me, will you?

With truest and most respectful regards to your father, and grateful remembrances to Mrs. G——, and love to your sister.—Ever your affectionate

J. Ruskin.

To Miss Mary Gladstone[2]

Brantwood, *27th August,* 1878.

My dear M——, I've been trying these three days to make up a plan to please myself, and can't. There's always something to be left out, or dropped, or shortened, or passed by on the other side.

[1] [Ruskin had forgotten perhaps the lines in *Abt Vogler*:—

"And what is our failure here but a triumph's evidence
For the fulness of the days? Have we withered or agonised?
Why else was the pause prolonged but that singing might issue thence?
Why rushed the discords in but that harmony should be prized?"]

[2] [*Letters to M. G. and H. G.*, pp. 40–42.]

Do you know, I think we children—you, and F——, and I—had better let the old people arrange it all for us; and then we shan't quarrel, and we'll say it's all their fault if anything goes wrong, won't we?

I'm so very glad your Father is interested in *Deucalion*. I never get any credit from anybody for my geology, and it is the best of me by far. And I really think I've got those stuck-up surveyors in a fix, rather! I'm going in at the botanists next, and making diagrams of trees to ask them questions about. I expect him to tell me how to answer them myself.

I never was so lazy as I am just now, in all my life. If only I enjoyed being lazy I should not mind, but I'm only ashamed of myself, and get none of the comfort. Perhaps, after all, you'll have to bring papa here. Sometimes I think I never can stir out of this house any more. But I'm ever your affectionate J. R.

To Miss SUSAN BEEVER[1]

BRANTWOOD, 11*th Sept.*, '78.

That you may not make a complete infidel of yourself with those insidious *Arabian Nights*, or a complete philosopher of yourself, which would be unbecoming at your age, with the Council of friends,[2] I send you a Western book of a character at once prosaic, graceful, and simple, which will disenchant and refresh you at once. I will find a second volume before you have finished the first, and meanwhile you must come and *choose* the next book that is to be, out of my library, which you never condescend to look at when you're here.

To CHARLES ELIOT NORTON[3]

DUNIRA, CRIEFF, N.B., 25*th September*, 1878.

MY DEAREST CHARLES,—At last I think I may tell you that you need not be seriously fearful for me any more, except as for all mortal creatures, for I have passed a week of total idleness, with some applause from my doctors, and no great discomfort to myself, and think the practice of doing nothing inures me to that hardship far more quickly than could have been expected.

[1] [No. 144 in *Hortus Inclusus* (see below, p. 631).]
[2] [Possibly the Book of Job; the contrasted Western volume seems to preclude Helps's *Friends in Council*.]
[3] [No. 178 in *Norton;* vol. ii. pp. 150–151.]

The *Liber Studiorum* facsimiles are perfectly lovely, and for all practical purposes whatever as good as the originals.[1]

Love to you all, ever and ever your grateful J. Ruskin.

I am doing fairly good work on *Proserpina* I think, and on *Fésole*, which is turning out a different sort of thing from the old *Elements*, and I hope a better sort of thing. But it will include whatever was really useful in them.

To Miss Mary Gladstone[2]

Brantwood, *Sunday, 30th September*, 1878.

My dear M——, How dreadfully I've behaved to you; and it's *not all* F——'s fault, but partly her ponies' fault, who bewilder me by always standing on their hind legs, or going eighteen miles an hour; and partly the dogs' fault, who are always getting between *my* legs, or pulling my hair, or licking my face; and partly her place's fault, which is really too pretty and too good for her or anybody else, and drove me half crazy again because I couldn't paint it up and down and both sides everywhere; and partly her people's fault, who wanted to "show" me things, and wouldn't understand that it was a vain show, and that my heart was disquieted within me;[3]—and partly my own fault. (I meant to have *said*, "of course," but shouldn't have meant it.) And so I didn't answer your letter; and now here's your forgiving—*partly* forgiving, at least—but laconic note, and, of course, I deserve it—them, I mean, both—the forgiveness and the Laconianism.

Well, yes, I *can* come on the 9th, or on the 10th, or on any day you want me, pretty nearly. ("You" is to have an emphasis, mind, but I've underlined too many words already.) But what does the Duke of A—— want to see me for? He used to be so grim, at the Metaphysical, I never ventured within the table's length of him. But look here,—you know—(emphasis on "you" again) that, though I shall mightily like studying wood-craft with papa—papa wouldn't have got me to Hawarden all by himself, and Mr. G——, you know, wouldn't have got me to Dunira all by himself—and I should very

[1] [*Fac-similes of Thirty-three Etchings by the late J. M. W. Turner, R.A., for the plates of the Liber Studiorum, reproduced from copies in the possession of Mr. Ruskin and of the Editor* (C. E. Norton). Cambridge, Mass., 1879.]

[2] [*Letters to M. G. and H. G.*, pp. 42–45.]

[3] [See Psalms xxxix. 6, xliii. 5.]

much like to meet the Duke, of course, yes—but . . . Please, do you know if M. C.'s coming too?[1]

You see, I can come on the 10th, but, after this time of utter do-nothingness at Dunira, I really want to see a little bit of, and about, books (they're all standing on their hind legs at present, and the printers rabid). And I meant, really and truly, to have written this morning to say I was at Mr. Gladstone's orders from the 25th, on; but now I'll do just what you tell me will be exemplary, and what I ought to do, and that is, come whenever you please, not *before* the 10th. But, quite seriously, I cannot *stay* more than two or three days at utmost, for I am indeed not well, and the excitement of conversation breaks me or bends me, banefully always. This was so even before my illness, and you know if Mrs. W—— had not forced me, I never should have ventured to Hawarden, and you must be a dear good little Mother to me, and take care of me every minute all the while I'm there. Love to Papa, though, and very true and respectful regards to Mrs. Gladstone, and I'm ever your obedient and affectionate

J. RUSKIN.

To Miss MARY GLADSTONE[2]

BRANTWOOD, *2nd October*, 1878.

MY DEAR M——, I am most thankful for your letter, and will come on Saturday the 12th, God letting me. It shocks me to have written as I did, not knowing of the Duchess' death, but you know I never know *any*thing that happens in these days, unless I am specially told by some one. For my own part, I have so much to do with death, that I am far better in the house of mourning than of feasting, when the mourning is noble, and not selfish.

. . . Yes, I meant Lady Mary; very glad am I she is coming, and more glad still that you still speak of her as "little." I *don't* "know" her a bit. But she came once to take tea in my rooms at Corpus, and she once gave me a smile as she was driving through the narrow street in Kensington. And yes, I know how ill Mrs. Acland is, and I would I could make her well again—and bring the years back again, and move the shadow from the dial evermore. And I am not inclined for "play," therefore, just now, but am fit for no work, and yet the thoughts come into my head, and if I don't set them down, they torment me—the angry ones chiefly; and to keep them quiet, I *must* try

[1] [Lady Mary Campbell: see the next letter.]

[2] [*Letters to M. G. and H. G.*, pp. 45–48 (where the letter is wrongly dated "1879").]

to set down some of the pretty ones, so I'm going to write about Ned's pics.[1] F—— showed me three such lovely ones at Dunira, pencil.

But the worst of all is that I must *not* be—what the things and people I like always make me—in the least crazy again, if I can help it. Have you no notion at all how very *bad* for me you are? how very bad for me Lady Mary will be? how very baddest Ned and F—— would be? I don't think I can possibly survive more than—well, anyhow, I'll try to get Ned, for indeed it is quite seriously needful for me to see him and talk to him while I'm writing about his pics.; but F—— must not come, for Ned and I should both begin to think about her instead of the pics., and that would never do. Besides, I'm busy on the "Bankruptcy of India,"[2] and *might* say some things about Indian merchants! and my own throwing away of the money my poor dear father made out of Spain, which she mightn't like to hear. I can't write more to-day. Love to your father, and thanks for sewing up Hector.[3]—And I'm ever your loving J. R.

To Miss Mary Gladstone[4]

October, 1878.

My dear M——, Yes, I think all is best as you have decided; and I will come when you bid, and do as you bid, and for me it is certainly better that I should be at your command and at those children's, for what good they can find in me, than that I should be led into the track of my own special work and thought by my friend's overwhelming strength at present; besides that, much as we love each other there are some points of essential difference in feeling between us, which I sometimes hurt Mr. Jones by showing, and myself much more through him. I am very thankful to know that the children will like me to come.

I have never heard of anything so instantly terrible,[5] except in

[1] [A notice of Burne-Jones, suggested by some drawings at Dunira, appeared in *The Three Colours of Pre-Raphaelitism:* see Vol. XXXIV. pp. 147 *seq.*]

[2] [An article by Mr. H. M. Hyndman, so entitled, in the *Nineteenth Century* for October 1878 (vol. 4, pp. 585–608).]

[3] [The reference is to Mr. Gladstone's article in the *Nineteenth Century* for October 1878, pp. 752–764, entitled "The Slicing of Hector." "Hector," concludes the article, "is likely to survive the ingenious assaults of Homeric dualism; and I hope to have left him, as I found him, in a whole skin."]

[4] [*Letters to M. G. and H. G.*, pp. 49–50.]

[5] [The sudden death of Elizabeth, Duchess of Argyll, when dining in company with Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone at 21 Carlton House Terrace, the house of Lord Frederick Cavendish.]

the grief of war; but yet how *infinitely*, in the full sense of the word, better to suffer such grief, than—as so many times it chances in this terrible age—never to have loved enough to be capable of it.—Ever your affectionate and grateful J. RUSKIN.

To Miss MARY GLADSTONE[1]

BRANTWOOD, 17*th October*, 1878.

MY DEAR M——, I got home quite easily and swiftly, though feeling much woe-begone till I got in sight of my own hills. I liked the pony drive and the ideal breakfast in library mightily. The tea at the Rectory, and cake, also a pleasant memory, nor less your father's and mother's kindness, though I think those bright eyes of yours see that I am often pained in talking to your father by not being able, and sometimes by not permitting myself, to say what I want to say. Really and truly, I never can do so, but very slowly, and in books! So I send you another book,[2] which really says more of what I *want* to say, than any, if anybody cared to hear. See specially pp. 60 to 65.—Your grateful and affectionate J. R.

To Dr. JOHN BROWN[3]

BRANTWOOD, 22*nd October*, '78.

It is so delicious to me that you enjoy those Turners, and my old things so much. I don't recollect what the "Calais" is, but you are utterly and infinitely welcome to it, whatever it is, and to Turner's

[1] [*Letters to M. G. and H. G.*, pp. 50–51.]

[2] [*The Eagle's Nest:* for pp. 60–65 (in the original edition), §§ 61–64, see Vol. XXII. pp. 163–167. They contain reflections in London, and an incidental reference to Mr. Gladstone.]

[3] [No. 23 of "Letters from Ruskin" in *Letters of Dr. John Brown*, 1907, pp. 305–306. Brown's letters to which this is in answer are at pp. 257, 259: "On my return home I saw these precious things of Turner's and yours. . . . What a pair of eyes you have! The Turners are delightful, so modest, so little display for display's sake, so none at all, and what a dog! the corner of his mouth! his tail, the mastery everywhere, the maximum of effect, with the minimum of means. But yours went still more to my heart, and my wonder too. . . . What we all felt was, that if you had not been born with a silver spoon in your mouth, and had had to make your own living, you would have been a great Painter, and we might have lost *Modern Painters* and much else. The 'Calais' drawing is worth £50 to me, if I had it to give." The "Calais" is reproduced on Plate XI. in Vol. XIV., where (p. 408) Ruskin mentions his gift of it to Dr. Brown.]

dog too. It ought to be yours of all people in this world; so please put them both up in any corners there are to spare in the pretty rooms; and for the rest, keep them at present with you, if they're not too troublesome.

Yes, I was at Hawarden last week (three days of it), but I *cannot* now go into society. People are perpetually trying to discuss things with me of which I know the bottom and all round, and have *told* them the bottom and all round twenty years ago; and the deadly feeling of the resilience and immortality of the undintable caoutchouc of which most people's heads are made is too much for me.

The Duke of Argyll was there too, and I couldn't say half I wanted to Mr. Gladstone, because one had to be civil to the Ducality (the more as it was in mourning). My refuge was always Mary Gladstone, who is a very "perfect woman, nobly planned."[1] Papa and Mamma, and the Duke, and everybody went away on the Tuesday, and left Mary to take care of me all Wednesday, and she did, and I was very sorry to come away.

All the same, I'm glad to be at home again, but have to put bridle on my lips. Well, about that blessed Bank. People are beginning to understand a little, then, are they?[2] . . .

To Hall Caine[3]

Nov. 8th, '78.

I have of course the deepest interest in your work—and *for that reason* must keep wholly out of it. I should drive myself mad again in a week if I thought of such things. I am doing botany and geology—and you, who are able for it, must fight with rascals and fools. I will be no more plagued by them.—Ever truly yours,

J. Ruskin.

I wrote first page on reading your printed report before reading your letter. My dear Sir, I am entirely hopeless of any good whatever against these devilish modern powers and passions; my words choke

[1] [For other quotations from Wordsworth's "She was a phantom of delight," see *Sesame*, Vol. XVIII. pp. 125, 131, and *Val d'Arno*, Vol. XXIII. p. 126.]

[2] [Brown had written: "What an awful calamity and crime this Bank Cataclysm is; it will put Scotland back a generation. It is an enormous social crime, and will, I trust, be treated so by the Law." For Ruskin on this stoppage of the City of Glasgow Bank, see Vol. XXX. p. 15.]

[3] [Partly printed in *My Story*, by Hall Caine, 1908, pp. 45–46. Mr. Hall Caine was at the time contributing articles to various newspapers on architectural subjects, inveighing against the "restoration" of ancient buildings (*ibid.*, p. 44).]

me if I try to speak. I know nothing of Liverpool; and what can I say there, but that it has first to look after its poor and the churches will take care of themselves.

To Miss MARY GLADSTONE [1]

BRANTWOOD, 12*th November*, 1878.

MY DEAR M——, It is very sweet of you not to reproach me with forgetting the poor sick painter.[2] I have not, but all my scholar-work is so severe that I had no heart to send it him. At last I have ordered a somewhat rough Hunt to be sent to *your* care (for I forget his address), which I think it will be of extreme service to him to copy.

I am very glad to know where F—— is, and if either of you will tell me anything of each other, it will be much beatific to me. I am in a despondent state at the short days and shorter years, and need whatever comfort is in either of your hands. I was so glad you noticed what I told you at that last breakfast. It is a wonderful story, if ever I may tell you more of it.

My most faithful and respectful regards to your father and mother. —Ever your loving J. RUSKIN.

If the whole drawing be too fatiguing, the blackberries and plums are the essential part.

To T. C. HORSFALL [3]

BRANTWOOD, 19*th November*, 1878.

DEAR MR. HORSFALL,—I am entirely delighted with your paper, and quite prepared to act with you in all that it recommends; and that with all my heart, in Manchester or elsewhere; nor did I ever accuse the living manufacturers of being what they are (any more than I do the poor idle upper class women of the capitals of being what they are) by their own fault—I merely say that until smoke, filth, and overwork are put an end to, all other measures are merely palliative. I will write more, but am colded to-day and stupid. In general health,

[1] [*Letters to M. G. and H. G.*, pp. 51–52.]

[2] [A young working-man at Hawarden, dying of consumption, who had been trying to draw according to the teaching he had found in books by Ruskin.]

[3] [On receiving a copy of his paper on *Art in Villages*. For previous correspondence with Mr. Horsfall, see Vol. XXIX. pp. 589 *seq.*]

I hope nearly as strong as I was, but warned never more to try to do what I *was* trying to do.—Ever affectionately yours,

J. Ruskin.

I never pass my bookcase without thanking you again for the Richters in it. Can you find anything out about that man's private life? I should like to know all I could.[1]

To Miss Susan Beever[2]

Brantwood, 19*th Nov.* [1878].

I must tell you, interrupting my botanical work this morning, something that has just chanced to me.

I am arranging the caryophylls, which I mass broadly into "Clarissa," the true jagged-leaved and clove-scented ones; "Lychnis," those whose leaves are essentially in two lobes; "Arenaria," which I leave untouched; and "Mica," a new name of my own for the pearlworts of which the French name is to be Miette, and the representative type (now *Sagina procumbens*) is to be in—

Latin—Mica amica.
French—Miette l'amie.
English—Pet pearlwort.

Then the next to this is to be—

Latin—Mica millegrana.
French—Miette aux mille perles.
English—Thousand pearls.[3]

Now this on the whole I consider the prettiest of the group, and so look for a plate of it which I can copy. Hunting through all my botanical books, I find the best of all is Baxter's Oxford one, and determine at once to engrave that—when, turning the page of his text, I find: "The specimen of this curious and interesting little plant from which the accompanying drawing was made was communicated to me by Miss Susan Beever. To the kindness of this young

[1] [For Ruskin's admiration of the designs of Ludwig Richter (1803–1884), see Vol. XXIX. p. 595, and General Index. His autobiography (*Lebenserinnerungen eines deutschen Malers*) was published in 1885, and its revelation of the artist's simplicity of life—delighting most to sit among his roses, surrounded by laughing children—would have pleased Ruskin greatly.]

[2] [No. 49 in *Hortus Inclusus* (see below, p. 625).]

[3] [Radiola Millegrana; or, Thousand-seeded Flax-seed. See vol. iii. 188 in William Baxter's *British Phænogamous Botany* (1837).]

lady, and that of her sister, Miss Mary Beever, I am indebted for the four plants figured in this number."

I have copied lest you should have trouble in looking for the book, but now, you darling Susie, please tell me whether I may not separate these lovely pearlworts wholly from the spergulas,—by the pearlworts having only two leaves like real pinks at the joints, and the spergulas, a *cluster;* and tell me how the spergulas scatter their seeds, I can't find any account of it.

To CHARLES ELIOT NORTON[1]

BRANTWOOD, 26*th November*, 1878.

MY DEAREST CHARLES,—I am profoundly thankful for your letter, most chiefly in its assurance of your continued health and power, which are really at my heart more than any other things hoped for relating to my personal friends,—either for their own sake or for that of any desires I have that what I have endeavoured to do may be carried forward. . . .

To-day (Monday—date guessed above), I believe the comic Whistler lawsuit is to be decided.[2] I enclose you a copy of my last "instructions" to my lawyers. . . .

I keep fairly well, on condition of doing only about two hours' real work each day. But that, with the thoughts that come in idleness, or as I chop wood, will go a good way yet, if I live a few years more.

I hope the III. *Fésole* will be with you nearly as soon as the II., and two more *Proserpinas*, not bad ones, are just done, too.[3]—Ever your lovingest J. RUSKIN.

To Miss SUSAN BEEVER[4]

26*th November*, '78.

I have entirely resigned all hope of ever thanking you rightly for bread, sweet odours, roses and pearls, and must just allow myself to

[1] [No. 179 in *Norton;* vol. ii. pp. 151–152. Part of the letter ("I keep fairly well" to the end) had previously appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly*, September 1904, vol. 94, p. 382.]

[2] [See Vol. XXIX. pp. xxii.–xxiv., 580 *seq.*]

[3] [Part II. was issued in July, Part III. in October (Vol. XV. p. 337). The "two more *Proserpinas*" (Parts V. and VI.) were not issued till January and April 1879 (Vol. XXV. p. 192).]

[4] [No. 48 in *Hortus Inclusus* (see below, p. 625).]

be fed, scented, rose-garlanded and be-pearled as if I were a poor little pet dog or pet pig. But my cold is better, and I *am* getting on with this botany; but it is really too important a work to be pushed for a week or a fortnight. And Mary and you will be pleased at last, I am sure.

I have only to-day got my four families, Clarissa, Lychnis, Scintilla, and Mica, perfectly and simply defined.[1] See how nicely they come:—

A. Clarissa changed from Dianthus, which is bad Greek[2] (and all my pretty flowers have names of girls). Petal *jagged* at the outside.
B. Lychnis. Petal *divided in two* at the outside, and the fringe retired to the top of the limb.
C. Scintilla. (Changed from Stellaria, because I want Stella for the houseleeks.) Petal formed by the *two* lobes of lychnis without the retired fringe.
D. Mica. *Single* lobed petal.

When once these four families are well understood in typical examples, how easy it will be to attach either subordinate groups or specialities of habitat, as in Arenaria,[3] to some kinds of them! The entire order, for their purity and wildness, are to be named, from Artemis, "Artemides," instead of Caryophylaceæ; and next them come the Vestals (mints, lavenders, etc.); and then the Cytherides (Viola Veronica, Giulietta, the last changed from Polygala). Don't you think *Willy* will be pleased?[4]

To Miss Susan Beever[5]

27th November, '78.

We have all been counting and considering how old you can possibly be to-day, and have made up our minds that you are really thirteen, and must begin to be serious. There have been some hints about the necessity of sending you to school, which I have taken no notice of, hoping that you will be ready at last to make up your mind to do your lessons at home like a dear good little girl as you are. And because to-day you enter upon your "teens," I have sent you a crystal,

[1] [The four families of "Artemides" in Ruskin's classification: see *Proserpina* (Vol. XXV. p. 353).]
[2] [Compare *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 74 (Vol. XXIX. p. 33).]
[3] [Arenaria, the sandwort, a name given as an instance of distinguishing a genus by its habitat (as in this case of the sandwort); printed "America" in *Hortus*.]
[4] ["Willy" is Shakespeare (above, p. 251), and it was a point with Ruskin in his botanical nomenclature to introduce poetical associations.]
[5] [No. 51 in *Hortus Inclusus* (see below, p. 626). Ruskin signed himself on this occasion "Old Lecturer," the title taken for himself in *Ethics of the Dust* (Vol. XVIII.).]

and a little bit of native gold, and a little bit of native silver, for symbols of this lovely "nativity" of previous years; and I do wish you all love and joy and peace in them.

To GEORGE ALLEN

BRANTWOOD, 28*th Nov.*, '78.

MY DEAR ALLEN,—I am much pleased with all you say, and will in future refer every letter on publication to you absolutely.

Political Econ. of Art I have always held one of my very best books,[1] and should be thoroughly glad to have it out in the series—but I really must begin to realise a little now, and not go on extending ideal capital. And you know the edition of *Stones of Venice* is lying all but done in Jowett's dead type, and he is really very patient about it.[2]

I am at work just now on the long promised *Prosody*. As soon as you send me a proof of globes[3] with any assurance of its coming nice, I will knock off the fourth *Fésole*.

The 5th and 6th *Proserps.* will be very interesting. Comic enough, the whole trial,[4] the public may think—but I'll make them remember it, or my name's not mine.—Ever your affect. J. R.

To Miss SUSAN BEEVER[5]

BRANTWOOD.

The weather has most grievously depressed me this last week, and I have not been fit to speak to anybody. I had much interruption in the early part of it, though, from a pleasant visitor; and I have not been able to look rightly at your pretty little book.[6] Nevertheless, I'm quite sure your strength is in private letter writing, and that a curious kind of shyness prevents your doing yourself justice in print. You might also surely have found a more pregnant motto about birds' nests! Am not I cross? But these grey skies are mere poison to my thoughts, and I have been writing such letters, that I don't think many of my friends are likely to speak to me again.

[1] [Compare Vol. XXXVI. p. 240.]

[2] [Mr. Jowett, manager of Messrs. Hazell, Watson & Viney's printing works at Aylesbury. For the "Travellers' Edition" of *Stones of Venice*, then in the press, see Vol. IX. p. lvi.]

[3] [Plate IX. in *The Laws of Fésole* (Vol. XV. p. 447).]

[4] [*Whistler v. Ruskin*, heard on November 25: see Vol. XXIX. p. 580.]

[5] [No. 160 in *Hortus Inclusus* (see p. 632).]

[6] [Mr. Fleming does not know what book is here referred to. The *published* books by Miss Susan Beever are the two Shakespeare handbooks previously mentioned (p. 236), and two small tracts on Ragged Schools, issued at Edinburgh in 1852 and 1853; but she also printed some things at her brother's private press (see above, p. cix. *n.*).]

To Miss Susan Beever [1]

Brantwood.

I hope you did not get a chill in the garden. The weather is a little wrong again, but I am thankful for last night's sunset.

You know our English Bible is only of James 1st time—Stalk is a Saxon word, and gets into English I fancy as early as the Plantagenets—but I have not hunted it down.—I'm just in the same mess with "pith," but I'm finding out a great deal about the thing though not the word, for next *Deucalion*,[2] in chopping my wood.

You know, "Funckia" won't last long.[3] I am certain I shall have strength enough to carry my system of nomenclature at least as far as to exclude people's individual names.

I won't even have a "Susia"—stay—that's Christian—yes, I will have a Susia. But not a "Beeveria," though.

To Miss Susan Beever [4]

Brantwood [*December*, 1878].

It is *very* sweet of you to give me your book, but I accept it at once most thankfully. It is the best type I can show of the perfect work of an English lady in her own simple peace of enjoyment and natural gift of truth, in her sight and in her mind. And many pretty things are in my mind and heart about it, if my hands were not too cold to shape words for them. The book shall be kept with my Bewicks; it is in no wise inferior to them in fineness of work. The finished proof of next *Proserpina* [5] will, I think, be sent me by Saturday's post. Much more is done, but this number was hindered by the revisal of the Dean of Christ Church, which puts me at rest about mistakes in my Greek.[6]

[1] [No. 52 in *Hortus Inclusus*.]

[2] [A slip of the pen for *Proserpina:* see the chapter (ii. ch. vii.), called "Science in her Cells," which, though not issued till 1885, was written in 1879 (Vol. XXV. p. 483). On "pith," see *ibid.*, p. 490; on "stalk," pp. 302, 305, 311, 316.]

[3] [See Vol. XXV. p. 339.]

[4] [No. 136 in *Hortus Inclusus*. In a later letter (No. 141 in *Hortus*) Ruskin says:—

> "The little book is very lovely, all of it that is your *own*. The religion of it you know is—anybody's, what my poor little Susie was told when she was a year or two younger than she is now.
>
> "What we should all try to do, is to find out something certain about God, for *ourselves*."]

[5] [Part v., containing Chapter xi., issued in January 1879.]

[6] [For Ruskin's letters to Dean Liddell in this connexion, see Vol. XXV. p. xl.]

1879

[Having resigned the Slade Professorship at Oxford, Ruskin spent this year quietly at Brantwood, with occasional visits—to his Museum at Sheffield and elsewhere.]

To Dean Liddell

Brantwood, *4th Jan.*, '79.

Dear Mr. Dean,—The Turner sketches[1] are, I hope, by this time at Oxford. Foord has made a mess of my catalogue and lost the numbers, which makes me very savage; but I can't do my work twice over, and they must just be catalogued by Crawley as well as he can, till I can come to Oxford again.

I hope that I may be able to pay a visit to Ch. Ch. and C. C. C. in the autumn term; in the meantime the enclosed letter, which I received yesterday from Mr. Herkomer, will, I hope, relieve you and all other of my friends in Oxford from any further regret at my resigning; for I would have resigned in Herkomer's favour had I even otherwise been minded to stay—and have written to him to say so. If Herkomer be elected,[2] I can always work with him, or under him, as much as I ever could have done, and if I want to say anything about matters he does not care for, and feel able to say it, I daresay you will lend me the theatre still. If my health does not fail again, I will certainly come in the autumn term to introduce Mr. Herkomer and put him at ease; and to say a few concluding words about my own Professorship.

I may at once say of Mr. Herkomer, in case you may not have met him, that he is a gentleman; and one of supreme innocence, honour, and healthy genius. You will see by the etching on his note what he can do. It is possible that he may do more, some day—but at all events you see the wholesomeness, simplicity, and entirely beneficial, unmixed with mischievous, qualities of this.

I am happy in the bright frosty days to find that my own hand and eyes can still do what I ask of them: and I am asking a little more than anybody yet has seen ot their doing.

I will return the heath sketch as soon as the holidays are over—

[1] [The collection lent by the Trustees of the National Gallery (see above, pp. 201, 238, 255).]

[2] [Subsequently Mr. Herkomer withdrew his nomination, owing to ill-health, and Mr. W. B. Richmond was appointed Professor in succession to Ruskin. Mr. Herkomer became Professor in succession to Ruskin after his second professorship.]

but it does not show how much the trees had been in flower. You must please tell me all you recollect about them, for—though I suppose heaths have been the ornament of every English greenhouse for the last half-century—I find not one word in any of my botanical books about these great trees!—Ever gratefully and affectionately yours,

J. Ruskin.

I am waiting to put index and bind the first vol. of *Proserpina;* then I shall send it to Alice. She did treat me shamefully that day, though, didn't she?

To Miss Mary Gladstone[1]

Brantwood, *January,* 1879.

My dear M——, It is wonderfully good and dear of you to write a word to me, when I've been so long signless, but I've been curiously oppressed by many things, and could not speak. Thank you again and again. I am happy in having given that poor spirit some comfort.[2] Keep the drawing at present, I'm in confusion, and am only too glad to have it in your care. I would have written—somehow, anyhow—only I wanted to read *Paracelsus* first, but always felt disinclined to begin, but I'm dying to know what it is you call me.[3] I do so like to be called names.

Poor F——, I hear, is gone to Africa, and she hasn't sent me a line! but I'm sure I don't deserve half of the sweet notes she did send me during the autumn. Only I did ask her once where *you* were, and she never told me.

Kind regards to Mr. O——, though, I think, if he ever asks *me* where you are *I* won't tell *him.*

Love to papa and mamma, and Mrs. W——, if with you.—And I am ever your devoted J. Ruskin.

[1] [*Letters to M. G. and H. G.,* pp. 53–54.]
[2] [See above, p. 264.]
[3] [Paracelsus on Aprile—

"How he stands
With eve's last sunbeam staying on his hair
Which turns to it as if they were akin;
And those clear smiling eyes of saddest blue
Nearly set free, so far they rise above
The painful fruitless striving of the brow,
And enforced knowledge of the lips, firm set
In slow despondency's eternal sigh!
Has he too missed life's end, and learned the cause?"
—Browning.]

To MISS BEEVER[1]

20th January, 1879.

You will not doubt the extreme sorrow with which I have heard of all that was ordered to be, of terrible, in your peaceful and happy household. Without for an instant supposing, but, on the contrary, utterly refusing to admit, that such calamities[2] may be used to point a moral (all useful morality having every point that God meant it to have, perfectly sharp and bright without any burnishing of *ours*), still less to "adorn a tale" (the tales of modern days depending far too much upon Scythian decoration with Death's heads[3]),—I, yet, if I had been Mr. Chapman,[4] would have pointed out that all concealments, even of trivial matters, on the part of young servants from kind mistresses, are dangerous no less than unkind and ungenerous, and that a great deal of preaching respecting the evil nature of man and the anger of God might be spared, if children and servants were only taught, as a religious principle, to tell their mothers and mistresses, when they go out, exactly where they are going and what they are going to do. I think both you and Miss Susan ought to use every possible means of changing, or at least checking, the current of such thoughts in your minds; and I am in hopes that you may have a little pleasure in examining the plates in the volume of Sibthorp's *F. Græca* which I send to-day, in comparison with those of *F. Danica*.[5] The vulgarity and lifelessness of Sibthorp's plates are the more striking because in mere execution they are the more elaborate of the two; the chief point in the *F. Danica* being the lovely artistic skill. The drawings for Sibthorp, by a young German, were as exquisite as the Dane's, but the English engraver and colourist spoiled all.

I will send you, if you like them, the other volumes in succession. I find immense interest in comparing the Greek and Danish forms or conditions of the same English flower.

I send the second volume, in which the Rufias are lovely, and scarcely come under my above condemnation. The *first* is nearly all of grass.

[1] [No. 53 in *Hortus Inclusus*.]

[2] ["One of our youngest servants had gone on to the frozen lake; the ice gave way, and she was drowned."—S. B.]

[3] [See Vol. II. p. 57.]

[4] [Vicar of Coniston.]

[5] [For the Sibthorp, see Vol. XXV. p. 408 *n*., and Vol. XXVIII. p. 265; and for the *Flora Danica*, Vol. XV. p. 482, and Vol. XXV. p. 205.]

To Miss Mary Gladstone[1]

Brantwood, 1*st February*, 1879.

My dear M——, The enclosed pensive little line lay under yours, this morning, on my writing table. Very thankful I was for both of them, as, indeed, I ought to be. Poor F—— is sadly gentle; but I trust the bright Mediterranean sky will revive her father, and raise her into a coruscant F—— of fair South France. It's very pretty of you to give me those lovely lines:[2] I like them because that child I told you of, who died, who wasn't usually by way of paying me compliments, *did* once say "Those eyes," after looking into them awhile.[3] If they could but see ever so little a way towards her, now! To-morrow, Lady-day, it will be thirteen years since she bade me "wait" three,[4] and I'm tired of waiting.

But I'm taking care of myself, yes; perhaps not quite the greatest, but enough to do. I like the frost. I can't skate, and won't run the risk of shaking my shaky wits by a fall; but I was sliding about four miles altogether up and across the lake, yesterday, and came in very hot, and am not stiff, for an old gentleman, this morning. Please imagine me, bowing or kneeling as low as you please, and ever gratefully and affectionately yours, J. Ruskin.

To Miss Susan Beever[5]

Brantwood [*February*, 1879].

I've had this cold five days now and it's worse than ever, and yet I feel quite well in other respects, and the glorious sunshine is a great joy to me. Also Prince Leopold's words,[6] seen to-day. Very beautiful in themselves—and—I say it solemnly—just, more than ever I read before of friend's sayings. It is strange—I had no conception he saw so far into things or into *me*.

It is the greatest help that has ever been given me (in the view the public will take of it).

[1] [*Letters to M. G. and H. G.*, pp. 55–56.]
[2] [On Aprile (*Paracelsus*): see above, p. 271.]
[3] [Compare *Præterita*, Vol. XXXV. p. 281.]
[4] [See Vol. XXXV. pp. lxx.–lxxi.]
[5] [No. 95 in *Hortus Inclusus*.]
[6] [In a speech delivered at the Mansion House, February 19, 1879, in support of the Extension of University Teaching: see Vol. XX. p. xxxvi.]

To Miss Susan Beever[1]

BRANTWOOD, *4th Feb.*, '79.

You know I am getting my Oxford minerals gradually to Brantwood, and whenever a box comes, I think whether there are any that I don't want myself, which might yet have leave to live on Susie's table. And to-day I've found a very soft purple agate, that looks as if it were nearly melted away with pity for birds and flies, which is like Susie; and another piece of hard wooden agate with only a little ragged sky of blue here and there, which is like me; and a group of crystals with grass of Epidote inside, which is like what my own little cascade has been all the winter by the garden side; and so I've had them all packed up, and I hope you'll let them live at the Thwaite.

To Miss Susan Beever

BRANTWOOD.

Then here are some more bits, if you will be a child. Here's a green piece, large, of the stone they cut those green-weedy brooches out of, and a nice mouse-coloured natural agate, and a great black and white one, stained with sulphuric acid, black but very fine always, and interesting in its lines.

Oh dear, the cold; but it's worth *any* cold to have that delicious Robin dialogue.[2] Please write some more of it; you hear all they say, I'm sure.

To Miss Susan Beever

BRANTWOOD.

I cannot tell you how delighted I am with your lovely gift to Joanie. The perfection of the stone, its exquisite colour, and superb weight, and flawless clearness, and the delicate cutting which makes the light flash from it like a wave of the lake, make it altogether the most perfect mineralogical and heraldic jewel that Joanie could be bedecked with, and it is as if Susie had given her a piece of Coniston Water itself. And the setting is delicious, and positively must not be altered. I shall come on Sunday to thank you myself for it. Meantime I'm working hard at the Psalter, which I am almost sure Susie will like.

[1] [This and the two following letters were printed together as No. 54 in *Hortus Inclusus* (see below, p. 626).]

[2] [An earlier "Robin dialogue" occurs in a letter of Miss Beever's printed at p. 162 (ed. 3) of *Hortus*.]

To Miss Susan Beever[1]

Brantwood.

This reminiscence of birds — entirely delightful — puts me on a thought of better work that you can do for me than even the Shakespeare notes. Each day, when you are in spirits,—never as an effort,—sit down and tell me—as in this morning's note—whatever you remember about birds—going back to very childhood—and just chatting on, about all you have seen of them and done for them.

You will make a little book as delightful—nay, much more delightful than White of Selborne—and you will feel a satisfaction in the experience of your real knowledge, powers of observation and loving sentiment, in a way to make them even more exemplary and helpful.

Now don't say you can't—but begin directly to-morrow morning.

To Charles Eliot Norton[2]

Brantwood, *25th February*, 1879.

. . . What will come of Dante in America? I believe a good, careful account of the vision of Hell I had myself would be more to the purpose. There was one very tremendous scene of a blue-and-purple hot fire which I wish I could paint. It was very beautiful—other bits were very much the contrary; but as facts of delirium, highly instructive. It was just this time last year. I've got a horrible cold in my head—but otherwise never felt much better. My vile writing means much laziness—not shakiness—and partly cold hands. Lake frozen again this morning, a mile square.

To Charles Eliot Norton[3]

Brantwood, *27th February*, '79.

My dearest Charles,—I took out a feather to begin for you this morning; but shyed it—and took to sorting out sketches. I have found some that I am sure you will think useful;[4] others which I believe you may take some pleasure in, partly in friendship, partly

[1] [No. 93 in *Hortus Inclusus.*]
[2] [No. 180 in *Norton;* vol. ii. pp. 151–152.]
[3] [No. 181 in *Norton;* vol. ii. pp. 153–155.]
[4] [Professor Norton was arranging an Exhibition of Ruskin's Drawings at Boston and New York. For the Catalogue, see Vol. XIII. p. 582.]

in knowledge of the places. I am putting nearly all I have of Assisi, but the best are at Oxford[1]—they will be more useful in your hands than any one else's, and perhaps of more in America than in England.

I begin to think that it is of no use talking to a country in her decline. What was the use, even yet, of their teachers to them?—Jeremiah, or Horace, all the same. But in a new country, one way or another, a man will have power.

Many of these sketches I feel disgraceful to me—but I send them for such pleasure as they may give you. Giotto's "Poverty," for instance. The one you ask especially for I am a little afraid to risk, for it is in a part of the fresco that nobody but I could have made out. I will try to copy it: the St. Mark's copy[2] appals me a little as I think over it to-day—but I've had bad cold and stomach illness, and am much down. I'm signing and dating all the sketches—on back, if not front. Shall I risk all by one ship? I will wait your answer before sending the best; a certain set I will get ready and despatch at once.—Ever your loving J. R.

I have been speaking as if they were all to stay. I'm not sure that they may not.

Friday—28th—evening.

I am better, though I was uncomfortably ill last night, and being summoned to London to give evidence on a charge of forgery, variously painful to me,[3] was considering whether I would go or not—I greatly trust in the Sortes Horatianae, as well as Virgilian, at least, for me,—and opening my Horace in the morning at "Mors et fugacem,"[4] determined at once to go: and have been much more comfortable in mind and body ever since. . . .

To Miss SUSAN BEEVER[5]

BRANTWOOD [*March*, 1879].

That third Herb Robert one is just the drawing that nobody but me (never mind grammar) could have made. Nobody! because it means ever so much careful watching of the ways of the leaf, and a

[1] [Only three drawings of Assisi remain there: see Vol. XXI. pp. 40, 101.]
[2] [See below, p. 286.]
[3] [See Vol. XXXIII. p. xxi.]
[4] [Compare Vol. XXXIII. p. xxvi.]
[5] [This letter, here printed from the original, was made in *Hortus* to contribute its first five lines to No. 48, and its last two lines to No. 101 (see below, pp. 625, 628). "That third Herb Robert" is the third figure on Plate XI. (issued March 1879) of *Laws of Fésole:* see Vol. XV. p. 477.]

lot of work in cramp perspective besides. It is not quite right yet, but it *is* nice.

How blessedly happy Joanie and the children were yesterday at the Thwaite! I'm coming to be happy there myself to-morrow (*D.V.*).

To George Allen

Brantwood [? *March*, 1879].

My dear Allen,—I want a Requiem, and a Shepherd's Tower,[1] please—and to know how the *globe's* getting on.[2]

I never read till yesterday your account of the booksellers' meeting where they groaned at you. It gives me much to think of. You have certainly had a great deal to put up with in fighting this battle—and I had no conception myself of the way my friends would fail me in it, nor of the general folly of the public. It is like beginning a battle with a *man*, and finding him change into a heap of mud. But we'll *wash* him away, if we can't *throttle* him!—Ever affectly. yrs.,

J. R.

Just keep this note—will you?

To H. Schütz Wilson

Brantwood, 17*th March*, 1879.

Dear Mr. Schütz Wilson,—I'm greatly delighted with that review of Goethe—you always say just what I most want to have said. I didn't know Schiller was such a mean wretch, but always heartily disliked his writings. And the only thing I would a little plead for change of or shaving of is your *almost* German estimate of *Faust*. No one has *learned* more from it than I, and especially from the second part, which I don't think many English people can read. But for *you*, a true Shakespeare disciple, to show indulgence to those German notions of the book! For one of many quite vital infirmities remember there is no *character* in Faust: Margaret is *mere* Maidenhood, Mephistopheles *mere* Devildom, Valentine a *mere* soldier, Faust a mere—philosopher. But Cordelia, Desdemona, Perdita, Imogen, and Juliet are every one different, violets, roses, and lilies, while Margaret is nothing more than a—Marguerite. Then *Wilhelm Meister* is of all

[1] [Part iii. of *St. Mark's Rest* (Vol. XXIV.) and Part vi. of *Mornings in Florence* (Vol. XXIII.).]

[2] [For the *Laws of Fésole:* see above, p. 268. For Ruskin's "battle" with the booksellers, see Vol. XXVII. pp. lxxxii. *seq.*]

stories that ever human being of brains wrote, the intolerablest for dullness and weak romance, mashed up with a precious spice of wisdom —but who has learned anything of it?—except Carlyle. Can't write more, but best thanks.—Ever gratefully yours, J. RUSKIN.

To Miss BEEVER[1]

26 *March.*

I am ashamed not to have sent you a word of expression of my real and very deep feelings of regard and respect for you, and of my, not *fervent* (in the usual phrase, which means only hasty and ebullient), but serenely *warm*, hope that you may keep your present power of benevolent happiness to length of many days to come. But I hope you will sometimes take the simpler view of the little agate box than that of birthday token, and that you will wonder sometimes at its labyrinth of mineral-vegetable! I assure you there is nothing in all my collection of agates in its way quite so perfect as the little fairy forests of dotty trees in the corner of the piece which forms the bottom. I ought to have set it in silver, but was always afraid to trust it to a lapidary.

What you say of the Greek want of violets is also very interesting to me, for it is one of my little pet discoveries that Homer means the blue iris by the word translated "violet."[2]

I am utterly sorry not to come to see you and Susie before leaving for town, but can't face this bitter day. I hope and solemnly purpose to be back in a week.

To THOMAS CARLYLE

ARTHUR SEVERN'S, HERNE HILL, *Friday* [*28th March,* 1879].

MY DEAREST PAPA,—I *couldn't* come to-day; it was so cold in the train, yesterday—it took all the life out of me, and I've been forced to rest; and now I've no day till Tuesday, when I can come, I hope, whenever you would like me. I am fairly well and can do much, yet—if I keep myself quiet;—but if I read papers, or try to talk, I get excited and weary very soon, so that my days are passed either in my wood or my library, and I dare not come up to London. The lawyers forced me just now.[3] I won't say how it grieves me never to see you—or would, if I could now let myself grieve. But I am ever your faithful and loving JOHN RUSKIN.

[1] [No. 103 in *Hortus Inclusus* (see below, p. 628).]
[2] [See above, pp. 99–100.]
[3] [See above, p. 276.]

To Charles Eliot Norton[1]

Brantwood, *Easter Monday* [*April* 14], 1879.

My darling Charles,—I have to-day your delightful note of the 31st. . . .

I think that book on the European power of Italy would be a very glorious thing to do. It is certainly unknown. People fancy they civilized themselves! and that they could have had Shakespeare without Verona, and Blackfriars Bridge without St. Francis. (I've just been finding a place for my *Fioretti*[2] in my fixed library here; Oxford finally dismantled.) But please set to work on that book at once. I've put off everything I meant most to do, till I feel as if I hadn't ten days to live.

We had snow and hail three days last week, and as I look up from my paper the sun touches silver streaks on the mountains. But we've had snowdrops for six weeks back—they're all over now, and the daffodils all a dazzle.—Ever your loving J. R.

We launched my own first boat on Saturday—larch-built as thoroughly as boat can be—with a narrow stern seat, for one only, and a Lago di Garda bow. I had a nice pretty niece of Joanie's to christen her for me—the *Jumping Jenny*.[3] (*Ste. Geneviève* on the sly, you know)—and the following benediction was spoken over her:—

"Waves give place to thee,
Heaven send grace to thee,
And Fortune to ferry
Kind folk, and merry."

She's my first essay in marine architecture, and the boat-builders far and near approve!

To James L. Daniell[4]

Brantwood, 29*th April*, '79.

My dear Sir,—Many thanks for your letter. The book quoted in § 47 of *Sesame*[5] is *Unto this Last*, of which all my other political writings are only the expansion.

[1] [No. 182 in *Norton;* vol. ii. pp. 155–157.]
[2] [A copy which Professor Norton had given him: see *Præterita*, Vol. XXXV. p. 523.]
[3] [See Vol. XXVI. p. 364.]
[4] [Secretary of a Literary Society at Bristol.]
[5] [See Vol. XVIII. p. 103; and for the other references to *Sesame*, pp. 61, 63–64, 85.]

My reason for making my books dear is, I think, almost enough explained by §§ 10, 13, and 32 of *Sesame*, in which, however, I have not said the hundredth part of what I feel about the mischief of cheap literature.

But—if deadly in a thousand ways—it is at least, in *one* way, enough excuse for my obstinacy. If a "poor student" can get a shilling Shakespeare, a sixpenny Bible, and any quantity of poetry or science at 4d. a pound, is there any pitiful necessity for his having J. R. too, at such a price as will enable him to pack his groceries in my best paragraphs?

Yet the poor nation is now at such a pinch in pocket, and in such a comparatively rational state of mind, that I am beginning to think of a pocket edition calculated for this pinch—but can't tell you more of it to-day.—Ever faithfully yours, J. RUSKIN.

It may interest the Society to know a fact about *Unto this Last*. A working man copied it all out, from this first word to that last. Somebody came to me pitying him very much. I answered that the poor man had only done once, easily, what I had done myself three times over, with great difficulty, and that he would be very much the better for the business.

Surely it would be much better to read quietly *one* scene of Shakespeare for the evening's study—and take it line by line!

To Miss SUSAN BEEVER[1]

BRANTWOOD, *5th May*, '79.

The whole household was out after breakfast to-day to the top of the moor to plant cranberries; and we squeezed and splashed and spluttered in the boggiest places the lovely sunshine had left, till we found places squashy and squeezy enough to please the most particular and coolest of cranberry minds; and there, each of us choosing a little special bed of bog, the tufts were deeply put in, with every manner of tacit benediction, such as might befit a bog and a berry, and many an expressed thanksgiving to Susie and to the kind sender of the luxuriant plants. I have never had gift from you, dear Susie, more truly interesting and gladdening to me, and many a day I shall climb the moor to see the fate of the plants and look across to the Thwaite. I've been out most of the forenoon and am too sleepy to shape letters,

[1] [No. 50 in *Hortus Inclusus* (see below, p. 625).]

but will try and get a word of thanks to the finder of the little dainty things to-morrow. What loveliness everywhere in a duckling sort of state just now!

To Miss Sara Anderson

Brantwood, *May* 6, '79.

That rubbish little note looked *too* good for nothing in the great envelope! Did I really never explain in the least what I wanted by the arranged index? I want you to find out all my wisest bits and choose the wisest of the wise, and then put all the other bits that are like it, round it—or in a row beside it—and then, when you've quoted the pretty ones, say "compare" the others up and down the books, and if you see anything you don't agree with or don't understand, mark it and ask me. And don't hurry, and let the order rather tumble into your head and hands than be sought for. And you needn't index things that you don't care about. You're to be a little sieve—to catch what's good, not let it through.

To Dr. John Brown[1]

Brantwood, 11*th May*, '79.

Dearest Doctor,—I was on the very "jump-off" of a letter to you to say I had got back to Scott again,[2] at last, which I thought would please you. Only I shall have sad things to say of him, more than perhaps you think, concerning the waste and the cutting short of his days, by the double sin of writing for money and for mob. My "Alas" comes so often in the margin,[3] that I shall have to shorthand it into A for alas, as I had already D for damn, whenever the names of Terry or Ballantyne blot the page.

Never waste your time on people who want their pictures looked at to see if they're genuine. They never are, and any dealer will tell them so for a guinea.—Ever your loving J. R.

[1] [No. 24 of the "Letters from Ruskin" in *Letters of Dr. John Brown*, 1907, p. 306.]

[2] ["Back again," that is, from the studies of Scott in *Fors*, which had pleased Dr. Brown, to studies partly embodied in *Fiction, Fair and Foul*, and partly left in MS. form (see Vol. XXIX. p. 541). For Scott "writing for money," see *Fiction, Fair and Foul*, §§ 10, 12 (Vol. XXXIV. pp. 274, 276). For another reference to the Ballantyne partnership, see Vol. XXXV. p. 40. For the pecuniary loss in which Terry's theatrical speculations involved Scott, see Lockhart. Ruskin used to say that Scott was "Terryfied to death."]

[3] [That is, in his copy of Lockhart's *Life*.]

To Dr. JOHN BROWN[1]

BRANTWOOD [1879].

. . . You shan't make *any* drawbacks to the *Heart of Midlothian*, or I WON'T be sweet-blooded! "All but the end" indeed!!! Suppose I were to say all but the beginning, which would be more to the purpose? The long Porteous mob business is a duller thing than the beginning of *Waverley*. But that dark first background and the ghastly close are all essential, only it was Heaven and Nature did it for him, not *He*, Scott, who was exactly like Turner, inspired *quite* rightly only when quite passive. I've just been reading the *Pirate* again. THERE is a Farrago of ugly stuff for you at the end indeed, very difficult to analyse,—like Turner's bad work. But the end of the *Heart!* What could have ended it otherwise? Should Staunton's son have had an attaché's place like Cunningham Falconer? Do you know *Patronage?*[2] There's good and refreshing reading in it.—Ever your lovingest J. R.

I've got cranberry blossom all aglow on my moorland. It and *Anagallis tenella!* and milkwort! (*Giulietta*[3]) and the bog-heather just budding—can you fancy all these together, mixed with rain out of rainbows?

To F. S. ELLIS[4]

BRANTWOOD, *May 19th*, '79.

DEAR PAPA[5] ELLIS,—How are you? and what are you about? Cataloguing, or buying? You happy creature. And I haven't bought a bit of MS. this six months! and have left your account unpaid, haven't I? Please just send me brief word what it is, and I'll remit.

But I write to ask about enclosed gentleman's MS., which I left with you for your opinion. Can you give me any price for it? If so, please write to the owner, and make your offer.

[1] [No. 27 in "Letters from Ruskin" in *Letters of Dr. John Brown*, 1907, p. 308 (see below, p. 634). To the *Heart of Midlothian*, Ruskin gave "pre-eminence" among Scott's novels: see Vol. XXIX. pp. 267, 456. For Scott's "passive" imagination, see *ibid.*, p. 263.]

[2] [For another reference to Miss Edgeworth's story, see Vol. XXXV. p. 504.]

[3] [Ruskin's name in *Proserpina* for *polygala:* see Vol. XXV. pp. 356, 451 *seq.* On *Anagallis tenella*, see *ibid.*, p. 543.]

[4] [No. 26 in *Ellis*, pp. 44, 45. *Paul's Letters to his Kinsfolk* (a fragment of Scott's autobiography) was published in January 1816.]

[5] [See the Introduction, Vol. XXXVI. p. lxxv.]

And, I want a nicely bound edition of Scott's mixed prose and poetry, if there is one; but especially of *Paul's Letters*.

And, I shall have a great lot of old books to sell, now I've done with Oxford. Would you manage it for me? And I am always your affectionate and obedient J. Ruskin.

To George Allen

Brantwood, 20*th May*, '79.

Dear Allen,—I do not know when I have been more pleased by anything than by this lovely study of Hugh's,[1] in its promise of success and distinction of no ordinary kind, in carrying out the work which you and I have laid the foundations of. I hope it will meet your views for him that he should devote himself wholly to drawing with a view to engraving, not in a servile way, but as Dürer and Botticelli engraved. He has evidently a perfect sense of all that can be done in black and white, and, I hope, sensibility to beauty of no common refinement. The rapidity of execution is also wonderful.

I will not enter into table of sections to-day, but it *was* rather a shame of you—after all our cleavage work together—to skip over all my careful cleavage of Aiguille Bouchard, etc., in the upper section.[2] You'll have a little trouble still to get them right.—Ever affectly. yrs.,

J. Ruskin.

To F. W. Pullen

Brantwood, 22 *May*, 1879.

Dear Mr. Pullen,—I am deeply grateful for your letter, and for all you have done, and wholly glad to hear of the—to me quite wonderful—progress of the Society.[3] It is a hard trial for a man to be forced to think himself wise in his generation above others, but God knows I don't want to be so, and would make every soul on earth wiser than I if I could;—but so it is, that in matters of *abstract* principle (I don't mean unpractical! but as distinct from the subjects of debate in one's own conduct) I know that I am at one with the wisest men of all ages, and that the other thinkers of the day are

[1] [A drawing of a branch of bramble, afterwards engraved by Mr. Hugh Allen. Ruskin kept the study.]

[2] [The reference is apparently to a proof for a Plate in *Deucalion* ("The Strata of Switzerland and Cumberland"), Plate XVI. in Vol. XXVI. (p. 278).]

[3] [The Ruskin Society of Manchester: see Vol. XXXIII. p. xxvii.]

fearfully divided from them, and I know that it will be well for those who listen to me, in the degree that they obey: and therefore I am most solemnly thankful that your work prospers, and that I am still permitted, with unblighted mind, to give what help there may be in any thankful sympathy to these my friends.—Ever faithfully and affectionately yours, J. R.

To Miss SARA ANDERSON

BRANTWOOD [22*nd May*, 1879].

I thought you had been and got married in Camden town, or gone to Africa to nurse the military—or preach to the Zulus. Do you know I haven't had a letter this—twelve months—or so?

What to look at in the National Gallery! a nice little question when it does come! I generally myself don't look at anything now much, but— Well, I don't see any good it would do you to know what—you may guess if you like! Seriously, if you look well at Perugino's Raphael with Tobit—and Botticelli's Adoration of the Shepherds (newly bought), and if you're not tired, Bellini's St. Jerome, and ditto's Peter Martyr—it will be a good morning's memory for you.[1]

When ARE you coming north?

To Miss SUSAN BEEVER[2]

25*th May.*

This is a most wonderful stone that Dr. Kendall has found—at least to *me*. I have never seen anything quite like it, the arborescent forms of the central thread of iron being hardly ever assumed by an ore of so much metallic lustre. I think it would be very desirable to cut it, so as to get a perfectly smooth surface to show the arborescent forms; if Dr. Kendall would like to have it done, I can easily send it up to London with my own next parcel.

I want very much to know exactly where it was found; might I come and ask about it on Dr. Kendall's next visit to you? I could be there waiting for him any day.

I am thinking greatly of our George Herbert, but me's so wicked me don't know where to begin.

[1] [The Perugino is No. 288; the two Bellinis are Nos. 694 and 812. For many other references to these pictures, see the General Index. The "Adoration of the Magi," No. 1033, is now ascribed to Filippino Lippi.]

[2] [No. 55 in *Hortus Inclusus* (see below, p. 626).]

To Miss Susan Beever[1]

Brantwood.

I've only a crushed bit of paper to express my crushed heart upon. It's the best!

That *you* should be thinking, designing, underminding, as Mrs. Somebody says in that disgusting *Mill on the Floss*,[2] to send to London for port. And *my* port getting crusty, dusty, cobwebby, and generally like its master, just because it's no use to nobody. *I* don't drink it; Joan don't; Arfie's always stuck up with his clarets and French vinegaret things (gave him all his rheumatism, *I* say); and now here's my Susie sending to London, and passing me by and my sorrowful bin. I didn't think she'd have bin and done it! Even the Alpine plants of which I hear, as darlings, don't at present console me. Just you try such a trick again, that's all!

To Charles Eliot Norton[3]

Brantwood, *4th June*, 1879.

My dearest Charles,—The sad closing sentences of your letter efface from my mind most of the rest of it. For indeed it is only by my own follies and sins that I have fallen so far short of the knowledge of good as to be now unable to cheer you—by blaming you—and saying, Why should blindness be darkness—and why the coming of Death a Sorrow? It is only in utter shame and self-reproach that I ever allow myself (or cannot help myself) in despondency; and the very wildness of howling devilry and idiocy in the English mob around me strengthens me more than it disgusts—in the definiteness of its demoniac character. To see the devil *clearly* is in the nineteenth century all that less than saints can hope for—but I am content with so much of Apocalypse as all that I deserve; and with the absolute sense that he and I are not of the same mind.

It is very foolish of me never to be able to get over the notion of the Atlantic between us, so as to write notes as I should if you

[1] [No. 124 in *Hortus Inclusus* (see below, p. 629).]

[2] [For another reference to Mrs. Glegg's "underminding," see *Fiction, Fair and Foul*, Vol. XXXIV. p. 294.]

[3] [No. 183 in *Norton;* vol. ii. pp. 157–159.]

were on the other side of the lake. I've much to tell you that would please you—but except that the St. Mark's[1] is well on, and a pheasant's feather and spray of cotoneaster done (I send them to Oxford to be looked at, to-day, to spite them that they're to have no more of the sort but that you are wiser over the water)—I won't tell you anything to-day, that I may be forced into writing again to-morrow—except that the anti-hypæthral pamphlet[2] is a really grand piece of work, exemplary in matter and manner, and a noble "number one" of such essays. Its glacial tone of infidelity may be forgiven to a youth who has studied Doric only.—Ever your loving J. R.

To Miss VIOLET HUNT[3]

BRANTWOOD, *June* 4, 1879.

MY DEAR VIOLET,—I am very glad of your loving little letter, and I hope you will always love me enough to read, with some prejudice in their favour, books which you might otherwise have little cared for, and which I am yet sure contain things that will be useful to you. But you must not waste your heart or your time in what perhaps Papa and Mama might think only a dutiful and necessary memory of me. Make it the first object of your present life to discover among the persons with whom you may have frequent intercourse, those who best deserve your respect and affection, and think it better than the discovery of an Arabian treasure when you have found a human creature—old or young—whom you may reverence, please, and love in constant and prudent ways. Give my love to Papa and Mama and Venice and Sylvia, and then make them all give you a piece of theirs for yourself, and in every piece—and in the whole—believe me, ever affectionately yours, J. RUSKIN.

[1] [The copy of a portion of his study of the façade which Ruskin sent to Mr. Norton for exhibition (see Vol. XIII. p. 586, No. 69) and afterwards gave to him. It is reproduced as Plate D in Vol. X. The studies of Cotoneaster and a Pheasant's Feather were Nos. 103 and 104 in the same exhibition (see Vol. XIII. p. 583, where it is stated erroneously that the latter is now at Sheffield). Two studies of Cotoneaster were engraved for *Proserpina* (Vol. XXV. pp. 535, 536). The drawing of the former (full face) was included in an album presented to Queen Victoria on her Jubilee.]

[2] [*The Hypæthral Question: An Attempt to determine the Mode in which . . . a Greek Temple was lighted.* By Joseph Thacher Clarke. Harvard Art Club Papers, No. 1.]

[3] [From "Ruskin as a Guide to Youth," by Miss Violet Hunt, in the *Westminster Gazette*, February 3, 1900.]

To Dean Liddell[1]

Brantwood, *5th June*, '79.

Dear Mr. Dean,—I don't in the least know what an "honorary" degree means, but I am quite content with my Ch. Ch. Studentship, and don't want any more honours;—and supremely, at present, object to any manner of trouble—so please let the matter drop. I've sent Alice a little book with a word in it she may care to read.—Ever affectly. yrs., J. Ruskin.

To Miss Beever[2]

Brantwood, *8th June*.

Dear Miss Beever,—I would fain have come to see that St. Bruno lily; but if I don't come to see Susie and you, be sure I am able to come to see nothing. At present I am very deeply involved in the classification of the minerals in the Sheffield Museum,[3] important as the first practical arrangement ever yet attempted for popular teaching, and this with my other work makes me fit for nothing in the afternoon but wood-chopping. But I will call to-day on Dr. Brown's friends.

I hope you will not be too much shocked with the audacities of the new number[4] of *Proserpina*, or with its ignorances. I am going during my wood-chopping really to ascertain in my own way what simple persons ought to know about tree growth, and give it clearly in the next number. I meant to do the whole book very differently, but can only now give the fragmentary pieces as they chance to come, or it would never be done at all.

You must know before anybody else how the exogens are to be completely divided. I keep the four great useful groups, mallow, geranium, mint, and wallflower, under the head of "domestic" orders, that their sweet service and companionship with us may be understood; then the water-lily and the heath, both four foils, are to be studied in their solitudes (I shall throw all that are not four foils out of the Ericaceæ); then finally there are to be seven orders of the *Dark*

[1] [In a Convocation held on June 18, 1879, it was proposed to confer the degree of D.C.L., *honoris causa*, upon Ruskin. Ultimately, the honorary degree was conferred, without Ruskin's attendance, in 1893: see Vol. XXXV. p. xliii.]

[2] [No. 50 in *Hortus Inclusus* (see below, p. 625).]

[3] [See Vol. XXVI. pp. 416 *seq.*]

[4] [Part 5, containing chapters xi. and xii. of vol. i.: see now Vol. XXV. pp. 338 *seq.* The "next number," as at this time intended, ultimately became ch. vii. of vol. ii.: Vol. XXV. p. 483.]

Proserpine, headed by the Draconids (snapdragons), and including the anemones, hellebores, ivies, and—forget-me-nots!

What plants I cannot get ranged under these 12+4+2+7=25 in all, orders, I shall give broken notices of, as I have time, leaving my pupils to arrange them as they like. I can't do it all.

To Dr. JOHN BROWN[1]

BRANTWOOD, 22*nd June* [1879].

I heard yesterday from Susie that you were a little depressed, and that she thought a letter from me would do you good! Well, I *can* write more cheerful letters, perhaps, than once upon a time, and I really hope it may please you a little to know how often I am thinking of you—and how the idea of *your* liking anything I may do helps me in the languid times, when one says to oneself, or feels, without coming to point of utterance, that it is of no use to do or say anything more.

I think one of my best mythological discoveries was that the Sirens were not pleasures, but *desires*,[2] and part of the cheerfulness in which I now am able to live is in the accomplishment of that word upon me—"*Desire* shall fail, because man goeth to his long home."[3] The taking away from me of all feverish hope, and the ceasing of all feverish effort, leaves me to enjoy, at least without grave drawback or disturbance, the Veronica blue, instead of the Forget-me-not, and above all, the investigation of any pretty natural problem, the ways of a wave, or the strength of a stem. With the persons whom I most loved, joy in the *beauty* of nature is virtually dead in me, but I can still interest myself in her doings.

I've just finished colouring a section of Cumberland rocks, for pattern to the hand colourers of the last plate in 1st Vol. of *Deucalion*,[4] and hope soon to send you a copy. Also, I am well into my Scott work again,[5] and do earnestly hope to send you something to read before the summer's over. Meantime, keep happy, and let us both look for the happy hunting ground where we shall meet all our—dogs again. A darling little hairy terrier who got kicked and killed by a clumsy horse the other day because he was too good for this world, will certainly get between St. Peter's legs as he lets me in. . . .

[1] [No. 25 of "Letters from Ruskin" in *Letters of Dr. John Brown*, 1907, pp. 306-307 (see below, p. 634).]

[2] [See *Munera Pulveris*, § 90 (Vol. XVII. p. 212).]

[3] [Ecclesiastes xii. 5.]

[4] [See Plate XVI. (p. 278) in Vol. XXVI.]

[5] [See above, p. 281 *n.*]

To Mrs. Burne-Jones

Brantwood, 24*th June*, '79.

So many thanks for sending me this superb address. I had not seen it, and read it at first in dips of delighted astonishment—thinking it was some *new* strong voice at Birmingham. Seeing then who was speaking, you will easily suppose I have some fault to find, and that grave—which may be summed in the finding two words wholly omitted in the address—those which Naboth was accused of blaspheming.[1] Their omission is a form of blasphemy which certainly does not exist in Morris's heart, and ought not to have been accuseable in his work. . . .

Has Ned no St. Mark's news for me?[2]

To Miss Susan Beever

27*th June*, '79.

Everybody's gone! and I can have all the new potatoes, and all the asparagus, and all the oranges and everything, and my Susie too, all to myself!

I wrote in my diary this morning that really, on the whole, I never felt better in my life. Mouth, eyes, head, feet, and fingers all fairly in trim. Older than they were, yes; but if the head and heart grow wiser, they won't want feet or fingers some day.

To Miss Susan Beever[4]

[? 1879.]

I am *very* thankful that you like this *St. Mark's* so much, and do not feel as if I had lost power of mind. I think the illness has told on me more in laziness than foolishness. I feel as if there was as much *in* me as ever, but it is too much trouble to say it. And I find myself reconciled to staying in bed of a morning to a quite

[1] [1 Kings xxi. 10: "Thou didst blaspheme God and the King." The address (published as an 8vo pamphlet) was delivered by Morris in the Town Hall, Birmingham, on February 19, 1879, as President of the Birmingham Society of Arts and School of Design.]

[2] [In reference, that is, to the protest which Burne-Jones was making against "restoration," and to his assistance in Ruskin's "memorial studies": see Vol. X. p. 463, Vol. XXIV. p. 424.]

[3] [No. 56 in *Hortus Inclusus* (see below, p. 626).]

[4] [No. 115 in *Hortus Inclusus* (see below, p. 629). "This *St. Mark's*" may be Part iii., issued in July 1879.]

woeful extent. I have not been affected so much by melancholy, however, since this illness, being very thankful to be still alive, and to be able to give pleasure to some people,—foolish little Joanies and Susies, and so on. You have greatly helped me by this dear little note.

And the bread's all right brown again, and I'm ready for asparagus of any stoutness, there! Are you content? But my own asparagus is quite *visible* this year, though how much would be wanted for a dish I don't venture to count, but must be congratulated on its definitely stalky appearance.

I was over the water this morning on school committee. How bad I have been to let those poor children be tormented as they are all this time! I'm going to try and stop all the spelling and counting and catechising, and teach them only—to watch and pray.

The oranges make me think myself in a Castle in Spain!

To Miss SUSAN BEEVER[1]

BRANTWOOD [1879?].

What infinite power and treasure you have in being able thus to enjoy the least things, yet having at the same time all the fastidiousness of taste and fire of imagination which lay hold of what is greatest in the least, and best in all things.

Never hurt your eyes by writing; keep them wholly for admiration and wonder. I hope to write little more myself, of books, and to join with you in joy over crystals and flowers in the way we used to do when we were both more children than we are.

I have been rather depressed by that tragic story of the Codlin. I hope the thief of that apple has suffered more than Eve, and fallen farther than either she or Adam.

Joan had to be out early this morning and I won't let her write more, for it's getting dark; but she thinks of you and loves you, and so do I, every day more and more.

To Dr. JOHN BROWN[2]

BRANTWOOD, 1*st July*, '79.

How lovely of you to write to me when you were so sad, and how very naughty of you to say "good-bye" at the end of the letter. . . .

One thing I want to say to you very specially, playing "Doctor"

[1] [No. 102 in *Hortus Inclusus* (see below, p. 628).]

[2] [No. 26 of "Letters from Ruskin" in *Letters of Dr. John Brown*, 1907, pp. 307–308.]

myself! I am sure it is very bad for you to read stupid and flimsy modern books. I think, of all devils, the *Rubbish* devil is in these days the most dangerous. . . . You should never read anything but the noblest books, or the simplest.

You ask me about this new *Odyssey*.[1] Now you have no business with new *Odysseys*. Old Chapman is entirely insuperable, another *Homer;*—or for us English and Scotch *better* than Homer—an entirely blessed and mighty creature of our own. Here are four lines at random opening for you:—

> "The Cheerful Ladie of the Light, deckt in her saffron robe,
> Disperst her beams through every part of this *enflowered* globe;
> When thundering Jove a Court of Gods assembled by his will,
> In top of all the topmost heights that crown th' Olympian Hill."[2]

I send you the old book itself; it may revive you to bathe in it, like the Dysart sea.[3]—Ever your lovingest J. R.

I don't know if there's an honest modern edition. If you Edinburgh people cared for a real Temple of the Greek Spirit, on your Calton, you would republish it letter for letter, and make a modern Argos of yourselves. Homer was an Achaian, not an Ionian.[4] Gladstone has shown *that*, and I forgive him all the rest of his existence for it.

The Scott's life *will* be separate now. *Fors* is wound up on her own authority. You see that sentence about Jael's nail[5] was the real finish.

To Charles Eliot Norton[6]

Brantwood, *9th July*, 1879.

. . . I get very little done now of anything—but am, on that condition, very well; and I hope that what I do get done is not

[1] [*The Odyssey of Homer done into English Prose*, by S. H. Butcher and A. Lang, 1879.]

[2] [The opening lines of book viii. of Chapman's *Iliad*. Brown took Ruskin's advice, for he wrote later in the month to J. T. Brown: "I am reading Chapman's *Odyssey* slowly and with great relish; a wonderful poem—read it" (*Letters of Dr. John Brown*, p. 263). For other references by Ruskin to Chapman's *Homer*, see Vol. XXXIV. p. 52, and General Index.]

[3] [Where presumably Dr. Brown had been staying.]

[4] [See Gladstone's articles on "The Place of Homer in History," in the *Contemporary Review*, June and July 1874, vol. 24, pp. 1-22, 175–200, and especially p. 8.]

[5] [The concluding words of Letter 87 (March 1878), Vol. XXIX. p. 379. In 1880 *Fors* was resumed for a while, irregularly. The intended "Scott's Life" was never completed: see above, p. 281.]

[6] [No. 184 in *Norton;* vol. ii. p. 159.]

apoplectic. I'm doing the *Laws* of Plato thoroughly. Jowett's translation is a disgrace to Oxford, and how much to Plato,—if he *could* be disgraced more than by everybody's neglect of him,—cannot be said, and I must get mine done all the more.[1] I'm at work on Scott again,[2] too, and some abstract questions about poetry and drama, of which I know more than I did of old.

To Miss SUSAN BEEVER[3]

BRANTWOOD [*June*, 1879].

I send you two books—neither, I fear, very amusing; but, on my word, I think books are always dull when one really most wants them.

No, other people don't feel it as you and I do, nor do the dogs and ponies, but oughtn't we to be thankful that we *do* feel it? The thing I fancy we are both wanting in, is a right power of enjoying the past. What sunshine there *has* been even in this sad year! I have seen beauty enough in one afternoon, not a fortnight ago, to last me for a year if I could rejoice in memory.

I've a painter friend, Mr. Goodwin, coming to keep me company, and I'm a little content in this worst of rainy days, in hopes there *may* be now some clearing for him.

Our little kittens pass the days of their youth up against the wall at the back of the house, where the heat of oven comes through. What an existence! and yet with all my indoor advantages I am your sorrowful and repining CAT.[4]

To the Rev. STEWART D. HEADLAM[5]

BRANTWOOD, 18*th July*, '79.

DEAR MR. HEADLAM,—I don't know when I have been more pleased, amused, or amazed, than by your letter, and the papers of the Guild. Pleased—both by again hearing from you, and by the fact of this unity between clergymen and actors; amused—by thinking what some people would have said! and some will still say, on hearing of such a

[1] [For references to Jowett's Plato, see above, p. 210, and *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 37, § 11 (Vol. XXVIII. p. 23 *n.*). Ruskin, as already said (Vol. XXXI. p. xv.), made a translation of the first two books of the *Laws*.]

[2] [See below, p. 315.]

[3] [No. 129 in *Hortus Inclusus* (see below, p. 630). The diary records very bad weather in June, and a visit from Mr. Albert Goodwin in July, 1879.]

[4] [A signature which is referred to in other letters: see above, p. 234, and below, pp. 566, 631 (No. 145).]

[5] [One of the founders of "The Church and Stage Guild."]

thing; and amazed—in a good many ways, but not least by the professional limitation of the word church!—which I should not have expected from clergy so liberal in their notions. Why shouldn't you also—and much more urgently—have a "Church and Ploughed Field" —Guild?—or a "Church and Shepherd" Guild?—(or a Church and Bankers Guild? on modern notions of Christianity and Usury)? Is it the Vocal or the Histrionic character of the professional stager that causes you to burst into this special fit of ecclesiastical sympathy? (Did you ever read to study it—*Faust?*) Well, I wish I could come—but I'm here and can't—only, quite seriously, you have my entire sympathy and good wishes; but as my St. George's Guild includes all "Musica" and all "Paideia," I can't join partial ones inside—or outside—of it.—Ever faithfully yours, J. R.

To E. D. Girdlestone[1]

Brantwood, 21*st July*, '79.

My dear Sir,—I am sincerely grieved to hear of your having also been suffering from broken strength—but you had better hopes before you than I, and I trust may carry forward your good work happily. I am still mending, however, and able to do more than I ever expected to do again. It is curious that sense of inability to learn æsthetics—but how much better than to fancy oneself able when one isn't. But in fact there's nothing to be learnt in it! People either like rainbows and roses, or don't, and there's an end.—Ever most truly yours, J. Ruskin.

To C. T. Gatty[2]

Brantwood, *July 24th*, 1879.

Dear Mr. Gatty,—Come as soon as you can in August—and I hope I may then be able to say, "Stay as long as you can"; but I am somewhat bound by the convenience of other friends.

Yes, I know a good deal about pottery. But all that I know I can sum the practical issue of in a sentence for you. You can have

[1] [For whom, see Vol. XXVIII. pp. 555, 606.]

[2] [Curator of the Liverpool Free Public Museum, and of the Mayer collection therein: see Vol. XXXIV. p. 159. The following portion of a letter, written by Mr. Gatty to Mr. Mayer, and descriptive of his visit to Ruskin, is of interest:—"My dear Mr. Mayer,—I had a most charming week with Mr. Ruskin. His company is most improving, and I learnt in those few days more than many hours' reading and solitary work could give me. He has great ideas about Museums, and would have a very systematic education given in them. He suggests over and above the ordinary bungle of *everything*, and over and above the ordinary *list*

none good of any sort in a manufacturing country. Let me strongly recommend you to study at present only for your own improvement. You can do nothing for the English people except as students; nor, even so, till you are yourself past the stage of studentship.—Ever affectionately yours, J. RUSKIN.

To Miss MARY GLADSTONE[1]

BRANTWOOD, 28*th July*, 1879.

MY DEAR M——, I find it will be quite impossible for me to come to Hawarden this autumn. I am very utterly sorry, and should only make you sorry for me if I were to tell you the half of the weaknesses and the worries which compel me to stay at home, and forbid all talking. The chief of all reasons being, however, that, in my present state of illness, nearly every word anybody says, if I care for them, either grieves or astonishes me to a degree which puts me off my sleep, and off my work, and off my meat. I am obliged to work at botany and mineralogy, and to put cotton in my ears; but you know one can't pay visits while one's climbing that hill of the voices, even if some sweet ones mingle in the murmur of them.

I'm rather going *down* the hill than up just now, it's so slippery; but I haven't turned—only slipped backwards.

Love to your father and mother. I wonder if your father will forgive my sending him a saucy message by his daughter, that I don't think he need have set himself in the *Nineteenth Century* to prove to the Nineteenth Century that "all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge"[2] were valueless.—Ever your affectionate J. R.

Catalogue,—a case containing selected objects, and photographs and drawings of first-rate objects, teaching such points as 'The right use of ornament,' with an explanatory prettily-printed Catalogue. There would be examples of ornament insufficient or barbarous; of ornament subordinate to, and assisting, construction; of ornament overdone; of ornament faithful and unfaithful to nature; etc., etc. The case to be a sloping desk case, into which frames could be slid, with illuminated MS. pages, drawings, photos, etc.; and above all the plates from books, taken out and *made to do good service for the poor who never see the valuable and beautiful books they possess.* I am *much* struck by all this. I think it fine in the extreme; a considerable advance upon any efforts as yet made in England to apply antiquities for the benefit of all. I met Charles Darwin also at Coniston, who is very charming and interesting."]

[1] [*Letters to M. G. and H. G.*, pp. 56–58.]

[2] [Colossians ii. 3. The reference appears to be to Mr. Gladstone's controversy with Mr. Lowe and others on the extension of the County Franchise, in which he had maintained that the judgment of the unlearned multitude was a better guide in politics than that of the educated classes. He had resumed his argument in "A Modern Symposium" in the *Nineteenth Century* for July 1878, vol. 4, pp. 184–189, and the letter may possibly be dated wrongly in *Letters to M. G.*]

To the Rev. F. A. Malleson[1]

Brantwood, *August 30th*, 1879.

Dear Mr. Malleson,—I have your two kind little notes. It is a pleasure to me that Christopher Harvey is not in your library, for it will be a privilege to me to be allowed to place it there. I send it by this post, and I doubt not you will have many a happy hour with it. There comes with it also the first volume of the books of mine I *do* wish the public to read;[2] and if you can get Mr. Cross[3] to look at the opening lecture in it which discusses the office of books in general, I believe he will not think the writer of it likely to let public fancy or demand guide him in his decision which of his books they shall or shall *not* have cheap. This question of book price is touched upon at p. 44, and if Mr. Cross will read on to the sixtieth, he will find more important things—wholly indisputable—stated concerning national policy than all the journals of England have had in them for the last twelvemonth.* You will find the *priest* question also touched on, with others, at p. 22. I will look up the passages in *Fors*, and send you them on Monday, and shall be most glad to answer as I best can, any notes you send me on the subject of the Letters.—Always affectionately yours, J. R.

To the Rev. F. A. Malleson[4]

September 2nd.

That there are only a hundred copies, in that form,[5] is just a reason why the book should be in your library, where it will be enjoyed and useful; and not in mine, where it would not be opened once in a twelvemonth. It is one of the advantages of a small house (and it

* The passage, for instance, about poor's rates at bottom of page 57 is worth all the five volumes of *Modern Painters*—and five thousand issues of the *Times* in one.

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[1] [No. 20 in the synopsis of Ruskin's Letters to Malleson (see Vol. XXXIV. p. 185). To Christopher Harvey's Poems, Ruskin had referred in one of the public letters on *The Lord's Prayer and the Church:* see Vol. XXXIV. p. 204.]

[2] [*Sesame and Lilies:* the first volume in the "Works" series (see Vol. XVIII. p. 9). Ruskin's references are to the edition of 1871; see now, *ibid.*, pp. 85–98, 95 *n.*, 68.]

[3] [No doubt Mr. Richard Assheton Cross, Mr. Malleson's parishioner in Broughton-in-Furness, then Home Secretary, and afterwards Viscount Cross.]

[4] [No. 21 in the synopsis of Ruskin's Letters to Malleson (see Vol. XXXIV. p. 185).]

[5] [Grosart's edition of *Poems of Christopher Harvey:* see Vol. XXXIV. p. 204 *n.*]

has many) that one is compelled to consider of all one's books whether they are in use or not.

I yesterday ordered a *Fors* to be sent you containing in its close the most important piece of a religious character in the book[1]—this I hope you will also allow to stay on your shelves. The two that I send with this note contain so much that is saucy that I only send them in case you want to look at the challenge, referred to in the Letters,[2] to the Bishop of Manchester, see October, 1877, pp. 322, 323, and January 1875, p. 11. You can keep as long as you like, but please take care of them, as my index is not yet done. The next letter will come before the week end, but it's a difficult one.[3]

To the Rev. F. A. MALLESON[4]

September 7th, 1879.

It is rather comic that your first reply to my challenge concerning usury should be a prospectus of a Company wishing to make 5 per cent. out of Broughton poor men's ignorance. You couldn't have sent me a project I should have regarded with more abomination.

To Miss SUSAN BEEVER[5]

BRANTWOOD [1879].

The blue sky is so wonderful to-day, and the wood after the rain so delicious for walking in, that I must still delay any school talk one day more. Meantime I've sent you a book which is in a nice large print and may in some parts interest you. I got it that I might be able to see Scott's material for *Peveril;*[6] and it seems to me that he might have made more of the real attack on Latham House, than of the fictitious one on Front de Boeuf's castle, had he been so minded; but perhaps he felt himself hampered by too much known fact.

[1] [Not identified by Mr. Malleson, but probably either Letter 72 or Letter 84.]

[2] [That is, the *Letters to the Clergy:* see Vol. XXXIV. p. 204. For the references to *Fors,* see now Vol. XXVIII. p. 243 (January 1875), and Vol. XXIX. p. 243 (October 1877).]

[3] [No. x. or xi. in *Letters to the Clergy* (Vol. XXXIV. pp. 208, 210).]

[4] [No. 24 in the synopsis, Vol. XXXIV. p. 185. The Company was to establish a projected Public Hall.]

[5] [No. 157 in *Hortus Inclusus* (see below, p. 632). The last chapter of vol. i. of *Deucalion,* with the Index, was issued in October 1879.]

[6] [See chap. 5 for the attack on Latham House; and chaps. 29–31 of *Ivanhoe* for that on Front-de-Bœuf's castle. For Scott's historical authorities, see his Introduction to *Peveril.*]

I've just finished and sent off the index to *Deucalion*, first volume, and didn't feel inclined for more schooling to-day.

I've just had a charming message from Martha Gale under the address of "that old duckling." Isn't that nice? Ethel[1] was coming to see you to-day, but I've confiscated her for the woodwork, and she shan't come to-morrow, for I want you all to myself; only it isn't *her* fault.

To Miss Susan Beever[2]

Brantwood.

That photograph is indeed like a visit; how thankful I am that it is still my hope to get the real visit some day!

I was yesterday, and am always, certainly at present, very unwell, and a mere trouble to my Joanies and Susies and all who care for me. But I'm painting another bit of moss which I think Susie will enjoy, and hope for better times.

Did you see the white cloud that stayed quiet for three hours this morning over the Old Man's summit?[3] It was one of the few remains of the heaven one used to see—the heaven one had a Father in, not a raging enemy.

I send you Rogers' *Italy*, that is no more. I do think you will have pleasure in it.

To William Ward[4]

Brantwood, *September 9th*, 1879.

Dear Ward,—This "Heysham" is entirely wonderful to me—this copy: far the most surprising you've done yet; and faultless, as far as can be. I've nothing to trouble you with, except the softening of one line of ground; and a little finer marking of the branches in willow tree. You shall have it back to-morrow. I must put my signature very plain under the imitated Turner's, or it could not be honestly let out of our hands.—Ever affectionately yours,

J. Ruskin.

This note missed post yesterday; and, after further examining the copy, I am so entirely pleased by it that I won't trouble you

[1] [Miss Ethel Hilliard.]

[2] [No. 104 in *Hortus Inclusus* (see below, p. 628). The "piece of moss" may be the study reproduced in Vol. XXV. p. xxxviii.]

[3] [Compare Vol. XXXIII. p. 392, and Vol. XXXIV. p. 11.]

[4] [No. 87 in *Ward;* vol. ii. pp. 61–62. For "Heysham" (No. 25 in Ruskin's Turner Exhibition), see Vol. XIII. p. 429.]

by sending it back. I will touch the two places myself, and alter "J. M. W. Turner" into "W. Ward *after* Turner"; and send the drawing to Liverpool at your friend's order.—Ever affectionately yours,

J. R.

To the Rev. F. A. MALLESON[1]

September 9th, 1879.

There is absolutely no debate possible as to what usury is any more than what adultery is. The Church has only been polluted by the indulgence of it since the sixteenth century. Usury is *any kind whatever* of interest on loan, and it is the essential modern form of Satan.

I send you an old book full of sound and eternal teaching on this matter—please take care of it as a friend's gift, and one I would not lose for its weight in gold.[2] Please read first the Sermon by Bishop Jewel, page 14, and then the rest at your pleasure or your leisure.

No halls are wanted,[3] they are all rich men's excuses for destroying the home life of England. The public library should be at the village school (and I could put ten thousand pounds' worth of books into a single cupboard), and all that is done for education should be pure Gift. Do you think that this rich England, which spends fifty millions a year in drink and gunpowder, can't educate her poor without being paid interest for her Charity?

To H.R.H. PRINCE LEOPOLD

[HERNE HILL] *29th Oct.*, '79.

MY DEAR PRINCE,—I venture to write thus to you, at this moment, because the "Sir" won't have the dear before it, and I want to write *that*.

I write in obedience to your kind command—but I cannot write to-day what I have to tell you, not of much interest, but of enough to

[1] [No. 25 in the synopsis of Ruskin's Letters to Malleson (see Vol. XXXIV. p. 185).]

[2] [Blaxton's *English Usurer* (1634): see Vol. XXXIV. p. 422.]

[3] [See above, p. 296.]

justify me in waiting until your Royal Highness is at more leisure, and I myself disengaged from some irksome but necessary work, to do which I am in London.

The only *definite* thing I felt at Broadlands, this time, was a quiet, natural guidance (in all ways) in right directions.[1] One or two instances of this I will give you account of at length—they have been partly connected with former grace done me by your Royal Highness. To-day let me only sign myself as ever—your most grateful and faithful servant,

J. Ruskin.

To Charles Eliot Norton[2]

Herne Hill, 1*st November*, 1879.

My dearest Charles,—I have not answered your last letter—and to-day I take up one of Dec. 20, 1875, when your children, and Moore's little girl, and Henrietta Child were playing (preparing their play of) King Adland and King Estmere, and think of myself as beginning to play in the last act of my world play, and of you, with your not so far carried-on part, but both of us, now, without any one to hear the plaudit (if plaudit be). Was your mother—to you—in this, as mine to me, the inciter and motive-in-chief of what one did for praise? Not that she did not uphold me in all that was right—praised or not—but still—I would have done much to please her with the hearing of it only. As for instance—

Well, it's no matter. . . .

I wasn't quite pleased with your account of their reading *Maud* and so on. Much too close hothouse air they seemed to me to be in—and I fancy that my own early limitations to Shakespeare and Homer were more healthy—but I don't know—perhaps they only made me take more violently to Shelley—who did me no end of harm afterwards.[3]

I wonder if it will give you any pleasure to hear that my Museum is fairly now set afoot at Sheffield, and that I am thinking of living as much there as possible. The people are deeply interesting to me, and I am needed for them and am never really quiet in conscience, elsewhere.

Write—if at all just now—to Herne Hill.—Ever your lovingest

J. R.

[1] [For Ruskin's earlier experiences at Broadlands, see Vol. XXIV. p. xxii.]
[2] [No. 185 in *Norton*; vol. ii. pp. 159–161.]
[3] [Compare *Præterita*, Vol. XXXV. p. 183.]

To the Rev. F. A. MALLESON[1]

November 19th, 1879.

MY DEAR MALLESON,—I have not been able to answer a word lately, being quite unusually busy in France[2]—and you never remember that it takes *me* as long to write a chapter as you to write a book, and tries me more to do it—so that I am sick of the feel of a pen this many a day. I'm delighted to hear of your popularity,[3] being sure that all you advise people to do will be kind and right. I am not surprised at the popularity, but I wonder that you have not had some nasty envious reviews.

I like the impudence of these Scotch brats. Do they suppose it would have been either pleasure or honour to me to come and lecture there? It is perhaps as much their luck as mine that they changed their minds about it.[4] I shall be down at Brantwood soon (*D.V.*). Poor Mr. Sly's death[5] is a much more troublous thing to me than Glasgow Elections.

To HENRY ACLAND, M.D.[6]

[*Nov.*, 1879.]

MY DEAREST HENRY,—Yes, everything is pathetic, understood; but surely ought not to be distressful. Is not the sadness and loss of courage in you owing to your over sensitive conception of duty? It ought not to be destructive of the powers at the close of life, that we have been greatly happy in the midst of it; but it assuredly takes away our powers of continuing the same duty, when we have lost the accustomed aid. Whatever rest you can take, whatever pleasure you can find in little things, is *now* your duty, that you may keep what remains of strength for your children, and your country, in the influence which every good man possesses—entirely precious, though not exerted in any laboriously active way. I could make a hundred plans for you, but as you would assuredly adopt none, I won't;—only this fact I

[1] [No. 36 in the synopsis of Ruskin's Letters to Malleson (see Vol. XXXIV. p. 186).]

[2] [That is, in studies for *The Bible of Amiens*.]

[3] [In the press notices of Mr. Malleson's *Life of Christ*.]

[4] [In the following year, however, Ruskin did accept nomination as a candidate for the Lord Rectorship of Glasgow University: see Vol. XXXIV. p. 547.]

[5] [Landlord of the Waterhead Hotel at Coniston.]

[6] [Who had been passing through times of private sorrow (Mrs. Sarah Acland had died in the previous year) and public worry and annoyance: see J. B. Atlay's *Henry Acland*, p. 395.]

know—that the sense of fulfilled duty does not support one under grief—while ordinary prudence in managing the mind, if *free*, will gradually deaden, distract, and at last exalt it. (If the duty be in a thing one likes, all is well—but not if it be monotonous or contentious.) . . . Ever your affect. J. R.

To Henry Acland, M.D.

[*Nov.*, 1879.]

My dearest Henry,—Your letter is very touching to me. I never *could* understand what use I was to you—or to Sarah either. I always felt that *you* loved me, but I was never clear that Sarah did; nor *sure* that, except in a partial way, she even approved of me.

For the bust, I shall only be too glad to sit to Boehm[1] anywhere and any time he likes, and will stay in town as long as necessary. I suppose I shall have a line from him to-day or to-morrow, and will at once answer, making appointment. Curiously, I gave equal carte-blanche to Herkomer yesterday, who wishes to make an etching. I really hope, between them, there may be a little more kindly and useful truth known of me than from photographs.

Joanna is in great delight about both plans, and sends you her love and thanks.—Ever—with dear love to Angie and the boys—your affectionate J. Ruskin.

To H. S. Marks, R.A.[2]

November, 1879.

My dear Marco,—I've not been myself, and couldn't get what I wanted to say of the birds into any clearness for you, but I must, at least, say how entirely glad I am to see the strength of a good painter set upon natural history, and this intense fact and abstract of animal character used as a principal element in decoration. The effort is so unexampled, that you cannot hope to satisfy yourself, or satisfy all conditions of success at the first trial. But you have, at all events, done, and the Duke is happy, more than any patron of art in these times, in having induced you to do, what will be the beginning of a most noble and vital school of natural history, and useful, no less than charming art. I think you will have ultimately to keep the

[1] [For the bust which was to be presented by public subscription to the University: see Vol. XXI. p. 308 (Plate LXX.), and Vol. XXXV. p. l.]

[2] [*Pen and Pencil Sketches*, vol. ii. pp. 177–178. The reference is to birds painted by Marks for the Duke of Westminster in one of the drawing-rooms at Eaton: see above, p. 229.]

foliage darker and flatter—and for my own share *I* should like some blue sky and flying birdies behind. But I'm such a lover of blue (except in beards, stockings, and devils) that I'm no safe counsellor.—Ever yours, etc.

To H. S. MARKS, R.A.[1]

[? 1879.]

. . . And I had indeed a thrill and pang of remorse when I came to your woful little sentence about the humour. It is nevertheless too true, and indeed some very considerable part of the higher painter's gift in you is handicapped by that particular faculty, which nevertheless, being manifestly an essential and inherent part of you, cannot itself be too earnestly developed: but only in harmony with the rest to the forcible point. When you say you are not a colourist, it merely means that you have not cared to be one. You have a perfect eye for colour, but practically have despised it—just as I despised my Father's taste for sherry, and now, to my shame, don't know it from brandy and water! But that is simply because I never set myself to watch the tongue sensations. Colour is to be learned, just as Greek is learned by reading the best Greek masters; and if we go on colouring and talking Greek out of our heads—however good the heads may be—they never make headway. When you painted your Convocation[2] you enjoyed the humour of the birds, but not their likeness to the cloud and the snow in relation to earth and sea—and I am certain there is more strength in you, by a full third, than you have yet discovered. But it will only come out if you put yourself under Tintoret's eagles and Carpaccio's parrots, as well as under the wild creatures themselves; just as Tintoret and Carpaccio learned of Jove's eagle his thunder—and of Juno's peacock her eyes—and of Cytheræa's doves her breath.[3] Nature never tells her secrets but through the lips of a Father or a Master; and the Father and the Master can say nothing wise but as Her interpreter.—Believe me, etc.,

JOHN RUSKIN.

To H. S. MARKS, R.A.[4]

[1879.]

It is a feeling of the same kind which keeps me from writing to Miss Greenaway—the oftener I look at her designs, the more I want a

[1] [*Pen and Pencil Sketches*, vol. ii. pp. 178–179, undated.]

[2] [No. 286 in the Royal Academy, 1878.]

[3] ["But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes
Or Cytherea's breath."—*The Winter's Tale*, Act iv. sc. 3: compare Vol. XXV. pp. 415–416.]

[4] [No. 7 in *Kate Greenaway*, by M. H. Spielmann and G. S. Layard, 1905, p. 109.]

Hubert von Herkomer, R.A. Allen & Co. Sc

John Ruskin
1879

true and deep tone of colour,—and a harmony which should distinctly represent either sunshine, or shade, or true local colour. I do not know how far with black outline this can be done, but I would fain see it attempted. And also I want her to make more serious use of her talent—and show the lovely things that *are, and* the terrible which *ought to be known*, instead of mere ugly nonsense, like that brown witch.[1] If she would only do what she naturally feels, and would wish to teach others to feel, without any reference to saleableness, she probably would do lovelier things than any one could tell her—and I could not tell her rightly unless I knew something of her own mind, even what might be immediately suggestive to her, unless perhaps harmfully. Please tell me your own feeling about her things.

J. R.

To Miss Sara Anderson

[Herne Hill] 1*st Dec.*, '79.

I've been quite a prisoner to Mr. Herkomer—who has, however, made a perfectly beautiful drawing of me—the first that has ever given what good may be gleaned out of the clods of my face;—and before that, I had to go over to Kensington every day to Boehm, who is doing a yet more *like* thing in clay,—but I think my eyes are a loss in that.[2]

And I'm very well (you ask that for postscript in the last letter but one)—and amusing myself! I went to see Mr. Irving last Friday in Shylock, and the Doge of Venice—as I heard afterwards—told all the Senators that I was there—and Irving sent to ask me to come round after his final discomfiture;—and so I went—and made him a pretty little speech[3]—and have written to him yesterday (Sunday) to ask him to make Portia cast down her eyes when she tells Bassanio what she's good for.

To Thomas Carlyle[4]

Herne Hill [*December*, 1879].

My dearest Papa,—And did you come here—yourself—actually—you dearest, kindest papa—to see your poor unfilial prodigal? Oh me, I'm always being routed about by the pigs (not that I mean that, I mean by pigs everything that's bad), and can't get away. I've been

[1] [The witch in *Under the Window* (1878).]
[2] [Herkomer's portrait is here given (Plate VIII.): for Boehm's bust, see Vol. XXI. Plate LXX. (p. 308).]
[3] [On this subject, see Vol. XXXIV. p. 545.]
[4] [The last of Ruskin's letters to Carlyle.]

working, as I never thought to do again, against time lately, and have been writing letters to my clerical friends—*e.g.*, grey pamphlet[1] sent with this, I hope—and a quantity of talk besides—as useless probably—about pictures, which you'll get on Monday; and I hope to be over myself early in the week to get some forgiveness and blessing from you.

Very good it was of Froude to come too—after what I've been writing to him—but certainly the Devil's got into him lately—though he's still himself, all but that contents. Love to Mary.—Ever your faithfullest and lovingest

J. RUSKIN.

To JOHN MORGAN[2]

BRANTWOOD, *December 19th*, 1879.

DEAR MR. MORGAN,—I'm going to be a brute! but I do wish my friends to know what sort of a brute I am.

This morning I am quietly working on my translation of the Laws of Plato, and enjoying myself; in comes the post, with a lot of letters and your parcel. I take a quarter of an hour to unfold the pink paper—growling and swearing all the time at the supposed young lady who has sent me her drawings to look at. I find the Memorial,[3] which brings me instantly back out of the Laws of Plato into the entirely accursed tumult of Modern Venice, and her idiocies. I read your letter, and find I've got to write one of sentimental thanks in return (so here it is!), and to transfer the Memorial to the Society!—and I don't know where "the Society" is! any more than the Pope (perhaps *he* does). And so—with a few more growls and oaths—I roll up the document again, and despatch it to my Bond St. Exhibition,—whence I hope it will find its way where it ought to.

And here's my breakfast coming, and all my letters unanswered—and my friends won't understand that the one thing they can do for me is to let me rest, and mind my own business—while they look after what is, if they understand it, wholly *theirs*.

All the same, I'm much obliged, and always faithfully yours,

J. R.

[1] [The first privately-printed edition (October 1879) of *Letters to the Clergy* (Vol. XXXIV. p. 179). The "talk about pictures" was the *Notes on Prout and Hunt* (Vol. XIV.).]

[2] [No. 38 in *Furnivall*, pp. 93–94. For Mr. Morgan, of Aberdeen (a Companion of St. George's Guild), see Vol. XIV. p. 312.]

[3] [A memorial of protest against the threatened "restoration" of St. Mark's, Venice. Ruskin, however, by no means kept out of the fray; and in the catalogue of his "Bond St. Exhibition" (of drawings by Prout and Hunt) referred to the subject: see Vol. XIV. pp. 428, 429.]

To Angelo Alessandri[1]

Brantwood, 19*th Dec.*, '79.

My dear Angelo,—I am entirely delighted with your drawing, just received. The *soul* of Carpaccio is in you, and with God's help you will do blessed things for Venice. I speak with the more earnestness and confidence because I have been looking again at that lizard from the St. George and the little pencil head you did of St. Jerome for me, and they are both quite perfect and marvellous. This little drawing is quite exquisite. I send you a cheque for *five* pounds for it; and am ready to take all you can do of that size at that price, the extra pound being to enable you, when needful, to take a little more pains with the boats, which are an essential part of Venice, and which you have not yet drawn carefully or lovingly. The *only* fault in this drawing is that the water is too streaky, and the streaks are straight lines, not sides of waves. In future, either let the water be calm, or *note down* the action of the waves at some given moment—never do them out of your head. The rest of the drawing is consummately good — the sky especially delicious in its light and truth.

Sincere thanks for your affection and fidelity. Now, mind, two things you must guard against. The first, any morbid anxiety to make the drawings laboriously good all over; do not lose time in painting ugly detail, but finish all that is lovely, and put the rest in harmonious tone, with as little trouble as may be. You can't give too much pains to bits of wall like the broken near one in this drawing, but often you will have necessarily vulgar bits coming in—which may be quickly done.

I do not really *fear* this for you—but I think it right to warn you to take care not to let the idea of the money to be gained become at all principal with you. The Devil will try to make you think of it. Don't—but think only how to do justice to Venice, to yourself, and to me.—Ever your loving Padre, J. Ruskin.

A happy Christmas to you. (I have not yet come upon the other drawing, but hope to *soon*.)

[1] [The Venetian artist, who did much work for Ruskin, see Vol. XXX. pp. lix.–lxi. "The little drawing" of St. Jerome is at Sheffield (*ibid.*, p. 197). A few words of this letter have already been printed in Vol. XXX. pp. lxi., 197.]

To Mrs. BURNE-JONES

BRANTWOOD [*Dec.* 27, '79].

I'm rather pleased at this business.[1] It is such a pretty little bit of old-fashioned devil's trickery—so neat and clear—one scarcely wants even horns and tail to finish it up with. I think Rooke ought to be immensely flattered—and set to work with twice the heart, when the spring comes. I'll send word to Bunney and authority. Love to Ned and to any pretty Goddesses that happen to be down just now and about the place.

And love to Phil and—Peg—(I hope that's unpoetical enough for you).

To Miss SUSAN BEEVER[2]

BRANTWOOD, 30*th December.*

I heard with extreme sorrow yesterday of your mischance, and with the greater, that I felt the discomfort and alarm of it would be increased to you—in their depressing power—by a sense of unkindness to you on my part in not having been to see you—nor even read the letter which would have warned me of your accident. But you must remember that Christmas is to me a most oppressive and harmful time—the friends of the last thirty years of life all trying to give what they cannot give, of pleasure, or receive what, from me, they can no more receive—the younger ones especially thinking they can amuse me by telling me of their happy times—which I am so mean as to envy, and am doubly distressed by the sense of my meanness in doing so.

And my only resource is the quiet of my own work, to which—these last days—I have nearly given myself altogether. Yet I *had* read your letter as far as the place where you said you wanted one, and then began to think what I should say—and "read no further"[3] that day—and now here is this harm that has befallen you—which I trust, nevertheless, is of no real consequence; and this one thing I must say once for all, that whatever may be my feelings to you, you must *never* more let yourself imagine for an instant they can come of any manner of offence. *That* thought is real injustice to me. I have never, and never can have, any other feeling towards you than that of the

[1] [The destruction, by fire on the Mont Cenis railway, of many of Mr. T. M. Rooke's studies of the mosaics of St. Mark's: see Vol. XXX. pp. lviii., 72.]

[2] [No. 100 in *Hortus Inclusus* (see below, p. 628).]

[3] [*Inferno*, v. 144.]

deepest gratitude, respect, and affection—too sorrowfully inexpressible and ineffectual, but never changing. I will drive, walk, or row over to see you on New Year's Day—if I am fairly well—be the weather what it will. I hope the bearer will bring me back a comforting report as to the effects of your accident, and that you will never let yourself again be discomforted by mistrust of me, for I am, and shall ever be, your faithful and loving servant, JOHN RUSKIN.

1880

[In March of this year Ruskin lectured at the London Institution on "Snakes." In August he went to France to study some of the northern cathedrals in connexion with *The Bible of Amiens:* see Vol. XXXIII. pp. xxiii.–xxv.]

To Miss SUSAN BEEVER[1]

I'll look out the dial to-night. What a cruel thing of you to make *me* "look upon it"! I'm not gone to Venice *yet*, but thinking of it *hourly*.[2] I'm very nearly done with toasting my bishop; he just wants another turn or two, and then a little butter.

To Miss KATE GREENAWAY[3]

BRANTWOOD, *6th Jan.*, '79 [a mistake for 1880].

MY DEAR MISS GREENAWAY,—I lay awake half (no, a quarter) of last night, thinking of the hundred things I want to say to you—and never shall get said!—and I'm giddy and weary, and now can't say even half or a quarter of one out of the hundred. They're about you, —and your gifts—and your graces, and your fancies, and your—yes, perhaps one or two little tiny—faults; and about other people—

[1] [No. 149 in *Hortus Inclusus* (see below, p. 632). "Toasting my bishop" refers to the *Rejoinder* to Bishop Fraser on Usury (*Contemporary Review*, February 1880): see Vol. XXXIV. pp. xxxvi., 401 *seq.* Ruskin presently went abroad, but not to Venice.]

[2] [For the Fool looking at the dial and counting the hours (hence Ruskin's italicising *hourly*), see *As You Like It*, Act ii. sc. 7.]

[3] [No. 1 in *Kate Greenaway*, by M. H. Spielmann and G. S. Layard, 1905, pp. 82–83 (hereafter referred to as *Kate Greenaway*, see below, p. 655). For Ruskin's friendship with her, see the Introduction; Vol. XXXVI. pp. ciii.–cvii.]

children and grey-haired—and what you could do for them—if you once made up your mind for whom you would do it—for children *only*, for instance? or for old people—*me*, for instance—and of children and old people—whether for those of 1880—only—or of 18—8—9—10—11—12—20—0—0—0—0—etc., etc., etc. Or, more simply, Annual or Perennial?

Well, of the 1000 things—it was nearer a thousand than a hundred—this is anyhow the first. Will you please tell me whether you can only draw these things out of your head, or could—if you chose—draw them with the necessary modifications from nature? For instance: Down in Kent the other day, I saw many more lovely farmhouses—many more pretty landscapes—than any in your book. But the farms had—perhaps—a steam-engine in the yard—the landscapes a railroad in the valley. Now, do you never want to draw such houses and places—as they used to be—and might be?

That's No. 1.

No. 2 of the Thousand. Do you only draw pretty children out of your head? In my parish school there are at least twenty prettier than any in your book—but they are in costumes neither graceful nor comic—they are not like blue china—they are not like mushrooms;—they are like—very ill-dressed Angeli.[1] Could you draw groups of these as they *are?*

No. 3 of the thousand. Did you ever see a book called *Flitters, Tatters, and the Counsellor?*[2]

No. 4 of the thousand. Do you ever see blue sky? and when you do, do you like it?

No. 5. Is a witches' ride on a broomstick[3] the only chivalry you think it desirable to remind the glorious nineteenth century of?

No. 6. Do you believe in Fairies?

No. 7. In ghosts?

No. 8. In Principalities or Powers?

No. 9. In—Heaven?

No. 10. In—Anywhere else?

No. 11. Did you ever see Chartres Cathedral?

No. 12. Did you ever study—there or elsewhere—thirteenth-century glass?

No. 13. Do you ever go to the manuscript room of the British Museum?

[1] [In the book, misprinted "Angels"; but Ruskin wrote "Angeli," and was thinking of "Non angli, sed Angeli" (see Vol. XVII. p. 406).]

[2] [By Miss Laffan: for other references to the book, see Vol. XXIX. p. 431, Vol. XXXII. p. 111.]

[3] [See *Under the Window*, p. 35.]

No. 14. Strong outline will not go with strong colour? But if so, do you never intend to draw with delicate outline?

No. 15. Will you please forgive me—and tell me—some of these things I've asked.—Ever gratefully yours, J. RUSKIN.

To GEORGE ALLEN[1]

BRANTWOOD, *Jan. 11th*, 1880.

DEAR ALLEN,—I should like to know if that friend is *satisfied* with his oak-leaves.[2] For the pencils, I really don't know how to set price. They are merely curiosities. There are not many of the kind—and *some day* they may be valuable. I'm going to send you another bundle, and you had better wait till you get all. It seems to me for *you* to price—not me—in things of mere curiosity; for my present work, I can say "*It is worth*" this—or that.—Ever affectly. yrs.,

J. R.

Busy with Bp. of Manchester[3]—can't answer a word of your last letter.

I think *Norma Munificentiæ* might do for Polit. Econ., but should like an English one better.[4]

To Miss KATE GREENAWAY[5]

BRANTWOOD, *15th Jan.*, '80.

DEAR MISS GREENAWAY,—How delightful of you to answer all my questions! and to read *Fors!* I never dreamed you were one of my readers!—and I had rather you read that than anything else of mine, and rather *you* read it than anybody else.

I am so delighted also with you really liking blue sky—and those actual cottages—and that you've never been abroad. And that's all I can say to-day, but only this, that I think from what you tell me, you will feel with me, in my wanting you to try the experiment of representing any actual piece of nature (however little) as it really is, yet in the modified harmony of colour necessary for printing—making a simple study first as an ordinary water-colour sketch, and then

[1] [A few words of this letter have already been given in Vol. XVI. p. xxxv.]
[2] [Ruskin was at this time selling a few of his drawings through Mr. Allen.]
[3] [The *Reply and a Rejoinder* on Usury: see Vol. XXXIV. p. 401.]
[4] [That is, as title for the new edition of *The Political Economy of Art.* "A Joy for Ever, and its Price in the Market" was ultimately selected: see Vol. XVI.]
[5] [No. 2 in *Kate Greenaway* (see below, p. 655).]

translating it into outline and the few advisable tints. So as to be able to say, The sun was in, or out,—it was here—or there,—and the gown, or the tree, or the paling, was of this colour on one side, and of that on the other. I believe your lovely design and grouping will come out all the brighter and richer for such exercise. And then, when the question of absolute translation is once answered, that of conventional change may be met on its separate terms, securely.—Ever gratefully yours, J. RUSKIN.

To F. CRAWLEY [1]

BRANTWOOD, *January 25th* [1880].

MY DEAR CRAWLEY,—I think it possible you may like to keep Miss Yule's letter, and therefore return it.

Please, I want the quarto Greek Testament manuscript—with golden letters in many places, two columns of text—from my bookcase next the door.[2] You must get a box made, so it may as well be big enough for the *Romance of Rose* MS. too, which should be in compartment furthest from window of the great bookcase.

I miss a drawing of my Florentine book,[3] *Helena Rapita da Paris.* Please ask Mr. Macdonald if I gave it to the schools: if so, all is right.

Please find the three vols. of Lord Lindsay—in inner room, I think—and send them to Mrs. Talbot, Elm Wood, Bridgwater, Somerset.

I enjoyed the frost very much till I got a sharp fall on the ice, which hurt my left wrist a little, so that I'm afraid to slide any more. It would never do to sprain my right; and since then I'm jealous of the people on the lake, and rather shivering and miserable—but glad it holds on, for the wonder of it.—Ever your affectionate Master,

J. R.

To Miss SUSAN BEEVER [4]

BRANTWOOD [1880?].

I'm only going away for Sunday, coming back on the Monday, and going to stay for a week longer. Mr. MacD. has begun a pretty drawing of the study (and really depends on my assistant criticism);

[1] [No. 27 in *Letters to Various Correspondents,* pp. 81–83. Crawley was in Oxford, and Ruskin had not yet removed all his belongings from Oxford.]

[2] [The MS. described in Vol. XXXIV. p. 703. For the MS. of the *Roman,* see above, pp. 18, 22, 70.]

[3] [The "Florentine Picture Chronicle" now in the British Museum (see above, p. 179): for a reference to the drawing of Helen, see Vol. XXII. p. 427.]

[4] [No. 143 in *Hortus Inclusus* (see below, p. 631). The date may be February 1880, as Ruskin spent a few days in Sheffield then. Mr. Macdonald's drawing of the study at Brantwood was shown in 1881; for a reproduction of it, see Vol. XXIII. Plate B, p. xxviii.]

and Diddie, I think, will enjoy her dinner with you to-morrow better than if I had gone for good and all; and I think I shall enjoy my Sunday at Sheffield, if I had gone for evil and all. I've turned the page to say I'm rather pleased with that transmutation (what a stupid thing of me to divide that stupid word) of "for good and all," mock-ingest of human phrases. Even if one were going away for a honey-moon, it would only be for better or worse—not for good and all,—or, stay, perhaps it means for good and all *else*. One uses it too without the all,—"for good"—meaning that nothing that isn't good can be eternal. I am puzzled; but I believe I'm coming back "for good" anyhow. And, there now, I've to turn the page once more, and, I was only going to say something stupid about good-bye, a word that makes me shudder from head to foot.

I've found another stone for you—lapis-lazuli, which never fades, and is heaven-colour to all time.

To C. Fairfax Murray[1]

Brantwood, *February 29th*, 1880.

Dear Murray,—It is pleasant to be within such quick post; I never can write a word if the post's a week off. It's great news that those frescoes are yet unsold.[2] As soon as you have any leisure, go at them hard with photo and colour both before anything else. Yes, the Luca's[3] here, in a corner of my study—a perpetual pride and care—quite one of the most precious things I have; but yet how the photograph flattered it in some ways. It must surely have been touched to conceal the defect in the face of the infant, and the fore-head of one cherub? also the darkening green of the foliage made it look so much richer.

Your Madonna and roses and little St. John[4] are glorious; but tell me exactly where the picture is, and what size. How *could* I have missed it!

I enclose your cheque with hearty thanks. Kindest regards to your wife.—Always affectionately yours, J. Ruskin.

[1] [No. 20 in *Art and Literature*, pp. 54, 55.]

[2] [The Botticelli frescoes, formerly in the Villa Lemmi, outside Florence, and now in the Louvre. For Mr. Murray's studies from them, see Vol. XXXIII. pp. 313–315.]

[3] [A relief in Della Robbia ware, purchased by Mr. Murray in Florence for Ruskin: see Vol. XXXIV. p. 666 and Plate VII.]

[4] [The picture by Botticelli in the Pitti Palace, at Florence, in which the Madonna, holding the infant Christ in her arms, bends down to allow him to kiss the little St. John. Mr. Murray's water-colour copy is in the Ruskin Museum at Sheffield: see Vol. XXX. p. 192.]

To MRS. ARTHUR SEVERN

HERNE HILL, *24th, Morning* [*March*, 1880].

All went excellently,[1] and Arfie received Eleanor and me at supper —quite himself—though he still only gets sleep by snatches—but better every day.

We had nice news for him on the whole. You know, one of the chief *éclats* in the lecture is the unfolding of the constrictor's skin. They put people behind me, under the diagrams, so I can't unfold it and muffle *them* all up—completely. So this time I warned Allen and Burgess that I should get on the table myself, and stand in front of the desk—and they at the two table ends, so—[sketch], and we would hold the skin in a crescent. So, in due time, I jumped on to the table (it's rather high!) apparently much to the satisfaction of the audience, and pulled out the middle of the skin with me, when, turning round to give directions, instead of Allen and Burgess—behold—at the two ends of the skin—for heraldic supporters—Walter! and Henry!![2] I couldn't believe my eyes for a moment, but recovered myself, and nodding to Henry, went on with my talk—finishing by a *jump* down from the high table—pretty well for sixty-one—at least Eleanor says so—(I didn't ask Taglioni![3]).

When I went to C. Square, she hadn't finished a lesson to some Archduke's children, whom she made shake hands with me as they came downstairs, reverently, three brave little boys and an elder sister of about eleven—Vandyke-like and lovely.

I introduced Wedderburn to them in the theatre. I meant him to take in the Princess,[4] but he was a minute too late—so she followed me and her grandmother. I got them two lovely chairs, and then brought Eleanor and Wedderburn to flank them—and it was all nice—only Eleanor would rather have sate nearer Tottie and Mattie, who were close on the other side.

Ned and Georgie and Fanny were there—but high up.

I was in fair power—not my best—but people were pleased. Always at the London I'm greatly plagued by having to talk in the Committee room to people I don't know from the Pope—just when I want to be settling myself to my work;—this spoils the "extempore" bits more than could be believed. . . .

[1] [At Ruskin's lecture, "A Caution to Snakes," delivered at the London Institution on March 17, and repeated on March 23. The lecture was printed as ch. i. of vol. ii. of *Deucalion:* see Vol. XXVI. p. 295.]

[2] [Mr. Arthur Severn's two brothers.]

[3] [For whom, see Vol. XXXV. p. 176 and *n.*]

[4] [Princess Troubetskoi, granddaughter of Taglioni (Comtesse de Voisins).]

I've to go into town early to-day to see Froude—lunch at the Marks's—Theatre—with Eleanor (to Madge[1])—in evening.

Weather lovely but cold. I very well—but can't get up in the mornings—as I always tell you, this is a bad new habit I've got into.

To Miss Sara Anderson

Brantwood [*April* 7, 1880].

I am so very glad you enjoy your Herodotus. Whenever I get back to him it makes me young again. And I sometimes wish, of late, there were no books in the world but the Bible and him.

Keep Harrison's[2] letter. I answered it very sweetly, and don't want it again.

Tell me what the fashions are for summer dresses, and *I'll* choose one—for an Easter gift.

To William Ward[3]

Brantwood, *April 7th,* 1880.

My dear Ward,—I am so glad you like that drawing. I think it a most precious one, and am most anxious to see it copied. But please make the sky just the least bit more forcible. I am sure it is a little faded, and I cannot now myself see the white cloud at all except in the strongest lights. You may quite safely give it a very definitely greater relief, keeping the floating near clouds much as they are,—but, throughout, allowing a little more, rather than less, weight to the defining shadows in sheep, rocks, and clouds.

Thanks for the Giotto references. I'm delighted that the "Fluelen" has been so satisfactory.—Ever affectionately yours, J. Ruskin.

To Miss Bertha Patmore[4]

Brantwood, 16*th April,* 1880.

My dear Bertha,—It was very dear and kind of you to write to me and to think of me as of one whose pity you would care to have. Many and many a time—and much especially of late—I

[1] [For another reference to Mrs. Kendal, see Vol. XXVI. p. 328.]

[2] [Mr. Frederic Harrison.]

[3] [No. 89 in *Ward;* vol. ii. pp. 65–66. "That drawing" was Turner's "Aiguillette," in the possession of Ruskin: see Plate XVIII. in Vol. XXII. (p. 70). For Ruskin's commendation of Mr. Ward's copy of the "Fluelen," see Vol. XII. p. 577.]

[4] [*Memoirs and Correspondence of Coventry Patmore,* vol. ii. p. 299. The letter was written on the death of Patmore's second wife.]

have been thinking of you, though it is only with extreme difficulty that I get anything I would say written in any way worth sending. Please write soon to me again, saying how your father is: and something also of yourself, and whether this sorrow will cause any change in place or way of life to you. My dear love to your father.—Ever your faithful and affectionate friend, J. RUSKIN.

To COVENTRY PATMORE[1]

BRANTWOOD, *20th April*, '80.

DEAR PATMORE,—It was good of you to write to me, but your letter still leaves me very anxious about you.

I do not at all understand the feelings of religious people about death. *All* my own sorrow is absolutely infidel, and part of the general failure and meanness of my heart. Were I a Catholic, I do not think I should ever feel sorrow in any deep sense—but only a constant brightening of days as I drew nearer companionship—perhaps not with those I had cared for in this world—and certainly with others besides them. My own longing, and what trust I have, is only for my own people. But I have been putting chords of music lately, such as I can, to Herrick's "Comfort":[2]—

"In endless bliss
She thinks not on
What's said or done
In earth.
Nor doth she mind,
Or think on't now,
That ever thou
Wast kind"—

fearing only that it is too true.—Ever your affectionate J. R.

To the Rev. F. A. MALLESON[3]

BRANTWOOD, *May*, 1880.

MY DEAR MALLESON,—I am heartily glad to hear there's a chance it's a mistake. I can't have any visiting, and if you were clear of all

[1] [*Memoirs and Correspondence of Coventry Patmore*, vol. ii. p. 300.]

[2] [The full title of the poem quoted is "Comfort to a youth that had lost his Love." The last word in the first line should be "mirth." See *Elements of English Prosody*, § 18 (Vol. XXXI. p. 342). Patmore (like Tennyson, see Vol. XXXVI. p. xl. *n.*) read Ruskin's *Elements* with interest. "I found Ruskin's pamphlet on metre extremely interesting," he wrote to Mr. Sidney Colvin. "It is on the same lines with my essay, which it is a pity he had not read. Like all he writes, this pamphlet is full of lights, but it is not one sufficient light" (*Memoirs and Correspondence*, vol. ii. p. 68).]

[3] [No. 43 in the synopsis of Ruskin's Letters to Malleson: see Vol. XXXIV. p. 186.]

the F's and R's and every other pestilent letter in the alphabet, I must make you understand what I've told you now twenty times if once, that I *won't talk*. I see people whom I can teach, or who can teach me—you can be neither pupil nor master. You come simply to amuse *yourself*, and you have not the slightest power of sympathy with other people (else you wouldn't be a clergyman, with the quantity of real sense and feeling that you have!). I can't write any more to-day.—Ever affectionately yours, J. R.

To Charles Eliot Norton[1]

Brantwood, *Sunday*, 16*th May*, 1880.

My dearest Charles,—We've had two months of fine weather, and I've been painting and digging. I could have sent you a scrap like this before, but was ashamed—and now I've been getting into a lot of new work on Scott, and never get a line of letters written at all—only I won't give any of my drawings to America. They would not be of any real use—I know that more and more, by their uselessness here—and they're worth money to me besides—and I'm not going to fleece myself any more. I've done enough.

But I'm not less your ever loving and grateful J. Ruskin.

To William Morris[2]

27*th May*, 1880.

Please recollect—or hereafter know—by these presents—that I am old, ill, and liable any day to be struck crazy if I get into a passion. And, therefore, while I can still lecture—if I choose—on rattlesnakes' tails, I can't on anything I care about. Nor *do* I care to say on this matter more than I have done, especially since I know that the modern mob will trample to-morrow what it spares to-day. You younger men must found a new dynasty—the old things *are* passed away.[3] . . .

[1] [No. 186 in *Norton;* vol. ii. pp. 161–162. The "new work on Scott" was for *Fiction, Fair and Foul* (Vol. XXXIV.).]

[2] [From a *Catalogue of Autograph Letters*, issued by William Brown, 26 Princes Street, Edinburgh, 1900, No. 149. Morris had presumably asked Ruskin to write, or lecture, in connexion with the Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings. The lecture on "rattlesnakes' tails" was the one described above, p. 312.]

[3] [See Revelation xxi. 4.]

To Miss SUSAN BEEVER[1]

BRANTWOOD [1880?].

I am indeed most thankful you are well again, though I never looked on that deafness very seriously; but if you *like* hearing watches tick, and boots creak, and plates clatter, so be it to you, for many and many a year to come. I think I should *so* like to be deaf, mostly —not expected to answer anybody in society, never startled by a bang, never tortured by a railroad whistle, never hearing the nasty cicadas in Italy, nor a child cry, nor an owl: nothing but a nice whisper into my ear, by a pretty girl. Ah well, I'm very glad I can chatter to you with my weak voice, to my heart's content; and you must come and see me soon now. All that you say of *Proserpina* is joyful to me. What a Susie you are, drawing like that! and I'm sure you know Latin better than I do.

To Miss SUSAN BEEVER[2]

What am I about all this while? BRANTWOOD, 1880.

Well—I wake every morning at four—can't help it—to see the morning light. Perhaps I go to sleep again—but never for long—then I do really very good work in the mornings—but by the afternoon I'm quite beaten and can do nothing but lie about in the wood.

However—the Prosody and Serpent lecture are just finishing off, and then I shall come to see you in the morning, while I am awake.

I went out before breakfast this morning, half asleep—and saw what I thought was a red-breasted woodpecker as big as a pigeon! Presently it came down on the lawn, and I made up my mind it was only a robin about the size of a small partridge! Can it have been a cross-bill?

To Dr. JOHN BROWN[3]

BRANTWOOD, *5th June* [1880?].

That's the very thing. I'm so glad to know of such a dictionary.

I did not answer one chief bit in your letter, "the difference to me."[4] I cannot distinguish in myself the change caused by old age

[1] [No. 120 in *Hortus Inclusus*. The date is conjectural.]

[2] [No. 94 in *Hortus Inclusus* (see below, p. 627). The "Serpent lecture" (see above, p. 312) was published in July 1880; the *Elements of English Prosody*, in October.]

[3] [No. 28 of "Letters from Ruskin" in *Letters of Dr. John Brown*, 1907, pp. 308-309.]

[4] [For another reference to Wordsworth's piece beginning "She dwelt among the untrodden ways," see Vol. IV. p. 393, Vol. XXV. p. 389, Vol. XXXIV. p. 571.]

from that caused by loss. What all the lovely things round me here would have been to me had I had Father or Mother now, or what they would cease to be if I were to lose Joanie, I cannot fancy. The only *real* sorrow is the thought of pain given long ago; the rest is loss, not pain, and even a certain gain of nobleness in bearing loss. But the Difference,—yes, immeasurable.

To the Rev. J. P. Faunthorpe[1]

Brantwood, *June 6th*, 1880.

Dear Mr. Faunthorpe,—The long letter is in my mind to be written to you, but I think it will come broken into other forms now, about ugliness, and get into my Scott articles.[2]

I do so wish I could come and see the picture frames, and much else. But what you mainly want, and without which nothing will be of real use, is lovely figure pictures. I shall be in town next month, and will choose you some, and give them to you with St. George's love, —if you will promise to hang up no more beastly Aphides, and Cockroaches, and things.—Ever most truly yours, J. Ruskin.

To the Rev. J. P. Faunthorpe[3]

Brantwood, *June 8th* [1880].

Dear Mr. Faunthorpe,—It is wet to-day, but I hope to-morrow to despatch a nice parcel of pretty things. I'm very happy in the thought of being allowed to do so. Please make the girls understand once for all that if I send saints or angels I don't want to make papists of them, but only to give them creatures to think of who have no physical constitutions to bother them, and must be taken as a whole, wings and all, for better or worse.—Ever gratefully yours, J. Ruskin.

To Dr. John Brown[4]

Brantwood [1880].

Tell Miss Brown, and please anybody else who remonstrates on the matter, that German isn't "a language" at all, but only a "throatage" or "gutturage," a mode of human expression learnt chiefly of wolves and bears, with half of the things it calls words stitched in the

[1] [No. 9 in *Faunthorpe;* vol. i. pp. 18, 19.]
[2] [*Fiction, Fair and Foul:* Vol. XXXIV.]
[3] [No. 10 in *Faunthorpe;* vol. i. p. 20.]
[4] [No. 29 of "Letters from Ruskin" in *Letters of Dr. John Brown*, 1907, p. 309.]

middle like wasps and ants, or ass panniers, and letters scrabbled out when people were mostly drunk,[1] so that they didn't know the tops from the bottoms of them.—Ever your lovingest J. R.

Please I want to know what "Dattern" and "thut" are in the following?

"Was haben doch die Gänse gethan,
Das so viel musse leben lan?
Die Gans mit ihrem Dattern,
Mit ihrem Geschrei und Schattern,
Sanct Martin haben verrathen.
Darum thut man sie braten."[2]

Evelyn says[3] that often on the doors of the houses in the streets of Brieg a wolf's, bear's, and fox's head might be seen altogether. The throatage of modern German Metaphysicians (Fichte) is truly Geschrei and Schattern. . . .

To the Rev. E. P. BARROW[4]

BRANTWOOD, *24th June*, '80.

It is a shame never to have thanked you for your lovely letter—but my life is *all* a shame to me now, in its weakness and failure. But I have health enough yet, thank God, to do tranquil work, and my friends will, I hope, still be a little pleased about me in seeing it done. Don't plague yourself about personally helping me at Sheffield or in other things, but use your own proper influence to make people do what is wise and right—each in their place—and explain what you care for of my work and me to them;—and, above all, think of the things I try to teach—non-usury, for instance, and agricultural life—in themselves, and not in any connection with me. I hope we may have many talks and plays yet.—Ever affectionately yours, J. RUSKIN.

[1] [Compare Vol. XXXIV. p. 585.]

[2] [One of various *Martinsliede:* see Grimm's *Deutsches Wörterbuch*, vol. 4, p. 1263. In the *Letters of Dr. John Brown*, the following translation is given:—

"What have the geese done,
That so many must lose their lives?
The geese with their cackling,
With their screaming and chattering,
Have betrayed Saint Martin.
That is why one roasts them."]

[3] [In his account of the Simplon, 1646: "Almost every doore had nail'd on the outside and next the streete a beare's, a wolfe's, or foxe's head, and divers of them all three; a savage kind of sight, but as the Alpes are full of these beasts, the people often kill them."]

[4] [From "Recollections of Ruskin at Oxford," in *St. George*, April 1903, vol. vi. p. 115.]

To the Rev. William Kingsley[1]

Brantwood, 21*st July*, '80.

Dear Kingsley,—The National Gallery people under Burton are the safest I know of, since poor dear old Merritt's death.[2] I am sure—if you don't know Burton, that if you use my name to him[3]—besides it's strict "National" Gallery duty to save all going Gainsboroughs. But I think the people who take such bad care of them should give him one for his pains.

I was greatly shocked to hear of Tom Taylor's death;[4] that freedom from cynicism was very lovely in him—but he was none the wiser for it. The *Punch* verses are far the best things he did, with some *plots* of plays (the dialogue always poor). I wish he could have kept out of picture galleries.

Did you see my Scott paper? I've got another this month, but shorter.—Ever affectly. yrs., J. Ruskin.

To William Ward[5]

Brantwood, *July* 28*th*, 1880.

My dear Ward,—I hold for the "Tivoli"—the others *teach* nothing. People who looked at that, must learn. Send Mr. H. the "Aiguillette" to look at; and, if he likes it at all, say he shall have the original to compare it with.

Burgess is doing the photos for lecture,[6] but he's abroad just now. Say they'll be ready by end of year.—Ever affectionately yours,

J. Ruskin.

[1] [For Ruskin's friendship with Mr. Kingsley, see the Introduction, Vol. XXXVI. p. ciii.]

[2] [For Henry Merritt, picture-cleaner and art-critic, see Vol. XXVII. p. 486 *n.*]

[3] [Ruskin does not finish his sentence, but he means that the restorers employed by Sir Frederic Burton (director of the National Gallery) were to be trusted, and that Ruskin's introduction would ensure Sir Frederic's good offices for Mr. Kingsley, who was interested in some Gainsborough needing attention.]

[4] [For various references to Tom Taylor (1817–1880), art-critic, dramatist, and editor of *Punch*, see the General Index.]

[5] [No. 91 in *Ward;* vol. ii. pp. 69–70. The letter refers to copies of Turner which Mr. Ward was to execute for Mr. T. C. Horsfall, to be placed in the Art Museum at Manchester. The "Tivoli" is No. 339 in the National Gallery (Vol. XIII. p. 625). For the "Aiguillette" (in Ruskin's collection), see *ibid.*, p. 420, and Vol. XXII. pp. 69–70, where a reproduction of it is given.]

[6] [Photographs placed on sale with Mr. Ward, illustrating Ruskin's lecture on Snakes: see Vol. XXVI. p. 295 *n.*]

To Miss SUSAN BEEVER[1]

[1880.]

If you have felt the thunder-heat as I did this morning, you will be thankful I do not come for you—but I think we are almost sure of lighter air and lighter hearts to-morrow, and I've been so beaten to-day by some tiresome people that I don't want you to be the least bit mixed up with them in memory. To-morrow to fresh woods—I've never thanked you for that find about Richie Moniplies, his name meaning Tripe!—it is delightful—but Scott interprets the name himself in the "many plies" of it, in the scene between Richie and George Heriot[2]—so that it tells every way.

I've been writing a little cat's paw bit about Wordsworth[3] which, Joanie says, hits too hard. But Matthew Arnold has been sticking him up—out of all bounds.[4]

To Miss SUSAN BEEVER[5]

BRANTWOOD [*August*, 1880].

It is a great joy to me that *you* like the Wordsworth bits;[6] there are worse coming; but I've been put into a dreadful passion by two of my cleverest girl pupils "going off pious"! It's exactly like a nice pear getting "sleepy"; and I'm pretty nearly in the worst temper I *can* be in, for W. W. But what *are* these blessed feathers? Everything that's best of grass and clouds and chrysoprase. What incomparable little creature wears such things, or lets fall! The "fringe of flame" is Carlyle's, not mine. Nearly all that Jemappes bit[7] is his; but we feel so much alike, that you may often mistake one for the other now.

[1] [Not printed in *Hortus Inclusus*.]

[2] [For the meaning of the name, and for the scene in *The Fortunes of Nigel*, see Vol. XXXIV. p. 383.]

[3] [One of the Parts of *Fiction, Fair and Foul:* see the Introduction to Vol. XXXIV. p. xxxiv.]

[4] [In the Introduction to his volume of *Selections* from Wordsworth: see Vol. XXXIV. pp. xxxiv., 318.]

[5] [No. 137 in *Hortus Inclusus* (see below, p. 631).]

[6] [In *Fiction, Fair and Foul*, ii. (*Nineteenth Century*, August 1880). For the "fringe of flame" (fire), see Vol. XXXIV. p. 316.]

[7] [It should be explained that the "Jemappes bit," there quoted from Carlyle's *French Revolution*, was in the *Nineteenth Century* printed in large type (though with inverted commas, which Miss Beever missed). For the "worse bits coming," about Wordsworth, see the third paper, *ibid.*, pp. 325 *seq.*]

To Miss Susan Beever[1]

Arthur Severn's, Herne Hill, 14*th August*, '80.

I've *just* finished my Scott paper: but it has retouchings and notings yet to do. I couldn't write a word before; haven't so much as a syllable to Diddie, and only a move at chess to Macdonald, for, you know, to keep a chess player waiting for a move is like keeping St. Lawrence unturned.

To Miss Susan Beever[2]

[Herne Hill] 21*st August*, '80.

I'm leaving to-day for Dover, and a line from you to-morrow or Monday would find me certainly at Poste Restante, Abbeville.

I have not been working at all, but enjoying myself (only that takes up time all the same) at Crystal Palace concerts, and jugglings, and at Zoological Gardens, where I had a snake seven feet long to play with, only I hadn't much time to make friends, and it rather wanted to get away all the time. And I gave the hippopotamus *whole* buns, and he was delighted, and saw the cormorant catch fish thrown to him six yards off; never missed one; you would have thought the fish ran along a wire up to him and down his throat. And I saw the penguin swim under water, and the sea lions sit up, four of them on four wooden chairs, and catch fish also; but they missed sometimes and had to flop off their chairs into the water and then flop out again and flop up again.

And I lunched with Cardinal Manning, and he gave me *such* a plum pie. I never tasted a Protestant pie to touch it.

To Arthur Severn[3]

Hôtel de France, Amiens, *August 29th*, '80.

Dearest Arfie,—You will know how happy your telegram made us all last night. I shall, however, be a little anxious till I get a

[1] [No. 57 in *Hortus Inclusus*. The "Scott paper" must mean the Third Part of *Fiction, Fair and Foul*, published in the *Nineteenth Century* for September (Vol. XXXIV. p. 323).]

[2] [No. 58 in *Hortus Inclusus* (see below, p. 626).]

[3] [Referring to the birth of his youngest daughter, Violet Susannah Severn, whose second name was in compliment to her godmother (see below, p. 322).]

letter also. I hope to find one at Beauvais to-morrow—where, at all events, I shall stay for complete news.

The weather has been entirely glorious for *us;* I fear, too hot for Joan—you will, I trust, have kept ices out of her way.

What a state of joy Susie will be in! I lay awake last night, very happy about you, but am therefore a little nervous this morning. Mamie and Ethel [1] are gone to cathedral service. I stay quietly, writing a new *Fors* which is much wanted. Carriage ordered for afternoon drive along the coteaux, which I think you saw with Mr. Tylor, on the road to Abbeville, always beautiful at this time with harvest and loaded orchards.

Mamie gains strength every day. If only Mr. Hilliard were a farmer or a shepherd, and she had the farmyard and poultry to look after, she might still have long and happy life. As it is, I do not care to think what—it seems to me—*must* be.

Ethel plays delightfully, and all the waiters and chambermaids gather in the courtyard, and gush.

We drank *little* Susie's health last night in champagne—and the rest (not Me) had melon in mid-dinner besides. Slight indispositions the order of the day, for all *but* me, in consequence.—Ever your loving

Di Pa.

To Miss Susan Beever [2]

Amiens, 29*th August*, '80.

You have been made happy, doubtless, with us by the news from Herne Hill. I've only a telegram yet though, but write at once to congratulate you on your little goddaughter.

Also to say that I am very well, and sadly longing for Brantwood; but that I am glad to see some vestige of beloved things here, once more.

We have glorious weather, and I am getting perfect rest most of the day—mere saunter in the sunny air, taking all the good I can of it. To-morrow we get (*D.V.*) to Beauvais, where perhaps I may find a letter from Susie; in any case you may write to Hotel Meurice, Paris.

The oleanders are coming out and geraniums in all cottage windows, and golden corn like Etruscan jewellery over all the fields.[3]

[1] [Mrs. and Miss Ethel Hilliard.]
[2] [No. 61 in *Hortus Inclusus.*]
[3] [Compare the extract from Ruskin's diary in Vol. XXV. p. xxi.]

To Miss Susan Beever[1]

Beauvais, 31*st August*, '80.

We are having the most perfect weather I ever saw in France, much less anywhere else, and I'm taking a thorough rest, writing scarcely anything and sauntering about old town streets all day.

I made a little sketch of the lake from above the Waterhead which goes everywhere with me, and it is so curious when the wind blows the leaf open when I am sketching here at Beauvais, where all is so differently delightful, as if we were on the other side of the world.

I think I shall be able to write some passages about architecture yet, which Susie will like. I hear of countless qualities being discovered in the new little Susie! And all things will be happy for me if you send me a line to Hotel Meurice saying *you* are happy too.

To Mrs. Arthur Severn

Beauvais, 1*st Sept.*, 1880.

I leave this letter behind me at Beauvais, to reach you on poor dear old Auntie's[2] birthday. I had a sweet evening walk in old places which she knew well, last night, and I hope she's very happy in seeing how you have done all you could for her child, as you did for her.

I should not have been walking now among the vines of Beauvais, but for you.

I got Arfie's delightful letter here yesterday, sent on from Amiens. . . .

We're away for Paris at eleven (*D.V.*), and get there before two. Time to get a "loge" for something. I'm having a run of French novels, but have tumbled into a perfect convent gardenful of proper ones! and don't feel as if anybody knew I was out, yet.

To Miss Susan Beever[3]

[*September*, 1880.]

Now you're just wrong about my darling Cardinal. See what it is to be jealous! He gave me lovely soup, roast beef, hare and currant jelly, puff pastry like Papal pretensions—you had but to breathe on it and it was nowhere—raisins and almonds, and those lovely preserved

[1] [No. 62 in *Hortus Inclusus* (see below, p. 626).]
[2] [Ruskin's mother.]
[3] [No. 59 in *Hortus Inclusus* (see below, p. 626).]

cherries like kisses kept in amber. And told me delicious stories all through lunch. *There!*

And we really do see the sun here! And last night the sky was all a spangle and delicate glitter of stars, the glare of them and spikiness softened off by a young darling of a moon.

And I'm having rather a time of it in boudoirs, turned into smiling instead of pouting service.[1] But I'm not going to stay over my three weeks. How nice that you *can* and will walk round the dining-room for exercise!

To Miss SUSAN BEEVER[2]

PARIS, *4th September*, '80.

I have all your letters, and rejoice in them; though it is a little sadder for you looking at empty Brantwood, than for me to fancy the bright, full Thwaite; and then it's a great shame that I've everything to amuse me, and lovely Louvres and shops and cathedrals and coquettes and pictures and plays and prettinesses of every colour and quality, and you've only your old, old hills and quiet lake. Very thankful I shall be to get back to them, though. We have finished our Paris this afternoon, and hope to leave for Chartres on Monday.

To Miss SUSAN BEEVER[3]

HÔTEL DE MEURICE, PARIS, *4th September*, '80.

Is it such pain to you when people say what they ought not to say about *me?* But when do they say what they ought to say about anything? Nearly everything I have ever done or said is as much above the present level of public understanding as the Old Man is above the Waterhead.

We have had the most marvellous weather thus far, and have seen Paris better than ever I've seen it yet,—and to-day at the Louvre we saw the Cassette of St. Louis, the Coffre of Anne of Austria,[4] the porphyry vase, made into an eagle, of an old Abbé Ségur, or some such name. All these you can see also, you know, in those lovely photographs of Miss Rigbye's, if you can only make out in this vile writing of mine what I mean.

But it is so hot. I can scarcely sit up or hold the pen, but

[1] [On the original meaning of the word "boudoir," see Vol. XXVII. p. 570.]
[2] [No. 63 in *Hortus Inclusus.*]
[3] [No. 64 in *Hortus Inclusus.*]
[4] [For another reference to these objects, see Vol. XV. p. 483.]

tumble back into the chair every half minute and unbutton another button of waistcoat, and gasp a little, and nod a little, and wink a little, and sprinkle some Eau de Cologne a little, and try a little to write a little, and forget what I had to say, and where I was, and whether it's Susie or Joan I'm writing to; and then I see some letters I've never opened that came by this morning's post, and think I'd better open them perhaps; and here I find in one of them a delightful account of the quarrel that goes on in this weather between the nicest elephant in the Zoo and his keeper, because he won't come out of his bath. I saw them at it myself, when I was in London, and saw the elephant take up a stone and throw it hard against a door which the keeper was behind,—but my friend writes, "I *must* believe from what I saw that the elephant knew he would injure the man with the stones, for he threw them hard to the *side* of him, and then stood his ground; when, however, he threw water and wetted the man, he plunged into the bath to avoid the whip; not fearing punishment when he merely showed what he could do and did not."

The throwing the stone hard at the door when the keeper was on the other side of it must have been great fun for him!

I am so sorry to have crushed this enclosed scrawl. It has been carried about in my pocket to be finished, and I see there's no room for the least bit of love at the bottom. So here's a leaf full from the Bois de Boulogne, which is very lovely; and we drive about by night or day, as if all the sky were only the roof of a sapphire palace set with warm stars.

To Miss Susan Beever[1]

Hôtel du Grande Monarque, Chartres, *8th September.*

I suppose *I'm* the grand Monarque! I don't know of any other going just now, but I don't feel quite the right thing without a wig. Anyhow, I'm having everything my own way just now,—weather, dinner, news from Joanie and news from Susie, only I don't like her to be so very, very sad, though it *is* nice to be missed so tenderly. But I do hope you will like to think of my getting some joy in old ways again, and once more exploring old streets and finding forgotten churches. The sunshine is life and health to me, and I am gaining knowledge faster than ever I could when I was young.

This is just to say where I am, and that you might know where to write. The cathedral here is the grandest in France, and I stay a week at least.

[1] [No. 65 in *Hortus Inclusus.*]

To Miss SUSAN BEEVER[1]

CHARTRES, 13*th Sept.*, '80.

I must be back in England by the 1st October, and by the 10th shall be myself ready to start for Brantwood, but may perhaps stay, if Joanie is not ready, till she can come too. Anyway, I trust very earnestly to be safe in the shelter of my own woodside by the end of October. I wonder what you will say of my account of the Five lovers of Nature[2] and seclusion in the last *Nineteenth Century?*

I am a little ashamed to find that in spite of my sublimely savage temperament, I take a good deal more pleasure in Paris than of old, and am even going back there on Friday for three more days.

We find the people here very amiable, and the French old character unchanged. The perfect cleanliness and unruffledness of white cap, is always a marvel, and the market groups exquisite, but our enjoyment of the Fair is subdued by pity for a dutiful dog, who turns a large wheel (by walking up it inside) the whole afternoon, producing awful sounds out of a huge grinding organ, of which his wheel and he are the unfortunate instruments. Him we love, his wheel we hate! and in general all French musical instruments. I have become quite sure of one thing on this journey, that the French of to-day have no sense of harmony, but only of more or less lively tune; and even *for* a tune, will be content with any kind of clash or din, produced in time.

The Cathedral service is, however, still impressive.

To Miss SUSAN BEEVER[3]

PARIS, 18*th Sept.*, '80.

What a *very* sad little letter, and how very naughty of my little Susie to be sad because there are still six weeks to the end of October! How thankful should we both be to have six weeks still before us of the blessed bright autumn days, with their quiet mildnesses in the midst of northern winds; and that these six weeks are of the year 1880—instead of '81 or '82—and that we both can read, and think, and see flowers and skies, and be happy in making each other happy. *What* a naughty little Susie, to want to throw any of her six weeks away!

[1] [No. 66 in *Hortus Inclusus* (see below, p. 626).]
[2] [Rousseau, Shelley, Byron, Turner, and Ruskin. See Vol. XXXIV. p. 343.]
[3] [No. 67 in *Hortus Inclusus* (see below, p. 626).]

I've just sealed in its envelope for post the most important *Fors* I have yet written, addressed to the Trades Unions,[1] and their committees are to have as many copies as they like free, for distribution, free (dainty packets of Dynamite). I suspect I shall get into hot water with *some* people for it. Also I've been afraid myself, to set it all down, for once! But down it is, and out it shall come! and there's a nice new bit of article for the *Nineteenth Century*,[2] besides. Anyhow I keep you in reading, Susie—do you know it's a very bad compliment to me that you find time pass so slowly!

I wonder why you gave me that little lecture about being "a city on a hill." I don't want to be anything of the sort, and I'm going to-night to see the *Fille du Tambour-Major* at the Folies Dramatiques.[3]

To Mrs. Arthur Severn

Dieppe, *30th Sept.*, '80.

Of all the beastly, blockheady, loggerheady, doggish, loggish, hoggish-poggish, filthy, fool-begotten, swindler-swallowed abominations of modern existence—the Railways round Dieppe beat the world. I can't possibly get from here to Amiens in less than seven hours!—hopeless to get home. I telegraph to-day—and hope to arrive to-morrow by regular mail train, crossing at midday—and so to be safe and lively for christening. I invented a lovely name for an autumnal baby as I was driving through the woods of the Château d'Arques yesterday—"Chrysanthe"—which, by the way, is in my botany to be the name of the flower. . . .

I should like, however, best of all, the great Homeric "Chryseis."[4] We've all of us also, until now, forgotten "Phœbe," which is very pastoral and Brantwoody.

To Miss Mary Gladstone[5]

Amiens, *23rd October*, 1880.

My very dear M——, I only did not answer your first letter because I did not think it was in woman's nature (being in the noble

[1] [Letter 89 (Vol. XXIX. p. 398).]

[2] [Chapter iv. of *Fiction, Fair and Foul* (*Nineteenth Century*, November 1880): Vol. XXXIV. p. 348.]

[3] [Ruskin noticed the performance in a letter to the *Journal of Dramatic Reform*: see Vol. XXXIV. p. 550.]

[4] [For whom (*Iliad*, i.), see Vol. XXXIII. p. 194, and below, p. 550.]

[5] [*Letters to M. G. and H. G.*, pp. 58-63. (Ruskin, after a short time in England, had returned to France: see Vol. XXXIII. p. xxiv.) The explanations

state of a loving daughter) to read any syllable of answer with patience, when once she knew the letter was mine. I wrote a word or two to F——; and now, if indeed you are dear and patient enough to read, I will tell you why *that* letter was written, and what it means. Of *course* it was not written for publication. *But* it was written under full admission of the probability of being some day compelled to allow its publication; nay, it might be, publish it myself. Do not for an instant admit in your mind the taint of a thought that I would privately write of any man—far less of one whom I honoured and loved—words which I would not let him hear, or see, on due occasion. I love and honour your father; just as I have always told him and you that I did. As a perfectly right-minded private English gentleman; as a man of purest religious temper, and as one tenderly compassionate, and as one earnestly (desiring to be) just.

But in none of these virtues, God be praised, is he alone in England. In none of these lights, does it seem to me, is he to be vociferously or exclusively applauded, without *dis*honour implied to other English gentlemen, and to other English politicians. Now for the other side, my adversary side (that which, surely, I candidly enough always warned you there was in me, though one does not show it, "up the lawn nor by the wood,"[1] at Hawarden). I have always fiercely opposed your Father's politics; I have always Despised (forgive the Gorgonian word) his way of declaring them to the people. I have always despised, also, Lord Beaconsfield's methods of appealing to Parliament, and to the Queen's ambition, just as I do all Liberal—so-called—appeals to the Mob's—not ambition (for Mobs have not sense enough, or knowledge enough, to be ambitious) but—conceit. I could not have explained all this to my Liberal Glaswegian Constituents; I would not, had I been able. They asked me a question they had no business with, and got their answer (written between two coats of colour which I was laying on an oak-leaf, and about which I was, that morning, exceedingly solicitous, and had vowed that no letter should be answered at all)—and in my tired state, "le peintre ne s'amuse (mais point du tout!) à être ambassadeur."[2] The answer, nevertheless, was perfectly deliberate, and meant, *once for all*, to say on the matter the gist of all I had to say.

After the election is over—and however it goes—all this will be

in this letter refer to Ruskin's letter, written during the election for the Lord Rectorship of Glasgow University, in which he had said that he "cared no more either for Mr. D'Israeli or Mr. Gladstone than for two old bagpipes": see Vol. XXXIV. p. 549.]

[1] [Gray's *Elegy*, 28: quoted also in Vol. XXII. p. 393.]

[2] [An adaptation of Rubens's saying: see Vol. IV. p. 26.]

explained in another way; and you shall see every word before I print it, though there will, and must, be much that will pain you. But there will be nothing that is even apparently discourteous; and, in the meantime, remember, that if your Father said publicly of me that he cared no more for *me* (meaning Political and Economical me)—than for a broken bottle stuck on the top of a wall—I should say —only— Well, I knew that before, but the rest of me he loves, for all that.

I meant this letter to be so legible, and so clear and quiet—and here it is, all in a mess, as usual. . . . Perhaps you'll like it better so; but mind, I've written it straight away the moment I opened a line from my niece[1] saying she had seen Mr. Burne-Jones, and that you *might* be written to! And, my dear, believe this, *please*—if you care to believe it—that I never in my life was in such peril of losing my "political independence" as under my little Madonna's power at Hawarden.—And I am, and shall be ever, her loving servant,

JOHN RUSKIN.

To Miss MARY GLADSTONE[2]

AMIENS, 28*th October*, 1880.

MY DARLING LITTLE MADONNA,—You are really *gratia plena* (don't be shocked, I'm writing about the Saints all day, just now, and don't know when I'm talking quite properly to my pets), but it is unspeakably sweet of your Father and you to forgive me so soon, and I'm inclined to believe anything you'll tell me of him, after that; only, you know, I'm a great believer in goodness, and fancy there are many people who ought to be canonised who never are; so that—be a man ever so good—I'm not idolatrous of him. (If it's a—Madonna, it's another thing, you know), but I never for an instant meant any comparison or likeness between Disraeli and your Father—they merely had to be named as they were questioned of. On the other hand, I know nothing about D. whatsoever, but have a lurking tenderness about him because my own father had a liking for him, and was in great grief about my first political letter—twenty (or thirty?) years ago[3]—which was a fierce attack upon him.

I do trust nothing more will ever cause you to have doubt or pain.

[1] [So he here calls his cousin, Mrs. Severn.]

[2] [*Letters to M. G. and H. G.*, pp. 63–65.]

[3] [Thirty. The letter of 1851, now first printed in this edition, Vol. XII. p. 593. It was suppressed at the time, owing to the objections of Ruskin's father: *ibid.*, pp. lxxviii.–lxxxv.]

I can't get what I have to say said; I'm tired to-day,—have found out things very wonderful, and had—with your letter at last—more pleasure than I can bear without breaking down.

Dear love to your Father.—Ever your grateful ST. C.

To Mrs. W. W. Fenn[1]

HERNE HILL, *25th Nov.*, 1880.

DEAR MRS. FENN,—Will you please say for me to Mr. Fenn (I wanted to call, or should have written before) how *very* much I enjoy his new book? I do like a little ghostification, without any undertaker's business, and all your husband's ghosts have such nice silk cloaks and pretty invisibility of faces, and way of dropping pretty things about, that they are delicious. I think Mr. Fenn drops his people a little too much about, over cliffs and into unfathomable rivers, and so on; and in the last book the architect and his trap-door are a little too—what Joan calls "tebby"—but in this book all the stories are nice, and they are an eminent refreshment to me when longer novels would tire me. Only, it is very tantalising that all Mr. Fenn's bachelor friends always get married—except me! Can't he find a ghost in a green silk gown for *me!*—Ever most truly and gratefully his and yours, JOHN RUSKIN.

To Miss Susan Beever[2]

HERNE HILL [*26th November*, 1880].

And to-morrow I'm not to be there; and I've no present for you, and I am so sorry for both of us; but oh, my dear little Susie, the good people all say this wretched makeshift of a world is coming to an end next year, and you and I and everybody who likes birds and roses are to have new birthdays and presents of such sugar plums;—crystals of candied cloud and manna in sticks with no ends, all the way

[1] [From "Ruskin and Millais in Scotland: a Memory of Ruskin," by W. W. Fenn, in *Chambers's Journal*, October 2, 1905, p. 647. William Withieu Fenn (1827–1906), artist and man of letters, had been with Millais in Ruskin's company in Scotland in 1853, and the acquaintance was maintained. He was stricken with incurable blindness just as he had established his reputation as a painter, and took to *belles lettres*. "For forty years he bore his burden with beautiful resignation and the most cheerful buoyancy of spirit. It was his good fortune to meet the most devoted helpmate, whose unremitting attentions and tireless assistance as amanuensis did much to lessen his lifelong trial" (Obituary notice in the *Times*, December 22, 1906). He published in 1878 *Half-Hours of Blind Man's Holiday*, and in 1880 *After Sundown; or the Palette and the Pen*, 2 vols.]

[2] [No. 155 in *Hortus Inclusus* (see below, p. 632).]

to the sun; and white stones and new names in them;[1] and heaven knows what besides. It sounds all too good to be true; but the good people are positive of it, and so's the great Pyramid, and the Book of Daniel,—and the Bible of Amiens!

You can't possibly believe in any more promises of mine, I know, but if I *do* come to see you this day week, don't think it's a ghost; and believe at least that we all love you and rejoice in your birthday wherever we are.

To Miss Susan Beever[2]

Brantwood.

And I'll come to be cheered and scolded myself the moment I've got things a little to rights here. I think imps get into the shelves and drawers, if they're kept long locked, and must be caught like mice. The boys have been very good, and left everything untouched; but the imps! and to hear people say there aren't any! How happy you and I should always be, if it weren't for them.

To Miss Kate Greenaway[3]

Brantwood, *7th Dec.*, '80.

Dear Miss Greenaway,—I have just got home, and find the lovely little book and the drawing! I had carried your letter in the safest recess of my desk through all the cathedral towns in Picardy,—thinking every day to get away for home—(Now is there any little misery of life worse than a hair in one's best pen?), and to see my treasure, and I never *got* away! and now what an ungrateful wretch you must think me!

But—alas—do you know you have done me more grief than good for the moment? The drawing is so boundlessly more beautiful than the woodcut, that I shall have no peace of mind till I've come to see you and seen some more drawings, and told you—face to face—what a great and blessed gift you have—too great, in the ease of it, for you to feel yourself.

These books are lovely things, but, as far as I can guess, from looking at this drawing, your proper work would be in glass painting —where your own touch, your own colour, would be safe for ever,—seen, in sacred places, by multitudes—copied, by others, for story

[1] [Revelation ii. 17: see Vol. XXIX. p. 302 *n.*]
[2] [No. 56 in *Hortus Inclusus* (see below, p. 626).]
[3] [No. 3 in *Kate Greenaway*, p. 83.]

books—but *your* whole strength put in pure first perfectness on the enduring material.

Have you ever thought of this?

Please tell me if you get this note. I am so ashamed of not writing before.—Ever your grateful and devoted J. RUSKIN.

To PIETRO MAZZINI[1]

BRANTWOOD, *December* 22, 1880.

CARO PIETRO,—Mi dolgo e mi vergogno della mia crudeltà non avendoti più scritto e non avendoti più mandato alcun ajuto. Non trovo una scusa; eppure, credimi, ciò non vuol dire che io ti dimentichi. Pardonami, in cortesia; e se ci si insegna che a Natale dobbiamo perdonare i nostri nemici, tu almeno perdona un amico crudele. Ti mando qualche soldo perchè a Natale non bisogna soffrire il bisogno, e spero veramente di non trascurarti mai più per tanto tempo.—Sempre affettuosamente tuo, JOHN RUSKIN.

To Miss KATE GREENAWAY[2]

BRANTWOOD, *Day after Xmas*, 1880.

DEAR MISS GREENAWAY,—I have not been able to write because I want to write so much—both of thanks and petition, since your last letter. Petition—not about the promised drawing: though it will be beyond telling precious to me; I don't want you to work, even for a moment, for *me*—but I do want you never to work a moment but in permanent material and for—"all people, who on earth do dwell."

I have lying on the table as I write, your little Christmas card, "Luck go with you, pretty lass." To my mind it is a greater thing than Raphael's St. Cecilia.

But you must paint it—paint all things—well, and for ever.

Holbein left his bitter legacy to the Eternities—The Dance of Death.

Leave you yours—The Dance of Life.—Ever your grateful and glad JOHN RUSKIN.

[1] [Ruskin's gondolier at Venice. The letter, written by Ruskin in English, was translated and published by Signor Ugo Ojetti in an article (dated 27th November 1903) in an Italian illustrated paper. For another such letter, see below, p. 581.]

[2] [No. 4 in *Kate Greenaway*, p. 84. At p. 5 the authors of the biography had quoted Ruskin as writing, "Holbein lives for all time with his grim and ugly 'Dance of Death'; a not dissimilar and more beautiful immortality may be in store for you if you worthily apply yourself to produce a 'Dance of Life'"—apparently an expansion, by way of paraphrase, of the last words of the present letter.]

To Lady Mount-Temple [1]

Brantwood, 28*th Dec.*, '80.

Darling φίλη,—Your lovely letter has come, as often in old days, just when I most needed it, having got myself lost in a wilderness of thoughts again, in the further course of the book [2] of which the first number should reach you with this, and the wilderness is not even as good as Nebuchadnezzar's. I find no grass in it, nor sound of rain, and as many demons as ever St. Anthony—with no such power of defying them. It is a piece of blue sky, at least, to find that you still care so much for me as [to] tell me all this about William and you.

And Joan is *so* grateful also, and so happy in your rest, as in her own, for her little Lily is now thought entirely out of danger, and has been so good that we are all grateful for the illness, that has showed us what the child was. I am not well, myself, however, these last ten days, and begin to wonder if the number of plans I have been forming are an omen that I shall finish none. I wonder, if I have to leave all behind, how much you will believe *then* of what I have been trying to tell so long. This Irish Vial is the beginning of troubles only.[3] I am too tired to send more than dear love to you both.—Ever your devoted J. Ruskin.

1881

[At the end of February 1881, Ruskin was for a second time laid prostrate by an attack of brain-fever: see Vol. XXXIII. p. xxviii. He remained at Brantwood throughout the year, except for a short visit to the sea at Seascale.]

To the Rev. J. P. Faunthorpe [4]

Brantwood [*January 5th*, 1881].

My dear Faunthorpe,—It may be very likely that under present conditions you cannot "utilise" at Whitelands one of the most glorious books ever written by any nation in any language.[5] But I hope I may some day convince you that you cannot utilise Shakespeare by letting

[1] [The Rt. Hon. W. Cowper-Temple had in 1880 been raised to the peerage as Lord Mount-Temple.]

[2] [The first Part of *The Bible of Amiens*, published on December 21, 1880.]

[3] [Compare Vol. XXXIV. pp. 544, 581–2; and see Revelation xvi.]

[4] [No. 8 in *Faunthorpe;* vol. i. pp. 15–17 (see below, p. 642).]

[5] [Bishop Gawin Douglas's version of the *Æneid:* for Ruskin's presentation of it to Whitelands College, see Vol. XXX. p. 339.]

your young women print articles on the character of Ophelia, nor utilise anything for them while they think themselves able to write lives of Dryden,[1] or called upon to do so. Nor is there the smallest reason in your giving them my final definition of money,[2] any more than in your insisting on the mathematical definition of a line. But you can perfectly well make them understand that two right lines cannot enclose a space, and that three can; and that persons who have money in quantities can order labour in quantities, can employ armies in assassination, fools in machine making, whoremongers in painting lewd pictures, and horse-breeders in destroying the morals of every boy in England. And that all these powers of Money have nothing to do with any matters of Exchange.

And these things you have the power and intellect to ascertain, *if you will.* You entirely waste your time in reading my "Lamp of Truth";[3] you know all that is in *that* beforehand, and it comes to nothing in the end. Master my *Munera Pulveris*, and you will be master of many things beside that.—Ever affectionately yours, J. R.

To George Richmond, R.A.[4]

Brantwood, 11*th Jan.*, 1881.

My dear Friend,—I would fain have written before now—but had no words in my tongue, no strength in my heart. I have not myself since my mother's death (except one which was rather death to myself than to another) sustained so intimate and irreparable—may I say to *me*, also, domestic loss?—and my personal sorrow is haggard with terror for the future to you, and a cruel sense of the departure of all things that you loved in this the Head of them—and I do not know how far you will be able, in the knowledge of your own dearness to your children and your friends, to take from them what they may yet be able to give you of twilight gladness, and peace in waiting for the day of Restoration—of all things—and of her.

Men say the time is near—a day is near, at least, of such trial of the spirits of all flesh as may well be called one of Judgment. I thank God that I am able still—with you—to be among those that

[1] [The reference is to Papers in the *Whitelands Annual.*]

[2] [*Munera Pulveris*, § 21 (Vol. XVII. p. 157). See Vol. XXIX. p. 557 for previous correspondence on the subject.]

[3] [*The Seven Lamps of Architecture*, ch. ii. (Vol. VIII.).]

[4] [Written on the death of his wife. For the Bible references, see Acts iii. 21, Numbers xvi. 22, and Song of Solomon ii. 10.]

Watch for the Morning—and still able to be thankful beside the places of rest of those whom I have loved, to whom Christ has said, "Arise, thou, my fair one—and come away."—Ever your loving

JOHN RUSKIN.

To WILLIAM WALKER[1]

BRANTWOOD, *January 13th*, 1881.

MY DEAR WALKER,—I have looked carefully at Mr. Limner's work, but fear you will get little thanks from him for my opinion of it. He has what his brother rightly calls "enjoyment" of Turner's superficial qualities, but I never saw drawings showing more utter unconsciousness of the essential ones. Mr. Limner thinks that with painless ease *he* can do what it cost Turner forty years of mill-horse toil to get the power of doing! I should have to put Mr. Limner through at least three years' training with the pencil-point before he would even *see*, far less copy, one of *The Rivers of France* series.

I have been myself now for forty years, vainly, and always louder and louder, growling and thundering into the deaf ears of the artists who fancied they admired Turner—*Lead pencil-point—Pencil, Sir! Pencil—Pencil*[2]—till you can manage your black lead—*then* colour if you will.

They never attend to one word that I say, but go on daub—daub—daub to their deaths—and do nothing or worse.

I don't get mellower-tempered as I get old, and you must extract or melt down what you can for communication to your friend, of this—not kind, but too sadly true—statement of the facts.—But I am, not less, ever most truly yours, and gratefully, J. RUSKIN.

To CHARLES ELIOT NORTON[3]

BRANTWOOD, *20th January*, '81.

DEAREST CHARLES,—Very thankful I was for your letter of New Year, received this morning. Many a thought I've had of you, but at Christmas time I was not myself—the over-excitement of an autumn

[1] [No. 25 in *Art and Literature*, pp. 65–66. The letter was written in response to a solicited opinion on some water-colour drawings after the manner of Turner.]

[2] [See, for instance, Vol. XXXIII. p. 532.]

[3] [No. 187 in *Norton*; vol. ii. pp. 162–164. Part of the letter (from the beginning down to "undertaken," "I have still . . . Gothic was," together with the last paragraph) previously appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly*, September 1904, vol. 94, p. 383.]

spent in France leaving me much pulled down. I am better now (though my hand shakes with cold to-day), and can report fairly of what is done and doing.

I found Chartres, both castle and town, far more spared than I had thought possible, and more of historical interest than I had ever dreamed in Amiens; and the book[1] sent with this is the first of what I believe will bring out more of the at present useless feelings in me than any work lately undertaken.

When I first looked at your book[2] I felt a chill from the tone of it (in the points you know of) far more than I ever feel, or could feel, in talking with you; but it will furnish me with just what I want of the most definite and trustworthy facts—and these curried with a little spice of old Jerome and Knox—as you know they are mixed in me—will give, I believe, more of the zest of that old life than has yet been got in history.

I have still eye and hand enough to draw, or even etch what I want, if I can only get time; and I have just laid my hand on a young assistant who can get more of this spirit of sculpture than I can myself.[3] The people over there get interested themselves when I stay a while with them, and I hope to be allowed to cast things for the Sheffield Museum and leave, if I live yet a few years more, more than enough to show what Gothic was. . . .

The Venetian head you gave me is in my new dining-room here, and you should see the view through the window beside it, not to speak of much else which I can't picture to you, of moorland and wood, which you would like to walk in, as we used to do at the Giessbach.

This dull letter will, I hope, bring a brighter one after it, but I answer by return of post, though to-day with cold wits—not heart.—Ever your loving J. RUSKIN.

To Miss LEETE[4]

BRANTWOOD, *23rd Jan.* [1881].

MY DEAR JESSIE,—The cold is quite well: but I'm generally feeble and stupid, this winter.

The Francia is a lovely picture,[5] but moves you more from its

[1] [The first Part of *The Bible of Amiens.*]
[2] [*Church-Building in the Middle Ages.*]
[3] [Mr. Frank Randal: see Vol. XXX. pp. lxv. *seq.*]
[4] [For whom, see Vol. XXXIII. p. 21.]
[5] [The altar-piece, Nos. 179 and 180 in the National Gallery: compare Vol. IV. p. 331.]

pathetic subject and quiet grace than from any very high quality. I'm too stupid to tell you more about it just now.

Lord Kinnaird is entirely right.[1] The loggerhead public can't—or, more *truly*, won't—understand that by doing the dirty work himself, he saves the price of it to enable somebody else to *rest*, and be for the time as happy as a lord! They think, the poor wretches, that it's impossible to give money to buy rest with, or to do cleaner work for. The Universal law for all noble people is, Work *yourself*—that others may *rest* who need it.

All the Tyranny of the Earth may indeed be summed in this one popular order, Black my shoes—that *I* may dance in them and do nothing.—Ever your affectionate J. R.

To the Rev. J. P. Faunthorpe[2]

Brantwood, *25th January*, 1881.

My dear Friend,—*The Queen of Air* shall be sent by to-morrow's post, and thank you for reminding me, and for all your letter.

Very thankfully I will give the annual *Proserpina*, but not as a prize. I have deep and increasing sense of the wrong of all prizes, and of every stimulus of a competitive kind. There should be a strict and high pass-standard in all skills and knowledge required, but one which it should be dishonourable to fall short of, not a matter of exultation or ground of praise to reach. In all competitions, success is more or less unjust. The best marker, for instance, means, first, the best eyes. Why should a poor ill-sighted girl strain herself against a hawk? Let all who have fair sight learn to mark neatly; those who have pride in doing supremely well have enough reward in doing so. And, again, it would not in the least follow that the best marker was the girl who would best enjoy, or use, *Proserpina*. Do you recollect the pretty story of "The Bracelet" in *Parent's Assistant?*[3] While I intensely dislike all forms of competition, I believe the recognition of uncontending and natural *worth* to be one of the most solemn duties alike of young and old. Suppose you made it a custom that the scholars should annually choose, by ballot, with vowed secrecy, their

[1] [Lord Kinnaird was reported to have helped his servants to black the boots, on which some one said he was wrong to take the bread out of a servant's mouth, and that he ought to keep an extra servant.]

[2] [No. 17 in *Faunthorpe;* vol. i. pp. 42–44 (see below, p. 642).]

[3] [For other references to Miss Edgeworth's *Parent's Assistant*, see Vol. XXXIV. p. 619, and General Index.]

Queen of May? and that the elected Queen had, with other more important rights, that of giving the *Proserpina* to the girl she thought likeliest to use it with advantage?[1] It would be a stimulus to me to get out another volume quickly!

I forget what my letter of *December* 24th was.[2] Perhaps I could mend it if you wish really to use it. I have written nothing lately but half-well.—Ever affectionately yours, J. RUSKIN.

To the Rev. J. P. FAUNTHORPE[3]

BRANTWOOD, 28*th January*, 1881.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—I am mightily delighted by your concession to my romantic fancies, and greatly interested to know how the thing will work! Your idea of intrusting the Queen with some Queenly duties of helping others is very delightful also. In my first endeavour to get this notion realised, it was to be in a country town,[4] all the school girls over seventeen and under twenty-one being eligible, and the electors to be all between ten and seventeen, and the Queen was to choose two maiden colleagues, whom she would—or "ministers" rather —and, with their advice and personal aid, was to administer a certain sum annually to the poor of the town, for their better comfort and pleasure: not parish relief, nor physic, nor coals and blankets, but nice things, and unheard of and unthought of except by the May Queen. I had nearly got this done by a girl who was at one time a very steady disciple of mine, and Rich! Her relations moved Heaven and Earth to stop it (moved the other place and Earth, I mean), and got it stopped, until the girl fell in love with somebody, who, I suppose, taught her to make a better use of her money, for I have never heard of her since!

But I think in the quieter and yet more dignified conditions under which this experiment will be tried at Whitelands, it has better chance of success. And for my own part of the business, I will give you the entire series of my *constant* publications, every year, from the first to the last. This does not include the *Seven Lamps*, of which the supply

[1] [This was the first suggestion of the "May Queen" Festival at Whitelands College, described in Vol. XXX. pp. 336 *seq.*]

[2] [No. 14 in *Faunthorpe;* vol. i. p. 32. Now printed (with other letters referring to the definition of Money) in Appendix ii. to *Fors Clavigera* (Vol. XXIX. p. 556).]

[3] [No. 18 in *Faunthorpe;* vol. i. pp. 45-48 (see below, p. 642).]

[4] [This was at a girls' school, Winnington Hall, Northwich, Cheshire—the scene of *The Ethics of the Dust:* see Vol. XVIII. p. lxiii. *seq.*]

is limited, nor *Fors*,[1] which is not meant for girls—but all the blue-backed ones, with *Frondes*, the new *Stones of Venice*, the *Bible of Amiens*, etc.; and the Queen shall, by necessary rule, keep for herself either *Sesame* or the *Queen of the Air*, whichever she likes best; and the rest she shall give, one book to each of the girls whom she shall choose for it. And I return bit of letter, which is really very nice, and I can't much mend it—and I want to know if you've room for some more pictures and things, and if any of the girls can draw pretty well in my sort of way—leaves and so on?—Ever affectionately yours,

J. Ruskin.

To T. C. Horsfall[2]

Brantwood, *2nd February*, 1881.

My dear Horsfall,—I never read any piece of political or religious teaching and counsel with pleasure and concurrence * so unqualified as the 5th letter of the Symposium which I have read (had read to me, not missing a word) this morning. It gives me more hope than I've felt for thirty years.—Ever affectionately yours, J. Ruskin.

* "*And admiration,*" I meant to write, but thought you would like "concurrence" best. But the whole is as beautifully (in its mild clearness) said, as wisely.

To Dr. John Brown[3]

Brantwood, *3rd Feby.*, '81.

Your goodness in writing to Susie has given more pleasure and done more good, both to her and me, than even *you* have often in your long and benevolent life been able to give—of your gift of healing. Susie has the blessed reverence which enables her to be proud in her pleasures, and that *you* should write to her, and *I* (for it must

[1] ["Although Ruskin here excluded *The Seven Lamps of Architecture* and *Fors Clavigera* from the series of books promised, *both* works have *always* been given."—J. P. F.]

[2] [Written after receiving a copy of the *Manchester City News*, December 4, 1880, containing a letter by Mr. Horsfall (the 5th in a "Symposium") on "Religion and Practical Work." Mr. Horsfall's general thesis was that "the true bond of union between Christians is willingness to do the Will of God, not acceptance of the same set of dogmas." His letter, and Ruskin's (*minus* the *P.S.* *), are printed in a pamphlet, *Ruskin on Religion and Life, a Paper read to the Manchester Ruskin Society, by T. C. Horsfall* (J. E. Cornish, Manchester, 1902): see below, p. 666.]

[3] [No. 30 of "Letters from Ruskin" in *Letters of Dr. John Brown*, 1907, pp. 309–310.]

out) go to tea to hear the letter, literally "sets her up" in the most innocent, practical, and medicinal significance of the Scottish phrase.

Also the treatment you prescribed has done her real and quite apparent good, and the parts about me and my books please her as if she were my nurse.

They please *me* in many and far-going ways. I had not sent you any of them, fearing that however yet you might sympathise with me in all I am trying to get said, much of it is now repetition, and much more done imperfectly in the perpetual ebb of years, and that sometimes you might not be inclined to read anything. But on the whole, I have thought it best to tell Allen to send you everything from me as soon as I get it out. . . .

I'm getting prosy, and here's the maid for the post. All love and light and life be to you,—and—all whom you love—*me*, please, mayn't I say too?—Ever your grateful and loving J. R.

To Dr. JOHN BROWN[1]

BRANTWOOD [*February* 6, 1881].

Your letter is a delight to me even though with it comes the message of Carlyle gone. In this bright day I trust he sees still clearer light at last.

What you say of Turner is such a joy to me, but how did you get to understand Beethoven? He always sounds to me like the upsetting of bags of nails, with here and there an also dropped hammer.

The account of Ada Dundas[2] is very delicious too. She has been the *wisest* of all my young and stranger correspondents (in my two senses of wisdom,—caring much and troubling little), and I count her among my jewel friends. You're among my more precious frankincense friends. Two or three true ones I have, good in the myrrh manner also, but I don't quite like them so well.

I've just been writing a word or two to a Scotch country clergyman at Abernethy which I hope will get to your eyes somehow.[3] They're about the *Monastery* and *Abbot*. How few Scottish youths understand that story, or consider whether Halbert going into the Army and Edward into the Church were more honourable, dutiful to their widowed

[1] [No. 31 of "Letters from Ruskin" in *Letters of Dr. John Brown*, 1907, p. 310. Carlyle died on February 5.]

[2] [See Vol. XXXVI. p. 343.]

[3] [The letter is printed in Vol. XXXIV. p. 553.]

mother, or serviceable to themselves, and Halbert happier with Mary than Dandie Dinmont with Ailie or Cuddie Hedrigg with Jenny.—Eve your lovingest J. R.

To George Richmond, R.A.

Brantwood [*February*, 1881].

Dear Richmond,—Please believe in my constant love for you—and sorrow, just now, not for Carlyle, but for *you* who live, not him who is dead—(and behold they are alive for evermore—Amen[1])—but, do you know you were the first person who ever put a book of Carlyle's into my hand?—Ever your lovingest John Ruskin.

To Miss Mary Gladstone[2]

Brantwood, 15*th February*, 1881.

My dear M——, I am more than glad to have your letter to-day, for I have been thinking of you quite as often as you of me—to say the least—and wishing, you don't know how much, to see you.

The death of Carlyle is no sorrow to me. It is, I believe, not an end—but a beginning of his real life. Nay, perhaps also of mine. My remorse, every day he lived, for having not enough loved him in the days gone by, is not greater now, but less, in the hope that he knows what I am feeling about him at this—and all other—moments.

I want woefully to see Alfred[3] also. Can neither of you come here? I want *you* to play to me, and spiritualize me; him to play with me and if *he* thinks it so! materialize me.

Please give my love to F——. I have been thinking of her too. I owe her two pounds, and shall try to send her *pious* usury. They have been too long in my napkin.

Don't let her do too much—(nor too little), and I want to see how she looks with more colour—beauty truly blent, etc.[4]

Dear love to your father; but tell him he hasn't scattered the Angelic Land-League,—and that that *Punch* is not a representation of its stick—or shillelagh—power.[5]—Ever your loving John Ruskin.

[1] [Revelation i. 18.]

[2] [*Letters to M. G. and H. G.*, pp. 65–67, where in the quotation from Shakespeare "blent" was misprinted "blest."]

[3] [Mr. Alfred Lyttelton: see above, p. 237]

[4] ["'Tis beauty truly blent, whose red and white
Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on."
—*Twelfth Night*, Act i. sc. 3.]

[5] [The reference is to the cartoon on February 5, representing "Mr. Gladstone Strangling the Monster."]

To F. S. ELLIS[1]

BRANTWOOD, *February*, 1881.

MY DEAR ELLIS,—I've been speechless with indignation since you let go that *Guy Mannering* MS.,[2] but suppose I must forgive *papa* Ellis,—especially since I want something of him!

Please, will you get me a good edition of *Julian the Apostate?* I find I've got to read him—at least a good lot of him—very carefully, before I can do a sentence more of *The Bible of Amiens.*[3]

Gibbon quotes the Leipsic edition at the beginning of the 24th chapter (vol. iv. of my Gibbon). But *any* big print will do; and don't be long, for I'm dying to be at him.—Ever your much injured, but dutiful, J. R.

To F. S. ELLIS[4]

BRANTWOOD, *February 16th*, 1881.

DEAR "PAPA" ELLIS,—I've a particular reason for writing to you to-day—especially because I am *really* angry with you for being so much of a Papa; and I have seen that you were quite right, and I'm entirely and deeply grateful to you. And yet I'm going to be as extravagant as ever at heart, but can't tell you now.—Ever your affectionate JOHN RUSKIN.

To F. S. ELLIS[5]

BRANTWOOD, *February* [1881].

DEAR PAPA ELLIS,—Why, am not I a "boy"?—and shouldn't I like to be more of one than I am! And I wish your old head was on my young shoulders.

What on Earth do you go missing chance after chance like that for! I'd rather have lost a catch at cricket than that *St. Ronan's.* Do *please* get it anyhow for me this once. I can't telegraph—the

[1] [No. 27 in *Ellis*, pp. 46–47.]
[2] [This had just been sold by auction, but as it went for more than Mr. Ellis considered it worth, he did not buy it for Ruskin.]
[3] [For references to Julian in that book, see Vol. XXXIII. pp. 42, 67, 71, 74, 102, 106, 107.]
[4] [No. 28 in *Ellis*, p. 48.]
[5] [No. 29 in *Ellis*, pp. 49–50.]

nasty people won't let me send a man—and—there's the bell ringing for dinner!

Seriously, my dear Ellis, I do want you to secure every Scott manuscript that comes into the market. *Carte-blanche* as to price—*I* can trust *your* honour; and you may trust, believe me, *my* solvency. But I am deeply grateful for the more than kind feeling which checks you in your bids. Go calmly, but unflinchingly, in next time, and never fear, for—ever your loving SON GEORGE.

To Miss SUSAN BEEVER[1]

BRANTWOOD, 16*th Feb.*, '81.

I've much to tell you "to-day"[2] of answer to those prayers you prayed for me. But you must be told it by our good angels, for your eyes must not be worn. God willing, you shall see men as trees walking in the garden of God, on this pretty Coniston earth of ours. Don't be afraid, and please be happy, for I can't be if you are not. Love to Mary, to Miss Rigbye, and my own St. Ursula, and mind you give the messages *to all three, heartily.*

To F. S. ELLIS[3]

BRANTWOOD, *Tuesday, March* 22*nd*, 1881.

MY DEAR PAPA ELLIS,—I have just found yours of date *Feb.* 17*th*—which I suppose I must have packed away in a confused parcel of other things, just before a nasty attack of that overwork illness I had three years ago came on again.

I'm well through it, I hope; but the *St. Ronan's Well* MS. will be a wonderful balsam to my wounded soul, and more or less broken head. Send it on instantly, if you've got it. Of course I can trust my good old Papa Ellis about price, etc.

Answer this, or please let Mr. White answer, to *me*, at once.—Ever your grateful and affectionate JOHN RUSKIN.

Hand shaky a little *just yet*,—nothing wrong really with head or heart, thank God!

[1] [No. 68 in *Hortus Inclusus*. For the Bible references in this letter, see Mark viii. 24 and Isaiah li. 3.]

[2] [The motto on Ruskin's seal.]

[3] [No. 30 in *Ellis*, pp. 51–52. For Mr. White, see above, p. 227.]

To ANGELO ALESSANDRI [1]

BRANTWOOD, *Tuesday, 22nd March* [1881].

DEAR ANGELO,—I have to-day received your delightful, though too short, letter of the 18th. I cannot tell you how happy it makes me to hear you are at work on the Moses, and the glorious Perugino ceiling, and that you have my lectures on the lower series of Sandro and Perugino, etc. I've had a touch of bad illness again from overwork and sad thoughts, but am myself again, thank God, only can't write much to-day. Write the moment you get this to tell me more. Take care of your health and eyes. Never expose yourself to *chill*, and don't go maundering about by moonlight like the mob.—Ever your much delighted Master, JOHN RUSKIN.

Don't overwork. Never mind the statuary — but *look* well at Raphael's "Parnassus" and the "Disputa."

To Miss SUSAN BEEVER [2]

BRANTWOOD [1881?].

I'm getting steadily better, and breathing the sunshine a little again in soul and lips. But I always feel so naughty after having had morning prayers, and that the whole house is a sort of Little Bethel that I've no business in.

I'm reading history of early saints too, for my Amiens book, and feel that I ought to be scratched, or starved, or boiled, or something unpleasantest, and I don't know if I'm a saint or a sinner in the least, in mediæval language. How *did* Saints feel themselves, I wonder, about their saintship?

To Miss SUSAN BEEVER [3]

BRANTWOOD.

Yes, of course keep that book, any time you like; but I think you'll find *most* of it unreadable. If you *do* get through it, you'll have to tell me all about it, you know, for *I've* never read a word of it except just the plums here and there.

[1] [At Rome, where he was copying the fresco (now commonly ascribed to Pinturicchio) of the "Angel stopping Moses" in the Sistine Chapel: his study is reproduced as Plate X. in Vol. XXX. (p. 194). The "lectures on the lower series" are *Ariadne Florentina* (see Vol. XXII. p. 442). A few words of this letter have been printed in Vol. XXX. p. lxi.]

[2] [No. 113 in *Hortus Inclusus* (see below, p. 629).]

[3] [No. 147 in *Hortus Inclusus*.]

Publishers *are* brutes, and always spoil one's books, and then say it's *our* fault if they don't sell!

Yes, that is a lovely description of a picture. All the same, I believe the picture itself was merely modern sensationalism.

They can't do without death nowadays, not because they want to know how to die, but because they're too stupid to live.

To Miss Susan Beever[1]

I'm so thankful you're better. Reading my old diary, I came on a sentence of yours last year about the clouds being all "trimmed with swansdown," *so* pretty. (I copied it out of a letter.) The thoughts of you always trim *me* with swansdown.

To Charles Eliot Norton[2]

Brantwood, *24th March*, 1881.

My dearest Charles,—I've just read your dear letter to me on my birthday, after having another bite or two of Nebuchadnezzar's bitter grass.[3] I went wild again for three weeks or so, and have only just come to myself—if this be myself, and not the one that lives in dream.

The two fits of whatever you like to call them are both part of the same course of trial and teaching, and I've been more gently whipped this time and have learned more; but I must be very cautious in using my brains yet awhile.

I can't make out why you like that *Bible of Amiens*. I thought you had given up all that sort of thing.

I shall have some strange passages of dream to tell you of as soon as I am strong again. The result of them, however, is mainly my throwing myself now into the mere fulfilment of Carlyle's work.

Say words of him—say you. Are not his own words written in white-hot fire on every city-wall of Europe?

Read *Past and Present* again, *now*.

This was the main part of the cause of my dream. The other was what I talked of once to you at Prato (beside Filippo Lippi).

I'll write soon again—God willing.—Ever your lovingest

J. Ruskin.

[1] [No. 155 in *Hortus Inclusus* (see p. 632).]

[2] [*Atlantic Monthly*, September 1904, vol. 94, pp. 383–384. No. 188 in *Norton*; vol. ii. pp. 167–168.]

[3] [Compare above, p. 333; and see Daniel iv. 33, v. 21.]

To F. S. Ellis[1]

Brantwood, *Thursday, March 24th,* 1881.

Dear Papa Ellis,—Your telegram last night gave me pleasant sleep; and your letter this morning, eager anticipation of the parcel by this afternoon's rail. There will be no question about my keeping the MS.,—but my reason for especially wishing to possess this one is widely other than you suppose.

I cannot but confess myself much mortified that (whether as my papa, or my—may I say?—admirer in literary effort) Papa Ellis should never have read my classification of Scott's novels in my essays on *Fiction* in the *Nineteenth Century!*

You will there[2] see that *St. Ronan's Well* is marked as pre-eminently characteristic of the condition of clouded and perverted intellect under which Scott suffered, at intervals, ever since his first attack of gout in the stomach. These two attacks of *mine* have been wholly on the brain—and, I believe, conditions merely of passing inflammation. But the phenomena of the two forms of disease are intensely important to me, in relation to my future treatment of myself.

I am buying Scott's and other manuscripts, observe now, for my future Museum; and shall without hesitation add to the Scott series when any addition is possible.—Ever gratefully and affectionately yours,

J. Ruskin.

To F. S. Ellis[3]

Brantwood, *March 25th,* 1881.

My dear Ellis,—There is no doubt of my keeping the MS.,[4] unless I get sold up, books and all. It is more amazing to me than I can tell you to find it as steady as the others in the hand—even the part he had to re-write to please his accursed printer. I hope your box and *key* will come safe back to you.

[1] [No. 31 in *Ellis*, pp. 53–54.]

[2] [Vol. XXXIV. p. 292. A visitor to Brantwood in 1893 says that Ruskin "caused some of his treasured autograph Waverley Novels to be brought down, pointing out the beauty of the clear manuscript, without erasures or corrections. Of *St. Ronan's Well* he said, as we turned the leaves, 'An unfortunate attempt'" (*Athenæum*, October 17, 1908, p. 467).]

[3] [No. 32 in *Ellis*, pp. 55–56.]

[4] [The autograph MS. of one of Sir Walter Scott's novels. Mr. Ellis in his note to the letter added "probably *Woodstock*"; but it was *St. Ronan's Well*, which Scott altered to please "the delicate printer": see Lockhart, vol. vii. pp. 208–9 (ed. 1869).]

Did you get a letter from me a month back, asking you to look out for a dainty old *Iliad*, of some good large type, for me?

Please, also, I want to know the best large-type edition now extant of Carlyle's earlier books,—chiefly the *Past and Present*. Also of Richardson's *Clarissa;* and of Miss Edgeworth's *Ormond* (or *Harrington* and *Ormond*), and *Helen*.—Ever your grateful "scapegrace,"

J. R.

To F. S. Ellis[1]

Brantwood, *March 27th*, 1881.

My dear Papa Ellis,—I am more grateful than you could at all believe for your thought for me. I am so desolate in this world, that the sense of any one's really watching over me, and caring about me in a useful way, is like balm and honey. But you needn't be anxious. I will tell you by the first or second day's post, this coming week, exactly what I am doing, and why. These books are really bought for the Sheffield or other St. George's Museums; and I, with one foot—and perhaps one knee—in the grave, have only to catalogue and describe them. But I daresay I shall be able to stand on one leg, and keep my head above ground yet awhile;—only you really needn't care how much I'm worth at the Bank—where the wild thyme does *not* blow![2]

Yes, I *was mortified—deathified*—by your never having seen those Scott letters! I thought everybody read the *Nineteenth Century*, and that these papers on *Fiction* would be matter of gossip all over Town! Such my vanity! and I haven't heard a word of them from any human soul!—Ever your affectionate (but much crushed) J. R.

To Dr. John Brown[3]

Brantwood, 29*th March*, '81.

Dearest Dr. Brown,—Susie tells me those entirely poisonous papers have been frightening you about me. I've been wool-gathering a bit again, that's all, and have come round all right, with more handfuls of golden fleece than on my last voyage to Medea's land.

I'm a little giddy and weak yet, but was up on the hills yesterday in the sunshine and snow, teaching Joanie's three children how to cross snow on a slope. The poor little things had no nails in their fine London boots, but we got about Salisbury Craig height for all that.

[1] [No. 33 in *Ellis*, pp. 57–58.]
[2] [See *Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act ii. sc. 2.]
[3] [No. 32 of "Letters from Ruskin" in *Letters of Dr. John Brown*, 1907, p. 311.]

The illness was much more definite in its dreaming than the last one, and not nearly so frightful. It taught me much, as these serious dreams do always; and I hope to manage myself better, and not go Argonauting any more. But *both* these illnesses have been part of one and the same system of constant thought, far out of sight to the people about me, and of course, getting more and more separated from them as *they* go on in the ways of the modern world, and *I* go *back* to live with my Father and my Mother and my Nurse, and one more,—all waiting for me in the Land of the Leal.[1]

One of the most interesting parts of the dream to me was a piece of teaching I got about St. Benedict's nurse, while I was fancying my own had come back to me, which will be entirely useful to me in the history of St. Benedict.[2]

Have you read the preface to the *Monastery* lately?

I had scarcely got my wits together again, when they were nearly sent adrift by my getting hold of the MS. of *St. Ronan's!*

I've now got: 1, *The Black Dwarf;* 2, *Nigel;* 3, *Peveril;* 4, *Woodstock;* 5, *St. Ronan's* (besides all the letters on the building of Abbotsford);[3] pretty well for a Lancashire cottage Library.—Ever your lovingest J. R.

To the Rev. J. P. FAUNTHORPE[4]

BRANTWOOD, *6th April.*

DEAR MR. FAUNTHORPE,—I am deeply thankful and happy for your lovely letter, and really trust that I shall live to show my sense of the affection, and all else that is best in heart and thought, which you are all giving me. I'll write to Miss Stanley very quickly.

This one line of thanks is to you and the College, and to say that I've written to-day to a goldsmith in whom I have confidence about a little cross of gold, and white May-blossom in enamel, for the Queen.[5] I think it will be more proper for the kind of Collegiate queen it is to be, than a crown or fillet for the hair.

I don't think you need be anxious about me any more just now; the illness has done me very little mischief, and that little, mendable in time—nor that a long time, with common prudence.—And so always believe me, ever affectionately yours, J. RUSKIN.

[1] [Compare Vol. XXVII. p. 601, Vol. XXXIV. p. 291.]

[2] [See "Mending the Sieve"—the title given by Ruskin to his lecture of 1882 in connexion with a story of St. Benedict's nurse: Vol. XXXIII. p. 236.]

[3] [A page of the MS. of *Nigel* is facsimiled in Vol. XXIX. p. 264; Ruskin quotes some of the letters in Vol. XXXIV. p. 305 *n.*]

[4] [No. 20 in *Fcunthorpe;* vol. i. pp. 50, 51 (see below, p. 643).]

[5] [See Plate XL. in Vol. XXX. (p. 336).]

To Henry Jowett[1]

Brantwood, *6th April.*

Dear Jowett,—Except a cold, I never was better in my life! but is that any reason why I should work like a slave answering letters all spring time? Fancy what it is to answer fifteen or twenty letters a day—every one on *teazing* and difficult business—and not a penny fee! The bestial egoism of the public is wholly immeasurable. Of course, though not *ill*, I am liable always to these fits of delirium. The last *all* but killed me—and then people expect me to be as lively as I was at 16 in their business.

So many thanks for the consolatory note about MSS.—But you'll have a job of the last!

I think this number of *Our Fathers* will be curiously opportune.[2] Please—are you a Home Ruler? Heaven knows I'm not. Nothing rules here—but baby and the blackbirds.—Affectly. yrs., J. R.

To the Rev. J. P. Faunthorpe[3]

Brantwood, *16th April,* '81.

Dear Mr. Faunthorpe,—It grieves me to answer your kind letters with cavils, but I must say a word or two about Constance. It is surely no proper part of your training at Chelsea to teach your girls to scold? What else can they learn in *King John* or his company? The play is more gross than *The Merry Wives*, without one spark of its humour or tint of its grace; it is as ghastly as *Richard III.*, without its power; and as impossible as *Midsummer Night*, without the relief of Titania and her Donkey! It was written for the lower English audience, which could be pleased by seeing a child kill himself by jumping off a wall, and entertained by the deliberation whether its eyes should be burned out;[4] there is not one character of honour, strength, or ordinary human intellect in the whole play—*except* the poor boy, who only speaks a sentence or two beyond the one scene with Hubert; and the Bastard is a mere libel and blot on English courage and virtue (see his mean speech on Commodity). As for Constance, if your girls care to study good scolding, they may see it

[1] [From *John Ruskin, a Biographical Sketch*, by R. Ed. Pengelly, where the letter is given in facsimile, pp. 91, 92. For other letters to Mr. Jowett (manager of the printing works of Messrs. Hazell, Watson & Viney, at Aylesbury), see Vol. XXXIV. pp. 714, 715, and Vol. XXXV. p. liv.]

[2] [The first Part, containing the Preface, in which Ruskin makes incidental reference to the Irish question: see Vol. XXXIII. p. 21.]

[3] [No. 21 in *Faunthorpe;* vol. i. pp. 52–55.]

[4] [See Act iv. sc. 3, sc. 1; and for the "mean speech," the end of Act ii.]

fresh and natural in Billingsgate, without the forced and loathsome death metaphors with which the stage-effect is garnished. Have any of them ever read my "Strait Gate"[1] with any vestige of attention? It is the most important educational piece I ever wrote, and touches, as near as I can word it, all I have to say, in this my old age, concerning the weakness of so many young women of good fiery gifts, who think it finer to be a sybil or witch than a useful housewife. But Constance is neither a sybil nor a witch, and never speaks a word or thinks a thought that is either becoming or availing.

After this tirade I console myself with conveyance of a piece of, to me, very pleasant news, that Mr. Severn has made a sketch of our hawthorn cross which I think quite lovely, and I've sent it to be put in hand to-day. I send you a "Strait Gate" in case you haven't one. I would send you a lot if you would give them for lessons. See the account of Rhetoric especially.—Ever affectionately yours, J. RUSKIN.

P.S.—I am afraid Mrs. Severn is taking great advantage of your good sempstresses. I hear to-day of entirely new pillow-cases "cut out," to be sewn up, I suppose, and marked J. R.! What pride and luxury for us, and Frederick the Great with a wisp of straw!

To RAWDON BROWN

BRANTWOOD, *Easter Tuesday, April* 19, '81.

MY VERY DEAR FRIEND,—Your letter is more delicious to me than mine could be to you—for you can't think how, here in England, I'm plagued by foolish people telling me "not to work at all"—with double insult to me, implying that I'm not fit to work, and secondly, that my work's good for nothing and always was! A very really dear old lady met me the other day, and said by way of the kindest thing she could, "I am so glad to hear" (she had only heard it from another old lady of the same species) "there's to be no more printing!" And so your and Lorenzi's and Toni's compliments on my hand, and permission to work for six hours, are really balm, and milk and honey, and nuts, and almonds,[2] to me—and I'll promise you faithfully I won't work one minute, ever, over that, and will even stop at "sixty minutes—save one" to be safe. Really I never do, now, *work* so long—but a speech like that old lady's sometimes makes me rage in my very wood till I chop the wrong branches down—which is bad for both trees and me!

Well, I'll manage that for Miss Lawley; may I send the book,[3] or a line advising her of its nearly readiness, to Aix-les-Bains—sure?

[1] [Part V. of *Mornings in Florence* (Vol. XXIII.).] [2] [See Genesis xliii. 11.]
[3] [A copy of the original edition of *The Stones of Venice:* see below, p. 364.]

Also, here's a favour I want of you—a photograph of my own Mowbray drawing—to compare with the words you so kindly noted.[1] But, were I to be questioned now by a base doubter I should answer roundly, "Of *course* they're the plume—what else should they be?—do you suppose they mean a field semé feathers?" Can't write more to-day, but love to you—all three—and to the Lion!

To William Ward[2]

Brantwood, *Easter Tuesday* [*April 19th,* 1881].

Dear Ward,—An unexampled following of fine days, and the currant leaves coming out, have checked me a little on the marble leaves—but they're very nearly ready now,—only first let me know what you can, to your present knowledge, get done in reduplication. If I send you twelve—*i.e.*, nine more of the size of your little ones—*can* you get them repeated from my examples of the same size—or larger—with good precision? I can send you larger ones, but all my larger prints seem partly faded. I think if you would call on Mr. Spooner in the Strand, and show him this note, he might be able to supply me with some new proofs of better colour.

Anyhow, you shall have a list of the 36 caps., with comments on the twelve. Or, I could make out a set of twenty—if you liked to risk so many.

How wide *is* the circle of my patrons, and yours—after my forty years of talk?—Ever affectionately yours, J. Ruskin.

[1] [Brown, in the letter which Ruskin is here answering, had said, "Lorenzi, Toni, and I all forbid you to work more than six hours of the twenty-four," and further:—"The other day it delighted me to show Mrs. Oliphant how in 1851 you demonstrated that the three feathers in the Mowbray memorial formed a plume for the Principality of Wales then merged in the crown, and were not detached feathers, your words being: 'The quills of the three feathers are in increasing proportion; the lowest is the longest, the one above it shorter, the one on the left of the lion the shortest. The one on the right of the lion is also set a little lower than that on the left, so as to indicate *connection* with the one below, and the latter, which appears at first to be below the other, is in reality set further to the right, so that the lower extremities of the quills form an obtuse angle, instead of a right angle. The former is evidently adopted in order to indicate the connection of the three feathers with each other.' Your playthings of this sort are spontaneous paragraphs in the history of England." Subsequent letters from Brown show that what Ruskin had made in 1851 was not a drawing of the monumental slab of Mowbray, Shakespeare's "banished Norfolk," identified by Brown (see Vol. X. pp. xxvii., xxviii.), but only a written account of it: this had been given by Brown to Cheney.]

[2] [No. 95 in *Ward;* vol. ii. pp. 77–78. This letter refers to a set of photographs of the capitals of the Ducal Palace, with notes by Ruskin, which Mr. Ward proposed to bring out. Some photographs were placed on sale with Mr. Ward, but no notes were written.]

To the Rev. J. P. FAUNTHORPE[1]

BRANTWOOD, 21*st April.*

DEAR MR. FAUNTHORPE,—In case anything should be already in debate of the May matters (though I hope you're still all at play, and nobody come back), this is just to say that all your letter was delightful to me, and nothing on my part to be said either more or modifying—except only that I think there's just a *soupçon* of too much fuss about the matter. I should rather have liked the girls to have chosen their queen in their own time and way, and presented her to the Principal (who should have been studiously kept out of Sight, Knowledge, and Fear, during the Election, and profoundly in the dark afterwards as to its result! till May morning) in a crown of primroses or violets at breakfast, the Principal being expected to be her Most Obedient all that day, and then think no more about her! That would *seem* to me a little the healthier way; it will be very Awful for the Queen, surely, as you have planned it! but I suppose more Morally Tremendous, and impressive to everybody.

But, quite seriously, we *all* here, Mrs. Severn and I and our sympathetic friends, do wish that *all* the girls, to the very juniorest, junissesest—what *ought* the word to be? littlest, I mean, and foolishest—and that wouldn't be the youngest by any means, as young women are nowadays! or make themselves—down to the youngest anyhow, had a vote! Surely the little minds are one element in appreciation, of a very critical sort indeed?

Can't write a word more to-day, except just over leaf. Surely *Richard II.*, with *Henrys IV.* and *V.* and *VIII.*, ought to be read *always* as a part of English History, consecutively by every girl you pass?

And *Coriolanus* is *all* Roman History B.C. in few words, and mighty for evermore. Those would be my five plays for boys and girls alike.—Ever yours affectionately, J. RUSKIN.

To Miss SUSAN BEEVER[2]

BRANTWOOD, 22*nd April,* '81.

I'm not able to fight or scratch to-day, or I wouldn't let you cover me up with this heap of gold; but I've got a rheumatic creak in my neck, which makes me physically stiff and morally supple and

[1] [No. 22 in *Faunthorpe;* vol. i. pp. 56–58 (see below, p. 643.)]
[2] [No. 69 in *Hortus Inclusus.*]

unprincipled, so I've put two pounds sixteen in my own "till," where it just fills up some lowering of the tide lately by German bands and the like, and I've put ten pounds aside for Sheffield Museum, now in instant mendicity, and I've put ten pounds aside till you and I can have a talk and you be made reasonable, after being scolded and scratched, after which, on your promise to keep to our old bargain and enjoy spending your little *Frondes* income, I'll be your lovingest again. And for the two pounds ten, and the ten, I am really most heartily grateful, meaning, as they do, so much that is delightful for both of us in the good done by this work of yours.

To the Rev. F. A. Malleson[1]

April 23rd, 1881.

My dear Malleson,—These passages of description and illustration of the general aspect of Ephesus in St. Paul's time seem to me much more forcibly and artistically written than anything you did in the *Life of Christ;* and I could not suggest any changes to you which you could now carry out under the conditions of time to revise, except a more clear statement of the Ephesian goddess. The article in Smith's Dictionary on her is only about twenty lines long, and it's exhaustive. She was not the Greek Artemis at all, but an Eastern Myth of Genesis —the very opposite of Diana—Chastity—an infinite Suckler, and mummy mother of everything that could suck—practically at last and chiefly of the Diabolic Suction of the Usurer; and her temple, which you luckily liken to the Bank of England, was in fact what that establishment would be as the recognised place of pious pilgrimage for all Jews, infidels, or prostitutes in the realm of England. You could not conceive the real facts of these degraded worships of the mixed Greek and Asiatic races, unless you gave a good year's work to the study of the decline of Greek art in the 3rd and 4th centuries B.C

Charles Newton's pride in discovering Mausolus,[2] and their engineers' whistling over his Asiatic mummy, have entirely corrupted and thwarted the uses of the British Museum Art Galleries. The Drum of that Diana Temple is barbarous rubbish, not worth tenpence a ton; and if I showed you a photograph of the head of Mausolus

[1] [No. 56 in the synopsis of Ruskin's Letters to Malleson (Vol. XXXIV. p. 187). The letter refers to the following book by Mr. Malleson—*The Acts and Epistles of St. Paul*, 1881. For the reference to the Temple of Ephesus as a Bank, see p. 390 of his book. The words in this letter "The article . . . practically" were omitted in ed. 6 of Malleson, but given in ed. 7.]

[2] [Compare Vol. XXXV. p. 385.]

without telling you what it was, I will undertake that you saw with candid eyes in it nothing more than the shaggy poll of a common gladiator. But your book will swim with the tide. It is best so.—Ever affectionately yours, J. R.

To the Rev. J. P. FAUNTHORPE[1]

BRANTWOOD, 24*th April*, '81.

DEAR MR. FAUNTHORPE,—What a lot of work there is in this Colony book of yours![2] I've been writing such disagreeable letters lately, that I won't *say* your time might, but only *ask* whether your time mightn't, have been better employed? Anyhow I may say *I* don't care about Colonies, but it looks a perfect book for people who do. Do you really think I've written no more than eighteen books! You'll have to send me some more labels.[3] I've ordered the books to be sent directly. The Cross is sure to be ready in good time. I doubt not but the hawthorn blossom will only be in gold, *this* time; I couldn't get enamel done safely.—Ever affectionately yours, J. RUSKIN.

To the Rev. F. A. MALLESON[4] [1881.]

There is not the least use in my looking over these sheets: you probably know more about Athens than I do, and what I do know is out of and in Smith's Dictionary, where you can find it without trouble.

For the rest you must please always remember what I told you once for all, that you could never interest *me* by writing about people, either at Athens or Ephesus, but only of those of the parish of Broughton-in-Furness.[5]

That new translation could not come out well; that much I know without looking at it. One must believe the Bible before one understands it, (I mean, believe that it is understandable) and one must understand before one can translate it. Two stages in advance of your Twenty-Four Co-operative Tyndales![6]

[1] [No. 23 in *Faunthorpe*; vol. i. pp. 59, 60.]

[2] [*Geography of the British Colonies and Foreign Possessions designed as a Handbook to Philips' Atlas of the British Empire*, 1874, by Mr. Faunthorpe (5th ed., 1886).]

[3] [The Whitelands College prize label, inserted in each volume, and signed for many years by Ruskin.]

[4] [No. 57 in the synopsis of Ruskin's letters to Malleson (Vol. XXXIV. p. 187).]

[5] [See the letters to Mr. Malleson in Vol. XXXIV. pp. 234, 235.]

[6] [The Revision of the Authorised Version by a company of scholars. Their revision of the New Testament had been published in May 1881.]

To Charles Eliot Norton[1]

Brantwood, 26*th April*, 1881.

My dearest Charles,—I have your little note of the 13th, in a cluster of other variously pleasant in a minor way. . . .

And with the more enjoyment that I don't feel any need for doing or "nothing doing" as I'm bid! but, on the contrary, am quite afloat again in my usual stream, and sent off (retouched) two dozen pages of lecture on Dabchick[2] to printer, only yesterday, besides painting a crocket of Abbeville[3] in the afternoon a great deal better than I could when we were there in '68. (Goodness! thirteen years ago—it *ought* to be better anyhow.) And, the fact is, these illnesses of mine have not been from overwork at all, but from over-excitement in particular directions of work, just when the blood begins to flow with the spring sap. The first time, it was a piece of long thought about St. Ursula; and this year it was brought on by my beginning family prayers again for the servants on New Year's Day—and writing two little collects every morning—one on a bit of gospel, the other on a bit of psalm.[4] They are *at least* as rational as prayers usually are, but gradually I got my selfishness—the element you warned me of in *Fors*, too much engaged—and, after a long meditation on the work of the "other seventy" (Luke x., beginning) and the later Acts of Apostles, got in my own evening thoughts into a steady try if I couldn't get Rosie's ghost at least alive by me, if not the body of her. . . . Ever your lovingest

J. R.

To the Rev. J. P. Faunthorpe[5]

Brantwood [*April 26th*, 1881].

Dear Faunthorpe,—Yes, somebody must write about Colonies; let them do it *in* the Colonies! How you ever get anything done with those Seniors and Juniors to look after, I can't think! If *I* was a girl, I'd like to see anybody calling *me* a "Senior"!! They should have their faces scratched if I was put in the coal-hole for it. Also if I was the Principal, I'm not sure whether I shouldn't ordain that the Queen was to be chosen *among* the Juniors!

Of course there's to be a cross every year! The being the likeablest

[1] [No. 189 in *Norton;* vol. ii. pp. 168–169.]
[2] [See *Love's Meinie*, Lecture iii. (Vol. XXV.).]
[3] [Possibly the drawing now in the Manchester Art Museum, which, though dated "1884," may have been begun earlier.]
[4] [See Vol. XXXIII. p. xxii.]
[5] [No. 24 in *Faunthorpe;* vol. i. pp. 61, 62 (see below, p. 643).]

or nicest girl of 160 is surely a thing which deserves memory, from all who care for her or will care, worth at least so much fastening of it as may be in a little golden trinket! The books are sure to come all right, but I'm getting nervous about the cross, and must write by this post about it; so, good-bye.—Ever affectionately yours,

J. RUSKIN.

To the Rev. J. P. FAUNTHORPE[1]

BRANTWOOD, 29*th April* [1881].

MY DEAR FAUNTHORPE,—So far from being stupid, or not enough, this letter of yours is as sweet and full as one of our prettiest pools or kindliest streams.

I am particularly happy in the change to the Juniors for the Queenship. It seems to me to avoid the harm of serious mortification, or even anger, in the higher minds—*Animis cœlestibus;*[2] it will answer all prudential conditions in the wise handmaidens, and image more completely what should be the typical state of young Queens and Kings, having graver advisers—also, it makes the whole thing less tremendous, more amusing, and in the following year, the position of the Queen much less invidious, or to herself difficult. The little Cross is safe here, and will *do* for this year; but it may be much improved on when I'm able to see after it in time next year. It shall be sent so as to reach you registered. I forgot this was Friday; I had to telegraph for another pattern of the chain, but it is sure to be in time, posted on Saturday. I send a dozen more signed labels; some come more glibly off than others, and there may be a little choice. I really thought the books would have come to two dozen,[3] but two or three are out of print. I send only the first volume of *Fors*, which has pictures, and it includes the rest. *The Seven Lamps* may be out of print in a year, but I hope *Amiens in* print—much the better book.

I return the Comparison figures, which are inscrutable by me. *Your* satisfaction is enough for me, in competitive questions. The essays I return also; they seem entirely well done, and would give me more information than I can take in just now, were I to read attentively. It afflicts me to find Edward the Confessor objecting to May jollities.[4] In case any friends of Mr. or Mrs. Severn, or of mine,

[1] [No. 25 in *Faunthorpe;* vol. i. pp. 63–65 (see below, p. 643).]
[2] [*Æneid*, i. 11.]
[3] ["They invariably totalled more than *three* dozen."—J. P. F.]
[4] [The reference is to a statement to this effect made in one of the students' essays.]

should appeal for admission on Monday, I am sure I may trust your kindness to allow them to express their sympathy in the proceedings.—Ever affectionately and gratefully yours, J. RUSKIN.

To the Rev. J. P. FAUNTHORPE[1]

BRANTWOOD, *1st May*, '81.

But what *do* the girls know, then, if they don't know about the cross, or the books! And what a confusion you'll have in their heads all at once! I do hope no accident will hinder the arrival of the cross in due time, but in case such a mischance should befall, the girls can always make a little crown of flowers which will do for the coronation.

I am pleased with the chain now, and think it well worth the little risk of delay. Next year there shall be more than one *thorn* in the cross, however; it isn't moral to be all blossom and no prickle. As I count, the labels I sent will be exactly enough. I threw away the others, but, if any are wanting, they can easily be put in afterwards. I hope you will all have a happy and not harmful day,[2] and am, ever affectionately yours, J. RUSKIN.

You will be a little happier to know that I am really very well myself, and am painting currant leaves, and have proof of the "Dabchick" from Press, this morning, and I think it reads well. Perhaps you might read the first paragraphs to the girls to-morrow. I've put the punctuation in, and if you kindly send the scrap to Mr. Jowett, Printing Works, Aylesbury, on Tuesday, it will be in excellent time.

To the Rev. J. P. FAUNTHORPE[3]

BRANTWOOD, *3rd May* [1881].

DEAR FAUNTHORPE,—How *could* you find time to write me such a nice letter in your busy day! But it has made us all here intensely happy. It is very delightful to me that the girls honour each other's beauty, as well as goodness, and I like the three "Queen likes her,"[4]

[1] [No. 26 in *Faunthorpe;* vol. i. pp. 66, 67 (see below, p. 643).]

[2] ["We all did. On the whole, it was the most perfect May Queen Day, just because no one knew anything about it, and the students elected the right Queen." —J. P. F.]

[3] [No. 27 in *Faunthorpe;* vol. i. pp. 68, 69 (see below, p. 643).]

[4] [A reason often given for the award of a prize: see Vol. XXX. p. 338.]

for reason good. The only thorn to *me* in the matter is a little ashamedness of giving my own books only.

I am so grateful to you for those proof corrections, that I presume farther on them. There is no trouble greater to me than the final revise, and as you would certainly be good enough to me to read the book some time or other, might I send you the last revises to be read? There would be no hurry for passing on to printer, and you should have carte-blanche (much more) for emendation or correction, so that you would not have any tiresome questions to write about. May I?

Love to the Queen and her maidens.—Ever your affectionate

J. RUSKIN.

To BRYCE WRIGHT[1]

BRANTWOOD, *9th May*, '81.

MY DEAR WRIGHT,—I hope your box will get safe back to you—that tourmaline is a nasty thing to send about. You will, I regret to say, find all returned except the well crystallized bit of amazon-stone and one of the agates. But I hope you will not be discouraged from sending me things. You OUGHT to know by this time that I *never* buy ores of lead: seldom large detached crystals like the topaz and garnet, that I hate cut stones in *shapes*—and that round eyes can be cut out of agates by the million—if people are fools enough to like them out better than in. I am always open to good silvers—good golds (the one you sent this time was absolutely valueless!)—to anything strange in quartzes (I would have kept the millerite,[2] but the specimen was not pretty), to anything fine in chalcedonies—and any pretty piece of crystallization in tourmaline—beryl—rutile. With these openings you ought to be able to send me a box thrilling with interest, once a quarter at least.—Ever faithfully yours,

J. RUSKIN.

To the Rev. J. P. FAUNTHORPE[3]

BRANTWOOD, *16th May* [1881].

DEAR FAUNTHORPE,—When am I to have my photographs?[4] I've been getting more and more excited at every post, and there are two a day, even *here*. I have told my assistant who takes care of the

[1] [From *St. George*, vol. vi. p. 358. For references to Mr. Wright, of Great Russell Street, see Vol. XXVIII. p. 727; Vol. XXX. pp. 78, 79.]

[2] [See Vol. XXVI. p. 410 *n.*]

[3] [No. 28 in *Faunthorpe;* vol. i. pp. 70–72.]

[4] [Photographs of Miss Ellen Osborne, the first May Queen. For Ruskin's letters to her, see Vol. XXX. pp. 340, 341.]

drawings at Oxford, Mr. Crawley, to wait upon you with measures of two, uninteresting, yet more or less decorative and illustrative, bits of oil painting connected with the histories of St. Ursula and St. Jerome,[1] for which I wonder if you can find room, till they go to the—not yet built! (nor begun!!) new room at Sheffield? One is the bit of convent in the distance of Carpaccio's St. Jerome and the Lion, well and freely copied, and curiously graceful as a piece of monastic living and feeling; the other is only the window of St. Ursula's room, full size, to show the free yet subtle way in which the leaves of the pinks are painted. I am having a photograph of the whole picture coloured for you, which will make this piece of it interesting.

With these will come a very lovely, though not quite finished, drawing of the south door of the cathedral of Florence,[2] but I can't tell you about that to-day. This is only to give Crawley credentials to you. I want to make those college rooms and passages more Romantic! these two oil things may go in any passage corner where there's a little light.—Ever affectionately yours, J. Ruskin.

To F. S. Ellis[3]

Brantwood, *May* 17*th*, 1881.

My dear Ellis,—I am exceedingly delighted by your kindness in sending me these drawings. I shall send over to the station this afternoon for them; and, as I doubt not, they will be there at latest by the six train, I shall be able to examine and despatch again to-morrow, quite easily.[4]

I can tell Holbein at a glance, and so, it seemed to me, could Mr. Reid, whose judgment I have found fine and trustworthy beyond any person's I know, in his own branch of Art—(more's the pity! he got hold of the best sepia drawing by Turner in the world!) And if

[1] [These drawings are now in the Ruskin Museum, Sheffield: see Vol. XXX. pp. 195, 197.]

[2] [Also now in the Sheffield Museum: see Vol. XXX. p. 208.]

[3] [No. 34 in *Ellis*, pp. 59–61.]

[4] ["The drawings referred to were two designs of cups or chalices, supposed to be by Holbein, and so described by Mr. Reid, Keeper of the Prints at the British Museum. They were included in an immense illustrated copy of Walpole's *Painters*, enlarged into 18 vols. folio, by a Mr. Bull, a friend of Walpole's. Mr. A. C. Swinburne had inherited the volumes, with others of a like kind. They were sold at Sotheby's in 1880, and bought by Mr. Ellis for £1800. The volumes were then broken up, and the contents sold by auction as separate drawings and prints. The two drawings in question were bought by Mr. W. Mitchell, a well-known collector, who esteemed them to be genuine examples of Holbein. They were probably re-sold with the rest of his drawings at Berlin, about 1890 or 1891."—F. S. E.]

he wished to bid, I've no doubt the drawings are all right and that I shall return them with carte-blanche to you.

I shall keep the lovely edition of Sidonius,[1] with sincerest thanks for all your good help lately. I am daily in expectation of the finish of the lawyers with a bit of business, which ended, you shall have cheque for *St. Ronan's* and all, at once.

I am doing as good work as ever, *I* think, at *Amiens*.[3] The second chapter will have some bits more in the old *Stones of Venice* manner, than I've troubled myself to write lately. — Ever affectionately and gratefully yours, J. RUSKIN.

To GEORGE RICHMOND, R.A.

BRANTWOOD, *20th May*, '81.

MY DEAREST GEORGE,—I think I may venture once more to write to my lovingest friends, without chance of frightening them by shaky—more than usual—hand—or head—or principles! For a little while, after this last illness, I remained a little too sad to say what was in my heart without hurting any one who cared for me: but now the shadow—so far as it was deeper than it always is, and I think should be, on a life like mine—has given way to the April sunny beams, and I hope I shall no more be cause of anxiety to poor Joanie, at least. She has had two bad times with me now: and says that of all the supports she had, this last time, your letters were the most precious, and that she does not know how she could have got on without them.

There are no words enough for thanking in these deep things;—so I pass to my instant cause for writing—not a shallow one, that, neither; for I believe the enclosed note[4] will give you very great pleasure in the sweet tone and feeling of it. One is glad to find an English lady thinking nowadays of people that have been.

I know that it is impossible to find any impressions now of the engraving of your drawing—but—I am very anxious to know if any photographs, on the whole satisfactory to you, have been made from your chalk drawings? If so, and there is any photographer whom you would trust rather than another, I would for this object send the drawing to London. Certainly the faintest shadow of *that* would be [more] like "the author of *M. P.*" than anything got straight from the

[1] [*Sidonii Apollinaris Opera*, folio.]
[2] [The autograph MS. of *St. Ronan's Well:* see above, p. 346.]
[3] [*The Bible of Amiens*, ch. ii. ("Under the Drachenfels"), published in December 1881.]
[4] [From Mrs. Fawkes: see the next letter.]

features—such as they have become—of the elderly person who neither is, nor would be—if he could—the author of anything of the sort.

I think I shall have to write *my* "reminiscences"![1] If only I was sure of getting a faithful Editor;—what a delicious squatter and croak this Carlyle one has occasioned in the Essex, Wessex, and other British Flats! And what ugly, puffy, perturbed, polycroaks the British public are, to find in that book nothing but the bits of brick that hurt their own puffy personages, and see and feel nothing of its mighty interests—its measureless pathos.

See Mrs. Wedgwood's article in *Contemporary; see*—but don't read!—for the three sentences she quotes from Carlyle are precisely the only three worth printing in the article.[2] Oh me! do you recollect when you first made me read *Past and Present?* It was the only book I could get help from during my illness, which was partly brought on by the sense of loneliness—and greater responsibility brought upon me by Carlyle's death. That and a course of saintly studies for *Amiens*, which I fancy the Devil objected to;—but I'm getting quietly into work again, for all that, and hope he'll get the worst of it, at last—nor even now has he done me much harm, in teaching me what kind of temper Blake worked in—and one or two more in old days—leaving me, now, just as practical and rational a person as ever I was!—and ever and ever your grateful and loving

JOHN RUSKIN.

To Mrs. FAWKES[3]

BRANTWOOD, *24th May*, '81.

MY DEAR MADAM,—Your letter has given me more pleasure than anything that has chanced to me for many a day—relating to the old times and lost hopes of my life, or at least, laid down hopes, for I can sometimes lift them again, and recover the trust that some day yet Turner may be known by English people for what he was.

It is more than delightful to me also to find an English lady still caring for the things and the people that have been.

There is no photograph of me that is the least like even what is now left of the youth who loved Turner. The engravings from

[1] [The reference is to Froude's publication of Carlyle's *Reminiscences*.]

[2] [See below, p. 363 *n*.]

[3] ["Mr. Ruskin at Farnley," by Edith Mary Fawkes, in the *Nineteenth Century*, April 1900, p. 619 (see below, p. 648). "I was anxious," says Mrs. Fawkes, "to place a portrait of Mr. Ruskin in the room at Farnley which tradition says was occupied by Turner, and in which room I placed all the portraits of Turner I could find. I wrote to Mr. Ruskin asking him for his photograph." George Richmond sent a copy of the print from his drawing of Ruskin, and this hangs in the Turner room.]

Richmond's portrait are out of the market, but I have written to him to-day to ask whether, if I were to send the drawing to London, he could trust any photographer to do from it what would satisfy him. If not, I will try and get a little water-colour copy made for you from Richmond's water-colour sketch;[1] this, I think, might fall in better in every way with your pretty plans for the decoration of the room. May I come to see it when all's done?

With sincere remembrances to Mr. Fawkes, and renewed thanks for your letter, believe me, dear Madam, ever your faithful servant,

JOHN RUSKIN.

To WILLIAM WARD[2]

BRANTWOOD, *May 25th,* 1881.

MY DEAR WARD,—Enclosed cheque for £25 is 15 for "Rouen," and 10 for your Giotto expenses, which you may put to the credit of anything you do for me when the book refunds you—if it does.

Enclosed also, two pages of preface, which I hope are fairly clear-written, and to the purpose. I have just given to be packed for rail or post all the materials for Catalogue in lump; which, if you will put into form, at Aylesbury—I have written to Jowett to do your bidding there—I'll glance over in the final proofs. There must be an apology to Eastlake for the recast of everything, anyhow.

The "Rouen" is well worth *£15* to me, and figures do well enough till I come to town to look.—Ever affectionately yours,

J. RUSKIN.

To F. S. ELLIS[3]

BRANTWOOD [*May,* 1881].

MY DEAR ELLIS,—Please send me these Carlyle *Reminiscences.* I'm up reading them now, and that rascally article of Mrs. Wedgwood's has put my bristle up,—and I must give her a hiding—somewhere—short and sweet. The comic thing is, that the three sentences of Carlyle's she quotes above, are the only ones worth printing in the entire article. That on Coleridge is superb.[4]

[1] [The frontispiece to Vol. III.]

[2] [No. 97 in *Ward;* vol. ii. pp. 80–81. The Giotto "book" referred to is *The Shepherd's Tower* (see Vol. XXIII. p. 463); the "Catalogue" is of the Turner Drawings in the National Gallery (see Vol. XIII. pp. 349 *seq.*).]

[3] [No. 36 in *Ellis,* pp. 64, 65.]

[4] ["Mr. Froude as a Biographer," a review by Julia Wedgwood of Carlyle's *Reminiscences* in the *Contemporary Review,* May 1881, vol. 39, pp. 821–842. On p. 826 she quotes (as things which Froude ought not to have printed) sentences

Please (to save me the trouble of writing another note) can you, in regular way of business, get a copy of my Prout *Notes* with illustrative photos, from over the way?[1] I gave mine away, thinking I'd half-a-dozen—but no such luck.—Ever your affectionate

J. R.

To Miss Susan Beever[2]

Brantwood [1881].

If ever a Gentiana Verna demeans itself to you at Brantwood—I'll disown it and be dreadfully ashamed for it! The other little things, if they'll condescend to come, shall be thanked and honoured with my best. Only please now *don't* send me more asparagus!

I feel so piggish and rabbitish in eating you out of all your vegetables, that I'm afraid to speak lest it should turn out grunting, and to shake my head for fear of feeling flappy at the ears.

But—please—Is the bread as brown as it used to be? I think you're cosseting me up altogether and I don't like the white bread so well!

To Miss Susan Beever[3]

Brantwood [1881].

I have forbidden Joanie's going out to-day, for she got a little chill in the wind last night, and looked pale and *défaite* in the evening; she's all right again, but I can't risk her out, though she was much minded to come, and I am sure you and Mary will say I am right. She will be delighted and refreshed by seeing the young ladies; and the Turners look grand in the grey light.

So I have told Baxter to bring up a fly from the Waterhead, and to secure your guests on their way here, and put up to bring them so far back. I shall also send back by it a purple bit of Venice,[4] which pleases me, though the mount's too large and spoils it a little; but you will be gracious to it.

What delicious asparagus and brown bread I've been having!!!!!!!!

of Carlyle's on Wordsworth (from the *Reminiscences*, ii. 330), on Lamb (ii. 165), and on Coleridge (i. 230): "a puffy, anxious, obstructed-looking, fattish old man, talking with a kind of solemn emphasis on matters which were of no interest." Ruskin did not, however, publish any condemnation of the article.]

[1] [That is, from the Fine Art Society, who published the illustrated edition: see Vol. XIV. p. 370.]

[2] [No. 98 in *Hortus Inclusus.*]

[3] [No. 159 in *Hortus Inclusus.*]

[4] [Perhaps the drawing now in the British Museum: see Vol. XIV. Plate XXI. and p. xxxix.]

I should like to write as many notes of admiration as there are waves on the lake; the octave must do. I've been writing a pretty bit of chant for Byron's heroic measure.[1] Joan must play it to you when she next comes. I'm mighty well, and rather mischievous.

To Miss Susan Beever[2]

Brantwood [1881].

You cannot in the least tell what a help you are to me, in caring so much for my things and seeing what I try to do in them. You are quite one of a thousand for sympathy with everybody, and one of the ten times ten thousand, for special sympathy with my own feelings and tries. Yes, that second column is rather nicely touched, though I say it, for hands and eyes of sixty-two; but when once the wind stops I hope to do a bit of primrosy ground that will be richer.

To Miss Susan Beever[3]

Brantwood [1881].

You won't refuse to give house room or even parlour room again to the *first* volume of your *Stones*. It has your name in it and feather sketches, which *I* like the memory of doing, and I found another in my stores to make up the set I have to-day, regretfully, but in proud satisfaction, sent to Mr. Brown's friend Miss Lawley.[4] You will be thinking I'm never going to write any *new* books more, I've promised so long and done nothing. But No. 2 and No. 4 of *Amiens* have been going on at once, and No. 3 and No. 4 of *Love's Meinie*, and No. 7 of *Proserpina* had to be done in the middle of all four, like the stamens in a tormentilla. And now my total tormentilla is all but out.[5] But "all-but" is a long, long word with my printers and me. Still something has been done every day, and not ill done lately; and Joanie tells me your friends enjoyed their little visit, as I did seeing them. And I'm pretty well, and asking young ladies to come and see me.

[1] ["On Old Ægina's Rock": see Vol. XXXI. p. 515.]

[2] [No. 138 in *Hortus Inclusus*. The "second column" is probably in the "purple bit of Venice" mentioned on the preceding page.]

[3] [No. 112 in *Hortus Inclusus* (see below, p. 629).]

[4] [See above, p. 350.]

[5] [Nos. 2 and 4 of *Amiens* came out in November and December 1881; No. 3 of *Love's Meinie*, in November 1881 (No. 4 was not issued by Ruskin); No. 7 of *Proserpina*, not till April 1882.]

To H. S. Marks, R.A.[1]

Brantwood, *June* 5, 1881.

My dear Marco,—I've written seven letters to-day, after my own too hard work, all to people who really need to be comforted, or scolded. I've little comfort in me, and too much crossness, but forgive me when I say that Leslie's book, sweet and honest as it is, has given me a worse notion than I ever had before of the elements of artists' life in London. You associate only with each other, and you want each to be at the top of the tree—when the top of it is far in the clouds above, without any possibility of sight from that Thames level. How many posts has Leslie drawn in that book altogether? Are they the souls of deaf Londoners?

Good heavens! if you and he, and a few of your girlies and laddies, would only put on hob-nailed shoes and start on a walking tour of France and the Tyrol, and see what life means—and the earth, and the sea—and tweak the picture-dealers' noses the first thing whenever you come into a town!—and I could get a glimpse of you *en route*. You never attend to what I say, of course, so good-bye.—Ever, etc., etc., J. R.

To Coventry Patmore[2]

Brantwood, 10*th June*, 1881.

Dear Patmore,—I am very grateful for your letter, and for the book. More I cannot say—except—even of Bertha's exquisite work—and of yours—in most cases, as finished verses.

"The Cat will mew, and the Dog will have his day."[3] And therefore—Bertha must bear from me, and for herself, this Cat and Dog message:—

1. Never reduce Angelico angels to blow trumpets in a letter B.

2. Make your work pleasing to the simple—girl's work should never express anything but what will be as generally intelligible as a daisy.

3. Are there no leaves on the earth but ivy-leaves—and no Catholic missals but the Countess Yolande?[4]—Ever your affectionate

J. Ruskin.

Leaf returned registered "to-day,"[5] 10th June, 1881.

[1] [*Pen and Pencil Sketches*, vol. ii. pp. 179, 180. "Leslie's book" is *Our River*.]

[2] [*Memoirs and Correspondence of Coventry Patmore*, vol. ii. pp. 296–297. The reference is to a copy of his *Unknown Eros* (now at Brantwood), with a special illuminated title-page by his daughter, which Patmore sent to Ruskin.]

[3] [*Hamlet*, Act v. sc. 1.]

[4] [The *Book of Hours of Yolande of Flanders*, then in Ruskin's library: see Vol. V. p. 267 and Plate 9 (an ivy-leaf border), and Vol. XXI. p. 270 *n*.]

[5] [Ruskin's motto.]

To H. S. MARKS, R.A.[1]

BRANTWOOD, *June* 13, 1881.

MY DEAR MARCO,—It is a punishment to me for writing too much in attempt, at least, to be sarcastic against my enemies, that my best friends think I can be sarcastic against *them.*

But *you,* with your splendid sense of humour, ought to have known, it seems to me, my earnest from my sneer, and least of all should you have thought that I could be sarcastic on poverty of *any* kind, how much less on a friend's, meritorious and beautiful in its every possible way—except only—living in London!

Also, when I say "I am cross" to any of my friends, it always means for their own sake, much more than for mine.

In this matter, I may be cross with Leslie, for never honouring me during my ten years' work at Oxford with a visit to my schools. And for you, my dear Marks, have not I at least these *ten* times asked you for sketches for my schools? You choose to work for Dukes and Dealers, and I say D. D. *both.*

And that's all I can say "to-day," but it's for *your* sake, not mine, though you mayn't think it. I'll explain more afterwards.—From your uncle, "JOHN."

To H. S. MARKS, R.A.[2]

[? 1881.]

MY DEAR MARCO,—Alas, the reason I have not yet written about the Adjutant was—it *must* out—that I didn't like him: and that he gave me a sorrowful impression of your being out of sorts, and thwarted, not to say perverted, in your work by fog. London association of sight and sound—and—Dukes and Academies. If you could take a little cottage at Coniston with Mama and the girls, and paint every one of our birds, from the blue tit to the windhover, as you saw them, and with no reference to decoration, to the line, or the newspaper, you

[1] [*Pen and Pencil Sketches,* vol. ii. pp. 184–185. "In a letter which I have unfortunately lost," says Marks, "Ruskin had again recommended a continental trip, or rather a stay of some months abroad, with my wife and daughters. However delightful the project, it was simply out of the question. I had been at heavy expenses, buying the lease of and moving into another house, and I was only just beginning to recover from them. I took the letter too seriously, and, on the impulse of the moment, must have answered it in a like spirit."]

[2] [*Pen and Pencil Sketches,* vol. ii. pp. 182–183. "I once sent Ruskin a water-colour drawing of an Adjutant Stork, either as a birthday or Christmas card. I might have known that he would not care for a creature so quiet in colour, and with less beauty than quaint grotesqueness of form."]

would do lovely things—but at present, you are literally walled up, every way.

My main fault with the Adjutant is that his bald head makes me feel, every time I look at him, if I've any hair left on my own; next, that he isn't in sunshine, casting no shadow to speak of, and yet that his local colours don't come fresh and clean, and his whole breast is rounded with grey *towards* the light, till it actually comes dark against the wall! while the wall itself is neither brick, stone, nor honest plaster. And I am *amazedly* certain that you are not making literally true studies from natural chiaroscuro enough to keep your eye right. I am sadly tired just now, and can only say in this brutal way what the facts are to my notion—but I'm not a brute, but ever your affectionate uncle, "JOHN."

To EDWARD A. PETHERICK

BRANTWOOD, *7th July*, 1881.

MY DEAR SIR,—I have every day been on the point of sending you my thanks—and more than thanks,—a friend's greeting, for your much valued gift of Marmontel's autograph.

Few gifts ever gave me more pleasure,[1] chiefly because it is so seldom that people really know what I shall like—but also because I *do* like this gift exceedingly.

Your letter to Mr. Allen got unfortunately mislaid, and (by me) when that once happens, there's no saying how long the finding may take in my heaps of papers; but I *had* put your letter into a highly esteemed parcel, and have found it to-day, and can only pray you to receive, at last, a frequently-thought-of debt of thanks, and to believe me yours most truly and kindly, J. RUSKIN.

To the Rev. J. P. FAUNTHORPE[2]

BRANTWOOD, *8th July* [1881].

MY DEAR FAUNTHORPE,—I am so grieved not to have answered before, but could not. Your piece about the Archbishop was lovely. I partly forgot, partly did not know, of his sorrow.[3] The invitation for recitation is *lovely too*, but I sadly fear I must not be allowed any excitement, or even stirring from home, this year.

[1] [For Ruskin's sympathy with Marmontel, see Vol. XVIII. p. 48.]
[2] [No. 33 in *Faunthorpe;* vol. i. pp. 79, 80 (see below, p. 644).]
[3] [The deaths of Archbishop Tait's son and wife in 1878.]

I write to-day in haste to say that I've ordered sixty sliding wooden frames to be made, for the college, of my Oxford pattern, to hold little drawings, photo-plates, MS. leaves, etc., such as I can send you presents or loan of.[1] These frames should slide either into a fixed shelf with dentils for them above and below, or, as I have some of mine, and find it handy, into a seat that goes on castors, and may generally be in a window recess or the like, and be pulled about anywhere, the frames sliding down into it, and the lid, cushioned, forming a seat, the frames going into it in two rows. I have told Mr. Williams, from Messrs. Foord's, who has made the frames and has my orders to deliver them at Whitelands, to wait on you as early as possible for any orders you might wish to give him about the placing of them.—Ever affectionately yours, J. Ruskin.

To Miss Susan Beever[2]

Brantwood [*July*, 1881].

I send you Spenser; perhaps you had better begin with the Hymn to Beauty, page 39, and then go on to the Tears;[3] but you'll see how you like it. It's better than Longfellow! see line 52—

"The house of blessed gods which men call skye."[4]

Now I'm going to look out Dr. Kendall's crystal. It *must* be crystal, for having brought back the light to your eyes.

Brantwood, 12*th July*, '81.

How delightful that you have that nice Mrs. Howard to hear you say "The Ode to Beauty," and how nice that you can learn it and enjoy saying it![5] I do not know it myself. I only know that it should be known and said and heard and loved.

I *am* often near you in thought, but can't get over the lake somehow. There's always somebody to be looked after here, now. I've to

[1] [For the "Ruskin Cabinet" at Whitelands College, see Vol. XXX. p. 348.]

[2] [Nos. 70 and 71 in *Hortus Inclusus*.]

[3] [For another reference to "The Tears of the Muses," see Vol. XXXIV. p. 341 *n*.]

[4] [Ruskin's quotation is from the *Hymne of Heavenly Beautie*. The other *Hymne in Honour of Beautie* is quoted from in Vol. IV. pp. 131, 207.]

[5] ["I learnt the whole of it by heart, and could then say it without a break. I have always loved it, and in return it has helped me through many a long and sleepless night."—S. B.]

rout the gardeners out of the greenhouse, or I should never have a strawberry or a pink, but only nasty gloxinias and glaring fuchsias, and I've been giving lessons to dozens of people and writing charming sermons in the *Bible of Amiens;* but I get so sleepy in the afternoon, I can't pull myself over it.

I was looking at your notes on birds yesterday. How sweet they are! But I can't forgive that young blackbird for getting wild again.[1]

To Arthur Severn

Seascale, 15*th July*, '81.

I have your delicious letter from Schaffhausen saying you'll come home, and go in July to Kissingen, and that Brabazon will go too! and that you'd like me to come too!—would you really? *I* should like to come so much, and would say at once "I will" if it weren't naughty to be wilful—(and it sounds awful; and like being married). But really if all is well—and willing—I am minded to come, and do a little bandy-dandy idling at Kissingen—and then go and repent and lament at Marburg—(Qu. Mary-burg?—Marry and Amen-burg?), and do the architectural details when you had done the effects—and the dots and titles when Brabazon had done the blots and skittles. . . .

Brabazon's a trump to say he'll come, and I really do want to see him at work on something he'd like. The memory of you both sitting

[1] [The reference is to the "History of a Blackbird," printed at pp. 173-176 of *Hortus Inclusus*:—"We had had one of those summer storms which so injure the beautiful flowers and the young leaves of the trees. A blackbird's nest with young ones in it was blown out of the ivy on the wall, and the little ones, with the exception of one, were killed. The poor little bird did not escape without a wound upon his head, and when he was brought to me it did not seem very likely that I should ever be able to rear him; but I could not refuse to take in the little helpless stranger, so I put him into a covered basket for a while. I soon found that I had undertaken what was no easy task, for he required feeding so early in a morning that I was obliged to take him and his bread-crumbs into my bedroom, and jump up to feed him as soon as he began to chirp, which he did in very good time. . . .

"Very soon my birdie knew my step, and though he never exactly said so, I am sure he thought it had 'musick in't,' for as soon as I touched the handle of the door he set up a shriek of joy! The bird that we nurse is the bird that we love, and I soon loved Dick. And the love was not all on one side, for my bonnie bird would sit upon my finger uttering complacent little chirps, and when I sang to him in a low voice he would gently peck my hair. . . .

"Blackbirds are wild birds, and do not bear being kept in a cage, not even so well as some other birds do; and as this bird grew up he was not so tame, and was rather restless. I knew that, though I loved him so much, I ought not to keep him shut up against his will. He was carried down into the garden while the raspberries were ripe, and allowed to fly away; and I have never seen him since. Do you wonder that my eyes filled with tears when he left?"]

like two disconsolate frogs by Styx, that evening at Picquigny,[1] is a burden on my heart. . . .

I hope you will send for a little word I wrote to Schaffhausen, if you haven't got it, and that you won't let anything at Paris distract you from your Lucerne impressions, and that you'll take care of yourself, and be at Brantwood—as soon as the post—and then we'll have such planning!

Love to Brabazon, and thanks—and tell (oh, if he will smash a German man as he did the Amiens one[2]—what larks!)—tell him I'm studying music and want always to be well off one note before I'm on another. Perhaps I shall end by writing "Modern Musicians."

So now it's all settled, and mind you're not to jilt me and go to Rome—or Egypt—and I'll be good and try to keep well—and merry—and am ever your grateful and loving DI PA.

How I used to love the Trois Rois—the *old* house—and the sweep of the water under the windows.

To CHARLES ELIOT NORTON[3]

BRANTWOOD, 18*th July*, '81.

MY DEAREST CHARLES,—Moore writes to me from North Conway, N. H. ("New Hell," I suppose), but I don't know if he lives there or whether he expects any answer to his letter—anyhow here's one enclosed, if you'll please read it and send it him. There's some general talk on America which you ought to see, too.

. . . It really makes me a little more indulgent to the beastliness of modern Europe, to think what we might possibly have got to see and feel by this time, but for the various malaria from America.

I'm working rather hard on the history of Amiens, and hope to get some bits of historical sculpture cut out of it which will come into good light and shade—chiefly light; and I've just finished two

[1] [In 1880: see Vol. XXXIII. p. xxiv.]

[2] ["'Smashing the Amiens one' refers to a very nice old Frenchman to whom our landlady at the hotel in Amiens introduced us, asking us all into her private sitting-room to hear him play the piano. But instead of his playing a solo, he and Brabazon played a four-hand piece, Brabazon with such vigour, and gradually quickening the time, that at last the Frenchman could stand it no longer, and pushing himself away from the piano, said, 'But, sir, you are a master! I am only a coal merchant. Bless me, how I sweat!' With that he mopped his bald head, and after a few minutes' rest they went at it again. But we all felt that Brabazon had played him out. Ruskin was highly amused."—A. S.]

[3] [No. 190 in *Norton*; vol. ii. p. 170. For Professor C. H. Moore (at North Conway, New Hampshire), see above, p. 204.]

numbers of *Love's Meinie*, which will come to you the moment I've a clean proof. I've sent in the last revise.

Sheffield also in good progress.—Ever your affectionate J. R.

To the Rev. J. P. Faunthorpe[1]

Brantwood, *Wednesday* [*July 20th*, 1881].

Dear Faunthorpe,—Just back from a seaside lodging—saw a sandpiper, and was otherwise blest there. Your charming note just come. I am sure all your emendations[2] will be right, and you shall have all petitions, except the softening down in general. I don't *anger* my soul nor vex my *own* heart, I relieve it, by all violent language. Of course, if I didn't believe in there being good people about, I should write nothing. *All* I write now is very seriously written as a last will and testament, and with final hammering down of nails in the elm, and in what work I leave behind me. If I live any time there will be a good deal of gentle and pleasant soap and water, served up for washing purposes, besides these sputters of sulphur.

But pray get quit of the notion that these bursts of abuse irritate me. I *live* in chronic fury only softened by keeping wholly out of the reach of newspapers or men, and only to be at all relieved in its bad fits by studied expression. More when the proof comes, only your letter is here to-day.—Ever your affectionate friend, J. Ruskin.

To Miss Gatty[3]

Brantwood, *Saturday, July 24th*, 1881.

Dear Miss Gatty,—I did not answer your note instantly, in the hope of being able to make some useful suggestion; or, at least, to express a definitely hopeful sympathy in the new plans. But I have not been able to get into them, and I can only assure you that I am quite willing to guarantee the hundred pounds in case of failure; and that I entirely approve the idea of giving only one good woodcut monthly by way of a *picture*. But it does seem to me that for rapid line illustration of text, like a scratch in a letter to explain it, no present publication has attempted what might greatly please a rational reader, with scarcely any cost.

[1] [No. 35 in *Faunthorpe;* vol. i. pp. 82, 83.]

[2] [For a few unimportant emendations in a new edition of *The Queen of the Air*, see Vol. XIX. p. lxxi.]

[3] [No. 29 in *Various Correspondents*, pp. 86–87. This letter was occasioned by the need of a guarantee fund to keep *Aunt Judy's Magazine* going. David Bogue was the publisher.]

Also, you must not depend on your sister,[1] nor on any other star-writer. Your articles must be kept at a fair level. I think they have been so indeed. But it should be more and more your aim to get *wide* help.—Ever most truly yours, J. RUSKIN.

P.S.—This note will, I hope, be accepted by Mr. Bogue as sufficient guarantee; but I will sign any paper you like to send me.

To Mrs. La Touche[2]

BRANTWOOD, *3rd Aug.*, 1881.

What a beautifully written lava-flow of a letter! It's like a lithographed edition of the fleshly tables of the heart.[3] Do you always growl and wowl as straight as that, or is it all written clear for me to read? When I have growling to do or to can't help, I write like that,[4] and get blacker and blacker all down the page, if it's a private letter. Public growling, one oils one's whiskers for, and stands upon one leg with the other disposed of in some stork or flamingo-like manner. By the way, Lacy—did you ever see the crested stork at the Zoo when any one paid him a visit? I don't really mean to say anything nasty—but he *did* just now come into my head, and you should see him if you haven't—only let it be somebody else who's visiting him.

My head's so full of that fluffy foxglove, I can't tell you about anything else, and don't want to particularly (of course *you'll* say that if I don't). I've never seen it before; and it is not in Sowerby, and it is also very clearly a link between the foxglove mulleins, and I believe henbanes; but there may be some touch of ophryd in it. Anyway, it is one of the *links* which are always forms of inferiority, and you mustn't call it "digitalis Mariana," nor be cross if I call it something of my nether kingdom.[5]

I was writing to Knowles yesterday about some more Fiction he wants.[6] I told him I should rather like to say a little more soon, because now that George Eliot was in Heaven, I could write her Epitaph without any chance of meeting her afterwards. I don't mean to tell anybody else but you unless *he* does.

[1] [Mrs. Juliana Horatia Ewing.]

[2] [*The Letters of a Noble Woman* (*Mrs. La Touche of Harristown*), edited by Margaret Ferrier Young, 1908, pp. 72–73.]

[3] [2 Corinthians iii. 3.]

[4] [See the *facsimile*.]

[5] [For the reference here, see *Proserpina*, Vol. XXV. p. 358.]

[6] [That is, a further article (the fifth) on *Fiction, Fair and Foul;* it appeared in the *Nineteenth Century*, October 1881. For the reference to George Eliot, see Vol. XXXIV. p. 377.]

Brantwood,
Coniston. Lancashire.
3rd Aug.t 1881

My dear Lucy

What a beautifully written
– lava-flow of a letter. It's like
a lithographed edition of the
fleshly tables of the heart. Do
you always growl and wowl
as straight as that – or is it all
written clean for me to read?
– When I have growling to do
or to vent help – I write

and get blacker and blacker
all down the page – if it's
a private letter. Public growling
one oils one's whiskers for and
stands upon one leg with the other

A Page of a Letter to Mrs. La Touche

To face p. 372

To Dr. John Brown[1]

Brantwood, *5th August*, '81.

. . . I've seen Susie's note now with its wonderful saying about Shakespeare, and the Carlyle gossip. I do not look at the article.[2] I told Froude just what you say months since,—that the world had no more to do with Carlyle's life than with his old hat. But Froude felt too deeply, and besides had promised this and that. *I* don't care an old hat's brim whether it's printed or not, nor whether the public swears or howls, or squeaks or blazes, only I don't like Froude's wasting his time on old love affairs (as if there weren't always enough on hand), and I can't waste mine on *any*thing now, it's running so short. But I'll look up that letter which you say is perfect. What can you possibly mean? When a woman refuses a man she's a mere brute if she pretends to have any reason.

I send you the first proof of the end of my bird-catching for this year. It ends in Scotland, so you must see it first, else I mightn't have bored you with it *yet*, for I think some of it as tiresome as—(Shakespeare?). I've even worked through a proof, but the ending has some mint sauce, and see the Dorcas Society woman's letter![3]

That weariness of reading is a totally unexpected *calamity* to *me* also, in growing old. I can read nothing now but Scott, and *Frederick the Great*, and I begin to know them a little bit too well. My drawing does not tire me, but the focus of my best, farthest-seeing eye has altered more than that of the nearer-sighted, weaker one; and now, in small work, they begin to dispute about where the line is to go, which I am sorry for, but shall take to larger work. Suppose I do a Panorama of the Alps, with our Lady of the Snow crowning our blessed old Jamie!—Ever your lovingest J. R.

To Giacomo Boni[4]

Brantwood, 30*th August*, 1881.

Dear Signor Boni,—I also must omit all formalities, and embrace you as a most dear friend, and hold myself deeply honoured in doing

[1] [No. 33 of "Letters from Ruskin" in *Letters of Dr. John Brown*, 1907, pp. 311–312, where the last word "Jamie" (*i.e.*, James Forbes) is misprinted "Joanie."]

[2] [Possibly Mrs. Oliphant's notice of Carlyle's *Reminiscences* in *Macmillan's Magazine*, vol. 43, 1881, pp. 482–496.]

[3] [See *Love's Meinie*: Vol. XXV. p. 149.]

[4] [Who had sent a drawing, with an enthusiastic letter of admiration of Ruskin's books and of indignation against modern "restorations" in Venice. For Ruskin's subsequent friendship with him, see the Introduction, Vol. XXXVI. p. xciv.]

so—for the spirit of your great Fathers and your lovely Land is on you;—surely such drawing I have never seen by living hand—never, by any hand, since the days of Lippi and Mantegna.

It has given me new life and hope to see it, and to read what you have so sweetly and passionately written. Heaven keep you in health and heart. . . .

I write to-day in haste and eager recognition, but you may assuredly command me to the utmost of my power, and believe me your devoted and thankful friend, JOHN RUSKIN.

To C. FAIRFAX MURRAY [1]

BRANTWOOD, *October 11th*, 1881.

MY DEAR MURRAY,—The two sketches, for which I am very happy to give ten pounds each, arrived, registered, this morning. I enclose a cheque for them, and for the large drawing from Botticelli's fresco of the Sciences, which I also am extremely glad to have at the price of one hundred pounds.[2] My cheque therefore is for one hundred and twenty.

I have very positive and instant directions farther to give you, and you will please stay where you are, quietly—that is to say, either at Pisa or Florence—until you get my to-morrow's (intended), or it may be for a week hindered, next letter. I do not know whether the myth of these Botticelli frescoes be in Boccaccio or not—but the Myth *is* the Divine Love and Wisdom in Human Education. The three Graces present the maid to Venus Urania—the Cupid, subdued, stoops his bow. In the other, on the left hand, the bar has fallen to admit the youth who has knocked—who is presented to the Divine earthly Wisdom whose Bow abides in strength. Poetry, Logic, Rhetoric, are on her right hand; Geometry, Astronomy, and Music on her left hand.

And remember, now, that I have many concerns in hand, and *must* know where my men are, or everything will be in a tangle again. And you may depend upon it you will have more final profit, if not satisfaction, in work done for me than for any one else.—Your faithful friend, JOHN RUSKIN.

To the Rev. J. P. FAUNTHORPE [3]

BRANTWOOD, *October 18th* [1881].

MY DEAR FAUNTHORPE,—The square bit of gold means that you are an accepted adherent, or outside worker, of St. George's Company,

[1] [No. 21 in *Art and Literature*, pp. 56–58.]
[2] [See Vol. XXXIII. p. 313 and Plate XXXVII.]
[3] [No. 37 in *Faunthorpe*; vol. i. p. 85. In Letter No. 36 (p. 84) Ruskin's secretary (Laurence Hilliard) had written (October 3): "Mr. Ruskin desires me to send

looked upon by us as our friend, and invited to further co-operation. I am now for the first time thus distinguishing our elect candidates. I hope you will henceforward receive *The Bible of Amiens*, etc., regularly.—Ever affectionately yours, J. Ruskin.

To the Rev. J. P. Faunthorpe[1]

Brantwood [*October 21st*, 1881].

Dear Faunthorpe,—St. George would be poor indeed if he could not give one little bit of gold in acknowledgment for the affection and effort of all a life. I am only thankful to you for accepting it. But, not to be tiresome to you, I will accept your cheque as a contribution to my fund for Amiens photographs, drawings, etc. I've ever so much ready if I only could get it printed; but the work I'm upon now, peeling a piece of bog-land, requires me to be engineering all day long.

The *square* of gold is only because it is more easily and equally cut so. Indeed I want to see you, but *can't* get to town till after Christmas. Anent Strait Gate: *I* scold Florentines for *their* sakes, but Constance, for her *own* sake.[2] I hope to send some more lovely Richters soon.—Ever affectionately yours, J. R.

To the Rev. F. A. Malleson[3]

21st October [1881].

I am fairly well, but have twenty times the work in hand that I am able for; and read—Virgil, Plato, and Hesiod, when I have time! But assuredly no modern books; least of all my friends', lest I should have either to flatter or offend. Still less will I have to say to young

you enclosed piece of gold, in reference to which he will write to you in a day or two." At this time Ruskin "presented several copies of the Apocrypha, bound like his own, to friends whom he hoped to interest in St. George's work, with the inscription 'From the Master.' To the same he gave little squares of pure gold, beaten thin, out of which he meant to strike his St. George's coinage (see Vol. XXIX. p. 342), saying: 'Now you have taken St. George's money; and whether you call yourself one or no, you are a member of my Guild. I have caught you with guile!'" (W. G. Collingwood's *Ruskin Relics*, p. 210). Compare Vol. XXX. p. xxiii.]

[1] [No. 38 in *Faunthorpe;* vol. i. pp. 86, 87 (see below, p. 644).]

[2] [For Ruskin's "scolding" of the Florentines, see Vol. XXIII. pp. 388–389; and for his objection to Constance's scoldings in *King John*, see above, p. 350.]

[3] [No. 60 in the synopsis of Ruskin's Letters to Malleson (Vol. XXXIV. p. 187).]

men proposing to become clergymen. I have distinctly told them their business is at present—to dig, not preach.[1]

Let your young friend read his *Fors*. All that he needs of me is in that.

To LADY MOUNT-TEMPLE

BRANTWOOD, *22nd Oct.*, '81.

DEAREST ISOLA,—I am happy in your kind letter, and would fain that old times could return, but my two illnesses have changed all for me, and forbidden all kinds of excitement or exertion, except in directions instantly serving my main work. I have to resume the entire contents of *Fors*,[2] with reference to the existing crisis, which it foretold to you all, in vain, and to gather my own past work in drawing or observing into forms available for my schools. I have a staff of good assistants now at work abroad, and hope to make the historical studies of the great churches such a body of evidence respecting the ages of Christianity as no one yet has conceived. But all depends, with God's help, on my allowing no distraction any more to break the courses of labour—and you know, you, for one, are a very distracting person! There will be some pieces about Araceli for you nevertheless!—the plan of *Our Fathers have Told Us* is more laid out than that of any book I ever wrote[3]—and its three chief Italian sections—Ponte a Mare, Ponte Vecchio, and Araceli—will be done—as well as an old man may. With all resolution to be quiet, I shall have enough on my hands to keep me at least out of danger of monastic serenity. . . .

To FRANK RANDAL[4]

BRANTWOOD, *25th Oct.*, 1881.

DEAR RANDAL,—I have only sent you twenty pounds in notes, thinking you might not easily cash a cheque at Senlis; the other twenty for this quarter I'll send to Chartres. Go to the Grand Monarque there and you'll be very comfortable.

Fee the sacristan well at once, and begin making careful drawings of *any* piece of glass you can see clearly—matching the colours as well as you can, not troubling yourself about effect of light, but

[1] [See Vol. XXVIII. pp. 36, 238.]

[2] [Ruskin did not, however, resume *Fors* (suspended since September 1880) till May 1883: see Vol. XXIX. p. 423.]

[3] [For the "laid out" plan, see Vol. XXXIII. pp. 186, 187. Only some notes, however, were written for the intended Part III. ("Ara Cœli"): *ibid.*, pp. 191 *seq.*]

[4] [For Mr. Randal's work for Ruskin, and many letters, see Vol. XXX. pp. lxv.–lxxii.]

considering it merely as a missal illumination. Don't fatigue your eyes; but inquire round the cathedral for *any* window whence you could be allowed to draw, and it does not matter what part of the cathedral you do draw; all is equally divine, except the upper part of the later spire. Keep to the porches and flanks and you can't go wrong.—Ever affectly. yrs., J. Ruskin.

To Miss Susan Beever[1]

Brantwood.

How gay you were and how you cheered me up after the dark lake.

Please say *John Inglesant* is harder than real history and of no mortal use. I couldn't read four pages of it. Clever, of course.

To the Rev. J. P. Faunthorpe[2]

Brantwood, *3rd November*, '81.

Dear Faunthorpe,—It is very delightful and pathetic to me, your all enjoying those things so, and thinking so much of the cabinet; but I am especially pleased that Williams has acquitted himself properly, for I want him to do more work at Sheffield. You know it isn't *me*, but St. George, who gives the cabinet. I'm going to charge it to the Guild as a most lovely bit of our best sort of work.

I couldn't send you proofs of *Amiens*, the thing pressed so, and I knew pretty well what I was about in *it*, but not in the *Meinie*. Very thankful I am to have you under my lee when I'm puzzled. It is nice your keeping of All Saints; it is always a great day for *me;* whether I recollect it or not, the Guardian Angels work for me in it.—Ever your grateful J. Ruskin.

To Edward Clodd[3]

Brantwood, *November 11th*, 1881.

My dear Sir,—Your book and letter came by different posts. They got separated, and I have duly found and read your obliging, and to me very deeply interesting, letter to-day.

Your book I had looked at—more than once or twice. You must

[1] [No. 56 in *Hortus Inclusus* (see p. 626).]

[2] [No. 40 in *Faunthorpe;* vol. i. pp. 89, 90. Mr. Williams (of Messrs. Foord and Williams) was Ruskin's frame and cabinet maker.]

[3] [Included in *Letters to Furnivall*, pp. 95–99. It is there explained that these two letters, and one below (p. 382), were addressed by Ruskin to Mr. Edward Clodd, the Secretary of the London Joint Stock Bank, and the author of *The Story of Creation, Pioneers of Evolution from Thales to Huxley, The Childhood of Religion*, and other works. They were occasioned, Mr. Clodd says, by "my writing to Mr. Ruskin to suggest a correction in his description of one of Carpaccio's pictures in the chapel of San Giorgio de' Schiavoni, Venice, my letter being accompanied by a copy of *Jesus of Nazareth*. This was sent to Mr. Ruskin *à propos* of some talk

pardon the apparent discourtesy of my telling you that it gave me more pain, and caused me more deadly discouragement, than any book I ever yet opened.

You are surprised? Yes; and sorry? Yes, I hope so. And much puzzled to know what I may mean, for your book is candid, temperate, and well-intended.

You have no notion whatever of the reason for its being to me so deadly? You had no intention of being to me like a dose of arsenic, or of strychnine?

If that be so, and you so little understood me, is it likely that, on what you call historical evidence, you had any better understood Christ?

Are you sure you can, on direct evidence, understand—the first child you pick up in the streets, if one needs picking up as you go home, and you are Christian enough to do it?

Suppose—which would not be really difficult to you, being a Bank officer—you tried to get some insight into what you call my views, about interest, but which are the views of every wise man who ever lived and spoke on earth.

You can understand *them* if you will. But you will never, to the end of your days, be able to understand—I do not say Christ, but any Christian of the noble ages. They lived in a kind of air which no modern chemist can give you one breath of.

I will tell you more, however, if you wish, of my own feelings about your book, which are explicable enough.—Ever faithfully, and not unkindly, yours, J. RUSKIN.

P.S.—Thanks for note on Sultana—I believe you are quite right.

BRANTWOOD, *November 13th*, 1881.

MY DEAR SIR,—In your first letter you say that your book is neither "critical" nor "sentimental," and of no lofty pretence.

Do you mean that it is without judgment, and without feeling? If so, what does it profess to have?

Nearly in the first page I opened, I found it asserted that much nonsense had been talked about the Dead Sea. Much has; and much on other subjects, with which your own business in life more directly acquaints you. You claim the Faculty of Judgment respecting Sodom. Did you ever hear of such a place as Cahors?[1]

that I had had with Mr. Holman Hunt, and of some remarks, on Lives of Jesus, by Mr. Ruskin." The full title of Mr. Clodd's book is *Jesus of Nazareth: embracing a Sketch of Jewish History to the time of his birth* (1880). Ruskin's references in the next letter are to pp. 55, 96 of the book.]

[1] [The inhabitants of Cahors are placed, as usurers, by the side of Sodom in the *Inferno*, xi. 50: compare Vol. XVII. p. 220 *n.*]

Your book is of no lofty pretence?

Do you suppose your sentence, "With all his acuteness, Solomon was not wise enough to," etc., is likely to convey to readers of very much smaller calibre than Solomon's, an impression of your extreme modesty?

May I before asking further questions—if indeed you care to answer these—pray you to answer them in a modestly round hand? It has taken me a quarter of an hour to read your note of 27 lines. Not obscure when once read, I grant, but I do not think you will find the act of deliberate writing lost time.—Ever yours faithfully,

J. Ruskin.

To the Rev. J. P. Faunthorpe[1]

Brantwood, 27*th November* [1881].

Dear Faunthorpe,—But has Miss Stanley no fears for *my* head, then? I'm sure *that's* much more likely to be turned than the Queen's! But, as far as I could make out, you had both been telling her that her letters would only be troublesome, and I was bound for Truth's sake to efface that impression! What a good habit she has of writing *epsilon* for *e*, look at *my* poor little *e* above in trouble-some! and I constantly have to pull open my *e's* afterwards like stiff button-holes.

I have no doubt Mrs. Herringham is right, but I don't know either Ghirl or Poll (it sounds very like an Irish sailor's asseveration!) well enough to have much opinion.[2] In *either* case, remember the picture is an example of precision in execution only, and neither of colour nor sentiment. To the end of life, Ghirlandajo remained the gold-smith and Pollajuolo the anatomist. In case I haven't time to write to-morrow you will, I hope, receive on Wednesday a *really* valuable gift for the school, the Noble, Half Noble, and Quarter Noble of Edward III.; only mind they're not to "buy what you want with," or whatever you say is the use of such things![3]

You have an awful respect for Reports, and Prizes, and Class lists! I think it says as much for the Reporter and Examiner as for you when you're pleased.—Ever affectionately yours, J. R.

[1] [No. 43 in *Faunthorpe*; vol. i. pp. 96–98. Miss Stanley was then head-mistress at Whitelands College, and the opening remarks refer to Ruskin's correspondence with the first "May Queen": see Vol. XXX. p. 340.]

[2] [The reference is to Mrs. Herringham's study of an angel in the picture, No. 296, in the National Gallery—ascribed at various times to Ghirlandajo and Pollajuolo. The study is now at Sheffield: see Vol. XXX. p. 194. For Ghirlandajo as goldsmith, see Vol. XXIII. p. 266, and for Pollajuolo as anatomist, Vol. XXII. p. 481.]

[3] [See Ruskin's earlier correspondence with Mr. Faunthorpe on the definition of "money": Vol. XXIX. pp. 553 *seq.*]

To the Rev. J. P. FAUNTHORPE[1]

BRANTWOOD, *4th December,* '81.

MY DEAR PRINCIPAL,—I sent off some more books yesterday—rubbish, compared to the former box, but which may be useful in a rubbishy way. The *Orvieto*[2] is entirely vile, yet contains at least the series of subjects so as to explain the sculptor's intention and industry; and the Gray's Botany outlines are, I have no doubt, very good as diagrams, though as drawings their vulgar thickening of outline on the dark side makes them worthless, and, if much looked at, mischievous. There is, however, an old genealogy book which contains outlines of old towns, always curious, and often characteristic, and, as records of destroyed buildings, very valuable. I valued this book, but practically find that I never use it, and your good Historical lecturer sometimes may.

That the lecture on Botany, and the study of it, should both be "luxuries" is precisely what I have been trying to enforce. Botany, as now taught by its popular predicators, is no pleasure, but only a dirty curiosity.

I am going to try to get for Miss Kemm Humboldt and Bonpland's *Mimosas*[3]—a miracle of quiet tenderness and perfect art, without a shadow of vanity, insolence, or vulgar investigation. If I can't get it for you, I'll bring it up to town and lend it to you while I stay.

I've just got your nice letter about the prizes, etc. You *can* help me, I do not know to what extent, by, for one thing, colouring outlines of painted glass, etc., for *Our Fathers have Told Us.*[4] In ornamental needlework, Miss Stanley has had a commission now about three years!—the letter J of *Jeremiah* in my old Bible.

To the Rev. J. P. FAUNTHORPE[5]

BRANTWOOD, *December 6th,* 1881.

MY DEAR PRINCIPAL,—It is a great joy to me that you like *The Queen of the Air.* I shall be so thankful for your revise of it. In the point of original power of thought it leads all my books.[6]

[1] [No. 45 in *Faunthorpe;* vol. ii. pp. 5–7 (see below, p. 644).]

[2] [For this book by Ludwig Grüner, see Vol. XXIII. p. 170. The book next referred to may be one of Asa Gray's.]

[3] [*Mimoses et autres plantes légumineuses du Nouveau Continent, décrites et publiées par C. S. Kunth,* 1819—being one of the volumes in Part 6 ("Botanique") of Humboldt and Bonpland's *Voyage.*]

[4] [This scheme was not carried out, but Ruskin placed many drawings of painted windows in his Museum at Sheffield: see Vol. XXX. pp. 227–229.]

[5] [No. 46 in *Faunthorpe;* vol. ii. pp. 8–10 (see below, p. 644).]

[6] [Compare the letters to the Misses Beever, above, pp. 86, 87.]

My political economy is all in Xenophon and Marmontel; my principles of art were the boy's alphabet in Florence; but the Greeks themselves scarcely knew all that their imaginations taught them of eternal truth, and the discovery of the function of Athena as the Goddess of the Air is, among moderns, absolutely I believe my own. I *meant* to have written a mythology for both girls and boys, but it is playing with thunder, and after being twice struck mad—whether for reward or punishment I cannot tell—I must venture no more.

It is all nonsense, what you hear of "overwork" as the cause of my two illnesses. I've been thrown into fever and dyspepsia and threatening of paralysis by overwork often and often, but these two times of delirium were both periods of extreme mental *energy* in perilous directions.

I've sent you two books to-day, that are worth your having. The first,[1] almost the wisest I ever read, lively, and full of what I should think all the governesses would like for stirring curiosity. My marks are all through it. I've got another copy for myself, which I shall mark at next reading. The other is—I don't know what, for I can't read it, and don't know even its right way upwards![2] So I am ashamed to have it among my books any more, but I think with its pretty silken cover, binding and all, it is just the thing to show your girls what sort of a thing a Book should be! They might do much prettier ones themselves with home-made paper, and studies of English flowers, and beautiful writing of things for ever true.—Ever affectionately yours, J. R.

To the Rev. J. P. Faunthorpe[3]

Brantwood, *December 9th,* 1881.

My dear Principal,—I send you a box to-day containing parts 1–10 and part 12 of Gould's *Birds of New Guinea.* They may serve to astonish some of your little birds, and are only in my way here. I took them to please the old man, and shall continue to take them for his sake, sending you the numbers as they are issued. No. 11 will be found or got in due time.

With them come fifteen more plates for your "box."[4] They will not give nearly so much pleasure, but in many respects will be more

[1] [*Dialogues of the Dead*, 1770 (by George, Lord Lyttelton): compare Vol. XXX. p. 266.]

[2] [An illuminated MS. of the Koran: for Ruskin's inscription in the book, see Vol. XXVIII. p. 426 *n.*]

[3] [No. 47 in *Faunthorpe;* vol. ii. pp. 11, 12 (see below, p. 644).]

[4] [That is, "The Ruskin Cabinet" at Whitelands College, in which the Dürers are Nos. 16–30: see Vol. XXX. pp. 351, 352.]

instructive,—being much stronger art than Richter's. They are fine impressions of twelve of Dürer's woodcuts from the "Life of the Virgin," and eight (in 2) of his small engravings of the "Passion"; with three separate plates (in 1). Your cabinet is arranged for sixty, is it not, altogether? I have only time to title the Virgin cuts to-day. The only general comment to be made on them is that nobody need like them if they don't; and that if anybody will copy any bits of them in pen and ink—they will generally be stronger, sadder, and wiser after that enterprise. . . .[1] The other plates are still more wonderful as engraving. But Dürer has the universal German fault of being better able to engrave Thorn than Flower crowns.—Ever affectionately yours, J. R.

To EDWARD CLODD[2]

BRANTWOOD, *December 20th*, 1881.

MY DEAR SIR,—There was no chance of forgetting you, but your book makes me so angry every time I open it that I never can venture to write. Yet the anger is a strange phenomenon in one's own mind about a thing where no harm is meant, but the want of sympathy and modesty always irritate me more than any quantity of pugnacity, and certainly—without any approach to rivalship in that line—your book is the least sensitive and the most impudent I ever opened. You might just as well have walked into my study and openly annoyed me, as send it to me! How do you ever get on with Holman Hunt? I thought he was more of a bigot than I—by much.—Ever faithfully yours, J. RUSKIN.

To the Rev. J. P. FAUNTHORPE[3]

BRANTWOOD, *Shortest Day*, '81.

MY DEAR CHAPLAIN,—It is ever so sweet of you to write me such a lovely letter, and ever so sweet of the girls to send me that perfectly arabesqued and dainty document of gratitude. But the sad fact is that all these comfortings and caresses are like the kiss and song to the *Talking Oak*,[4] supposing him a good deal more wrinkled and weather-beaten than *that* one was. . . . You couldn't comfort Dr. Johnson

[1] [Here follow the titles, as given in the Catalogue of the Cabinet.]

[2] [No. 41 in *Furnivall*, pp. 100–101. For the book—*Jesus of Nazareth*—see above, p. 377.]

[3] [No. 48 in *Faunthorpe*; vol. ii. pp. 13, 14 (see below, p. 644).]

[4] [For another reference to Tennyson's poem, see Vol. XXXIV. p. 397; and to Johnson's penance in Lichfield market-place, see Vol. XXIV. p. 279.]

in Lichfield market-place by observing that he had made a nice dictionary. And the girlies might as well thank the gasometer at—— wherever it is, for lighting the streets for them, as *me!* It's my proper business, and doesn't hurt me to do.

But I'm very much pleased with the two letters, all the same,—only I can't say more to-day but that I'm to you all, your faithful and affectionate Servant, J. Ruskin.

To Miss Kate Greenaway[1]

Brantwood, *Christmas Day,* 1881.

My dear Miss Greenaway,—You are the first friend to whom I write this morning; and—among the few to whom I look for real sympathy and help—you are fast becoming—I believe you are already, except only Edward B. Jones—the helpfullest, in showing me that there are yet living souls on earth who can see beauty and peace, and Goodwill among men—and rejoice in them.

You have sent me a little choir of such angels as are ready to sing, if we will listen—for Christ's being born—every day.

I trust you may long be spared to do such lovely things, and be an element of the best happiness in every—English—household—that still has an English heart—as you are already in the simpler homes of Germany. To my own mind, Ludwig Richter[2] and you are the only real philosophers and Divines of the nineteenth century.

I'll write more in a day or two about many things, that I want to say—respecting the possible range of your subjects. I was made so specially happy yesterday by finding Herrick's Grace among the little poems[3]—but they are all delightful.—Ever gratefully and affectionately yours, J. Ruskin.

To Dr. John Brown[4]

Brantwood, 28*th December,* '81.

You will not at all believe the joy it is to *me* to have a letter from you, and to see that you also are as you used to be—my own

[1] [No. 6 in *Kate Greenaway,* p. 105 (see below, p. 655).]

[2] [For whom, see Vol. XXIX. pp. 594, 595.]

[3] [For which, see Vol. XXVIII. p. 265. The little poems (among which Herrick's "Grace" is the fourth) are those contained in *A Day in a Child's Life,* illustrated by Kate Greenaway, with music by Myles B. Foster.]

[4] [The passage "You will not . . . as morning" is No. 34 (the last) of "Letters from Ruskin" in *Letters of Dr. John Brown,* 1907, p. 312. Brown's letter (*ibid.,* p. 275), to which Ruskin's was an answer, was in acknowledgment of chapter ii. of *The Bible of Amiens:* see the Introduction, Vol. XXXVI. p. xc.]

sweet Doctor that had perpetual sympathy with all good effort, and all kindly animated creatures. And I trust we shall both go on yet, in spite of sorrow, speaking to each other through the sweet briar and the vine, for many an hour of twilight as well as morning. . . .

To Miss Susan Beever [1]

Last day of 1881. *And the last letter I write on it, with new pen.*

I've lunched on *your* oysters, and am feasting eyes and mind on *your* birds. What birds? Woodcock? Yes, I suppose, and never before noticed the *sheath* of his bill going over the front of the lower mandible that he may dig comfortably! But the others! the glory of velvet and silk and cloud and light, and black and tan and gold, and golden sand, and dark tresses, and purple shadows, and moors and mists, and night and starlight, and woods and wilds and dells and deeps, and every mystery of heaven and its finger-work is in those little birds' backs and wings! I am so grateful. All love and joy to you, and wings to fly with and birds' hearts to comfort, and mine, be to you in the coming year.

1882

[In February Ruskin went up to London, and for a while seemed able for much work, but in March he had a third attack of brain-fever. He recovered quickly, and in August he went abroad with Mr. Collingwood. For letters and diaries of this year, compare Vol. XXXIII. pp. xxix.–xlv. The change did him so much good that at the end of the year he decided to resume the Slade Professorship at Oxford.]

To R. C. Leslie [2]

Brantwood, *8th Jan.*, '82.

My dear Sir,—I am more than grateful for your letter. It is seldom I receive any notes on natural history so important, or so clearly and completely expressed.

May I ask if you are in the habit of recording your experiences

[1] [No. 72 in *Hortus Inclusus.*]

[2] [Written in answer to a letter from Mr. Leslie, who, on reading Ruskin's lecture on the Dabchick (Vol. XXV.), wrote to him on the under-water flight of the guillemot. For Ruskin's subsequent friendship with his correspondent, see the Introduction, Vol. XXXVI. p. cviii.]

in this kind? As far as I have myself observed the Natural history of men, or women, either those who *can* write never do; and those who can see, never tell anybody what they have seen,—while the people who can neither see, nor write, print volumes of their "speculations"! I can only send you this hurried acknowledgment to-day: but please tell me whether you live at Southampton, and more about yourself and birds.—And believe me, ever your obliged and faithful servant, J. Ruskin.

To C. H. L. Woodd[1]

Herne Hill (Arthur Severn's), *2nd Feb.*, '82.

My dear Woodd,—I think the worm theory very likely to be true. If there are not earth worms, there are plenty of sand ones at Venice: nor have I ever held hard by the symbolic notion. The question[2] could only have been solved by a good master of mosaic—and as the pavement is now destroyed, remains insoluble for ever. Dome —pavement—and question now like the bubbles of a drowned man's breath on the black sea of the modern devilry—and flooding the earth.

Thanks for remembering 8th Feb.

If I got George Richmond and another friend or two, would you care to come *this* year?[3]—Ever affectly. yrs., J. Ruskin.

To the Rev. J. P. Faunthorpe[4]

Herne Hill, *9th Feb.*, '82.

My dear Chaplain,—I'm going to all manner of wicked plays, and pantomimes, and filling up my days with flirtations instead of coming to see Whitelands, and be lectured by you—so it was just as well you looked after me! But, will you please very solemnly reconsider, and then retract, your complaint of my having left you no "enumeration" in *Proserpina* according to Botany *as it is*. I "enumerate" with carefullest sequence Root, Stem, Leaf, Calyx, Corolla, Seed-vessel, and Style;[5] and the book will, if I live, contain such drawings of all these parts as never were given before in the world. The analysis of *Fruit* is already carried beyond what has been done before, and includes it.

[1] [An old friend: see Vol. XXIX. pp. 532, 533.]

[2] [Of the undulations in the mosaic floor of St. Mark's: see Vol. X. p. 62 *n.*]

[3] [For the dinner-parties on Ruskin's birthday in earlier years, see Vol. XXXIV. p. 98, and Vol. XXXV. p. 402.]

[4] [No. 49 in *Faunthorpe;* vol. ii. pp. 15–17 (see below, p. 644).]

[5] [See Ruskin's Index to the book, Vol. XXV. pp. 553–557 (and for "Style," p. 259). The analysis of wood came in ch. vii. of vol. ii. ("Science in her Cells"), issued in May 1885, pp. 483 *seq.* For the "final examination" of the calyx, Ruskin prepared only some notes: see *ibid.*, p. 548.]

That of *Wood* is coming, and, with the chapters on Vegetation in *Modern Painters*, is also both comprehensive of what has been done, and more than one step in advance of it. . . .

Let me add that the final examination of the parts of plants must follow the particular accounts of the families. I do not choose to examine the calyx of a Veronica without that of a Foxglove, nor either of those without that of a Betony—and so on. And let me add, also, that I would fain consult about my books with you, and many other friends, before printing. But the books in that case would never be written. I should alter, add, wait, find things out, and write over again once a year! I must do the best I can in the time I have.—Ever again yours affectionately, J. RUSKIN.

To Miss MARY GLADSTONE[1]

[*Feb.* 1882.]

DEAREST M——, The tea and roses will be exactly the nicest and sweetest for me to-day; but mind, you're not to have a levée, and cheat me of my music. . . . Please think, meantime, if you can find a tune that would go to Scott's "The heath this night must be my bed,"[2] in *The Lady of the Lake*. It is quite curious how sometimes the prettiest words won't go to note-times. I *can't* get any tune to go to those, unless one puts Marie, with accent as in French, for the two short syllables of Scott's "Mary."—Ever, my dear, your loving

ST. C.

To Dr. JOHN BROWN

HERNE HILL, 13*th Feb.*, '82.

. . . What a delicious note this morning I have from you![3] I *need* some encouragement with *Proserpina*, for there is a good deal of difficult, and in other directions useless, work to be done for it, and

[1] [*Letters to M. G. and H. G.*, pp. 68–69.]

[2] [See *Elements of English Prosody*, § 37 (Vol. XXXI. p. 364).]

[3] [The note (February 10) was as follows:—"MY DEAR FRIEND,—Thanks, as I have so long and so often to give you, for the joy and comfort of *Proserpina*, Part vii. It is delightful and informing, and more. I am not sure that I agree with you, or perhaps understand you, as to the injured (or deformed?) flowers. Do you call the Bee Ophryd, p. 144, or the dead nettle (*Lamicun album*) injured, or that most undrawable of flowers, Honeysuckle? George Allen has done his best. In (Plate) IX. I suppose that shadowy, or almost smoky, look of the leaves is indication of a sort of wetness. X. is absolutely perfect in drawing and 'pose.' How like a lady she holds herself up and bends her head! That about *Bank* flowers is excellent, and I think quite new. But I must not weary you and your eyes any longer. I hope you are taking care of your body, the instrument of the Soul, as well as its (present) house. My best regards and my sister's to Mrs.

I am apt to neglect it for history, now that I've got once more among Cathedrals.[1]

Yes, I should call nettles and honeysuckles, much more all the Ophryds, injured blossoms. Honeysuckle seems to me quite a grievously slashed one, and its growth malignant to other plants. The frightful tangling of it about all my *dying* underwood is one of the chief dangers in my pruning work, the inevitable nets of it are so apt to catch and turn the blow, if one is careless for an instant.

Yes, I take as much care of my body now as I can. It has become to me quite literally a sort of Telescope which I have to shut up and take care of, or like the talisman which the unhappy and obstinate lover of the *Arabian Nights* brought the Efreet up by breaking.[2] But I feel sadly that it still belongs to me in all its naughtinesses, and that it would do me ever so much good to be flogged and macerated at the Grande Chartreuse, for a year or so, only Joanie wouldn't hear of it. She copied your inquiry to show Connie, and sends you and Miss Brown no end of love with mine.

No, I never heard Miss Wakefield sing the Creation. I always bar Beethoven and Handel before she begins at all, but she sung me the Evening Hymn, Sunday was three weeks, to my extreme satisfaction and moral improvement, for at least half-an-hour afterwards. . . .

The muggy violet leaves are merely imperfect work. My sketch was extremely slight, with scarcely more than one wash to each leaf. I've no time for drawing now, and Allen could not get the clearness of a wash in mezzotint.

To Bernard Quaritch[3]

Herne Hill, *27th Feb.*, '82.

Dear Quaritch,—I am entirely pleased with the book, and very grateful for the loan of the other.

Severn. I saw the robust and tuneful Miss Wakefield the other day. Did she ever sing to you Beethoven's Hymn of Creation?—Yours ever, my dear, dear friend, affectionately, J. Brown.—*P.S.*—Your Shakespeare Women owe you much; they should come trooping to you—in your dreams. You are hardly just to Imogen, I think, or to the play." (*Letters of Dr. John Brown*, p. 280, where "p. 144" should be "p. 199.")

For the references to *Proserpina*, see Vol. XXV. pp. 390 ("injured flowers"), 341 (Plate XXIII., orchid), 387 (Plate XXV., the "smoky violet"), 403 (Plate XXVI., "Viola Canina, structural details"), 389 ("*bank* flowers"), 416–420 (Shakespeare's Women).]

[1] [That is, at work on *The Bible of Amiens*.]

[2] [In the Story of the Second Royal Mendicant.]

[3] [For Ruskin's friendship with the late Mr. Quaritch, see the Introduction, Vol. XXXVI. p. lxxiv., where Mr. Quaritch's reply to the present letter is given.]

You astonish me as much by your quick attention to the minutest business, as Tintoret by his painter's touch. How you can do it or get it done, is a mere miracle to me. One of your catalogues has as much in it as two of my books! and it takes me a year to *look* at what you print in a fortnight. But I can't buy any Romances just now. I'm out at elbows.—Ever affectly. yrs., J. RUSKIN.

To the Rev. J. P. FAUNTHORPE[1]

[HERNE HILL] *3rd March,* '82.

MY DEAR FAUNTHORPE,—I am better, but almost dead for want of sleep and fearful cough; and all my friends are throwing stones through my window, and dropping parcels down the chimney, and shrieking through the keyhole that they must and will see me instantly, and lying in wait for me if I want a breath of fresh air, to say their life depends on my instantly superintending the arrangements of their new Chapel, or Museum, or Model Lodging-house, or Gospel steam-engine. And I'm in such a fury at them all that I can scarcely eat. Here's Miss Stanley, who sent me word for three years she "hadn't time," forsooth! to do a thing I specially asked her to do, and then, when I'm at Death's door, comes begging for the lesson in needlework,[2] which of all difficult and bothering things on earth would be to me the most difficult in my full health. . . . If the Duke of Wellington were ill, would she expect him to give her drawing lessons for recreation? In Heaven's name, *be quiet* just now!—Ever affectionately yours, J. RUSKIN.

To Miss MARY GLADSTONE[3]

HERNE HILL, *28th* (*29th*) *March,* 1882.

MY DEAR M——, I have been darkly ill again. I do not quite yet know *how* ill, or how near the end of illness in this world, but I am to-day able to write (as far as this may be called writing) again; and I fain would pray your pardon for what must seem only madness still, in asking you to tell your Father how terrified I am at the position he still holds in the House, for separate law for Ireland and England.[4]

[1] [No. 51 in *Faunthorpe;* vol. ii. pp. 19, 20.]
[2] [See below, p. 645 (No. 53).]
[3] [*Letters to M. G. and H. G.,* pp. 73–75.]
[4] [The reference is to Mr. Gladstone's Irish Land Bill of 1881, justified by him on the ground that Ireland required exceptional treatment.]

For these seven, nay these *ten years*, I have tried to get either Mr. Gladstone or any other conscientious Minister of the Crown to feel that the law of land-possession was for all the world, and eternal as the mountains and the sea.

Those who possess the land must live *on* it, not by taxing it.

Stars and seas and rocks must pass away before *that* Word of God shall pass away, "The Land is *Mine*."[1]

And the position taken by the Parliament just now is so frightful to me, in its absolute defiance of every human prognostic of Revolution, that I *must* write to you in this solemn way about it, the first note I gravely sit down to write in my own old nursery, with, I trust, yet uncrushed life and brain.—Ever your affectionate

JOHN RUSKIN.

To Miss SUSAN BEEVER[2]

Easter Day [*April* 9], 1882.

I have had a happy Easter morning, entirely bright in its sun and clear in sky; and with renewed strength enough to begin again the piece of St. Benedict's life where I broke off,[3] to lose these four weeks in London,—weeks not wholly lost neither, for I have learned more and more of what I should have known without lessoning; but I *have* learnt it, from these repeated dreams and fantasies, that we walk in a vain shadow and disquiet ourselves in vain.[4] So I am for the present, everybody says, quite good, and give as little trouble as possible; but people *will* take it, you know, sometimes, even when I don't give it, and there's a great fuss about me yet. But *you* must not be anxious any more, Susie, for really there is no more occasion at one time than another. All the doctors say I needn't be ill unless I like, and I don't mean to like any more; and as far as chances of ordinary danger, I think one runs more risks in a single railway journey, than in the sicknesses of a whole year.

To VERNON HEATH[5]

13*th April*, 1882.

DEAR MR. VERNON HEATH,—I have seldom received a letter with greater pleasure than yours gave me this morning. If you could know

[1] [Leviticus xxv. 23: see Burne-Jones's design, given as the frontispiece to Vol. XXXI.]

[2] [No. 73 in *Hortus Inclusus*.]

[3] [Ultimately used in the lecture called "Mending the Sieve" (Vol. XXXIII.).]

[4] [See Psalms xxxix. (Prayer-book version).]

[5] [*Vernon Heath's Recollections*, 1892, pp. 295–296. The reference is to an exhibition of "landscape photographs."]

how often I have paused, in my greatest hurries, at that recessed window in Piccadilly, and how often I have retired from it in states of humiliation and wretchedness of mind, and accused first the sun, and then you, and then the nature of things, of making all one's past labours vain, and all one's present efforts hopeless, you would understand the interest I shall have in really seeing you, and talking over all the unconscious mischief you have done me, if, indeed, I may come some day next week and see these photographs of which you speak.

I am just recovering from a sharp attack of illness, which has scarcely yet let me out of the house; but I do not doubt being able to come the first fine morning next week, on the chance of finding you in: in the meantime am always very heartily, faithfully yours,

J. RUSKIN.

To the Rev. J. P. FAUNTHORPE[1]

[HERNE HILL] 18*th April.*

MY DEAR FAUNTHORPE,—I forgot where you had my signature put[2] last year. I need not say that I am sorry to have caused all my friends so much worry of various sorts lately. On the other hand, the ways of the world, and of my friends with it, very considerably worry *me*, and these acute forms of my own brain disturbance are greatly caused by the sense of my total inability to make any impression on the brains of other people.

Do not think that I am less earnest about the May Festival at Whitelands. But I felt last year that there was a great deal too much fuss about it, and that the useful meaning of it as an example to other institutions, not capable of fuss, was thereby lost in a great degree, if not totally.

I have shaken off this third attack, as the former ones, without, so far as I can recognize, any definite injuries to the faculties; but with a sorrowful sense of the shortness of time, which, in all human or divine probability, remains to me for their use.—Ever affectionately yours,

J. RUSKIN.

P.S.—I should have written of the needlework and drawings before my illness came on, if I had seen my way to giving useful advice about them. But, like every College and School in England, you are without

[1] [No. 54 in *Faunthorpe;* vol. ii. pp. 24–26.]

[2] [That is, on the labels for the prizes given by Ruskin in connexion with the May-Day Festival at Whitelands College.]

a drawing master, and I don't know where to find one!—even for my own schools at Oxford—since I had to leave them, and virtually I must henceforward leave *all*.

To the Rev. J. P. Faunthorpe[1]

[Herne Hill] 23*rd April*, '82.

Dear Faunthorpe,—I send the labels signed in the corner, where I think it is more orderly. I don't mind how much fuss the girls make among themselves, but I don't like talk of it in papers; it has a look of my using the college to advertise myself. What must be, must be. I never went to any such festivals when I was at my best in health and hope, and have had through life as much dread of being thanked as Mr. Jarndyce.[2] My friends must wish for me, during what may remain of life, only the tranquil power of work in the morning, and rest in the evening, of unvaried and uninterrupted days.—Ever affectionately yours, J. Ruskin.

To Henry Acland, M.D.[3]

25*th April*, '82.

Dear Acland,—Before you wrote about the inkstand, I had bound the two first numbers of *Our Fathers have Told Us*, for the Prince, meaning to ask his permission to send him the numbers as they come out in the same form, as they are lighter in the hand than the whole volumes will be. These two numbers, however, are all that are yet printed,—they shall be at Hyde Park Gardens early to-morrow morning, and I hope I may be able to write some few words with them. But I am in no state for writing, and it may be that I shall only be able to pray your taking of my simple love to the Prince —and even my hope (which it would be difficult to express in a formal, or, at best, a hesitating letter) that the Princess and he may both have a moment in their thoughts of the home that is missing her, to read the little sketch of the Sources of the Weser, pp. 57, 58, Chap. II.,[4] which I had written long before I heard that the Prince was to bring his bride from Waldeck.

I will send the two numbers besides in their usual form to-morrow,

[1] [No. 55 in *Faunthorpe;* vol. ii. pp. 27–28.]
[2] [See *Bleak House*, chaps. 6, 8, 64.]
[3] [About a wedding present for Prince Leopold.]
[4] [The references are to the first edition: see now Vol. XXXIII. pp. 64, 65.]

with the others, in case your sister likes to keep them, or you to look at the said pages. I'm a little frightened at their impudence, now, and you might look at them on the way to Windsor and see if anything should be said or not.—Ever your affect. J. R.

The Prince's copy is in white, with blue silk lining—as pretty as I could think of, and the title ends with "History of Christendom."[1]

To the Rev. J. P. Faunthorpe[2]

[Herne Hill] 25*th April* [1882].

My dear Faunthorpe,—Your letter to-day much relieves and cheers me: especially the governesses' approval of the signature! and the very interesting report, which is extremely useful to me myself in planning farther. The *School Guardian* notice will be exactly the right, and, I hope, generally usefullest one.[3]

I never heard of such a thing as a *May* Queen dissolving in tears before! had it been only an *April* Play-queen I should not have wondered. But what is there to be put in tears? Were they not all taken by surprise before on the very morning? I should have liked to hear the lecture to-morrow, but have had too much to do lately with Real Ghosts and Real Witches to venture my poor remains of unbewitched brain near any such subjects.—Ever affectionately yours,

J. Ruskin.

To the Rev. J. P. Faunthorpe[4]

[Herne Hill] 26*th April* [1882].

Dear Faunthorpe,—Difficulties about cross more than last year! English workmen getting every day, literally, more stupid and less docile, under the "iron heel of—*No* Despot-ism."[5] I *may* be reduced to send you merely a pretty one out of Bond Street, but there's some chance of the hawthorn yet. Anyhow you shall have it on Saturday evening. Are there any conjectures or complots as to the Coming Queen?

[1] [See Vol. XXXIII. p. 3. Ruskin must thus have had a special page (omitting the final words of the title) printed for the Prince.]

[2] [No. 56 in *Faunthorpe;* vol. ii. pp. 29, 30 (see below, p. 645).]

[3] [A concise account of "May Day Festival at Whitelands" in *The School Guardian,* May 6, 1882, p. 300.]

[4] [No. 57 in *Faunthorpe;* vol. ii. pp. 31, 32 (see below, p. 645).]

[5] [Compare Vol. XXVII. p. 197, and Carlyle's *Latter-Day Pamphlets,* No. 1.]

I forgot to say how glad I was that you had taken up St. Chrysostom, though I am not so sure that his mother[1] was better than the mothers of nearly all great and good men are. The best, I think, are those who send their sons away, not who want to keep them at home. In most cases this form of maternal love says more for the child than the mother. The Church's general consent is of course in the text, "No man hath left Father or Mother,"[2] etc., but in modern days they had rather leave these than their cattle, and are little likely to leave anything for either God or Gospel.—Ever yours affectionately,

J. Ruskin.

To H.R.H. Prince Leopold

Herne Hill, 26*th April*, 1882.

Sir,—You will not doubt my being with you in heart, to-morrow, though the almost dumb sickness that is on me has kept me too long from acknowledging the frequent signs of your kindness, traceable in your references to me in public addresses,[3] of which no word will ever be forgotten by the English people; I think of them just now not selfishly, but in a solemn confidence that the event which England, and her Saints, too long sorry for her, will consecrate to-morrow in St. George's Chapel, is to be the fulfilment not only of your own happiness, but of all the tender and prudent thoughtfulness for others which hitherto has made your life lovely alike in public and domestic duty, and in future, may give you, God permitting, power of arresting evils now threatening the State—which can never be dealt with in the tumult of the Council—but only by the firmness and gentleness of the Prince.

I have charged my old friend Henry Acland with some manner of message farther—which I knew I could not put rightly—or even only a little wrongly, in a letter. I trust him to put it into best expression about the little book which I pray a place for in your—or might it be, perhaps, even the Princess's library? All that I can say for it is that it is the best I can do, and if I live a little longer, will I trust bear some heartfelt witness to the Grace and Truth of Christian Royalty.

And so, I remain, in much thankful and affectionate memory, your Royal Highness's loyal and obedient servant, John Ruskin.

[1] [Anthusa: for the story of her dissuading her son from retiring to a remote hermitage in Syria, see Milman's *History of Christianity*, Book iii. ch. ix.]

[2] [Mark x. 29.]

[3] [See Vol. XX. p. xxxvi.]

To the Rev. J. P. Faunthorpe[1]

[Herne Hill] 29*th April*, '82.

Dear Chaplain,—The cross is just as far from what we meant as last year; but I'll have the one for next year made (*D.V.*) before I leave London this spring, and the two first queens must be content to *be* the two first, though their crosses are, to me at least, more crosses than anything else. What the workman has meant by the roughening of the flowers, I must see him to ask: we may at least, ourselves at a distance, imagine it meant for Dew! However, I hope people won't think it quite horrid, and that the new Queen[2] will forgive its going wrong because of my illness. Mrs. Severn's sister-in-law (Mr. Severn's twin-sister), Mrs. Furneaux, and Miss Gale, whom I think you have already been kind to at Whitelands, are eager to come on Monday. I fear Mrs. Severn must not venture to come with them, as at present she has to be very careful of herself as to over-fatigue. But I am sure good Miss Stanley would take care of her, and I shall try and get her to come.

Will you bring the Deposed Queen[3] to see me again? or will she come [alone]? I don't think she'll ever *feel* un-queened. But I do want to see both of you, now that I'm a little come to myself. Any day would do, and any time, if you give me advice a full day before. —Ever affectionately yours, J. Ruskin.

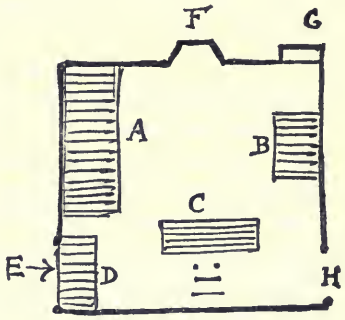
To Miss Susan Beever[4]

Herne Hill [?1882].

Here's your letter first thing in the morning, while I'm sipping my coffee in the midst of such confusion as I've not often achieved at my best. The little room, which I think is as nearly as possible the size of your study, but with a lower roof, has to begin with—A, my bed; B, my basin stand; C, my table; D, my chest of drawers; thus arranged in relation to E, the window (which has still its dark bars to prevent the little boy getting out);[5] F, the fireplace; G, the

[1] [No. 58 in *Faunthorpe;* vol. ii. pp. 33–35.]
[2] ["Miss Gertrude Bowes was the second Whitelands College May Queen." —J. P. F.]
[3] [Miss Ellen Osborne, the first (1881) May Queen: for Ruskin's letters to her, see Vol. XXX.]
[4] [No. 125 in *Hortus Inclusus.*]
[5] [The room was his old nursery at Herne Hill (see Vol. XXXV. p. 11).]

golden or mineralogical cupboard; and H, the grand entrance. The two dots with a back represent my chair, which is properly solid and not *un*-easy. Three others of lighter disposition find place somewhere about. These with the chimney-piece and drawer's head are covered, or rather heaped, with all they can carry, and the morning is just looking in, astonished to see what is expected of it, and smiling—(yes, I may fairly say it is smiling, for it is cloudless for its part above the smoke of the horizon line)—at Sarah's hope and mine, of ever getting that room into order by twelve o'clock. The chimney-piece with its bottles, spoons, lozenge boxes, matches, candlesticks, and letters jammed behind them, does appear to me entirely hopeless, and this the more because Sarah, when I tell her to take a bottle away that has a mixture in it which I don't like, looks me full in the face, and says "she *won't*, because I may want it." I submit, because it is so nice to get Sarah to look one full in the face. She really is the prettiest, round faced, and round eyed girl I ever saw, and it's a great shame she should be a housemaid; only I wish she would take those bottles away. She says I'm looking better to-day, and I think I'm feeling a little bit more, —no, I mean, a little bit less demoniacal. But I still can do that jackdaw beautifully.



To the Rev. J. P. Faunthorpe[1]

[Herne Hill] *2nd May,* 1882.

My dear Chaplain,—The whole of yesterday evening, and much of this morning, has been spent in various praise and marvelling by all my people who were with you and the girls yesterday, and I am very thankful in and about it all.

If the Queens will indeed grace me by coming to-morrow, far the best time will be to afternoon tea at five, and I will send them home in my carriage. If the evening is at all fine, the sunset here is very wonderful and lovely at this season, and the drive home over Clapham Common by moonlight will be lovelier still. Let them take the nicest afternoon train there is so as not to be *later* than half-past four, always supposing the day fine. If wet, or too stormy, it would be much wiser to wait till Thursday. On Saturday I shall expect *you*

[1] [No. 59 in *Faunthorpe;* vol. ii. pp. 36, 37.]

with no less pleasure, and also with some anxiety, for I don't yet at all understand how any of my books or principles can be made compatible with the general requirements of Modern Education and Examination.—Ever gratefully yours, J. RUSKIN.

To the Rev. J. P. FAUNTHORPE[1]

[HERNE HILL] *8th May* [1882].

DEAR FAUNTHORPE, . . . Your visit, with that of the Queens, gave me much to think of. I suppose, for one thing, the kind of girls who come to you start all under a serious necessity of labour. Those on the contrary, whom I have known, worked, a few only, in their own force of character, and the main body of the class were merely ciphers; while even of the workers some would always be vain, eccentric, or insolent. My *summary* of experience with girls is that the less they are educated the better! Of all creatures with any stomachs for the forbidden fruit of Knowledge, *they* have the feeblest digestions!—Ever yours affectionately, J. R.

To Mrs. ARTHUR SEVERN

[HERNE HILL] 12*th May.*

I wish I had got this written before breakfast, for I've been taken aback at breakfast by Dr. John Brown's death. What business have people to die like that, like a candle snuff? Only seventy-two, too, and I expected him to live till ninety.

I may be thankful I've had him so long, and I hope he's happier where he is—are there any dogs there? I will write to Miss Brown, but can't to-day.

To the Rev. J. P. FAUNTHORPE[2]

HERNE HILL, *May* 23*rd* [1882].

DEAR FAUNTHORPE,—I hope to find prettier things for Muriel at the next spadeful out of my stone heap than those sponges. But to-day I've only found things good for the boys; namely, 1, 2 and 3, characteristic quartz nodules—fragments of, at least—out of trap rocks, the smallest showing very neatly the three stages in formation of chalcedony—white quartz, and amethystine quartz—always the outside—(or inside, if we like to call it so, but the final coat); the second, curious in irregular angles

[1] [No. 60 in *Faunthorpe;* vol. ii. pp. 38, 39.]
[2] [No. 61 in *Faunthorpe;* vol. ii. pp. 40, 41 (see below, p. 645). For Ruskin's gift of minerals to Whitelands College, see Vol. XXVI. pp. 528, 529.]

of outside rock and fine amethyst colour; the largest, wholly mysterious, taking cast of fluor with its outside, and with beautifully lined agate between the rock and quartz. The fourth, greenish white and grey, is a pretty piece of Iceland chalcedony and quartz; and the flat one, I suppose a piece of large nodule, is a really beautiful example of spherical and stalactitic concretion of agate with superficial quartz. Nobody has ever explained this formation, but it has always a central rod or small molecule of interior *less pure* substance.

The Three Sirens shall be welcome to-morrow as these sweet days of summer.—Ever gratefully yours, J. Ruskin.

To the Rev. J. P. Faunthorpe[1]

[Herne Hill] *25th May* [1882].

My dear Faunthorpe,—The girls sang and played very sweetly and rightly, and much to my pleasure. But I think their code of songs might be placed higher for them and fixed more strictly. Of all they sang (except the Handel) there was only one song, "We had better bide a wee," of fine standard; and it ought surely to be one of the chief functions of the college to enable the pupils to know, for good reasons, good music from bad.

Both Miss Florence and Miss Edith can sing music requiring both power and precision, and I only found out what Edith's voice was capable of by trying her on rather difficult passages. I am sure you won't mind my choosing and sending them some things I should like them to learn. And the Devonshire cream will be very delightful to me if you'll bring Muriel to give me the lost kiss first.—Ever gratefully yours, J. Ruskin.

I suppose they wouldn't tell you I was talking high treason about Physiology?

To Mrs. Arthur Severn

[Herne Hill] *2nd June.*

. . . "Caller Herrin'"[2] is a life-size sketch—or little more than a sketch—but with all the power of a finished picture, of a fisher girl about fourteen sitting with loose hair under a bank at the edge of the beach, with one hand on her basket (with two fish in it), her chin

[1] [No. 62 in *Faunthorpe;* vol. ii. pp. 42, 43.]

[2] [By Millais, exhibited at the Fine Art Society in 1882. For another note on the picture, see *Art of England,* § 36 (Vol. XXXIII. p. 290).]

resting on the other,—and her dark eyes lifted to the sky—the most pathetic single figure I ever saw in my life—though there is no sign of distress about the girl. She has good strong shoes, and dress—nothing to indicate hard life but a little bloodstain on the hand from the fish—but quite unspeakably tragic—and such painting as there has not been since Tintoret.

To Miss Susan Beever[1]

Herne Hill, *8th June*, '82.

You write as well as ever; the eyes must surely be better; and it was a joyful amazement to me to hear that Mary was able to read and could enjoy my child's botany. You always have things before other people; will you please send me some rosemary and lavender as soon as any are out? I am busy on the Labiatæ,[2] and a good deal bothered. Also on St. Benedict, whom I shall get done with long before I've made out the nettles he rolled in.

I'm sure *I* ought to roll myself in nettles, burdocks, and blackthorn, for here in London I can't really think now of anything but flirting, and I'm only much the worse for it afterwards.

And I'm generally wicked and weary, like the people who ought to be put to rest.[3] But you'd miss me, and so would Joanie; so I suppose I shall be let stay a little while longer.

To Bernard Quaritch[4]

Herne Hill, *15th June*, 1882.

Dear Quaritch,—It is very kind and pretty of you to write. I was very happy and very proud, and had ever so much nice talk with Mr. Edwin Arnold, who is a friend of thirty years! and with

[1] [No. 74 in *Hortus Inclusus* (see below, p. 627).]

[2] [Called in Ruskin's nomenclature, "Vestales" (Vol. XXV. p. 355): partly treated of in vol. ii. ch. 6 of *Proserpina*. "St. Benedict" was the subject of his lecture of December 4, 1882, on "Mending the Sieve" (Vol. XXXIII.).]

[3] [See Job iii. 17.]

[4] [The dinner referred to in this and the two following letters was given by Mr. Quaritch in compliment to Captain (afterwards Sir) Richard Burton (1821–1890). The following is a note (supplied by Mr. Quaritch) of Ruskin's little speech on the occasion:—

"I am indeed glad to be present here on this occasion to see, and extend my welcome to, one who has seen so much of the world and contributed so much to the pleasures which works of travel always confer. I have been almost all my life treading a narrow range geographically, if perchance it may be said a wide range mentally. It is quite true that I have visited Tuscany,

the Cornwall Member,[1] whom I'll try to make one of as many years as I may.

I never was at a dinner, or in a company, where every one was so simply and sincerely desirous to make the others happy.

I was nearly crushed by the great linguist's compliment, but am immensely set up by it now; it was said so sincerely and kindly.

Your own addresses were, as I think more and more all that you do, very wonderful in their full grasp and appositeness, and variously unexpected knowledge.

I got home quite well—and slept well—and am very grateful to you and all your friends. What a *dear* that Captain Cameron[2] is!—Ever affectly. yrs., J. Ruskin.

To Mrs. Arthur Severn

15*th June* [Herne Hill, 1882].

. . . I went out to my dinner last night, Di Ma! I had so *very* nearly bolted, as I went over Westminster Bridge—if Arfie hadn't been there to back me up, I think I should! Well, it was lucky I didn't, for the places were ticketed and the guests' names printed, and Mr. Quaritch had his speech ready for everybody all round—and I should have made a nasty gap, and been very tiresome, if I had failed. As it was, I sate between the Member for Cornwall and the Editor of the *Daily Telegraph!*—and had quite delicious talk with both!

Lombardy, and Venice, and although these spots are rich in associations in that branch of inquiry to which I have devoted myself, they are but very small spots compared with the great surface of the globe. It is only in my old age that I begin to see how great the world is, and how many benefits and advantages are associated with travel.

"Nor must I omit on this occasion to state the obligations which I owe to my good friend, the host of the evening, Mr. Bernard Quaritch. Often when I have been cast down with the unsatisfactory results of some of my performances, or out of heart with my actual achievements as compared with my desires, I have gone to him, and he, with his robust physique and great mental activity, has inspired me with new energy and imparted to me new hopes; at the same time supplying me with works which were essential to my inquiries, and thus he has stood as sponsor to my various efforts and as a true friend during the greater part of my active life. And I have further to say that, during the whole period of my life, no greater honour has ever been conferred upon me than that of being asked to meet the distinguished guests assembled this evening in view of doing honour to our guest, Captain Richard Burton, whose acquaintance I have had the honour of enjoying for more years than I now care to remember."]

[1] [No doubt, W. C. Borlase, member successively for East Cornwall and the St. Austell Division; an authority upon Cornish antiquities.]

[2] [Captain Verney Lovett Cameron (1844–1894), the well-known African explorer.]

and the great linguist of the company paid me the most tremendous compliment. . . . And I made my own little speech without looking very uncomfy, and everything went nicely all round. I never saw a company so entirely desirous of being pleasant to each other, and so little thinking of themselves. The speaking was all good and amusing —Quaritch quite wonderful in extent of knowledge of his men, and their lives—the actually best speaker, Sala (his mention of his uneasiness on account of a matter of 12s. 6d. between him and our host being received with great cheers). I got gushing salute afterwards in especial from Captain Cameron.

To GEORGE ALLEN

HERNE HILL, 16*th June*, '82.

DEAR ALLEN, . . . I consider our victory virtually won, when offers of peace come from the other side, and I find in history the absolute refusal of concession in pursuit of ultimate objects almost always end in total defeat—*e.g.*, the most terrific of examples, Friedrich at Kunersdorf.[1] And I do think that the plan of allowing booksellers to sell the stitched sheets and show our own binding would be really serviceable to us. Without abandoning any of my own principles one jot, I quite see that the kind of people who are fast covering up the country between you and me with villas ten yards cube, set between gardens back and front of ten yards square, can't buy our blue books, but ought to have the offer of *something*.—Ever affectly. yrs.,

J. RUSKIN.

I went to a dinner given by Mr. Quaritch to the African traveller, Capt. Burton, on Wednesday last!—enjoyed myself!!—made a speech!!! And fraternized with the Editor of the *Daily Telegraph*!!!!

To Mrs. BURNE-JONES

[HERNE HILL] 19*th June*, '82.

I should have sent instantly for the places, but fear that on Friday I have too much in the earlier part of the day to let me be happy, or perhaps—quite safe, in finishing at the Opera. I have to see the opening of the England and Australian cricket—and, at ½ past 5, an

[1] [For other references to the battle, see Vol. XXXI. p. 479, and Vol. XXXIV. p. 328.]

inevitable appointment with Dentist!—from which interview I fear my proper, or at least advisable, course would be straight home.

Now I want to enjoy our outing with all that's left of me, and that you should come and dine here, and then drive in with me (and prepare me for the Majesty of Beethoven, and tell me how one should behave in the presence). That would be altogether comfortable, and I can keep any day but Thursday the 29th in the following week for you. I've promised to go and hear Wagner! on Thursday, with Francie. I do hope this farther off plan may still find something that you will like, and I am quite truly desirous of hearing some better music, now, than I've been used to.

I am greatly amused and interested by seeing how completely music separates itself in the mind of a musician, absolute, from words! I had written a little tune for "From the East to Western Ind,—no jewel is like Rosalind,"[1] etc., which good old Mr. West[2] rather liked, and began putting into other keys, and bringing out of them again, and so on. Having got it into what he calls Form, he observed, to my much consternation, how conveniently it would go to—

> "'Tis a point I long to know—
> Oft it causes anxious thought," etc. ! ! !

I was really very much impressed by that man's playing on Saturday —and should greatly like to sit it all through again—with you beside me, and Phil to lean on. *Was* Margaret really sorry she hadn't come?

To Mrs. Arthur Severn

20*th June* [Herne Hill, 1882].

. . . I'm in great feather because yesterday Mr. Davies told me at Brit. Mus. that Mr. Fletcher, the head in mineralogy, had given leave for me to *number* what specimens I liked, for reference, in my catalogue of the Sheffield Museum,[3] "Compare Brit. Mus. No. —," etc. —which is an immense step for the use of both collections. I chose twelve specimens at once, and am going in again to-day to choose more. Mr. and Mrs. West at tea last night, quite delightful. Mr. West beat *me* at chess, and Arfie beat Mrs. West, and I never saw four people together fonder of a game; and Mrs. West sang me my

[1] [*As You Like It,* Act iii. sc. 2.]
[2] [Ruskin's music-master: see Vol. XXXI. p. xxxiv.]
[3] [Compare Vol. XXX. pp. 74–5. In the end, Ruskin made little use of such references: see, however, Vol. XXVI. p. 419.]

"Come unto these yellow sands" and "Old Ægina"[1]—very prettily—but Mr. West's alterations always take out exactly the points I've been driving at, and leave the things just like everything else! But he's so good and eager to help me that he's quite a delight.

To Mrs. Burne-Jones

30*th June*, '82.

Yes, I'm very likely to lose the drive into town, indeed! I'll be at the Grange for a cup of tea, please, about six o'clock, and—as you can't come out here—can I come back with you, and be hidden in a cupboard or that sort of thing—till the morning? Then on Sunday morning we'd all be good again, and I could see pictures after breakfast and before visitors. . . .

Of all the *bête*, clumsy, blundering, boggling, baboon-blooded stuff I ever saw on a human stage, that thing[2] last night beat—as far as the story and acting went—and of all the affected, sapless, soulless, beginningless, endless, topless, bottomless, topsiturviest, tuneless, scrannelpipiest—tongs and boniest—doggrel of sounds I ever endured the deadliness of, that eternity of nothing was the deadliest, as far as its sound went. I never was so relieved, so far as I can remember, in my life, by the stopping of any sound—not excepting railroad whistles—as I was by the cessation of the cobbler's bellowing; even the serenader's caricatured twangle was a rest after it. As for the great "Lied," I never made out where it began, or where it ended—except by the fellow's coming off the horse block.—Ever your lovingest

St. C.

To Holman Hunt

3 *July* [1882].

Dear Hunt,—I am so glad you want to see me—still more that the wife and daughter do. . . . I will come on Thursday. . . . There

[1] [For these airs, see Vol. XXXI. pp. 515, 520.]

[2] [*The Meistersinger:* see below, p. 451. On the following day Ruskin went to the opera with Mrs. Burne-Jones, and wrote to Mrs. Severn:—

"*July* 2.—We had the most delicious performance of *Don Giovanni* I ever was at. Not because of Patti, but because *the whole* cast was good, and the great choruses studied and perfect—as I've never heard them yet. It was one feast of glorious sound for three hours—lasting till nearly a quarter to 12, with *very* short intervals. Patti spoiled the 'la ci darem' by too fast time; but sang all the rest of her songs clearly and carefully—and the men singers were superb. Then we had a lovely moonlight drive to the Grange . . . and Ned gave me his own room to sleep in, full of no end of sketch-books. At breakfast, Morris, whom I was most happy to see."]

is nothing so deadly useless and mischievous as "Perseverance"—Friedrich at Kunersdorf, the English at Fontenoy![1]—Ever yours affectionately,

J. Ruskin.

P.S.—If you can do a thing easily, do it well; if not, don't at all, is the only true maxim.

In my scribble of yesterday I pounced, of course, on exactly the wrong day. I'll come on Friday . . . I am quite certain you are teasing yourself too much about your work. If I could only make you the least bit slovenly and lazy, you would find it such a relief. It has been only my strong feeling about this that has kept me from trying to see you, lest I should hurt instead of pleasing, but now that you want me, you must bear with me.—Ever affectionately yours,

J. Ruskin.

To Mrs. Arthur Severn

Tuesday 4th [*?July*, '82, Herne Hill].

. . . I took my Christie cheque[2] to Walbrook myself yesterday, and found both the partners in—old Mr. Tarrant just beginning his lunch. I insisted on his going on. He said Grace before meat in the form of a loud "Hallelujah!" when he heard I was coming to *buy* stock instead of sell!

To Mrs. La Touche[3]

Herne Hill, S.E., *4th July*, '82.

Yes, that's a diamond, and if it amuses you, you're to keep it. They're not unlucky like opals, and they really are the most wonderful thing in the creation—not alive. That one is very clear and good and beautiful in its crystalline surfaces, but as you see, flawed internally,

[1] [See Vol. XXXI. pp. 479, 480.]

[2] [For Meissonier's "1814," see Vol. XIV. p. 438 *n.*]

[3] [*The Letters of a Noble Woman* (*Mrs. La Touche of Harristown*), pp. 80, 81, where (pp. 79-80) Mrs. La Touche's letter is also given (July 1):—"I have just received a lovely and mystic Thing, in a registered letter directed by you. It has a small summer cloud in its inside, and it has eight outsides, regularity without symmetry, and lustre without glitter. I am going to get a lens and look at it till it tells me more; but meanwhile won't you tell me something about it. Is it a Diamond? . . . Is it for me to look at and—and send back? Or is it that you recognise me as an other than Lacertine Reptile, and send me a precious jewel to wear in my head? Send me a little word, and think of me always as your affectionate and grateful Lacerta." On this letter in Ruskin's handwriting is the following: "I sent her rather a pretty diamond, and have answered she's to keep it. She's very like J., so very pleased with so little."]

else it would have been cut by the jewellers at once, and never found its way to you or me. Of the perfect *outside* form of the diamond you can scarcely see a better type.

I thought it so pretty of you to be interested in these things at all, but in some ways they are nicer than flowers or canaries, being found always where one leaves them.

I am writing a Grammar of Crystallography,[1] which you will find quite easy, and I can find you a pretty crystal now and then, if you will like them. I am staying in town, chiefly to work at British Museum and the other, partly for what gaieties I'm up to. There are people who like to have me, and I am really working at music somewhat seriously (necessary for *Our Fathers have Told Us*), and am hearing, too, some good music.

To MRS. ARTHUR SEVERN

Saturday [HERNE HILL, *July*, 1882].

. . . I only wish I had you here to watch me, and tell me when I *am* tired; for often I *am*, when I don't feel it, and am *not*, when I am stomachically languid and miserable. But the fact is, that though I have been going about so much, I have been extremely cautious, all this while, *writing* absolutely nothing except necessary letters, so that all book excitement is withdrawn, and keeping off all subjects of sad thought. In spite of which I *am* always so sad when I am alone, that for the first time in my life I have sought company as a distraction. . . .

I had an entirely happy afternoon with him [Holman Hunt]—entirely happy . . . because, first, at his studio I had seen, approaching completion, out and out the grandest picture he has ever done, which will restore him at once, when it is seen, to his former sacred throne. It is a "Flight into Egypt," but treated with an originality, power, and artistic quality of design, hitherto unapproached by him. Of course my feeling this made *him* very happy, and as Millais says the same, we're pretty sure, the two of us, to be right!

Then we drove out to his house at Fulham. . . . Such Eastern carpets—such metal work! such sixteenth-century caskets and chests—such sweet order in putting together—for comfort and use—and *three* Luca della Robbias on the walls!—with lovely green garden outside, and a small cherry tree in it before the window, looking like twenty coral necklaces with their strings broken, falling into a shower.

[1] [See Vol. XXVI. p. lxii.]

To Mrs. Arthur Severn

Salthrop, Wroughton, Wilts,[1] *Tuesday* [*July* 31? '82].

. . . Mrs. Maskelyne . . . is such a botanist! and to see Sir John Lubbock and her hunting together over every field they could get at without breaking the fences was quite lovely. And the day was delicious—and there was a Druid circle—and a British fort—(and tumuli as many as you liked like molehills)—and a Roman Road—and a Dyke of the Belgæ—all mixed up together in a sort of Antiquarie's giblet pie—it was like dreaming of the things, they were so jumbled up. I was out all day—walk before breakfast—and open carriage or picnic on downs from half-past twelve to half-past seven! And the Brit. Mus. will be rather prosy after it, to-day.

To Mrs. Arthur Severn

Rheims, *Tuesday, 15th Aug.*, '82.

. . . I am still here, for the banks were shut, for the Assumption of the Virgin, and I could not plunge into the unknown realm of Avallon without replenishing my pocket. . . .

However, I was glad I stayed, for we had entirely perfect singing in the Cathedral, and saw the "Cardinal Lord Archbishop of Rheims"[2] in his glory. He went round with a procession of monks and priests before him—down the nave, round the Cathedral, and up nave again—the crowd, of course, opening all the way; while the young mothers stood forward with their babies to have them blessed, and the children from three to four or five years old ran forward to kiss his hand and be blessed, without anybody to lead them. The Archbishop seemed very happy all the while, and let them have his hand as long as they liked. It was very beautiful, and I am very glad to have been forced to stay and see it. . . .

I am still visiting the British Museum—by letter. I sent off to-day the revised MS. of the catalogue of a hundred described specimens, which will, I hope, be put apart in a separate table case.[3]

[1] [Where Ruskin was staying with Professor Story Maskelyne.]
[2] [A reference to *The Ingoldsby Legends*.]
[3] [As was done: see Vol. XXVI. pp. 395 *seq.*]

To CHARLES ELIOT NORTON[1]

AVALLON, 30*th August*, '82.

MY DARLING CHARLES,—I have just come in from morning work, drawing scrolls and frets—Greek fret with the rest—on the most wonderful twelfth-century porch I ever saw, Pisa not excepted. Pisa (baptistery door) is lovelier, but *this* is the fierier; Greek workmen from the south must have done it—or the devil himself, for such straight away splendidness in every touch I've never, as I say, seen yet.[2]

Well, I got your little note with that blessed news of the Carlyle and Emerson letters[3] the first thing this morning, before going out. It had been lying for some days at Dijon, but I don't lose time in answering. I had in mind to write to you for a month or two back, ever since shaking off my last illness, but one feels shy of writing after being so extravagantly and absurdly ill. I got faster better this time, because Sir William Gull got me a pretty nurse, whom at first I took for Death (which shows how stupid it is for nurses to wear black), and then for my own general Fate and Spirit of Destiny, and then for a real nurse, . . . and slowly—and rather with vexation and desolation than any pleasure of convalescence—I came gradually to perceive things in their realities; but it took me a good fortnight from the first passing away of the definite delirium to reason myself back into the world.

I have not been so glad of anything for many a day as about those Emerson letters; nevertheless, one of my reasons (or causes) of silence this long time has been my differing with you (we *do* differ sometimes) in a chasmy manner about Froude's beginning of his work.[4] . . .

I'm fairly well again, but more sad than I need say about myself and things in general. But I can still draw, and to-morrow I'm going to Dijon, and on Thursday I drive to Citeaux, and on Friday I hope to get to the Jura, and drive over them once more, getting to Geneva and Bonneville early in next week; then by Annecy over little St. Bernard and so on to Genoa and Pisa. You might be there nearly as soon as I shall be, if you liked to!—Ever your loving

J. RUSKIN.

[1] [No. 194 in *Norton;* vol. ii. pp. 174–176.]

[2] [For other notes on Avallon, and for the studies made for him there, see Vol. XXX. pp. 222–224, and Vol. XXXIII. p. xxxv.]

[3] [*The Correspondence of Thomas Carlyle and Ralph Waldo Emerson*, 1834–1872, which Mr. Norton was at this time editing; published in 1883.]

[4] [On this subject, see the Introduction, Vol. XXXVI. p. xcii.; and below, pp. 436, 441, 569.]

To Ernest Chesneau[1]

St. Cergues, Vaud, Switzerland, *September 4th*, 1882.

My dear Sir,—I got your kind letter at Champagnole, but could not reply till to-day; partly because I felt some hesitation in venturing to suggest anything to you beyond the conclusions which you have taken so great care in arriving at; and my chief object in writing to-day is to thank you with all my heart for the books you have favoured me by sending to England, and to assure you of the sincere interest with which I shall examine them on my return. And, as I said in my former note, you should at once have any of mine that bore on your subject. But I believe those I have ordered my publisher to send —my introductory series of *Oxford Lectures*, *The Two Paths*, and *Pre-Raphaelitism*—are nearly all that refer to the business you have in hand. And as I see by referring to your first letter that the notice of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood is to form a *suite d'études*, I will defer the statement of anything that personally interests me in the school until I have had the privilege of reading your opening papers.

This, only, I think it may be well that I should say as to the relation of their aims to mine; that—without being actually conscious of their concurrence with me[2]—they were the first who practically carried out the methods of study from Landscape which were recommended in my analysis of the Art of Turner; and that with them, as with him, the Nature or the Motive of human passion which they represented were always *primary*—the making of a picture, *secondary*.

To Claude and Poussin, rocks and trees were only created in order to make Claudesque and Poussinesque compositions. But, in Turner's mind, he himself and all that is in him were only made to paint rocks and trees. Similarly the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood systematically subordinated their pictures to the reality—and became often harsh and apparently artless, from intensity of honest emotion.

Pardon this hasty and too confused writing, after a day of some fatigue.—And with renewed thanks for your kind expressions in your last letter, believe me, my dear Sir, ever your faithful servant,

J. Ruskin.

In case any occasion come for writing me, "Poste Restante, Milan" is safe for a fortnight hence.

[1] [No. 5 in *Chesneau*, pp. 10–12.]
[2] [On this point, see Vol. XIV. p. 495.]

To Charles Eliot Norton [1]

Sallenches, 11*th September*, 1882.

My darling Charles,—I think a good deal of you here, and of other people that are not here without deserving to be scolded for being anywhere else.

I was trying to-day to draw the view I showed you that morning [2] with the piny ridge between us and the Mont Blanc. But I couldn't draw the ridge, and there was no Mont Blanc, any more than there was any you; for indeed the Mont Blanc *we* knew is no more. All the snows are wasted, the lower rocks bare, the luxuriance of light, the plenitude of power, the Eternity of Being, are all gone from it—even the purity—for the wasted and thawing snow is grey in comparison to the fresh-frosted wreaths of new-fallen cloud which we saw in that morning light—how many mornings ago? The sadness of it and wonder are quite unparalleled, as its glory was. But no one is sad for it, but only I, and you, I suppose, would be. L. would be perfectly happy, doubtless, because Mont Blanc is now *Sans-culotte* literally, and a naturalized, Republican, French Mount besides,—without any Louis Napoleon to make the dying snows blush for their master.

And as the glaciers, so the sun that we knew is gone! The days of this year have passed in one drift of soot-cloud, mixed with blighting air. I was a week at Avallon in August, without being able to draw *one* spiral of its porch-mouldings, and could not stand for five minutes under the walls of Vézelay, so bleak the wind. The flowers are not all dead yet, however—the euphrasy and thyme are even luxuriant, and the autumn crocus as beautiful as of old. I can't get up, *now*, alas, to my favourite field of gentian under the Aiguille de Varens, but I find the fringed autumn gentian still within reach on the pastures of the Dôle. The Rhone still runs, too, though I think they will soon brick it over at Geneva, and have an "esplanade" instead. They will then have a true Cloaca Maxima, worthy of modern progress in the Fimetic Arts.

I go back to Geneva on Wednesday, and then to Pisa and Lucca—a line to Lucca would find me in any early day of October, and should be read beside Ilaria, and perhaps with her gift of Cheerfulness.—Ever your loving J. R.

Don't think this is a brain-sick statement—I certify you of the facts as scientifically true.

[1] [*Atlantic Monthly*, September 1904, vol. 94, p. 384. No. 195 in *Norton;* vol. ii. pp. 176–179.]

[2] [The morning described in *Præterita:* Vol. XXXV. p. 522.]

To Bernard Quaritch[1]

Sallenches, Savoy, 13*th Sept.*, 1882.

Dear Quaritch,—I find among the accounts which I ran away without paying, these two of yours, for which I enclose cheque; and if there are more, please send them to Poste Restante, Lucca. But my chief purpose in writing to-day is to say that my plans anent the Hamilton MSS. are entirely quashed by the simple fact that no human creature has taken the smallest notice of my appeal in favour of the Sheffield Museum, and as I have no money of my own to spare, the thing comes to an end—unless perhaps, as the sale draws nearer, you might be able to place in the hands of any friends of mine unknown to me, some of the circulars which I printed in the spring, with better effect than my own endeavours have been attended with. I have therefore directed the remainder of the copies I had printed for private circulation to be forwarded to you—and you may either make packing paper of them, or give them where you think best. I will keep you aware of my address: but, unless some answer be made to my appeal before the sale comes on, I shall probably stay abroad as long as I can into the winter, and so keep out of the way of temptation. The weather has hitherto been so execrable that it is possible November may be absurdly mild. There is snow low down on the Alps to-day, after ten days of thundrous darkness and cloud.

I keep very well—but am sulky about everything, though always affectly. and faithfully yrs., J. Ruskin.

To Mrs. Arthur Severn

Sallenches, *Thursday, Sept.* 14*th*, '82.

. . . The weather cleared yesterday afternoon, and I had a view of Mont Blanc, *as* it cleared, quite as noble as anything I ever saw in my life, the fresh snow having effaced, for the time, the look of wasting on the higher summits. I was very thankful to have eyes to see it with still, clearly and painlessly—(some younger eyes than mine would have been hopelessly dazzled)—and to have limbs that could still carry me up the steep hillside to my old haunts.

This morning is also entirely lovely and calm, but I know I must not rush out and uphill before breakfast, or I shall take the strength out of myself for the day. So I sit still to write . . . and finish my list of newly examined flowers.

[1] [For the circular referred to in this letter, see Vol. XXX. p. 44.]

Such a lovely fringed gentian I found on Jura! it has fringes of pure blue, like the high priest's robe, on each side of its petals, and it sets them round (it is *four* petaled, not five) so that the fringe A [sketch] is always inside and the fringe B outside, and the four fringes A meet in a cross in the middle of the bell of the flower. . . . And I found such blessed clusters of purple cyclamen in the ivied and mossed banks of the stream at Maglans, the day before yesterday.

To Miss MARY GLADSTONE [1]

CHAMBÉRY, 21*st September*, 1882.

MY DEAR M——, But what did you go to Skye for?—she'll beguile you into thinking it's all right directly.[2] Couldn't you have stopped at Hawarden to comfort me a little, first? The puss never told me a word about it; and when I got your letter, on an extremely wet day at Annecy, it was as if a bit of the sky had tumbled after the rain. Mind, *you* must be very good to me yet for a long while, and mustn't go and get married in the next chapter. If I hadn't a vague hope of always finding a Vulture Maiden [3] on a peak, somewhere accessible, I don't know what would become of me. (The nearest approach to the thing yet was four buzzards on the Dôle—but there was no maiden!) And perhaps there may be some consolation in Sister Dora,[4] when I get back.

I've not got to Italy yet, you see, and am reduced to the tunnel to-day, after all my fine plans of walking over the Alps. We have not had a fair day for three weeks, except a bitter cold one, when I got up the Dôle, but saw nothing from it except a line of mist where Alps used to be.

Please, if this ever finds you, send me some chat and some pacifying reflections to P. R. Lucca. I've half a mind to go on to Monte Cassino and not come back.—But I'm ever your grateful and loving

ST. C.

[1] [*Letters to M. G. and H. G.*, pp. 77-79.]

[2] ["She" is Miss Graham (Lady Horner), and "it" her approaching marriage. Burne-Jones professed the same despair in a letter to Ruskin of about the same date: "Oh these minxes! you and I will yet build us a bower and have our mosaics which none of them shall ever see. And they don't understand, do they? Their eyes look depths of wisdom and beguile us and take us in—a sapphire would do as well to look into. We'll look into sapphires and moonstones, and paint pictures of the wretches, and laugh and be scornful yet" (*Memorials of Edward Burne-Jones*, vol. ii. p. 131).]

[3] [Miss Gladstone had lent him W. von Hillern's *The Vulture Maiden.*]

[4] [*Sister Dora: a Biography* (of Dorothy W. Pattison), by Margaret Lonsdale, 1880.]

To Miss Susan Beever[1]

Genoa, *Sunday, 24th September,* 1882.

I got your delightful note yesterday at Turin, and it made me wish to run back through the tunnel directly instead of coming on here. But I had a wonderful day, the Alps clear all the morning all round Italy—two hundred miles of them; and then, in the afternoon, blue waves of the Gulf of Genoa breaking like blue clouds, thunder-clouds, under groves of olive and palm. But I wish they were my sparkling waves of Coniston instead, when I read your letter again.

What a gay Susie, receiving all the world, like a Queen Susan (how odd one has never heard of a Queen Susan!), only you *are* so naughty, and you never do tell me of any of those nice girls when they're *coming*, but only when they're gone, and I never shall get glimpse of them as long as I live.

But you know you really represent the entire Ruskin school of the Lake Country, and I think these *levées* of yours must be very amusing and enchanting; but it's very dear and good of you to let the people come and enjoy themselves, and how really well and strong you must be to be able for it.

I am very glad to hear of those sweet, shy girls, poor things.* I suppose the sister they are now anxious about is the one that *would* live by herself on the other side of the Lake, and study Emerson and aspire to Buddhism!

I'm trying to put my own poor little fragmentary Ism into a rather more connected form of imagery. I've never quite set myself up enough to impress *some* people; and I've written so much that I can't quite make out what I am myself, nor what it all comes to.

To Miss M. Story Maskelyne[2]

Lucca, 1*st Oct.*, '82.

Dear Mary,—I have both your sweet letters; and am so very, very glad you had already found pleasure in drawing your peasant

* Florence, Alice, and May Bennett. Florence is gone.[3] Alice and May still sometimes at Coniston, D.G. (March 1887).—J. R.

[1] [No. 76 in *Hortus Inclusus* (see below, p. 627).]

[2] [Afterwards married to the Rt. Hon. H. O. Arnold-Forster, M.P.]

[3] ["One Companion, ours no more, sends you I doubt not Christmas greeting from her Home,—Florence Bennett. Of her help to us during her pure brief life, and afterwards, by her father's fulfilment of her last wishes, you shall hear at another time."—*Fors Clavigera,* Letter 93 (Vol. XXIX. p. 476).]

children, and become to them a Power of Light, yourself. The quantity of amusement and pretty satisfaction one can give by sketching from life—the sympathy of innocent people with each other and with you—the ready perception of likeness—the real help to intelligence in all that is beautiful in themselves and their surroundings and their natural feelings,—cannot be conceived until you have known them by trial. And I believe that you will indeed find in the *Eagle's Nest* answers to all the vexing questions that necessarily arise in the presence of an advancing science, multiplying, with the subjects of thought, the facilities of popular error.

It does not attempt to answer the more solemn questions,—from which material science can only avert the heart and eyes,—*these* need not vex you, more than they vex bird or lamb or squirrel. The laws of happy life and holy thought have been recognized since the beginning of the Human world, and are not likely to be broken, even at the end of it—if the end be near. I cannot write more to-day, having heard only yesterday (when I got your *second* letter) of the death of a friend at Venice[1] which ends many things for me, and puts me too much out of heart myself to write as cheerfully as I ought—to *you*.—Ever your affectionate J. RUSKIN.

What a wickedly ill written address my last letter must have had. What *was* it like? Ferma in Posta, here, is quite safe for me—at present.

To Miss MARY GLADSTONE[2]

LUCCA, *3rd October*, 1882.

MY DEAR M——, Expecting a letter, is she, with my consent and blessing?[3] But doesn't she mean to take both, whether I give them or not? Tell her I'm thinking about it; and, in the meantime, I'll thank her not to take *you* out in boats not meant to be sailed in; for I don't find that people help me much out of heaven, and you're the only creature I've got left, now, who can at all manage me, or play a note of music for me as I like.

And tell her, also, I'm not thinking *much* about it, neither, for I've got my Ilaria here, and her pug-dog,[4] and am rather happy.

[1] [W. J. Bunney, who died at Venice on September 23: see Vol. XXIII. p. xl.; and for a letter to Mrs. Bunney, Vol. XXXIV. p. 563.]

[2] [*Letters to M. G. and H. G.*, pp. 79–81.]

[3] [For the reference here, see above, p. 410 *n.*, and compare the Introduction, Vol. XXXVI. p. lxxxv.]

[4] [For Jacopo della Quercia's monument of Ilaria with the dog at her feet, see Vol. XXXIV. pp. 170–172.

Such a walk as I had, too, the day before yesterday, on the marble hills which look to Pisa and the sea. It is a great grace of the olive, not enough thought on, that it does not hurt the grass underneath; and on the shady grass banks and terraces beneath the grey and silver of the wild branches, the purple cyclamens are all out, not in showers merely, but *masses*, as thick as violets in spring—vividest pale red-purple, like light of evening.

And it's just chestnut fall time; and where the olives and cyclamens end, the chestnuts begin, ankle-deep in places, like a thick, golden-brown moss, which the sunshine rests upon as if it loved it. Higher up come again the soft grass terraces, without the olives, swept round the hillsides as if all the people of Italy came there to sit and gaze at the sea, and Capraja and Gorgona.[1]

I can walk pretty well, I find, still; and draw pretty well, if I don't write books nor letters to young ladies on their marriage, nor to bankers on business, nor to authors on literature; but it's difficult to get a quiet time with a good conscience. I'm not going to do anything to-day but enjoy myself, after *this* letter's done, which I've rather enjoyed writing, too. You know its chief business is to thank you for your pretty postscript—but you know—none of you know!

Meantime,—I'm your comforted and loving ST. C.

To CHARLES ELIOT NORTON[2]

LUCCA, *Coffee time* (7 A.M.), 3 *October*, 1882.

. . . Well, about these Pisa measurings. You might as well try to measure the sea-waves, and find out their principle. The beginning of the business would be to get at any historical clue to the facts of yielding foundation. The Parthenon is quite a different case from any mediæval building whatsoever. In all great mediæval buildings you have foundation unequal to the weight, you have more or less bad materials, and you have a lot of stolen ones. You might as well go and ask a Timbuctoo nigger why he wears a colonel's breeches wrong side upwards, as a Pisan architect why he built his walls with the bottom at the top and the sides squinting. He likes to show his thefts to begin with—if the ground gives way under him, he stands on the other leg. I've long believed myself that finding the duomo wouldn't stand upright anyhow, they deliberately made a ship of it,

[1] [Compare Vol. IV. p. 288, and Vol. XII. p. 192.]

[2] [*Atlantic Monthly*, September 1904, vol. 94, pp. 384–385 (the last sentence being omitted). No. 196 in *Norton*; vol. ii. pp. 179-182.]

with the leaning tower for a sail;[1] and my good helper, Mr. Collingwood—who has been doing the loveliest sections of the Savoy Alps, who are exactly like Pisan architects in *their* "principles," or unprinciples, too—said that he couldn't look at the north side without being seasick.

But all this entanglement is of no importance as to the main question of "Liberty" of line, which even I have always taught to be the life of the workman,[2] and which exists everywhere in good work to an extent till now unconceived, even by me—till I had seen the horror of the restoration which put it "to rights." Nearly all our early English Gothic is free hand in the curves, and there is no possibility of drawing even the apparent circles with compasses. Here, and I think in nearly all work with Greek roots in it, there is a spiral passion which drifts everything like the temple of the winds; this is the first of all subtle charms in the real work—the first of all that is *αἰβοῖ*'d out of it by the restorer. Do you recollect (my "of one mind with my friend") the quarrel we had about the patchwork of the Spina Chapel? I think you will recollect the little twisted trefoil there. Of course in the restoration they've put it square. And it isn't of the slightest use to point any of these things out to the present race of mankind. It is finally tramwayed, shamwayed, and eternally damnwayed, and I wish the heavens and the fates joy over it; but they can't expect any help from me, whatever they mean to make of it.

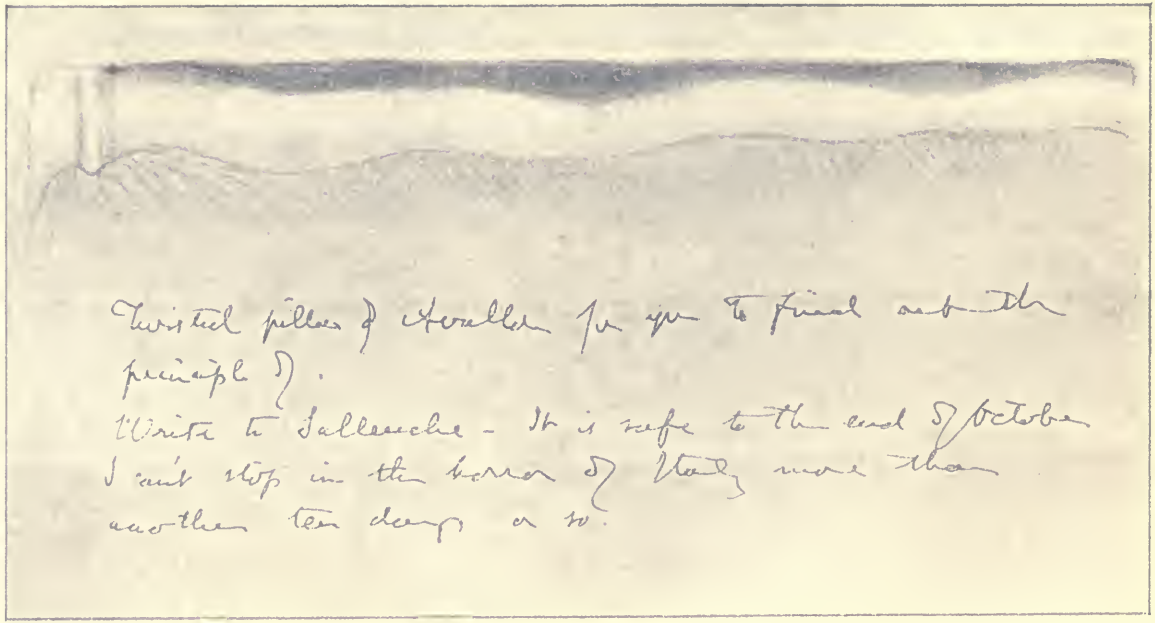
All the same, it seems to me a great shame that I'm old, and can't see it come to grief; nor even the snows come back to the Alps again, if they do. Again, all the same, I'll run back to Pisa just now after I've been at Florence, and get at some measures for you, if I find them takeable on the Baptistery. I *did* the Florentine Baptistery in 1872, and found there wasn't a single space in all the octagon and all the panelling, that matched another. It is exactly like measuring a quartz crystal, except that even the angles aren't fixed! but I didn't measure any of *them*, practically they are true enough in the main octagon. I think the most important thing for your purposes would be to get the entasis of the great campaniles and war-towers. The Guinigi here, and the Verona campanile, and St. Mark's are all extremely beautiful. I'll see what I can make of the Guinigi to-day, and send you some bits of masonry worth notice for the wanton intricacy of piecing. . . .[3]

Write to Sallenche. It is safe to the end of October. I can't stop in the horror of Italy more than another ten days or so.

[1] [Compare Vol. XXIII. p. 194.]

[2] [See, for instance, "The Nature of Gothic," Vol. X. p. 204.]

[3] [See the facsimile, "a twisted pillar of Avallon for you to find out the principle of."]



TWISTED PILLAR OF AVALLON

(A page of a letter to C. E. Norton)

To face p. 414

J. Ruskin

Allen & Co. Sc

San Martino, Lucca.
1882.

To Mrs. Arthur Severn

Florence, 10*th Oct.*, '82.

I had such a marvellous drive up to Fésole yesterday, and found the view more glorious than ever, and I'm gladder than ever that I've called my book *Laws of Fésole*. There are more olives than leaves on some of the trees, and nearly all the walls are crowned with roses—and oh! I've found such a lovely book of songs of Italian peasantry;[1] and one of them is of a legend of the Madonna I never knew before—how in the Flight into Egypt, one day when the Madonna was very tired, she came to a poor gipsy's hut and asked if she might come in and rest, and the gipsy brought her in and made her ever so comfy, and looked at her very hard, and then asked if she might tell her her fortune. And the Madonna gave the baby to St. Joseph to hold, and gave the gipsy her hand, and the gipsy began to tell her her fortune; —and oh, I can't tell you any more to-day, for I've ever so many business letters to write!

To Charles Eliot Norton[2]

Lucca, 9, *Morning*, 16*th October*, 1882.

I've just got your letter of the 1st, and have only been out for a little walk in the dew, and to see the Carrara mountains, and come back, round the Chapel of the Madonna of the Rose, to answer it. I'm so glad you got that of mine from Sallenches, and I hope my answer to the Pisa one is with you ere this. I've done some curious work for you since on the walls of Fésole, finding out also much for myself on them, and underneath them. But it's the Niagara bit I want to answer to-day.

There seems to me no question but that this generation is meant to destroy of the good works of men and of God, pretty nearly all they can get at. But—what *next?* The temporary help to Niagara, or poor little fragments saved at Pisa or Canterbury, are virtually nothing, unless as a leaven, and spark in ashes, for future bread and fire. What *now?*—is the question for all of us. Here in Lucca, I was drawing last night a literal bouquet of red Campaniles. Five in a cluster, led by the Guinigi—up against amber and blue sunset.[3] But

[1] [For Ruskin's first meeting with Miss Alexander and first sight of her *Roadside Songs of Tuscany*, see Vol. XXXII. p. xxi., and for the particular "song" referred to, p. 152.]

[2] [No. 197 in *Norton*; vol. ii. pp. 182–185.]

[3] [Two "sunsets at Lucca" were shown at the Ruskin Exhibition in Bond Street, 1907, Nos. 148 and 208.]

they must all soon come down; the wonder is they've stood so long. And what is to be built instead?—chimneys? or minarets of muezzin to the Religion of Humanity? or shot-towers?

Underneath them, Mr. Collingwood, surveying Lucca for me, has shaded already fourteen churches with twelfth-century (or earlier) fronts. When these are gone, what is to vary the street effects? The Italians think *Magazzini*, but what think Americans, the better sort? . . .

What do you propose to make of the new blank world which Nature herself seems resolved to sweep clean for you, down to her own snows, and carry off the last ruins of Italy with the melting of them, all the four bridges of Verona gone in one day's swirl of Adige?[1]

My own conviction has been these twenty years that when the wicked had destroyed all the work of good people, the good people would get up and destroy theirs; but, though I could bombard Birmingham, and choke the St. Gothard tunnel, and roll Niagara over every hotel and steamer in the States, to-morrow, I still don't see my way to anything farther! and can't lay out my *Nuova Vita* on the new lines!

I expect a London architect to join me here,[2] and I'll take him to Pisa and get *his* notions of things, and measures. The Fésole findings shall soon come to you. . . . Ever your lovingest J. R.

To Mrs. La Touche[3]

LUCCA, *22nd October*, 1882.

. . . I wish you were here to see the cyclamens! Some of the hillsides are a serene succession of grass terraces, sustained by mossy walls; and wherever the terrace becomes a bank, under the walls, the cyclamens cluster in violet clouds, and scatter away in hooded companies, like nuns driven out of their convent walls. I never saw such lovely things, first almost rose colour, then fading into white.

And there's a little crimson pink, too, on the higher mountain ground (which is all covered with the grey-blue peppermint), and a small bindweed nearly as pink as the pinks themselves, low on the ground, in single flowers.

I get a good deal of walking here on the marble hills, and am doing some good drawing. . . .

I don't see why, because I called you a *Première* Ingénue, you should have been frightened at me; I think it's a very pretty and

[1] [The floods in September 1882 completely swept away the Ponte Nuovo; the Ponte delle Navi had been similarly destroyed in 1757.]

[2] [Mr. Robson: see Vol. XXX. pp. xlvii., 315, Vol. XXXIII. p. xlii.]

[3] [*The Letters of a Noble Woman* (*Mrs. La Touche of Harristown*), p. 81.]

J Ruskin

Allen & Co. Sc.

Pillar in the Porch of San Martino, Lucca.

1882

nice thing to be. It was much ruder of you to say you had been disappointed in every human thing you had to do with, when I've turned out so nicely after all! . . .

To Mrs. La Touche [1] Pisa, *2nd Nov.*, '82.

I can't imagine what address I gave you that wasn't in the world, but you know one never can see anything in maps now but the railways. You will be safe now with a pretty romantic one, Hotel de l'Abbaye, Talloires, Lac d'Annecy, Savoie. Letters have come there from Harristown—before now.[2]

I bade farewell to Italy for this year virtually yesterday, in the loveliest day of all the year, from dawn to sunset on the Carrara mountains, and twilight by the Baptistery, with numberless festive All Saints people dissolving round it to their homes. But Pisa absolutely needs solitude for her beauty; she is then not sad, but wonderful, and full of calm power. A crowd is discordant to her. Do you recollect the field before the Cathedral? It was all studded blue last month with a small vervain, that sparkled like a sprinkle of turquoise instead of dew, till one could scarcely see the grass for the gleaming of it. It is to be in *Proserpina* "Verbena Pisana."[3] Mind *that.*

It will be quite worth while, if those policemen will let you,[4] to come to Lucca next year to see those cyclamens. They are the common mountain flower which grows in autumn everywhere in nooks of limestone, but at Lucca it has fine marble for the nooks, and these terraces of turf as I said for recreation: and truly it is a new vision in flower-life to see it clustering and scattering along them in that purity of lilac light. The colchicum is very like it in distant effect on fields, but has a way of dog's-earing itself, and dropping its petals in a tired way, while the cyclamen will fade white without looking tired; and then its tidyness and trimness and toiletteness and shyness are so precious, when it's all itself. Then it's worth while to see the olives in full fruit. There is the same romance and marvel in them as in the vine, and besides a Puritan severity with their Quaker-dim leaf and dark berry which nobody gets drunk with, nor takes sixteen cups of, like coffee (all the same, I couldn't get along myself without my coffee). And I'm simply *never* tired of looking at its shoots of leaf against the sky, and the turning of trunk that is the only thing in all the world that can be eccentric and graceful in the same instant, and fantastically serene.

[1] [*The Letters of a Noble Woman* (*Mrs. La Touche of Harristown*), pp. 82, 83.
[2] [From Rose La Touche.]
[3] [*Proserpina*, however, did not include mention of verbena.]
[4] [Mr. La Touche was under police protection in Ireland.]

To CHARLES ELIOT NORTON[1]

PISA, *5th November*, 1882.

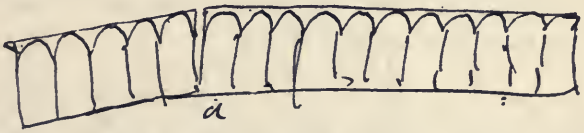
MY DEAREST CHARLES,—I have been longer than I meant in getting back here; but what I promised will be all the better done, for now I have brought with me Signor Boni, the master of the works on the Ducal Palace of Venice. He is a Venetian of the old race, and a man of the purest temper and feeling. He has the Government authority to examine any public building he wishes, so that he can put ladders and scaffolding where he likes here; and he's getting the Cathedral levels and measures to a centimetre. But he, and I, and my secretary,[2] who is a good draughtsman, are all agreed on the main point, that there is no endeavour to obtain deceptive perspectives anywhere—but only to get continual variety of line, and an almost exulting delight in conquering difficulties or introducing anomalies, which is rather provoked to frolic than subdued by any interference of accident. It seems probable that the five western arches of the nave were added after the rest with less careful foundation, and that they sank away from the rest—so.[3] When the subsidence stopped, they took the cornice off all, rebuilt the arch *a*, of junction, and threw the cornice up, to balance the fall by opposition.[3] This, of course, is a violent exaggeration—but the actual interval at *b* is about three feet. The most curious point of all being that they have used a thicker moulding for three arches at the junction, so that they only touch the cornice. Then shafts of upper court are diminished down, westward, the whole way, sloping a little in harmony with the fallen arches. I beg your pardon for scrawling so,[4] but I've been doing a lot of rather hard drawing this week and am tired, only I just wanted to tell you we were at work for you.

The discovery, I spoke to you of,[5] at Fésole was made possible to me by the recent excavation of part of the wall to the foundation on the native rock. You know the superb fitting of the varied joints of the wall,[6] etc., etc.—Well, when I got to the rock surface, I found the surface cleavage of its beds seen from above thus:[6] AB is the line of the wall base, and the rock they built it of and on, was simply imitated by them.

I've kept quite well all the while I've been in Italy, but have just

[1] [No. 198 in *Norton* (with the facsimiles here reproduced); vol. ii. pp. 185–188.]
[2] [Mr. W. G. Collingwood, Ruskin's companion on this tour: see Vol. XXXIII. pp. xxxi. *seq.*]
[3] [See the first page of facsimile.]
[4] [See the second page of facsimile.]
[5] [See above, p. 415.]
[6] [See the third page of facsimile.]

deceptive perspectives anywhere, but only to get ~~contrast~~ Continual variety of line — and an almost exulting delight in conquering difficulties or introducing anomalies, which is rather provoked to frolic than subdued by any interference of accident. It seems probable that the five western arches of the nave were added after the rest with less careful foundation, and that they sank away from the rest so



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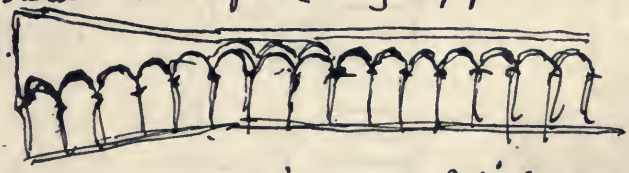

This of cornice is a violent exaggeration — but the actual interval at b is about three feet. The most

A Page of a Letter to C. E. Norton

(November 5, 1882)

To face p. 418

curious point of all being that they have used
a thicker moulding for three arches at the junction
so that they only touch the corners. Then the shafts
of upper ~~arcade~~ course are diminished down, ~~and~~ west wood – the
– whole way – sloping a little in harmony with
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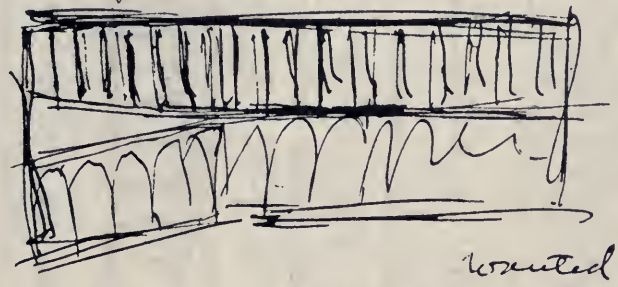

The discovery I spoke to you of at Fetole

Another Page of the same Letter

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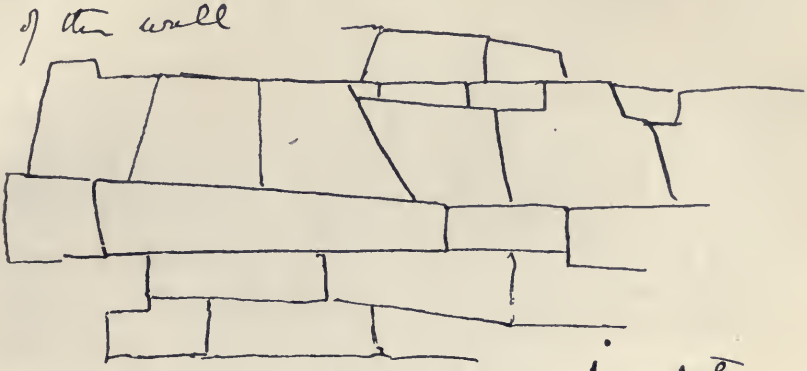
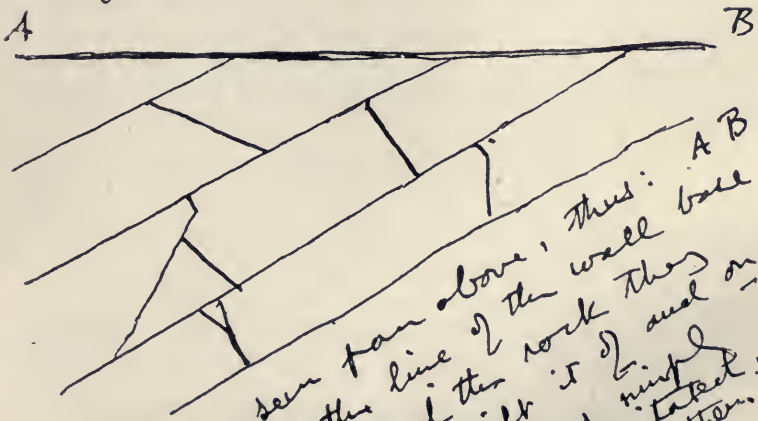


&c &c. Well - when I got to the rock surface - I found the ~~horizontal~~ surface cleavage of its beds



seen from above, thus: A B is the line of the wall base. and the rock they built it of and on was simply imitated by them!

A Third Page from the same Letter

caught a little cold which makes me languid and scrawly. There's nothing but sneezing likely to come of it, and this Guy Fawkes day is as warm and sweet here as it is always wretched in London. So I hope to write a better report soon.

Address now to Herne Hill. I'm afraid S.'s photograph is at Annecy, and I shall not get it till next week at soonest. I must content myself meanwhile with the pretty Pisans.—Ever your lovingest

J. R.

To F. Crawley [1]

Abbey of Talloires, *November 14th*, 1882.

My dear Crawley,—I think you will be interested in hearing that I am just settled by my wood-fireside, in my own room here, after getting through the Mont Cenis from Lucca, and that I am settled for a week—with more pleasure than I ever expected to find again anywhere. I came from Annecy to-day in time for a climb to the great waterfall before dinner, and feel very much like—twenty years ago.

Somehow, I never fancy that *you* can be older, or Allen—or anybody but myself—than we all were, then!

I have not told you that I went to Mornex on a bright September afternoon (the 8th): lunched in the old house: and called on Franceline [2] in hers! *She* certainly does look older. The people of the village have not forgotten us; and travellers often come to see where we lived.[3]

As soon as I have had my week of climbing here (I mean to be up to the Rochers de Lanfon again, *D.V.*), I come straight home, lecturing in London on the 4th.[4] I may perhaps get a glimpse of you all at Oxford, before going north.—Ever your affectionate Master,

J. Ruskin.

To Mrs. Arthur Severn

Talloires, *17th Nov.* [1882].

. . . Perpetual rain, and the snow now down within a hundred feet of us, don't put me into an eloquent humour. I never knew anything so utterly tormenting and horrible as the weather has been, taken as a whole, throughout this journey. Even what I got done at

[1] [No. 30 in *Letters to Various Correspondents*, pp. 88, 89.]
[2] [A farmer's daughter, and at one time waitress at the inn at Mornex.]
[3] [On this subject, see Vol. XVII. p. lix.]
[4] [At the London Institution, on Cistercian Architecture: see Vol. XXXIII. p. 227.]

Lucca was done fighting with it. I'm getting my lecture into form, however, but it's very heavy form.

I wonder if Arthur would mind calling at the Archbishop's House to ask how he is,[1] and if he's well, asking for an interview to give him a message from me; and then explaining to him a little of what I've been about these three months, which it would really take too much of my scrawling to tell him, and then—this is the message, with my love, that I want to have the early authentic forms of the Rule of St. Benedict, and the rule of Citeaux, and that I don't know if I can lay my hand on them at Geneva, and that if the Cardinal's secretary would be so very good as to write out the essential heads of them for me—and send them me to the Hôtel des Bergues—I should be so grateful; and so comfortable in quoting at my lecture.

To Miss GRACE ALLEN[2]

TALLOIRES, 20 *Nov.*, '82.

MY DEAR GRACE,—I think I've got the proofs all right—and since you've undertaken to scold the printers, I've referred to you—as you'll see—as "press corrector" to fill in a page. I'm glad you like the new notes—but the only proper penance for having written such a book would be in a "white sheet." Please touch up my II. and III., etc., in re-numbering sections and chapters. Send anything now to Hôtel des Bergues, Geneva.—Ever your affectionate J. R.

To ALEXANDER MACDONALD

TALLOIRES, 20*th Nov.*, '82.

MY DEAR MACDONALD,—I have both your letters of the 15th and 17th, and am both grateful for the Dean's message, and glad of what

[1] [Cardinal Manning.]

[2] ["Ruskin on his Early Work" in the *Saturday Review*, February 9, 1907, which contained also the following note:—

> "LONDON, S.E., *Dec.* 11, '82.—DEAR GRACE,—I can't send more than these two sheets to-day—I might as well have undertaken a big new book as to revise this thing.
>
> "Can you come over with your Father to lunch on Saturday?—Ever affectionately yours, J. R."

Miss Allen was reading the proofs of the revised edition of *Modern Painters*, vol. ii. The notes were printed in the *Saturday Review* in the course of a discussion upon certain cheap reprints of *Modern Painters* without Ruskin's later revision. The two letters were reprinted at page 9 of a pamphlet issued by Mr. Allen in 1907 entitled *Copyright and Copy-wrong: the Authentic and the Unauthentic Ruskin*.]

you tell me of the more or less general wish to have me again at Oxford for a little while. I am often grieved at having left so much unfinished in the plan of the schools. Virtually I was only five years at work with you, and quite busy in other directions in 1872 and 1874, so that, though now much feebler than I was, if I give my time and thoughts more entirely to the Oxford schools, I have little doubt of being able to carry out what I proposed, to some not unsatisfactory conclusion. *Modern Painters* itself left half that I had to say of landscape in the merest embryo—and the recent errors of the French schools have made it desirable that I should re-state many of the principles for which I have so long contended. Also the course of elementary examples has never been enough systematized. I should no doubt, however, be allowed to do all this whether as Professor or not, and in any case I'm coming to see you and the new Turners[1] before I go north. Much love to Dr. Acland. Kindest memories to Mr. Fisher and Mrs. Stacey.[2]—Ever affectionately yours,

J. Ruskin.

I can't send any more to-night; it is a serious thing to me, the idea of coming back after these seven years.

To the Rev. F. A. Malleson[3]

Talloires, Switzerland, *November 20th*, 1882.

My dear Malleson,—I am sincerely grieved that you begin to feel the effect of overwork; but as this is the first warning you have had, and as you are wise enough to obey it, I trust that the three months' rest will restore you all your usual powers on the conditions of using them with discretion, and not rising to write at two in the morning.

I am very thankful to find in my own case that a quiet spring of energy filters back into the old well-heads—if one does not bucket it out as fast as it comes in.

But my last illnesses seriously impaired my walking powers, and I'm afraid if you came to Switzerland I should be very jealous of you.

Certainly it is not in this season a country for an invalid, and I believe you cannot be safer than by English firesides with no books to work at nor parishioners to visit.—Ever affectionately yours,

J. Ruskin.

[1] [Probably the sketches lent by the National Gallery: see Vol. XIII. p. 560.]

[2] [Mr. Fisher, then the keeper of the University Galleries; Mrs. Stacey, the housekeeper there: see Vol. XV. p. xxx.]

[3] [No. 62 in the synopsis of Ruskin's Letters to Malleson (Vol. XXXIV. p. 187).]

To MRS. ARTHUR SEVERN

DIJON, *28th, Morning.*

I got your lovely letter here last night—about liking me to draw flowers better than write. But . . . I can't draw flowers as other people can, and I can, though I say it, write things that they can't. . . . And there are such things as duties (confound them—at Custom houses and everywhere else!), but you needn't fear my ever over-exciting or tormenting myself again. And think what exciting work—what killing sorrow—I had, in 1872—1874—1875—and that, all after 1865–1866 of such bright hope! I'm writing in the room that poor Lady Trevelyan had—and the sun's bright—and I shall see the Nightingale valley as I pass by to Paris, where she had her last happy day![1] Think of it all, it was *those* things that made me ill—never my work.

At the back of my bed last night there was the little door where it was Annie's great joke of the journey to peep in, in the morning, and catch me asleep.[2] All that has passed away now—into quiet twilight—and *if* they really want me at Oxford, I must go—not to talk, but to finish what I began there and left like a house without its roof.

It's a nasty nuisance those gossipy papers fidgeting you. I could have put it all right for you in ten minutes, if I had been at home—but I can't write any more to-day.

To the Rev. J. P. FAUNTHORPE[3]

HERNE HILL, *13th December,* '82.

DEAR FAUNTHORPE,—I was looking at a pretty letter of yours just now, written last April—no, April 1881—beseeching me "not to work overmuch," and yet, the moment you get hold of me again, you want me to begin new work! For *any* republication of my old books must give me new thought of a peculiarly festering and consuming kind, and I answered quite stupidly and inconsiderately that *The Poetry of Architecture* might form part of my great series. Nothing is ever to go into that but the books which please me, and for which I am ready to answer. You might make a small octavo volume of *The Poetry of Architecture*, but I never would consent to republish the plates.[4] I have thousands, literally that, tens of hundreds, of things

[1] [For Lady Trevelyan's death at Neuchâtel in 1866, see Vol. XVIII. p. xxxix. The drawing, here introduced (Plate XI.), shows her grave in the foreground.]

[2] [See *Præterita*, Vol. XXXV. pp. 158–9.]

[3] [No. 63 in *Faunthorpe*; vol. ii. pp. 44, 45 (see below, p. 645).]

[4] [They have therefore never been republished, except in this edition, the promised completeness of which rendered their inclusion necessary.]

Neuchâtel.

by me which I would rather publish, and some of which I *must*. At present, don't let us think of it; I have far more on my mind than is good for me.

If the weather keeps mild I can come and see you and Miss Stanley and some of the girls, but must be very cautious of taking cold in London.—Ever your affectionate J. R.

To Ernest Chesneau [1]

Herne Hill, *December 13th*, 1882.

My dear Sir,—I must thank you very earnestly, in the name of English artists, for your candid and laborious inquiry into the just claims of our principal modern school. And indeed I will do all in my power to assist you in the matter; but for the old books or newspaper articles of mine, I am without copies or memory myself; and I am ashamed to see by the sentence in your second page—"*que vous avez voulu m'offrir*"—that there must have been some mistake or delay in sending you the books I intended for you.

I cannot think that I neglected to write to my publisher. But, in any case, he has order now to forward to you the collection of my letters,[2] which contains, I think, most of those on Pre-Raphaelitism —and two volumes of my Oxford Lectures, which, however, I fear you will find too general to be of interest to you.

I entreat your pardon for my apparent carelessness; but I believe the mistake has not been mine, and I am now at your command in any way you will direct me for your service.—With every sentiment of esteem and respect, believe me, dear Sir, your faithful servant,

John Ruskin.

To Miss Susan Beever [3]

15th Dec., '82.

I have been simply ashamed to write without being able to say I was coming; and this naughty Joanie has put us all two months behindhand, and now Brantwood still seems as far away as at Florence. (It never really seems far away, anywhere.)

[1] [No. 6 in *Chesneau*, pp. 13–14. M. Chesneau was studying the Pre-Raphaelite movement.]

[2] [*Arrows of the Chace* (1880). The letters on the Pre-Raphaelites, therein included, are, in the present edition, printed in Vol. XII. pp. 318 *seq.*]

[3] [No. 111 in *Hortus Inclusus*. The "new notes to *Modern Painters*" are in the separate and re-arranged edition of vol. ii., issued in 1883: see Vol. IV. p. liv.]

But you will like to know that I'm very well, and extremely good, and writing beautiful new notes to *Modern Painters*, and getting on with *Our Fathers*. And what lovely accounts I have of *Frondes* from Allen! I really think *that* one book has made all our business lively.

And I'm so delighted with the new brooch—the one Mary gave to Joan. I never saw a more lovely pearl in any Queen's treasury, nor more exquisite setting. Joan and I have no end of pleasure in playing with it, and I vainly try to summon philosophy enough to convince either her or myself, that dew is better than pearls and moss than emeralds. I think my days of philosophy must be over. I certainly shall not have enough to console me, if I don't get to Brantwood soon. The fog here is perpetual, and I can only see, and just that, where the edge of my paper is leaving me still room to say how lovingly and faithfully I am yours, etc.

To Sir Frederic Leighton, P.R.A.[1]

15th December, 1882.

Dear Leighton,—Of course I want the lemon-tree! but surely you didn't offer it me before? May I come on Tuesday afternoon for both? and I hope to bring "Golden Water," but I hear there's some confusion between the Academy and the Burlington Club. "Golden Water" is perhaps too small a drawing for the Academy—but you'll see. I wish the lecture on sculpture you gave to that jury the other day had been to a larger audience, and I one of them.—Ever affectionately yours, J. Ruskin.

To George Richmond, R.A.

19th Dec., '82.

Dear Richmond,—I enclose note on the blue drawing,[2] with hearty regret that I can't give it a different tenor.

I was entirely happy in being with you last night, and in seeing how your kindly sympathy with Barbarian—Scythian—Turk—Jew—

[1] [From Mrs. Russell Barrington's *Life, Letters, and Works of Frederic Leighton*, vol. ii. p. 42. "Both," *i.e.*, the "Lemon Tree" and the "Byzantine Well," lent by Leighton to Ruskin for his Drawing School at Oxford: see Vol. XXXIII. p. 319. "Golden Water," or "Princess Parisade," a small water-colour by Rossetti ($14\frac{1}{4} \times 7\frac{1}{8}$), was ultimately lent to the exhibition of the Burlington Fine Arts Club, No. 23; it was at the time in the possession of Mrs. Churchill (Miss Constance Hilliard), to whom Ruskin had given it: see Vol. XXXV. p. 638. The "lecture on sculpture to that jury" was Leighton's evidence in the case of *Belt* v. *Lawes*: reported in the *Times* of December 12 and 13.]

[2] [Presumably an amateur's drawing, sent for Ruskin's criticism.]

infidel—and Heretic—and, in fine, humanity in general—brightens your life with shining memories and maintains all your old powers in, it seemed to me, even increasing grace and delightfulness.

How I wish all your talk could have been written—yet how little could be written of the parts of it that were—*seen* as well as heard!

But have you *not* written down any of these memories? I cannot imagine any book more precious or delicious than your quiet, effortless, autobiography would be.—Ever your grateful and loving

JOHN RUSKIN.

To Miss SUSAN BEEVER[1]

HERNE HILL, 19*th* [*December*, 1882].

Here's your little note first of all; and if you only knew how my wristbands are plaguing me you'd be very sorry. They're too much starched, and *would* come down like mittens; and now I've turned them up, they're just like two horrid china cups upside down, inside my coat, and I'm afraid to write for fear of breaking them. And I've a week's work on the table, to be done before one o'clock, on pain of uproar from my friends, execration from my enemies, reproach from my lovers, triumph from my haters, despair of Joanie, and—what from Susie? I've had such a bad night, too; woke at half-past three and have done a day's work since then—composing my lecture for March, and thinking what's to become of a godson of mine whose——

Well, never mind. I needn't give *you* the trouble, poor little Susie, of thinking too. I wonder if that Jackdaw story will come to-day.

This must be folded up and directed all right at once, or I'm sure it will never go. Love to Mary, very much, please, and three times over; I missed these two last times.

To Miss SUSAN BEEVER[2]

[HERNE HILL] *Thursday Morning.*

I'm ever so much better, and the Jackdaw has come. But why wasn't I there to meet his pathetic desire for art-knowledge? To think of that poor bird's genius and love of scarlet ribbons, shut up in a cage! What it might have come to!

[1] [No. 118 in *Hortus Inclusus* (see below, p. 629). The "lecture for March" is the first of the course on the *Art of England*.]

[2] [No. 104 in *Hortus Inclusus* (see below, p. 628).]

If ever my St. George's schools come to any perfection, they shall have every one a jackdaw to give the children their first lessons in arithmetic. I'm sure he could do it perfectly. "Now, Jack, take two from four, and show them how many are left." "Now, Jack, if you take the teaspoon out of this saucer, and put it into *that*, and then if you take two teaspoons out of two saucers, and put them into this, and then if you take one teaspoon out of this, and put it into that, how many spoons are there in this, and how many in that?"—and so on.

Oh, Susie, when we *do* get old, you and I, won't we have nice schools for the birds first, and then for the children?

To ERNEST CHESNEAU[1]

HERNE HILL, *December 20th*, 1882.

DEAR MONS. CHESNEAU,—I will not regret my mistake in understanding your first letter, since it has procured me the pleasure of renewed correspondence; and since you so kindly assure me of the interest you find in the mixed letters.[2] I have to thank you for the return of the duplicate books, and will give my publisher directions to send you any others on his list which you may wish to see.

The method of verbal derivation which you have adopted is of course right, both for French and English construction: but I think that "Pre-Raphaelism" would properly express the method or manner of the painters who actually lived before Raphael—as "Raphaelism" might generally be applied to the style of all his school, at every subsequent date. Pre-Raphael*it*ism is, it seems to me, the proper term to express the peculiar tenets of the sect you have been examining, which called itself "Pre-Raphaelite"; or, with still greater exclusiveness, "*The* Pre-Raphaelite *Brethren*."

But it is very likely I may have been betrayed into using the word of the antique schools themselves, in which application it would be entirely wrong; while, on the other hand, if in your own chapters you have hitherto used the term "Pre-Raphaelisme," there is no occasion whatever to insert the *it* in reference to my pamphlet. Use your own word as you feel it easily applicable; a line of footnote would be enough to explain the partial and temporary meaning of mine.—Ever, dear M. Chesneau, your faithful servant,

J. RUSKIN.

[1] [No. 8 in *Chesneau*, pp. 17-19.]

[2] [*Arrows of the Chace*, a copy of which Ruskin had sent: see above, p. 423.]

To Miss Kate Greenaway[1]

December 27, '82.

Dear Miss Greenaway,—Friday will do delightfully for me, even better than to-day, having been tired with Xmas letters and work.

This is a lovely little book[2]—all through. The New and Old Years are chiefly delightful to me. But I wish some of the children had bare feet—and that the shoes of the others weren't *quite* so like mussel-shells.

The drawing on my letter, however, is perfect! shoes and all—eyes and lips—unspeakable.—Ever your grateful and devoted

J. Ruskin.

To Ernest Chesneau[3]

Herne Hill, *December* 28*th*, 1882.

Dear Mons. Chesneau,—Let me first wish you whatever the Christmas and New Year's Day can bring of good—whether in present pleasure, or encouragement in your earnest and careful work.

I have ordered the four books, in which you kindly express an interest, to be sent at once to your address; praying you only to acquit me of the egotism of asking you to read such cartloads of me.

I shall look for the album with much interest. Herkomer's portrait is full of character, but is not *like* in the ordinary sense. The photograph I hope to send with this letter is, I think, the likest that has been done lately. They are the best;[4] those of some years back have a sickly look which is, to say the least of it, exaggerated.

I have no recollection of the letter to New York, but am quite sure the tend of it would be exactly what the New York[5] critic gives. I was quite furious at the American war, and have been so ever since, whenever I thought of it.

Nor, alas, can I tell you whether Patmore indeed wrote or spoke to me about Hunt. I cannot doubt that he did.[6] But my real introduction to the whole school was by Mr. Dyce, R.A., who dragged me,

[1] [No. 8 in *Kate Greenaway*, p. 110. The letter was followed by a call; Miss Greenaway entered in her diary (December 29, 1882): "Mr. Ruskin came. First time I ever saw him."]

[2] [*Almanack for 1883 by Kate Greenaway.* "New Year" is the frontispiece; "Old Year" is opposite December.]

[3] [No. 9 in *Chesneau*, pp. 20–23 (see below, p. 636).]

[4] [Presumably the photographs taken by H. R. Barraud in the spring of 1882: see Vol. XXXIV. p. 562.]

[5] [The reference is perhaps to one of the letters in the original edition of *Time and Tide*, which had been reprinted in America: see, for them, Vol. XVIII. pp. 475 *seq.*]

[6] [For the facts of the case, see Vol. XII. p. xlvi.]

literally, up to the Millais picture of "The Carpenter's Shop," which I had passed disdainfully,[1] and forced me to look for its merits. Afterwards, various friends asked me to look at this picture, or that; until Millais' "Huguenot" and Hunt's "Light of the World" asserted the power of the school without any further need of help from anybody.

Millais first showed me the beauty of extreme minuteness and precision, my own predilections having been formed by such work as Correggio's background in the "Antiope," and Tintoret's in the "Susannah"—which France disgraces herself by putting up out of sight in the Louvre, while she exhibits Rembrandt's beastly old woman as close as she can get her. What a shame, too, to put those divine frescoes of Botticelli (fearfully spoiled as they are by transit and repair) outside in the passage—and with no glass over them![2]

Please ask me anything you care to know my feeling about; my *memory* is no good for things of detail long ago, but the general result of them I can assure you of.—Ever with true respect and regard, believe me faithfully yours, JOHN RUSKIN.

To ERNEST CHESNEAU[3]

HERNE HILL, *December 30th*, 1882.

DEAR MONS. CHESNEAU,—I am so very glad to hear of the *Peintres Contemporains*.[4]

Alas, I wish they were better worth your time! Yet they do wonderful things often—but so seldom right ones.

It delights me that you are interested in *Eagle's Nest*, and that you tell me of the question you feel about anatomy. I have not enough expressed in that book one important point in the matter, namely, that a painter's knowledge of anatomy *must* always be superficial and vulgar—therefore pretentious and harmful to his dignity of character.

Hold up your thumb with its back towards you, so as to see the muscles that move it at the back of the hand. Bend it, and move it (without moving the rest of the hand) to the right and left, variously

[1] [Compare Vol. XII. p. 320, and Vol. XIV. pp. 111, 495; for the "Huguenot" and "Light of the World," see Vol. XIV. p. 281, and Vol. XII. pp. 328 *seq.*]

[2] [For Ruskin's numerous references to the "Antiope" and the "Susannah," see the General Index. For similar complaints about the hanging of the "Susannah" (now better shown), see Vol. XII. pp. 411, 459, and Vol. XIX. p. 56. The Botticelli frescoes (on the landing of the "Daru" staircase in the Louvre) are described in Vol. XXXIII. pp. 313 *seq.*]

[3] [No. 10 in *Chesneau*, pp. 24–26.]

[4] [*Artistes Anglais Contemporains*, by E. Chesneau: Paris, 1882.]

stretching and bending it. How many days, or months, do you suppose it would take to understand and illustrate by diagrams, comprehensively, the relative play of the working sinews, and the action of the skin in following it, in the case of that single digit? And after you had mastered the entire machinery of these, do you suppose you would be one bit nearer the power of either *choosing the exactly right action* which would express the passions of the hand,—or of painting it with the right foreshortenings of the bends, and gradations of relief in skin and muscle? You would be a twelvemonth in mastering the gestures of *one* hand of your hero! and when you had anatomised it, wouldn't be a bit nearer painting it; while trusting to your sight and genius, you might sketch the hand full of life in twenty positions in as many minutes—and never think of one bone or one sinew all the time!

Of course great men generally get interested in anatomy; and of course also in Sculpture the object of the statue is often to express and illustrate the sinews. But in Painting, given the absolute power of the artist, less or more, and the rule holds absolutely—the more he is of an anatomist, the less he is of a painter.

Pardon my scrawled letter, but if I write neatly I can't think; and if I think carefully, I can't write.—Ever faithfully and heartily yours, J. Ruskin.

1883

[In January Ruskin was formally re-elected to the Slade Professorship at Oxford. For some letters written in connexion with the preparation of his lectures on the *Art of England*, see Vol. XXXIII. p. xlvi. The summer was spent at Brantwood (*ibid.*, p. xlvii.); as also the autumn, with the exception of a visit to Oxford to conclude the above-mentioned course.]

To Charles Eliot Norton[1]

Herne Hill, 1*st January*, 1883.

Darling Charles,—What a venomous old infidel you are! I think I never read a nastier comment on a lovely theory than that "other walls are like Fésole that are not on the like rocks." I don't believe there are any other walls like Fésole. You couldn't build them but of *macigno*, and I don't know any *macigno* anywhere else. Yes. I got drawings—fairly careful, of wall and rock—both.

[1] [*Atlantic Monthly*, September 1904, vol. 94, p. 385. No. 199 in *Norton;* vol. ii. pp. 188–189.]

Those Pisan details are quite delightful, but I think Boni's report will be exhaustive—he has got his measures to a centimetre, and has such a knowledge of cements and joints that nothing escapes him. I send you a present of one of his little drawings of ornament, which will show you the infinite fineness of the creature.

I'm very well, and doing crystallography and geology; I think my good assistant Collingwood will get the glacier theory well swept out of the way at last. . . . Ever your lovingest J. R.

To E. J. BAILLIE[1]

BRANTWOOD, *2nd Jan.*, '83.

DEAR MR. BAILLIE,—I've just got home, and seen your abstract, which I am deeply grateful for. It leans a little too much on the religious element, not quite enough on the prosaic utilities in me; but it really does me good to read of myself as you tell me what you make of me. It is all right, only too much distillation, but I hope the book will be extremely useful to all affectionate readers—and they're the only ones worth having. The curious little opening misprint[2] of Telfer for Telford should be corrected in future editions.—Ever most gratefully and affectionately yours, JOHN RUSKIN.

To a LITTLE GIRL[3]

BRANTWOOD, *Thursday* (*some day or other of* 1883).

DARLING RIELLE,—Yes, I *was* dreadfully crushed by that portentous silence,—because, you know, though May is so irresistible, and Alice is so bewitching, yet *you* were my first Love,—and then—they don't know anything about Ireland—do they now, darlint? So you really mustn't exile me like that from Erin any more. I wonder what you'll answer to my telegram;—I shall be thinking of nothing else all day—if I may come.—Ever your loving J. R.

P.S.—Don't frizz the hair quite so high, this time.

[1] [Author of *John Ruskin: Aspects of his Thought and Teachings*, 1882. The letter was printed in *St. George*, vol. iii. p. 89.]

[2] [In giving the name of Ruskin's father's firm (Ruskin, Telford and Domecq).]

[3] [From *Strand Magazine*, December 1895, p. 679, where it is given in reduced facsimile; also printed similarly in *The King*, January 27, 1900.]

To Ernest Chesneau[1]

Brantwood, *January 6th*, 1883.

Dear M. Chesneau,—I have got home to my hills, and find your delightful books waiting for me. They are the only things I have yet looked at, out of the heaps which my long absence in Italy has raised on my table. And I had also your long and valuable letter of the *2nd*, and to-day your sweet little note of the *4th*. I am so sorry that we are now two days' post distant, so that at first I must have seemed neglectful of these last letters.

The books are extremely and *instantly* delightful to me, at once in their earnestness—candour—courtesy—and evidently right and safe principles. It seems to me that we are both of us absolutely at one —or *as* one—as far as principles go; this is really everything. The particular applications either of us may make of principle, must vary as our different sides or points of view, and natural feelings. But I am sure I shall be able to sympathise with you, and you with me, on all broad grounds. I am particularly pleased by what you say of Turner, though (as yet) I have not found *enough* said. I am going to look out some things—engravings, fragmentary copies, and the like —which I want you to look at and to keep; and we'll have out the anatomy question some day. In the meantime, will you ask the next lover you meet how far he thinks the beauty of his mistress's fore-arm depends on the double bones in it; and of her humerus on the single one?

I expect much from the book on Artists' education.[2] But they're very like pigs, as far as *I* know them; and all I can say is, I hope that flogging won't be abolished in any schools instituted for them by modern enlightenment!—Ever affectionately yours, J. Ruskin.

To Miss Beever[3]

10*th January*, 1883.

Dear Miss Beever,—I cannot tell you how grateful and glad I am, to have your lovely note and to know that the Bewick gave you pleasure, and that you are so entirely well now, as to enjoy anything requiring so much energy and attention to this degree. For indeed

[1] [No. 11 in *Chesneau*, pp. 27–29.]

[2] [*L'Éducation de l'Artiste*, by E. Chesneau, Paris, 1880. An English translation by Clara Bell was published in 1884.]

[3] [No. 77 in *Hortus Inclusus*.]

I can scarcely now take pleasure myself in things that give me the least trouble to look at, but I know that the pretty book and its chosen woodcuts ought to be sent to you, first of all my friends (I have not yet thought of sending it to any one else), and I am quite put in heart after a very despondent yesterday, past inanely, in thinking of what *I couldn't* do, by feeling what you *can*, and hoping to share the happy Christmas time with you and Susie in future years. Will you please tell my dear Susie I'm going to bring over a drawing to show! (so thankful that I am still able to draw after these strange and terrible illnesses) this afternoon. I am in hopes it may clear, but dark or bright I'm coming, about half-past three, and am ever your and her most affectionate and faithful servant,

J. RUSKIN.

To ERNEST CHESNEAU[1]

BRANTWOOD, *January 10th*, 1883.

DEAR M. CHESNEAU,—Everything has come rightly except the *Artistes Contemporains*. But that is sure to be safe at Herne Hill, and I have more than I can at present deal with in the *Education*, *Chimère*, and *Carpeaux*.[2]

I have spoken hitherto only of the points in which we have sympathy. This *Life* of Carpeaux, I see by the illustrations, will bring out all those in which our habits of thought and temperament differ. But I must carefully read before I say more.

I hastily (through *interest* more than want of time) ran through the *Chimère*. It is a grand bit of—intensely French!—romance, and French romance is gradually becoming European. But it makes me very sad, except the last sentence. I wish *I* had hope of being with the people I love, after a little ear-pulling!—Ever affectionately yours,

J. R.

To W. T. PAGE

BRANTWOOD, 22*nd January*, 1883.

MY DEAR SIR,—I should only be too glad if the Mayor thought it worth while to make use of any notes of mine on the occasion referred to—but alas, I have no time to write any just now, except only that I

[1] [No. 12 in *Chesneau*, pp. 30–31.]

[2] [For the *Artistes*, see above, p. 428; for the *Éducation de l'Artiste*, p. 431. The two other books by Chesneau are *Le Chimère* (Paris, 1879) and *Le Statuaire J.-B. Carpeaux: sa Vie et son Œuvre* (Paris, 1880): for a further reference to the latter, see below, p. 435.]

have always held (and am prepared against all comers to maintain my holding) that the Cathedral of Lincoln is out and out the most precious piece of architecture in the British islands,[1] and—roughly—worth any two other cathedrals we have got;—secondly, that the town of Lincoln is a lovely old English town, and I hope the Mayor and Common Council men won't let any of it (not so much as a house corner) be pulled down to build an Institution or a Market—or a Penitentiary or a Gunpowder and Dynamite Mill—or a College—or a Gaol—or a Barracks—or any other modern luxury. And thirdly, that it might possibly make the upper students of the art classes look up a good many things that they would be the better for knowing, if the Town Council were to offer a prize for a design to be painted or frescoed in the Town Hall, of the most pathetic and significant scene in all British history—the first real "Union of Scotland and England"—in the funeral procession of Bishop Hugh—when the King of England (John), barefoot, bore the coffin, with three Archbishops, and the King of Scotland followed, weeping. (See Froude's sketch of Bishop Hugo in the *Studies of Great Subjects*.[2]) The prize might be open to all students born between Lincoln and Holy Isle?—or better, perhaps, between Tweed and Trent?

With all good wishes for the prosperity and honour of your son's Mayoralty, and for its serviceable use to the good town of Lincoln, I am, my dear Sir, your faithful servant, JOHN RUSKIN.

To the Rev. F. A. MALLESON[3]

January 22nd, 1883.

DEAR MALLESON,—I am heartily glad to hear that you are better, and that you are going to lead the Vicar of Wakefield's quiet life. I am not stronger myself, but think it right to keep hold of the Oxford helm, as long as they care to trust it to me.

I've entirely given up reviewing, but if the Editor of the *Contemporary* would send me Mr. Peek's article,[4] when set up, I might perhaps send a note or two on it, which the real reviewer might use or not at his pleasure. In the meantime it would greatly oblige me if the Editor

[1] [Compare Vol. VIII. p. 12 and *n.*]

[2] [See vol. ii. p. 100 (ed. 1891).]

[3] [No. 63 in the synopsis of Letters to Malleson (Vol. XXXIV. p. 187); the word "cosmism" has hitherto been misprinted "Coniston."]

[4] [If the letter be correctly dated, the reference is not clear. There was no article by, or about, Mr. Francis Peek (author of *Social Wreckage* and other works on pauperism) in the *Contemporary* in 1883. In the number for January 1884 there was an article, "Lazarus at the Gate, by the author of 'Social Wreckage.'"]

could give me the reference to an old article of mine on Herbert Spencer, (or at least on a saying of his),[1] which I cannot find where I thought it was in the *Nineteenth Century*, and suppose therefore to have been in the *Contemporary* before the *Nineteenth Century* Athena arose out of its cleft head.[2]

The Article had a lot about cosmism in it, but I quite forget what else it was about. I think it must have been just before the separation. Kindest regards and congratulations on your convalescence from all here.—Ever affectionately yours, J. RUSKIN.

To the Rev. J. P. FAUNTHORPE[3]

[BRANTWOOD, *January* 24, 1883.]

MY DEAR CHAPLAIN,—I have only taken the Professorship again in order to keep my hand on the helm, not to talk. They will be quite content to hear me read *Proserpina* or anything else I am doing; the real *business* I have to do is entirely regulating and simplifying things at present too chaotic, and keeping ugly things out of their way as far as I can—those venomous and ghastly black-line maps of yours, for instance! Do you recollect saying that "I should try to like them" because you could interest any quantity of boys with them? So much, very sternly I say it, the worse both for the boys and you.

The first thing you have to do is to get good raised maps, with some approach to accuracy. Photograph those, and then let the eye find out for itself the principal masses.

The names in large maps should be extremely few, and increased gradually in the subdivided local ones. And every map should be *pretty* to the extent of its possibilities, both in colour, and in the types of letters chosen.[4]

I hope the *Sesame and Lilies* experiment may turn out well.[5] I ordered Foord to send for your kind keeping another large cabinet. Love to Miss Stanley.—Ever affectionately yours, J. R.

[1] [The article, entitled "Home, and its Economies," appeared in the *Contemporary* for May 1873: see Vol. XVII. p. 556.]

[2] [In the birth of the *Nineteenth Century*, as an offshoot from the *Contemporary*, being the subject of the "Prefatory Sonnet" by Tennyson to which Ruskin refers in *Fors* (Vol. XXIX. p. 84).]

[3] [No. 64 in *Faunthorpe;* vol. ii. pp. 46, 47.]

[4] [On this subject, see Vol. XXVII. pp. lxx.–lxxiii.]

[5] [Mr. Faunthorpe had succeeded in getting *Sesame* put upon the Education Syllabus for the year as one of the prose reading-books for the senior students. For Messrs. Foord and Williams, see above, p. 377.]

To Ernest Chesneau [1]

Brantwood, *January 30th*, 1883.

Dear M. Chesneau,—I was deeply grateful for the tenderness, and sweet grace of compliment, in your last letter—but could not answer till I had thought upon what you said, and what was really the difference of view between us with respect to art like that of poor Carpeaux.[2] And then I had a bad fit of cold and face-ache, and much to attend to suddenly on returning to duty in Oxford. And here is your loving letter reproaching me! 13th, and this the 30th!

But indeed I feel it now (seeing what power a man of your enthusiastic and amiable genius will have in future France) a very true privilege, and a most precious one, to have your ear—nay, and see much of your heart also—open to me on these questions; and to receive from you the interpretation of much that I had too rashly overlooked or condemned.

But I cannot enter the margin even of what I want to discuss with you, yet; for I have not got the parcel of things I must appeal to, which I said I was looking for, and I have not half read the book yet. Please, what sickness did Carpeaux die of with so much suffering? I wonder what he would have been if he had been brought up like me, with every indulgence of his disposition, and with never wearied care for his health and comfort!

Alas, those photographs you read so subtly are not worth your pains. The "Barbe de Fleuve"[3] only came because I was too ill to shave; and all the rest of the face is saddened and weakened by anger, disappointment, and various forms of luxury and laziness. Not that I distrust your interpretation of what good there really must be in it, since you can be pleased with it at all.

Carpeaux's would have been beautiful, had he been fortunate in his youth; mine would have been stronger had I been *un*fortunate —*in good time!*—Forgive this incoherent page, and believe me, affectionately yours, J. Ruskin.

To Miss Leete

31*st Jan.*, '83.

My dear Jessie,—I am very glad you are quietly at work again —and out of the sphere of useless gossip and mischievous curiosity.

[1] [No. 13 in *Chesneau*, pp. 32–34.]
[2] [See above, p. 432.]
[3] [M. Chesneau had speculated on the indication of character in Ruskin's flowing beard.]

Nobody has any business with Carlyle's ways to his wife—or hers to him;—but you may depend on it—whatever Froude says, or does, about him will be right; in the meantime, the faultless public had better enjoy its own domestic bliss in peace. As for depreciating Carlyle because he had faults, the little phosphorescent polypes might as well depreciate the Dog Star because it wasn't the Polestar. . . .

To EDWARD BURNE-JONES[1]

Morning, Candlemas [*Feb.* 2], 1883.

DARLING NED,—Much love to you and Georgie. This is always a day of good resolutions with me,[2] which are by next year all ground well down by steam-roller into the asphalt and slime pavement of Dis' town.

A day therefore, every year, of more sorrowful reflections—(may I say that above-named pavement becomes so smooth and bright that I can see my face in it?)—and more wonderful in the way they open back the scenes that have been past through, seemingly all in vain. Those spectral scenes in illness, not the least important. I've been setting down *their* order, to-day, anyhow, with some accuracy, and find them marvellous in consistency. . . .

Having done enough of that work, however—at least as much as is good for me—here's a little bit of practical duty to be done; namely, to convey to you the Petition of the Principal, Governesses, and Scholars of Whitelands College, that you would paint their windows for them in the Chapel. There are six lancets, I believe, in which they want St. Ursula to begin with—and then some more cheerful and Rectorial or Governessial Saints—among whom I don't at this moment recollect if they've got St. Cecilia—but they ought to—and I don't recollect that you've much done her. You will greatly help and exalt and comfort many good girls' hearts by accepting this petition of theirs, only please, for my sake, the lights mustn't be all brown and grisaille, but as opalescent as glass can be made.[3] . . .

[1] [Partly printed (with some omissions) in *Memorials of Edward Burne-Jones*, vol. ii. pp. 128, 129.]

[2] [For the significance of February 2 to Ruskin, see Vol. XXXV. p. lxxiv.]

[3] [Burne-Jones ultimately designed fourteen windows for the chapel of Whitelands College—namely, east window, three lights ("Salvator Mundi," etc.); west window (rose, with five heads); six windows to the right facing the altar (SS. Ursula, Agnes, Cecilia, Catherine, Dorothy, and Margaret, some of the cartoons for which had previously been used at Oxford, etc.); and six windows to the left (SS. Barbara, Veronica, Agatha, Lucia, Martha, and Theresa). The windows were all executed by Morris, and paid for by subscriptions among past and present students of the College.]

Also, if my Proserpine isn't begun, *please* begin it; and if it is stopped, go on again;[1] and if it is going on again, do a nice little bit as the Spring comes.

Love to you all. I'm fairly well, except that I've had face-ache, and had to lose a poor old patient piece of my mouth, and can't talk at Oxford much—but I don't want to. I'm going back to see to their perspective; Bird and leaf drawing, etc.—and the sorts of things that nobody else will teach them.

To the Rev. J. P. Faunthorpe[2]

[Brantwood, *February* 11*th*, 1883.]

My dear Chaplain,—You are great larks, you and Miss Irvine. She *is* queer, but so am I, and I've a notion she knows the meaning of *Fors* better than you do. It *does* accuse the Bishops of Simony for one thing, and roundly too! Why, my dear Chaplain, the entirely open way in which men are brought up to the Church for the sake of a living is of *all* our national sins, both to Carlyle and to me, perhaps the most impious!

Well, for the windows, we'll get them in some day or other. May will soon be here, and I must begin thinking of the cross.—Ever your affectionate J. R.

To the Rev. J. P. Faunthorpe[3]

Brantwood, *February* 13*th* [1883].

My dear Chaplain,—But if you look to the big edition of Johnson you will find *Simony* and *Simoniac* precisely as I use them. It is no sense of mine, though in *one* passage of *Fors* I *add* the sense of the Simony which is *twice* d—d, being Simony upside down and burning at both ends—namely, refusing the Holy Ghost unless one's paid to receive it![4]

It is no question of Judases among twelve. The entire Church is guilty when one advertisement of a living to be sold appears in the

[1] ["I have designed," wrote Burne-Jones, a year later, "what should look beautiful and awful if it were well done, Pluto going down with Proserpine into the earth, and a nice garden, a real one, all broken to bits, and fire breaking out amongst the anemones; and Pluto is an awful thing, shadowy and beautiful." "A very careful pencil drawing of this exists," says Lady Burne-Jones, "but the picture was never painted" (*Memorials*, vol. ii. p. 130).]

[2] [Letter 65 in *Faunthorpe;* vol. ii. pp. 48, 49.]

[3] [No. 66 in *Faunthorpe;* vol. ii. pp. 50, 51 (see below, p. 645).]

[4] [See *Fors*, Letter 55, § 1 (Vol. XXVIII. p. 363).]

Times, or when one Bishop ordains a booby whom he knows to be presented to him for the sake of a living.

All that I'm frightened about is that when, some day or other, you find out quite what *Fors does* mean, you won't let me inside your doors any more! I shall have to pray Maidie[1] to intercede for me at the Grove. I'm looking out some more things for the bilection.—Ever your loving J. RUSKIN.

To the Rev. J. P. FAUNTHORPE[2]

BRANTWOOD, 16*th February* [1883].

MY DEAR CHAPLAIN,—I think it's extremely lovely and sublimely virtuous of Mrs. Faunthorpe to side with me against you! but, since it is so, I leave myself in her hands—only answering your to-day's note, very seriously, that no man is answerable for the sins of others which he does not know, or which, knowing, he could not prevent. The Apostles were not answerable for the sin of Judas, but if Judas had advertised "The Lord to be Sold" in the *Palestine Times* they *would* have been, had the sale taken place: and if nowadays people advertised the sale of a wife, or printed their intention to run away with anybody else's at a given date, or to commit murder, or arson, or aught else preventable by the Sheriff and Constables, I suppose the Sheriff and Constables would be responsible for the prevention; and if not they, everybody else who had nothing else to see to.

You unquestionably are not responsible for anything but your own useful and happy duties.—Ever affectionately yours, J. R.

To HOLMAN HUNT

18 *Feb.*, 1883.

When I was in London I got laid up quickly, and had to be cautious in the extreme. I have been wanting to write ever since, but the days have passed in one mighty course of clearing out the rubbish of forty years' heaping, to see what good could be got out of its dust. All my work nearly has been done on rotten canvas, but I am anxious about that picture always,[3] and please now send me a word of general

[1] [Mr. Faunthorpe's daughter Muriel, a child of four at this time. Her parents then resided at Bolingbroke Grove, Wandsworth Common. Ruskin was fond of the child, and was, he used to say, her "collar'd serf." She would kiss him, take his hand, and lead him to see her "bilection," as she called her collection of treasures, for which he used to send her precious and pretty stones: see the letter given below, p. 727.]

[2] [No. 67 in *Faunthorpe;* vol. ii. pp. 52, 53 (see below, p. 645).]

[3] [The reference is to "The Triumph of the Innocents," the first version of which was abandoned by the artist owing to defects in the canvas: see Vol. XXXIII. p. 277 *n.*]

gossip and tell me how tall G. is to half an inch, barefoot of course? And would you please tell me the exact title of that picture of sheep in sunshine on the sea cliff, also place of it, and also place of the water-colour sunset with grey temple and crimson sea, which I have at Oxford, as I want to speak of both these pictures in my opening lecture.[1] You have a strange and great part to take in England as the only representative she has of her old faith, so far as her works of hand can show it. May I say a word or two of this new picture? and will it be seen this season? I would rather if I might speak of it before, than after, the stir it will make. . . . Ever your affectionate and faithful

JOHN RUSKIN.

To GEORGE RICHMOND, R.A.

BRANTWOOD, 27*th Feb.*, '83.

DEAREST RICHMOND,—I have been thinking many a time, since your kind first note came (a month since!), of all that your friendship has been to my father and to me. I never seem older to myself, nor indeed do I think the relations of Respect ever weaken and fade because mere arithmetic of proportion changes in years. You are still my Father's friend, and now, in some sort, you stand in his place to me, and are honoured in my thoughts, as he would have been, very deeply. As the days go on, I feel my own failure to you both.

It is very beautiful of you to care to have me at Oxford[2]—but I hope that, if I am really spared to carry forward anything of what I began there, it may give you more pleasure than my old sayings—or strivings!

I did not think of giving any inaugural lecture, for I am really going back only to finish what I left ineffective in the system of the schools; but may perhaps in the first and second lectures, which I hope to give after Easter, glance over the present state of English art, so far as I can feel it to be happy—keeping the bad words out of my mouth—for the present.

That is an interesting essay on Rossetti you sent me.[3] But the bad words are a little too thoroughly kept out of the writer's mouth, to permit it to be useful, except to the painter's immediate circle. I

[1] [The first of the lectures on *The Art of England*. See Vol. XXXIII. p. 8 for the "Strayed Sheep," and pp. 277, 278 for "The Triumph of the Innocents." The "Sunset at Chimalditi" was not mentioned in that lecture, but see Vol. XXXIV. p. 169.]

[2] [Richmond's son, Sir W. B. Richmond, had resigned the Slade Professorship in order that Ruskin might resume it: see Vol. XXXIII. p. xlv.]

[3] [Perhaps W. Sharp's *D. G. Rossetti: a Record and a Study*, 1881.]

hope to send you soon a few hard ones about myself, which were very necessary in an "epilogue" to some of my old writing, reprinted for such good as may yet be in [it].[1]

Love to Edith, and please think of me as in all reverent affection, yours, JOHN RUSKIN.

To Mrs. ARTHUR SEVERN

OXFORD, *9th March*, '83.

I think the lecture went off nicely.[2] The Vice-Chancellor (Jowett) made a very pretty speech of welcome afterwards. The undergraduates cheered no end, and Baxter said the people going away who couldn't get in were like a church coming out. I was obliged to promise to give the lecture again to-morrow. After lecture I went on to the schools—saw my old Turners; made the young ladies' class beam by looking over their shoulders, and praising each for what was praisable —many were drawing very nicely.

To CHARLES ELIOT NORTON[3]

OXFORD, 10*th March*, 1883.

MY DEAREST CHARLES,—Emerson and Carlyle[4] came to me about a week since, and I am nearly through them, grateful heartily for the book, and the masterful index; but much disappointed at having no word of epitaph from yourself on both the men.

The Emerson letters are infinitely sweet and wise; here and there, as in p. 30, vol. ii., unintelligible to me.[5] C.'s, like all the words of him published since his death, have vexed me, and partly angered, with their perpetual "me miserum"[6]—never seeming to feel the extreme ill manners of this perpetual whine; and, to what one dares not call an affected, but a quite unconsciously false extent, hiding the more or less of pleasure which a strong man must have in using his strength, be it but in heaving aside dustheaps.[7]

[1] [The autobiographical Epilogue to the separate edition of *Modern Painters*, vol. ii. (Vol. IV. pp. 343 *seq.*).]

[2] [The first lecture of the course on *The Art of England:* see Vol. XXXIII. p. 259.]

[3] [No. 200 in *Norton;* vol. ii. pp. 189–191.]

[4] [*The Correspondence of Thomas Carlyle and Ralph Waldo Emerson, 1834–1872.* 2 vols. London: 1883. (Edited by Charles Eliot Norton.)]

[5] [A letter acknowledging (in somewhat critical terms) receipt of Carlyle's *Past and Present.*]

[6] [Compare below, p. 495.]

[7] [Compare what Ruskin says in *Præterita* of his "total amazement and boundless puzzlement" at Carlyle's moans, for "he talked as vigorously as he wrote," etc. (Vol. XXXV. p. 367).]

What in my own personal way I chiefly regret and wonder at in him is, the perception in all nature of nothing between the stars and his stomach,—his going, for instance, into North Wales for two months, and noting absolutely no Cambrian thing or event, but only increase of Carlylian bile.[1]

Not that I am with you in thinking Froude wrong about the *Reminiscences*. They are to me full of his strong insight, and in their distress, far more pathetic than these howlings of his earlier life about Cromwell and others of his quite best works;[2] but I am vexed for want of a proper Epilogue of your own.

I came here from Brantwood through driving snow—sprinkling, but vicious in the whiffs—on Thursday, and found people glad to see me, and elbowing each other to hear, so that I had to give the one lecture I had ready for them, twice over. It will be in print next week, and quickly sent you. . . .

How much better right than C. have I to say, "Ay de mi?"

I am going to leave to-morrow, but return after Easter to set things further ahead here: a new edition of second volume of *Modern Painters*, not without comment and epilogue, will be out by that time, and I hope to amuse you. There are no threatening symptoms, yet, as in former springs, of any returning illness, but I am well taught the need of caution. . . . Ever your grateful and loving

J. Ruskin.

To the Rev. J. P. Faunthorpe[3]

Herne Hill, *Thursday* [*March 14th*, 1883].

Dear Faunthorpe,—You could not [better] help me, and all that you think right in my books, than by quietly arranging a General Index of the important topics; *Fors* being the basis, and the other political books collaterally given. The *Art* Index should be a separate book from the Economy and Manners index—*Manners* better than *Morals*, for I've never gone into Moral Philosophy—and all minor matters and things ignored. I doubt if this could be done at all

[1] [The reference is to vol. ii. p. 40 of *Carlyle and Emerson:* "I roved about . . . but sank into ever meaner restlessness, black and blacker biliary gloom." But Ruskin takes this letter of 1843 too literally. For, as appears from other letters published by Froude in 1885, Carlyle, though bored by his company, received many vivid impressions from the country (see *Carlyle's Life in London*, vol. i. pp. 298 *seq.*); and these were turned to good purpose in his fine description of Welsh landscape at the beginning of the *Life of John Sterling* (1851).]

[2] [See, for instance, *Carlyle and Emerson*, vol. ii. pp. 6, 21, 57.]

[3] [No. 68 in *Faunthorpe;* vol. ii. pp. 54, 55 (see below, p. 645).]

but with the kindly force and feeling that you could gather on it at Whitelands.

I am to see Mr. Jones to-morrow; and I think, if you simply sent him the form and measure of the windows, that Mr. Morris's gout need not hinder his thinking of you.

I am pretty well, but perhaps a little feeling reaction after recent excitement at Oxford. Did not I carry off enclosed little book from the lecture room last year? Love to Maidie.—Ever your grateful and affectionate

J. RUSKIN.

To CHARLES ELIOT NORTON[1]

HERNE HILL, *15th March*, 1883.

Here's your note of fearing question — just come. I hope mine about your Emerson book is by this time at sea; but it's a delight to me to follow it with further assurance of my hitherto safety this year. As far as I can judge, there is no threatening, for I sleep quite soundly, and long enough, and people say I am looking well. But it is curious that I really look back to all those illnesses, except some parts of the first, with a kind of regret to have come back to the world. Life and Death were so wonderful, mingled together like that—the hope and fear, the scenic majesty of delusion so awful—sometimes so beautiful. In this little room, where the quite prosy sunshine is resting quietly on my prosy table—last year, at this very time, I saw the stars rushing at each other—and thought the lamps of London were gliding through the night into a World Collision. I took my pretty Devonshire farm-girl Nurse[2] for a Black Vision of Judgment; when I found I was still alive, a tinkly Italian organ became to me the music of the Spheres. Nothing was more notable to me through the illness than the general exaltation of the nerves of sight and hearing, and their power of making colour and sound harmonious as well as intense—with alternation of faintness and horror of course. But I learned so much about the nature of Phantasy and Phantasm—it would have been totally inconceivable to me without seeing, how the unreal and real could be mixed.

I'm not going to stay in London, but go down to my lake again till after Easter, when I'm going to give a lecture on Burne-Jones, exclusively; and then one on Leighton and Watts. Leighton has won my heart by painting some extremely pretty girls, whom I can't but,

[1] [No. 201 in *Norton;* vol. ii. pp. 191–193.]
[2] [See above, p. 406, and Vol. XXXIV. p. 562.]

with much deprecation of myself, extremely prefer to the old hard outlined Mantegnas and Leonardos and the like.

Love to S. accordingly, and I am ever your penitent

AUTHOR OF "MODERN PAINTERS."

I found I was really rather bored by Lippi and the rest of them, this time!!!

To Miss SUSAN BEEVER[1]

[1883?]

Your happy letters (with the sympathetic misery of complaint of dark days) have cheered me as much as anything could do.

The sight of one of my poor "Companions of St. George," who has sent me, not a widow's but a parlour-maid's (an old schoolmistress) "all her living," and whom I found last night, dying, slowly and quietly, in a damp room, just the size of your study (which her landlord won't mend the roof of), by the light of a single tallow candle—dying, I say, *slowly*, of consumption, not yet near the end, but contemplating it with sorrow, mixed partly with fear, lest she should not have done all she could for her children!

The sight of all this and my own shameful comforts, three wax candles and blazing fire and dry roof, and Susie and Joanie for friends!

Oh me, Susie, what *is* to become of me in the next world, who have in this life all my good things!

To ERNEST CHESNEAU[2]

BRANTWOOD, *March 28th*, 1883.

DEAR M. CHESNEAU,—I have been knocked about from place to place lately, and knocked down with business—or, now and then, tempting idleness—wherever I went; else I had written you often, for I often think of you, or *with* you.

I hope, with *this* letter, you will receive a parcel from London which I have been vain enough to hope your acceptance of. It contains the best proofs which in the present state of the plates I can strike for you of some of the plates of *Modern Painters*, which I hope may in the future be of some interest as examples of delicate English engraving; and those by my own hand on the steel, of what I *meant*

[1] [No. 122 in *Hortus Inclusus*. For the Bible references in the letter, see Mark xii. 44, Luke xvi. 25.]

[2] [No. 14 in *Chesneau*, pp. 35–37.]

in reference to the use of the etching point. On the back of the mounts the pencil notes indicate those by my own hand, and those which are engraved from drawings; and if you will give five minutes' glance at the former with a lens, you will see at once through what sort of work I have been led to such scrupulosity or fastidiousness in execution as makes me angry at those fast sketches of the modern French school.

I am also binding for you a copy of Rogers' *Poems*, with the best impressions I can get of the vignettes by Turner, which I think you may not have met with in Paris. And I hope in my lectures at Oxford in May, to be able to enforce some of my most cherished beliefs by quotations from your writings on English Art.[1]

Is there any chance of my seeing you in London this spring? I want so much to see you, and am always your faithful and grateful servant, J. RUSKIN.

To Miss MAY GERALDINE BATEMAN[2]

March, 1883.

MY PRECIOUS LITTLE MAY,—If you *were* but here instead of March! Or if you were but here in March, I shouldn't mind you any more. Such a pretty name to have, and such a dear little girl to be called it! I *must* (that's a good word sometimes as well as may—the word I don't like is *mustn't*)—must and will have you here some sweet May-time, when our wild cherries are in blossom—you never saw anything so lovely, great tall trees of living snow among the dark pinewoods.

I've put the Chamonix honey in a glacier glass for you—if only, only—it comes safe. If it's broken and the honey wasted I'll send you some more in its native Tubs, one can't get it in the grub, now; for they, the people, not the bees! make little flat casks like things to be carried on dolls' shoulders and fill them brimfull—but I hadn't a full one to send or it should have come at once instead of the glass. Anyway, I think you'll like the white Alpine flower purity of it—and that, if the cold is not gone yet, it will help to take it away.

Dear love to you all, and thanks more than all the rest for that last kiss you gave me when I didn't expect the least bit of a one more.—Ever your loving and grateful JOHN RUSKIN.

[1] [See Vol. XXXIII. p. 342.]

[2] [*Black and White*, January 27, 1900, p. 150. Ruskin's correspondent was a child of ten. For Miss Bateman's recollections of Ruskin as "children's friend," see Vol. XXXIV. p. 716.]

To Ernest Chesneau[1]

Brantwood, *April 3rd*, 1883.

Dear, very truly dear, M. Chesneau,—I am so very, very sorry for you, and yet so glad that you have had your mother to love so long, and that you have so loved her; and that her loss, at this age, is yet so noble a sorrow to you.

There is no human sorrow like it. The father's loss, however loved he may have been, yet can be in great part replaced by friendship with old and noble friends. The mother's is a desolation which I could not have conceived, till I felt it.

When I lost my mistress, the girl for whom I wrote *Sesame and Lilies*, I had no more—nor have ever had since, nor shall have—any joy in exertion; but the loss of my mother took from me the power of Rest.

But I am further grieved by what you tell me of your failing health. I do not understand why you are losing strength in *walking?* All your writing is so vigorous and eager that I have been thinking of you and fancying you a man of extreme activity. Please write me details about this. You may have been using the vital energy too much in writing.

I am sick of the delay in the binding of the book for you. Here are six plates which I chance to find by me out of a fine old proof copy (but unhappily stained by damp), which may be good for chatting over with engravers. I don't think there is anything but *pure* line, or pure mezzotint or etching, employed in the plates of *Modern Painters*. My own are quite simple point etching on steel, with no process but carefully gradated biting; but my ideal of etching is to keep it independent of gradation in bite.

I will see if I can get a copy of Eastlake's book on Oil Painting[2] for you, but I don't myself feel as if anything is wanting to the *métier*.

I cannot tell you how grateful and proud I am in your sympathy in the things I have endeavoured to say.—Ever your faithful and affectionate

J. Ruskin.

I must write again to-morrow; I want to tell you about plans for Oxford lectures.

[1] [No. 15 in *Chesneau*, pp. 38–40.]
[2] [See Vol. XII. p. 251.]

To ERNEST CHESNEAU[1]

BRANTWOOD, *April 4th*, 1883.

DEAR M. CHESNEAU,—I had no time, or rather (for I could have made the time) I did not like to encumber the pure expression of my sympathy and solicitude with talk of common things; else I was eager to tell you how wonderful I think the justice and completeness of your *Peinture Anglaise* the more I read it. Far, far beyond anything that has been done by Englishmen themselves in the collective and exhaustive statement of all that has been done in our—not as you most truly say, school, but tentative fellowship of men rather striving each to find a way of his own, than to find with the rest what was right.

I am to give four lectures in Oxford this year, the three first (one already given) on the modern school only; the last will really be little more, it seems to me, than a series of quotations from your book, giving the range which you have so simply and rightly seized—Hogarth to Kate Greenaway.

I think you will be a little envious of me when I tell you that I hope for the *real* "sourire délicieux"[2] to mingle here with the light of April flowers. She is coming to stay for ten days or a fortnight at Brantwood, I hope on the 10th.

There are one or two of the illustrations of the *Peinture Anglaise* which I should like to see cancelled, or bettered; that for instance of Gainsborough's "Watering Place," and those of Landseer, might be much more characteristic.

On the other hand, I am amazed by the exquisite precision and power of the series from Hogarth. I cannot understand how you were able to get these—and Gainsborough's "Blue Boy"—so perfectly done, and yet fail in the commonplaces of Landseer, and the simplicities of Crome. And we must together plan something better for Turner also.

Some of the Sir Joshuas are also very admirable, the "Sophia Matilda" quite *lovely*.[3]—Ever, dear M. Chesneau, truly and affectionately yours, JOHN RUSKIN.

[1] [No. 16 in *Chesneau*, pp. 41–43.]

[2] [Chesneau's expression in describing Miss Kate Greenaway's drawings: see Vol. XXXIII. p. 343.]

[3] [On p. 27 of the English version of the book: for further remarks on the illustrations, see Ruskin's Preface, Vol. XXXIV. pp. 439, 440.]

To W. G. Collingwood[1]

Brantwood, *9th April*, '83.

You must have been thinking my Savoy interest flagging. But I had some bits of things to work out last week, and couldn't get a quiet sit at it till yesterday.

I am delighted with it all, where I've been able to dip, yet, and have no exception to take but to one little bit, the termination of the Lake of Annecy by the Fier Gorge. Is not that gorge produced merely by the decomposition of the rock above the, at first, subterranean stream—an affair, geologically speaking, of about yesterday forenoon—and must not the Annecy hollow be considered as closing *above* those horizontal beds [rough diagram], with the stream originally filtering underneath? You may stipulate for a crack, but it is running it too fine.

Next—this is not a fault, but an additional bit of possible pinch—I want the vivid interest of the introductory chapter just the least bit dovetailed into the body of the book, or—ivy-fibred into the joints of it. I want just a word (if there isn't) of the way the great precipices of the Chartreuse are connected with the Dent de Nivolet, and the least bit of parenthetic history of the reason (which I don't know) for St. Bruno's choice of the place. Also, I haven't yet come on the least bit of glorification of the Rochers de Lanfon—and I want the view from the Château de Menthon described as well as you can—then, a word of the Sales locality—and apropos of the Grotte de Balme, something of the Hermit caves and chapels. I will write you, if you like, a little note on my visit to a Live Hermit.

Then, for the symmetry of the book I should very much advise you taking care that every chapter had at least two, if not more, sections, else the uneven headings will be a great bother. I find Chap. 4th awkwardly packed and feebly titled, for your most vigorous bit on the Revolution "threshed to chaff," etc., comes at the end of it and has nothing certainly to do with the Brick-making, while the fifth chapter contains rather the analysis than the description of the Revolution.

[1] [Who had sent to Ruskin proof-sheets of his *Limestone Alps of Savoy*. The "little note on my visit to a live Hermit" was included in the Introduction which Ruskin presently wrote to the book: see Vol. XXVI. p. 574. For Mr. Collingwood's account of the Gorge of the Fier, see pp. 53, 139 of the *Limestone Alps*; and pp. 10, 32, 45, 54, 70 for the Dent de Nivolet. Ruskin's other suggestions were, in the main, adopted by Mr. Collingwood.]

You would much better the whole by letting Brick-making be the first paragraph of the fourth chapter, and expanding the Inconstant Beak into a second paragraph on Ante-Revolutionary zoology. Then make the vigorous end of the fourth chapter the first paragraph of the fifth, and there you are.

Nothing can be better, clearer, or cleverer, than the execution of the whole, but I want to see the cuts all ready before I send any to press—one only loses time and money by shifting of types till all the blocks are ready.

You haven't sent me one for that of the general bedding—at the bottom of p. 9 (Materials). Shall I just cut it off and send it as it is?

I am so glad you are not too much disappointed at not getting away yet to Talloires, but we both should have too much fat in the fire if we bolted yet.

I'm greatly elevated in mind at my pet Brezon being "the Parnassus of Savoy"!!![1]

To ERNEST CHESNEAU[2]

BRANTWOOD, *April 13th*, 1883.

DEAR M. CHESNEAU,—I am so deeply grateful to you for the confidence, and the grace of permitting me to know all that grief, and the life of early days.

Your letter leaves me full of sorrow and wonder. But in your next letter will you please relieve, if possible, my anxiety about your present health? I have known cases of paralysis caused by grief lasting for years—but yet in the end conquered.

I cannot understand the advance of the illness in the limbs, while yet your mind is so perfectly powerful and active. I read the first page of your letter to Kate Greenaway at breakfast—with the double delight of enjoying the beautiful words and thoughts in themselves, and of feeling what pleasure they must give her; though she looked very much ashamed, and very deprecatory. But while you can feel and write like that, I can't but think the bodily illness *must* be conquerable.

All the rightness of your criticism is explained to me at once in this letter by your one sentence: "L'amour de la nature m'a conduit

[1] [See *Limestone Alps*, p. 78.]
[2] [No. 17 in *Chesneau*, pp. 44–45.]

à l'amour de l'art." I shall remember the eighth of April—not less Eugénie.

I will not trespass on you more to-day, except to say how glad I am you enjoy the Turner vignettes.—Ever your loving JOHN RUSKIN.

To CHARLES ELIOT NORTON[1]

BRANTWOOD, *16th April*, 1883.

DARLING CHARLES,—I've been out on the lake in as strong wind as I could hold the boat against—with Miss Kate Greenaway sitting at the stern of my little *Jumping Jenny*,[2] and my hand shakes a little now, but I must answer your kind letter the day I get it, chiefly to thank you for the strong and precious words about Carlyle. My *one* question about a man is, whether his work be right or not. Pope's lies, or Byron's, in the Waltz[3] affair and the like, or Carlyle's egoisms, or my own follies, or Turner's, I recognize as disease or decay, or madness, and take no interest in the nosology; but I never excuse them, or think them merely stomachic, but spiritual disease. . . .

I should like to see Volterra; but unless it is of *macigno* it can't be like Fésole,[4] any more than Perugia can be like Mycenæ. Pisa is really done by Signor Boni; but I am so terribly afraid of my brains going again (I like your saying I'm not cautious!) that I can't see to its carrying out at present. I've a book on the Alps by Mr. Collingwood going on, and another of which I hope to send you a copy swiftly by an American girl.[5] The *Modern Painters* shall be found directly.—Ever your lovingest J. R.

To EDWARD BURNE-JONES[6]

BRANTWOOD, *May Day*, 1883.

It is intensely wonderful and impressive to me that I should have signed that chiefly important number of *Our Fathers*[7] on your birthday,

[1] [No. 202 in *Norton*; vol. ii. pp. 194–195.]

[2] [See above, p. 279.]

[3] [This is a conjecture for the unintelligible "Walty" in *Norton*. The reference is to Byron's *Waltz*, a poem published anonymously, of which he instructed Murray to deny the true authorship (see his letter of April 21, 1813).]

[4] [See above, p. 418.]

[5] [*The Limestone Alps of Savoy* (see Vol. XXVI.) and *The Story of Ida* (Vol. XXXII.).]

[6] [A part of this letter ("I have yesterday . . . in future") was printed in *Memorials of Edward Burne-Jones*, vol. ii. p. 132, and has been quoted in Vol. XXXIII. p. xlvi.]

[7] [The signature is at the end of ch. iii. ("Avallon, 28th August 1882"): see Vol. XXXIII. p. 120.]

and at the not less sacred French "Avallon"—the Centre of the southern church between Vézelay and Citeaux—and one of the divinest vales in this sweet world.

The success of the Cross to-day is *perfect*—in all possible ways—and I cannot enough thank—nor enough congratulate—you—them—and my little self on all the matter. Ryder will have credit out of it, too, and lately *all's* well—AND ends well—or rather begins well—for there is no saying of how much this Whitelands cross, by your design, is the beginning.

I have, yesterday, finished *your* lecture, for 12th May,[1] but I found, of course, that there was no possibility giving any abstract of you in one lecture—nor without unbalancing the conditions of general review. So this is merely the sketched ground of what I hope at length to say in future.

The photographs are lovely, but before I can show and place them (I show none at the lecture, referring only to Georgie's gift of Psyche) I shall want some instructions from you as to complete meanings—for instance, I don't quite understand the veiled figure on left in the Athena teaching.

To J. A. FULLER MAITLAND[2]

BRANTWOOD, *1st May*, '83.

DEAR MR. FULLER MAITLAND,—Never *was* anybody so grateful to anybody else—(lovers out of the way)—for a letter, as I am to you for this about the music, and for promising to let me hear it. When may I? Would it be possible anyhow on Tuesday the 14th, which I have at my command in London? anywhere—any time. Mr. Caird

[1] [Lecture ii. of *The Art of England* ("Mythic Schools of Painting: E. Burne-Jones and G. F. Watts"): see Vol. XXXIII. pp. 287 *seq.* For the photographs of various pictures by Burne-Jones, placed in the Ruskin Drawing School, see Vol. XXX. p. 308, Vol. XXXIII. p. 303. To the "Psyche" designs, given to him by Lady Burne-Jones, he referred in § 53 of the lecture (*ibid.*, p. 301). For the "Athena," see *ibid.*, p. 303.]

[2] [Who furnishes the following words of explanation:—"In the early spring of 1883 I was in Venice, and, happening to be in San Giorgio degli Schiavoni on a very bright morning, found it possible to make an exact copy of the music in the last picture of Carpaccio's St. Jerome series, hoping that it might throw light upon the question whether the picture represented the saint in his study, or whether Mr. Anderson was right in his theory that the subject was St. Jerome in heaven. (See Vol. XXIV. p. 352, and on the music, p. 354 *n.*) I sent my copy to one of the greatest authorities on Ecclesiastical Music, the late W. S. Rockstro, asking him whether he could form any opinion as to the author of the music, or its purpose, for it was evidently for three voices, but had no words. He replied that

has made out nothing of it nor Mr. Anderson—but both have done superb work which I've some hope now of properly acknowledging. It wasn't *you* who took me to the *Meister Singers!* so you may put your conscience at ease about that. But I'll have it out with somebody else, some day, and remain, ever faithfully and gratefully yours,

J. Ruskin.

Herne Hill, *Whit Monday*, '83 [*May* 14].

Dear Mr. Fuller Maitland,—I like much better to come to your own house, and only hope I may be allowed sometimes to come again.[1] If I'm not with you at four, the Steam Roller must have gone over me, or the like; and I will bring with me a book, which you will be the first—with your friends—to see, in England, of Tuscan music,—the Cicadas—and what else is still inspired there among the fields,—and will ask you for its interpretation and trust your charities. —Ever your grateful J. Ruskin.

To Miss Kate Greenaway[2]

Oxford, 11*th May*, '83.

I only got here this afternoon out of Derbyshire, and found your lovely little note waiting and it made me partly happy—and partly sorry—but chiefly the first—for indeed I look forward to your working at Coniston without any acute sense of being tortured next time—when you really can get settled on those stones—(which are much better drawn than any you ever did before)—and I can stay to keep the cows in order! My old Chamouni guide told me once I was fit for nothing else.[3]

the words of the "Sanctus" fitted the composition so well that he felt sure they were the original words; and the coincidence seemed to me so striking, as bearing out the theory that the picture represented St. Jerome in heaven, that I wrote to Mr. Ruskin, telling him of the discovery, and asking him to come to my house and hear it sung. In the previous year I had been one of a party which was made up in order to introduce Mr. Ruskin to Wagner's *Meistersinger*, as it was felt that although the music might be too modern in style for him to appreciate, yet the story might be expected to appeal to him. The expedition was a complete failure, and he was unspeakably bored; hence the allusion at the end of the first letter." For the expedition in question, see above, p. 402.]

[1] [The 14th May was Whit Monday, and the visit took place on the 15th (Whit Tuesday), as arranged in this letter; the Tuscan music was Miss Francesca Alexander's collection of Roadside Songs.]

[2] [No. 9 in *Kate Greenaway*, p. 114.]

[3] [For another saying by Couttet in this sort, see Vol. XXVII. p. 61.]

I can't write a word but this to-night.—I'll think over the drawing-cleaning; perhaps it will be safest to trust it only to you—there's plenty of time, for *your* lecture isn't till the 23rd,[1]—we shall have had our tea long before that.

To Miss KATE GREENAWAY[2]

HERNE HILL, 17*th May*, '83.

I can't part with the drawings to be india-rubbered—having them by me helps me so, and I'm going to put those which I show—(I'm only going to show—what I *speak* of, to prevent carelessness in looking) under raised mounts which will quite hide soiled edges.

I am very anxious to know what you have been thinking about—colour, and skies, since you got over the first indignation at my tyrannies!—and I've ever so much to say about the Daughter of Heth[3]—this chiefly, that you never need think I can like a tragic novel—and this is either teasing or tragedy all through.

The Scotch, too, is execrable—and all the younger folks are merely like bolsters in a pantomime—put there to be kicked or tumbled over. Black *has* some quiet sense of humour in more refined elements—but is merely clumsy in pantomime.

So many thanks for the large print—but the next you choose *must* be cheerful.

To HENRY ACLAND, M.D.

OXFORD, 24*th May*, '83.

The sunny morning is made very joyful and very solemn to me by your letter. Your affection to me has always been more than any other good I gained in Oxford, nor will anything I can now do for Oxford be a greater good to *her* than my being able in some degree to cheer you and save you from momentary—or at the worst—temporary depression inevitable, and irresistible—for the time indeed, but (I am certain) to be passed through as a shadow only, out of

[1] [Actually, May 26th; lecture iv. of *The Art of England* ("Fairy Land: Mrs. Allingham and Kate Greenaway"): see Vol. XXXIII. p. 327.]

[2] [No. 10 in *Kate Greenaway*, p. 114.]

[3] [William Black's novel, published in 1871: for another mention of it, see Vol. XIV. p. 343, and for Ruskin's admiration of other work by the author, Vol. XXIX. p. 363 *n.*]

which you will revive to the happy power of completing and *understanding* all that you have been the instrument of accomplishing: that will remain for the *children* of these days to acknowledge and to give you benediction for the power of it, and possession.

To Miss Kate Greenaway[1]

Herne Hill, *7th June*, 1883.

You are *not* to put any more sugar-plums of sketches in your letters—as if they weren't sweet enough without. Besides, I can't have you wasting your time and wits in that scattered dew of fancy. You must really gather yourself into a real rivulet between banks in perspective—and reflect everything truly that you see.

You absurd Kate to think I was tired of the drawings! I was only tired of seeing the corners unfinished—you're nearly as bad as me, that way.[2] Now be a good girl and draw some flowers that won't look as if their leaves had been in curlpapers all night—and some more chairs than that one chair—with the shade all right and the legs all square—and then I'll tell you what you must do next.

To Mrs. La Touche[3]

Oxford, *9th June*, 1883.

I have just got your letter, for the "morning glory" of the first day of new, consistent work here, and anywhere: for the talk at the "Feathers"[4] ended the excitement and confusion of beginning again, and I'm settled to my summer tasks—and indeed and in truth, there is *no* one who can help me as you can, for you see with my eyes and more—and feel as I feel—perhaps in some directions only the least bit less—and speak more clearly than any living animal can speak or sing, except an Irishwoman. And you're to write whenever you can, only for goodness' sake not on that gritty paper, which makes me shiver

[1] [No. 11 in *Kate Greenaway*, p. 115.]

[2] ["Ruskin," said Herkomer, "never finishes his work to the edges." "I've no time to do the tailoring," said Ruskin himself ("John Ruskin as an Artist," by M. H. Spielmann, in *Scribner's Magazine*, December 1898, p. 668).]

[3] [*The Letters of a Noble Woman*, pp. 117–118, where the letter is incorrectly dated "1886."]

[4] [The name given by Mrs. La Touche to her cousin Mrs. Bishop's house in Prince of Wales Terrace, where on June 5 Ruskin had lectured on "Francesca's Book": see Vol. XXII. p. 535.]

and shudder like a knife on a rough plate. However you can—passes all my wits to think.

I'm very well—and more at peace than for many a day, and I've no eggs to be anxious about—they're all left in the sand, but I think some of them will hatch some day. I hope to send you some nicer things than those lectures to read.

The potato lily and the sitting finch are altogether precious to me.

To F. S. ELLIS[1]

OXFORD, *June 11th*, 1883.

DEAR PAPA ELLIS,—I am so very glad to know you like that *Fors*, especially that part of it. I know that my illnesses have greatly weakened the physical grasp of the brain, so that I can never more write things rich in thought like the preface to *Grimm;* but I believe the general balance and truth of thought are still safe—or even safer than before the strain.

Yes, there *is* a new world coming—God knows what! But there's a handful of good seed coming up, every here and there.

If these books of mine would be any good at Whitelands College, send them there. If not, get what price they'll fetch.—Ever affectionately yours, J. RUSKIN.

To Miss KATE GREENAWAY[2]

OXFORD, *15th June* [1883].

I'm thinking of you every day, and a great part of the day long, whenever I get out into the fields, more and more anxious every day that you should resolve on a summer's work of utter veracity—drawing—no matter what,—*but* as it *is*.

I am certain all your imagination would expand afterwards, like—a rosebud. But especially I do want some children as they are,—and that you should be able to draw a pretty one without mittens, and that you should be more interested in phases of character. I want your exquisite feeling given to teach—not merely to amuse.

Miss Alexander's book[3] will delight you—but it is *all* chiaroscuro—

[1] [No. 37 in *Ellis*, pp. 66, 67. "That *Fors*" is Letter 90 (May 1883): Vol. XXIX. pp. 423–437. For the "preface to *Grimm*," see Vol. XIX. pp. 233–239.]

[2] [No. 12 in *Kate Greenaway*, p. 115 (see below, p. 655).]

[3] [The book of drawings, from which Ruskin extracted *Roadside Songs of Tuscany:* see Vol. XXXII.]

or rather "chiar" with no "oscuro"—while you will always think and see in colour.

I'm going to do a bit of "Kate" glass—directly, for some English hall in fairyland.

You'll soon have proof of the lecture on you![1]

To Miss Kate Greenaway[2]

Oxford, 17*th June* [1883].

What a lovely little bit of dark-grounded grace! and the two pencils are delicious—but the feet *are* getting too small.

It's delightful to me beyond telling that you do yourself feel the need of a time of obedience to the "Everlasting Yea" of Things. What I meant by phases of character was—in painting, what Scott or Shakespeare gives in words,—the differences in loveliness which are endless in humanity. Those little girls who were playing at being in church must have been so different from little girls who were tormented by being at church.

Yes, it is very sad that I can't get done here,—but there are three years of absence to redeem, and being allowed in my own department to have my own way entirely, it is a very stringent duty to do the best I can. And just think what the arrangements of a system of teaching in connection with a great University means, or *should* mean.

I have mounted, for the present, 25 of the Mother Goose drawings beside the plates, and put them in a cabinet by themselves, among our loan series. People are immensely interested in them, and feel the difference between drawing and plate quite as you would like them to.[3] Every drawing has its own sliding frame and glass so that they are *absolutely* safe, as far as handling is concerned.

You must hear a little more about Miss A.'s before you see them; I shall very soon have a proof of lecture for you.

To Ernest Chesneau[4]

Oxford, *June* 17*th*, 1883.

Very dear M. Chesneau,—The little bit of enclosed paper, which came this morning by way of signature, will I hope reassure you as

[1] [Lecture iv. of *The Art of England* ("Fairy Land: Mrs. Allingham and Kate Greenaway"): Vol. XXXIII. pp. 327 *seq.*]

[2] [No. 13 in *Kate Greenaway*, p. 116 (see below, p. 655).]

[3] [See what Ruskin says on this point in *The Art of England*, Vol. XXXIII. p. 345.]

[4] [No. 20 (the last) in *Chesneau*, pp. 49, 50.]

to Miss Kate. I shall have to scold her soon about small feet! she's getting *too* absurd. I never answered your questions—and I think I had better not! Except only, that—she's dark, not fair! and she's as good and dear as can be. I send you a little tiny book of Richter which I chance to have by me, and will get the others for you—but you're *not* to go on caring for those Dutch brutes!—Ever your loving

J. R.

How delightful, all you tell me of those drawing lessons!

To CHARLES ELIOT NORTON[1]

OXFORD, 19*th June*, '83.

DARLING CHARLES,—I've just finished my spring work (and note paper) here, and have only to say how thankful I am that you're coming, and that I am well enough to make you happier by coming —or going—anywhere with you; but the first thing must be that you come straight to Brantwood and stay there enough to see what's there, and then I'll come with you as far as here, anyhow. I'm not my own master quite, this year, but we'll see, and think. I'll write again from Brantwood if I get there safe—I always think of railway as of sea—and write this at any rate to be sure of meeting you when you land. —Ever your loving JOHN RUSKIN.

To Miss KATE GREENAWAY[2]

BRANTWOOD, 22*nd June*, '83.

What lovely, lovely things these are, that have come to-day—the Tambourine and the looking out to sea. But your own eyes ought to have been three times as big—on your eyes be it—and I don't understand the doggie carrying the maulstick—because I've never seen you with a pet in a blue riband—and the first thing I should have done would have been to order the feathers out of your hat! . . .

It was nice, that, of the gentleman and friendship—and yet it wasn't. How dogged the English are in thinking that you can't praise anybody honestly.

I got tired at Oxford and had to run down here for some rest—

[1] [No. 203 in *Norton*; vol. ii. pp. 195–196. For Mr. Norton's account of his visit to Brantwood, see Vol. XXXIII. p. xlvii.]

[2] [No. 14 in *Kate Greenaway*, pp. 116–117.]

but shall be up again in a week or two, and I hope in the meantime to get some things organised for engraving some of the line sketches *in* line, and the moment this bad weather is past, I shall expect to hear of the progress of the River. I saw a boy in a brown jacket with a yellow basket in his hand—looking up wistfully at the sky—in the main street of Worcester—he wanted only a Kate to draw him and would have been immortal.

To Mrs. La Touche[1]

Brantwood, 22*nd June*, '83.

I got home yesterday, cheered in dark weather by your delicious letter about the little "bottles," only I don't like being likened to a big Octopus. . . . It's a great come down from Archegosaurus.[2] I've never changed you into a centipede![3] So I won't be an Octopus, but I want another letter directly, about that potato lily, and—anything.

I am not sure about the bee-cell business; we are not bees, and we have men's and women's eyes, and not round lenses, and I think we ought to see far away, and to pray for *all* that are desolate and oppressed, and much more feed them and fight for them. I've been to Hereford and Llangollen, and am home at last, with Joan and her children. I want to get some more *Proserpina* done. I've five dozen letters in my desk, shrieking to be answered, but I don't mind them, and write to you instead! . . . I owe you infinite letters, for one of yours is worth an infinity of mine, but I think you ought to get into the habit of writing whatever you would like to say to me, knowing that I listen and am grateful, even when utterly silent. . . . Perhaps I may see you at Brantwood this year, and if I cannot, still you will care to know what I am doing, and be perhaps—I do hope—a little proud of me, and help me about birds and flowers. I shall expect you always to write half the chapters![4] We may have some autumn sunshine yet.

St. C.

[1] [*The Letters of a Noble Woman*, pp. 83–84.]

[2] [The name given to him by Mrs. La Touche's children: see Vol. XXXV. p. 529.]

[3] [From a lizard (Lacerta being Ruskin's name for her). "Oh no," replied Mrs. La Touche, "I never meant that you were an Octopus, nor anything like one. A thing with long arms stuck over with suckers is the very reverse of a thing with long filaments of perception stretching miles through space."]

[4] [For Mrs. La Touche's contributions to *Proserpina*, see Vol. XXV. pp. 481 (probably), 523–525, 528.]

To CHARLES ELIOT NORTON[1]

BRANTWOOD, *24th June*, 1883.

DARLING CHARLES, . . . I expect you to-morrow—or Tuesday—or—Wednesday at latest, and I don't think you'll want to start directly, even for Switzerland. I can't, at all events before the end of July, if then; but I have to go back to Oxford first, and doubtless you will have to be in London a little while.

I expect a nice girl here to-day . . . who will probably stay for a week,—Flora Shaw,[2] a soldier's daughter, and a really clever and right-minded story-writer, who will be very happy with us, and you not less at ease, I hope, than if she weren't here.—Ever your lovingest

J. R.

To Miss ACLAND[3]

BRANTWOOD.

MY DEAR ANGIE,—I should be no less crushed than you, if my entire life were not now in the Shadow of Death. I have seen these twenty years that no one *really* believes in the Resurrection. Why, you foolish little Angie, should you be thankful for being "spared" if you did? Ought you not rather to be sorry that God passes you by—as not good enough to be taken? You talk as if you "ought to be good" because you have leave to live?

I would write to the Dean, but think I should only trespass on his hearth. I will instantly if you think it would be of any use—merely to say, "I also am sorry."

I don't believe any one in Oxford is more so. But, if there be *cause* for sorrow, what cause is there for anything we do—or hope?—Ever your loving

CRICKET.

To Miss KATE GREENAWAY[4]

BRANTWOOD [*July* 6].

I'm beginning *really* to have hopes of you. This terrific sunset shows what a burden those red and yellow wafers have been on your conscience. Now, do be a good girl for once, and send me a little

[1] [No. 204 in *Norton;* vol. ii. p. 196.]
[2] [Now Lady Lugard: for a reference to a book by her, see Vol. XXIX. p. 362.]
[3] [Written on the death of Miss Edith Liddell, which occurred on June 26.]
[4] [No. 16 in *Kate Greenaway*, pp. 117–118.]

sunset as you know *now* how to do it—reversing everything you used to do.

Then secondly,—I'm in great happiness to-day thinking that M. Chesneau must have got that lovely Kate this morning, and be in a state words won't express the ecstasy of. Then thirdly—As we've got so far as taking off hats, I trust we may in time get to taking off just a little more—say, mittens—and then—perhaps—even—shoes!—and (for fairies) even—stockings—And then—

My dear Kate,—(see my third lecture sent you to-day)—it *is* absolutely necessary for you to be—now—sometimes, Classical. I return you—though heartbrokenly (for the day)—one of those three sylphs, come this morning.

Will you—(it's all for your own good!) make her stand up, and then draw her for me without her hat—and, without her shoes,—(because of the heels) and without her mittens, and without her—frock and its frill? And let me see exactly how tall she is—and how—round.[1]

It will be *so* good of—and for—you—And to, and for—me.[2]

To Miss Kate Greenaway[3]

Brantwood, 10*th July*, '83.

You really are as good as gold—heavenly gold of the clouds—to be so patient, and to send me such lovely things—but I'll try to make them of real use to you with the *public*. The cloud fairies are lovely, and I'll have them put in a glass window the moment I'm sure of my workman. (I'm waiting in great anxiety for the result of the first trial—I am not anxious about the colour—but about the drawing of the features and hair exactly right on the larger scale.) And so also the milkgirl, *tidied* the least bit about the feet, shall be glassed—in better than mirror.

The sunset is a delight to me and all that you say of what you used to feel, and will again. All that is necessary is some consistent attention to the facts of colour and cloud form. Make slight pencil

[1] [Note written in pencil: "Do nothing of the kind. J. R. S."]

[2] [After finishing this letter, Ruskin turned it over and wrote:—

"*5th July.*

"Finished right side yesterday. Posted 6th. That naughty Joan got hold of it—never mind her—you see, she doesn't like the word 'round'—that's all."]

[3] [No. 17 in *Kate Greenaway*, pp. 118–119 (see below, p. 656).]

memoranda of these, the next pretty one you see. Have you a small sketch book always in your pocket?

You ought to make notes of groups of children, and of more full faces than you—face—usually. The profile is becoming conventional.

I have never told you about *Villette*, etc. They are full of cleverness, but were extremely harmful to you in their morbid excitement; and they are entirely third-rate as literature. You should read nothing but Shakespeare, at present.

And—you should go to some watering-place in August with fine sands, and draw no end of bare feet,—and—what else the Graces unveil in the train of the Sea Goddess.[1]

To the Rev. J. P. Faunthorpe[2]

Brantwood, 10*th July*, '83.

Dear Faunthorpe,—I only got yours of the 8th this morning—full of pathos to me, more awful than Lightning and Wreck, or children cast into death in heaps, and all that this age of ours does of cruelty, that passing away of the girl in her joy,—her mother left.[3]

Curiously, the enclosed from the son of my Oxford drawing-school master came together with yours, and had to be answered with congratulations. I won't tell *Proserpina* a word of the wickedness in your second page, but perhaps you might sometimes find a sentence or two of *her* accompanying proof auxiliary! And, if you can, in passing, answer any of the questions about pith and sap,[4] I should be most grateful.

Also, very solemnly, say to your audience in the outset that, whatever may be learned by boiling and dissecting, a plant *can* only be *seen* when it is *growing!*

All the daffodils were carried off from the shore of the lake below

[1] [Again on July 26 he wrote:—

"I want you to go to Boulogne and take a course of fishwives and wading children."

And a little later:—

"The dancing girls are delightful; but you *are* getting a little mannered, and I shall press you hard for sea study. No winter work will take its place. I want the blue of the sky for you and the running action of the bare feet."

These extracts are Nos. 18 and 19 in *Kate Greenaway* (p. 119).]

[2] [No. 70 in *Faunthorpe;* vol. ii. pp. 57, 58 (see below, p. 646).]

[3] [The death of Mary Nairne, a candidate at Whitelands, Friday, July 6, 1883.]

[4] [See vol. ii. ch. vii. of *Proserpina* (Vol. XXV. pp. 483 *seq.*).]

Brantwood by a single excursion party, last spring, and all the best of them by one boatful in this; merely because the animals *could* not look at the flowers without destroying them, and cared nothing for beauty they could not steal.—Ever your affectionate J. R.

To Bernard Quaritch

Brantwood, 18*th July*, '83.

Dear Quaritch,—I am so very glad you're back to your command —but, also, I wish you had an enthusiastic adjutant. My own father was just like you, and he always used to go on swearing at his two clerks (tacitly swearing, of course, I mean)—yet never would look out for one who wouldn't need to be sworn at.[1] No, I do not think it is avarice—but I do think it's Pride!—to insist on having everything at high pressure always. May you live long and busily, nevertheless —you are often an example to me. I hope to decide soon about *Ibis*.[2]—Ever affectly. yrs., J. Ruskin.

To Miss Susan Beever[3]

21*st July* [1883].

I'm always looking at the Thwaite, and thinking how nice it is that you are there. I think it's a little nice, too, that *I'm* within sight of you, for if I hadn't broken, I don't know how many not exactly promises, but nearly, to be back at Oxford by this time, I might have been dragged from Oxford to London, from London to France, from France who knows where? But I'm here, and settled to produce, as soon as possible, the following works:—

1. New number of *Love's Meinie*, on the Stormy Petrel.
2. New ditto of *Proserpina*, on sap, pith, and bark.
3. New ditto of *Deucalion*, on clouds.
4. New *Fors*, on new varieties of young ladies.

[1] [On this subject, see *Præterita*, Vol. XXXV. p. 171.]

[2] [*The Ibis: a Magazine of General Ornithology*, 22 vols., 1859–1880.]

[3] [No. 109 in *Hortus Inclusus* (see below, p. 629). Of the tasks mentioned in this letter, the new number of *Love's Meinie* was not written; the new one of *Proserpina* appeared in 1885; "*Deucalion*, on clouds" was not written; the new *Fors* was Letter 91 (September 1883); the new numbers of *Our Fathers* were not written; the "four lectures" (of *The Art of England*) were supplemented by two others, as well as by an appendix (Vol. XXXIII.); and the St. George's Report appeared in March 1884 (Vol. XXX. p. 102).]

5. Two new numbers of *Our Fathers*, on Brunehaut, and Bertha her niece, and St. Augustine and St. Benedict.

6. Index and epilogue to four Oxford lectures.

7. Report and account of St. George's Guild.

And I've had to turn everything out of every shelf in the house, for mildew and moths.

And I want to paint a little bank of strawberry leaves.

And I've to get a year's dead sticks out of the wood, and see to the new oat field on the moor, and prepare lectures for October!

To a PADRE *at the Armenian Convent* [1]

27 *July*, '83.

DEAR FATHER JACOPO,—I am so very, very sorry, as you will well believe; but everything in Venice is delivered up to the Evil One now, and I never hear but of sorrow and mischief there. The destruction of St. Helena was even worse to me than this news, for you can re-build, but St. Helena can't or won't care. I think you had better leave Venice and come and build a nice monastery on an island in Lancaster Bay. Of course I must be allowed to help in the re-building, wherever it is; but I've given all my money away nearly, thinking I should have been dead before now, and haven't much to spare, but I do not suppose you will have any difficulty in getting all you want. It is a joy to me to send you my love, for I am always your grateful and affectionate

JOHN RUSKIN.

To Miss MAY GERALDINE BATEMAN [2]

28*th July*, 1883.

DARLING GERALDINE,—I send you a little Italian Prayer-Book, which contains most of the minor sentences in our own Liturgy, and most of the Psalms in Italian and in Latin—the Latin good, the fixed standard of the Vulgate and early Church Service; the Italian very feeble, but good enough for you to begin with. Alice will choose nice Psalms and easy bits for you, and there's no harm in your learning a little Latin at the same time. When you have got on a little I will give you *Fioretti di San Francesco*, which is graceful and simple Italian and full of nice little stories.

I wonder if you have any plans in particular for next Friday? And I wonder, when you haven't any plans in particular for any day, what o'clock *you* dine at, and whether you have afternoon tea? I

[1] [This letter is exhibited at the Armenian Monastery at S. Lazzaro, Venice. For the "destruction" of the island of St. Helena, see above, p. 219.]

[2] [*Black and White*, January 27, 1900, p. 148. The letter is dated "1883" by Miss Bateman, but 1882 is more probable.]

don't mean what o'clock Mamma dines at—but perhaps I had better know that too. Dearest love to you all.—Ever your sorrowfully pining

JOHN RUSKIN.

I've sent you a little bit of stone, too. Dip it in water and look at it with a magnifying-glass in the sun.

To CHARLES ELIOT NORTON[1]

BRANTWOOD, *28th July*, 1883.

. . . What a shame that I've never said a word since you left; but somehow I can't believe in the existence nor mediatorship of Messrs. Baring.

To-day I have your note from blessed Domo d'Ossola—and I would I were there. But I've got entangled in ground veronica and *Anagallis tenella*—and am sick to finish some work in weeds half done years ago; and the ideas of it festering in my head ever since; and worse, I've letters from the Keeper of National Gallery, and Librarian of British Museum—and the British Museum is being broken up,[2] and the National Gallery wants its plates and drawings; and the British Museum writes to me to defend it—and I've written back that I'm going to advise sending the Manuscripts to the Bodleian, and putting the sculpture in the National Gallery cellars; but I must go up to London to get well into the row; and I don't see my way out of it, and believe it will be very utterly impossible for me to get abroad this year—even as far as Chartres—but it is possible you might like to look at Wells and Glastonbury with me, rather than come to autumnal Brantwood. I'll write more to-morrow of what I'm doing. This note will, I believe, only stay in London during the Sunday; but I answer yours at once. . . .

All our loves, and all manner of every other pleasant feeling mixed in mine.—Your ever faithful and—obedient J. RUSKIN.

To CHARLES ELIOT NORTON[3]

BRANTWOOD, *Sunday, 29th July*, '83.

DARLING CHARLES,—Instead of telling you more of what I am about, I want to press on you to use your time at Milan in getting

[1] [*Atlantic Monthly*, September 1904, vol. 94, pp. 385–386. No. 205 in *Norton*; vol. ii. pp. 196–198.]

[2] [The removal of the Natural History Collections to South Kensington had been carried out; but no further reorganisation was made.]

[3] [No. 206 in *Norton*; vol. ii. pp. 198–199.]

rid of your respect for Leonardo. He was meant for a botanist and engineer, not a painter at all; his caricatures are both foolish and filthy,—filthy from mere ugliness; and he was more or less mad in pursuing minutiæ all his days. Study the St. Stephen in the Monastero Maggiore,[1] and what you can find of Luini in the Brera, alternately with the smirking profiles in the Ambrosian library; but above all, the pure pale Christ in left-hand chapel in St. Ambrogio—also the grand Maries opposite by his companion fresco painter.[2] You will find there is really never a bit of colour of the smallest interest in Leonardo, nor a thought worth thinking, and his light and shade is always, one side light against dark, the other dark against light—and he's done for! When did you ever see either a profile or full face by Leonardo in middle tint against light behind?

Don't waste time in going to Saronno. Look and think in the Brera, and then go back to the hills.—Ever your lovingest

J. R.

To CHARLES ELIOT NORTON[3]

BRANTWOOD, *2nd August* [1883].

DARLING CHARLES,—I've got a quiet time now—Joanie away at a wedding; and I've given up a journey to London, which the summer's too short for, and have been reading some bits of old diary, in which the ink is getting pale.

I should like you to have the burning of these things, when I've done with them. I don't see much what else is to be done; but it may be in your heart perhaps to give a day or two here to talk over the matter, only I don't want you to shorten your Italian time. . . .

I hope to-day to do a quiet bit of leaf-drawing—once more,—a little rod of *Veronica officinalis*.[4]

I hope you're being very good and finding out the folly in Leonardo, and that you haven't so much plague cloud as we have here. But we had *one* quite clear, beatific day last week.

I read about the Ischian convulsion yesterday.[5] What *do* the Gods mean? How solemnly we in England and you in America should cherish the life on safe rock and under clement sky.—Ever your lovingest

J. R.

[1] [By Luini in San Maurizio (or the Monastero Maggiore).]

[2] [The references are to Luini's "Ecce Homo" and to the three Maries by Gaudenzio Ferrari.]

[3] [No. 207 in *Norton;* vol. ii. pp. 199, 200.]

[4] [The drawing was engraved in Part ix. of *Proserpina* (issued in May 1885): see Vol. XXV. p. 498.]

[5] [An earthquake which engulfed some 5000 persons.]

To Mrs. Arthur Severn

Brantwood, Coniston, Lancashire, *Saturday* [*August*, 1883].

. . . I really think I have much helped and amused Dr. G[regory][1] —(I am *sure* the children have)—but he has considerably crushed and kilt *me* by his terrific Monastic example.

He lived two years on bread and water, when he first came to Germany, being able to afford no more—while he studied MSS. of New Testament!—walked all over Germany to various libraries, with only the luggage he could carry in four pockets and send from town to town in one trunk, and *now*—he will only accept from Clennie at breakfast and in evening—a cup of milk and warm water instead of tea. He's made me feel like Sardanapalus and Ahasuerus and the Caliph Haroun Alraschid and George the 4th and the Count of Monte Cristo—and Dives and Crœsus and Gorgius Midas—and I don't know what to do.

To Miss May Geraldine Bateman[2]

Brantwood, *August* 26, 1883.

Darling Geraldine,—I *don't* know what to do to reward you for learning all that Italian so prettily. I've packed a little slice of quartz all inlaid with gold very prettily, I think—as you are inlaying your sweet English with, I was going to say sweeter, but that can't be, Italian; and a little vial with Scottish gold-dust in it, which is rare; and I think it may interest you to see the *look* of what the Princes, disguised as merchants in the *Arabian Nights*, used to fill their jars with, and cover them over with olives. I've packed both in Brantwood moss, but I just took a handful close to the door, and there's a lot of earth with it too, but you won't mind.

My compliments to the New Doll—but I'm dreadfully jealous of her, all the same! What wouldn't *I* give for half the petting that will be wasted on her.—Ever your lovingest J. R.

I was obliged to put sealing-wax on the cork of the little vial to secure it; you can easily take it off, and extract the cork with a needle, and cut another longer and safer.

[1] [For Dr. René Gregory, see Vol. XXIX. p. 486, Vol. XXXIV. p. 701.]
[2] [From "Recollections of Ruskin" in *Black and White*, January 27, 1900.]

To Miss KATE GREENAWAY[1]

BRANTWOOD, [*Sept.*] 6*th* [1883].

What a lovely letter I've got this morning! I can't but think that lake-pond must be a divine one I know between Dorking and St. Catherine's, Guildford—the springs of it, and indeed *any* chalk springs at their rising, beat *our* rainfall streams all to mud, they are so celestially purified by their purgatory under the chalk. Also *they* are of GREEN water! while ours are—*purple!!!*

If only, some day, *next year*, you could come fresh to them *with* a sketch-book!

But all you have been seeing is boundlessly helpful and good for you, and the motives of the sketches you send to-day are unsurpassable, and I must have you carry them out when you get to work again.

The news of Scarborough fills me with delight also. I shall probably then be at Abbotsford—and to get a little sketch from you at the breakfast table there! fancy!

I hope my letter about the engraving will show you how I felt what *you* did! But you've no notion what can be done yet, when I've got the man into harness. His dotting tint is execrable, but we *must* have clear line tints often.

To Miss KATE GREENAWAY[2]

19*th Sept.* [1883].

Yes, I know well how tired you are, and I do hope you'll play on the sands and do nothing but what the children do—all day long. As soon as you are yourself again, I'll tell you exactly what I want about the drawings. There was work enough for a *week* in that *one* of the girl with brown background, alone. And you ought to do nothing but patches of colour, with a brush big enough to tar a boat with, for months to come.

I sent Miss Primrose to be engraved yesterday,[3] allowing for colouring of cheeks and flowers by hand.

I leave here on *Monday* next, for Abbotsford, where a letter (the post town is Melrose) will find me till Thursday—and I'll give you due warning, where I go next.

[1] [No. 20 in *Kate Greenaway*, pp. 119-120.]

[2] [A part of this letter ("Yes, I know . . . months to come") is No. 21 in *Kate Greenaway*, p. 120.]

[3] [See Vol. XXXIII. Plate XXXIX. (p. 344), where "Miss Primrose" is included among other drawings intended for, but not used in, *Fors Clavigera*.]

I've got two numbers on hand of my History of Christendom, two new *Fors's*, one *Proserpina*, one *Deucalion*, two Oxford lectures, and two books to edit—and more letters to answer every day than all the day *would* answer.

To Miss Kate Greenaway

Abbotsford, *25th Sept.*, '83.

Your letters from Scarborough have been very lovely, but you have not stayed there long enough. It would have done you so much good, both to body and mind, to have stayed there all the autumn. Suppose I say, I'll never write to you in London at all, what would you do?

I'm cross with Fortune for the loss of the colour-box, and a little cross with you for always drawing outlines of children and never of ships or piers, or cliff, or cottages, or good-looking Fishermen.

But you *are* illustrating my works already—the girl looking at the sea and sunset is the headpiece for next *Fors*[1] and the Miss Primrose for the following one—and you must *direct* the tinting of it—you will have to choose a girl or two from Kensington and teach them how to do it, once and away; and then you'll have no trouble, for once they have a pattern and know how much work to give, I'll keep them to the standard. Only a certain number, say two hundred, are to be coloured, and these are to be printed on large paper. I am almost giddy with the quantity of things I've in hand at present—but this is the principal—getting rightly tinted line engraving and true rendering by it of your pencil work.

To H.R.H. Prince Leopold[2]

Llangollen, *14th Oct.*, '83.

Sir,—Your letter has made me happy in so many ways at once that I do not know where to begin my thanks;—but I think the sum of them is gathered round my feeling of your kindness in the question, What will poor Toni do? It is such a joy to me to see his infinite affection and faithfulness thus recognized by his master's noblest friend —and the beauty of the true Italian heart thus known to a Prince of

[1] [See Vol. XXIX. p. 438.]

[2] [Written on the death of Rawdon Brown, in reply to the Prince's letter (see Vol. XXXVI. p. lxix.).]

England; and I feel this the more because I am at work now on the biographies of the Tuscan peasants which have been written for me by Miss Alexander,[1] and am full of hope that they will bring home to many hearts such a sense of what is best and honestest in all human life as no other preaching nor example has yet given, and lead us to such hope for the peaceful future of Europe as no politician has yet dreamed.

For my old friend himself I cannot grieve. He was taken out of sight of the ruin of his adopted city—and is, I hope, now—living in the fifteenth century in Heaven.

And then, that you should write to me from Farnley, and from Turner's room, and say—and I know you always speak true—that I taught you to care for Turner—all this delights me,—and, I can say, truly, not selfishly, because I know there is more pleasure to be gained out of Turner than from all other landscape painters—or, I am even bold to say, almost from any modern art whatever.

Then for the selfish pleasure, your kindness in saying that you will allow me to come to Claremont at some time when you are there by yourselves, at this moment is especially touching to me, because I have been feeling the weakness of age heavily in the stay at some houses in Scotland where I had to meet many strangers.

I must not be more garrulous—your Royal Highness knows well that I hold myself at your command always, no less in affection than in duty. I am bound by gravest promises to be back at Coniston on the 26th of November, and I must fix four days for lecture in Oxford, after the 1st November: otherwise I can—and shall—obey your summons at any moment, after the 20th inst. I do not know how to thank the Duchess for her gracious message, and will not—except in trying to show her how much I owe to her husband's kindness also—and how truly I am his and her faithful servant,

JOHN RUSKIN.

To Mrs. ARTHUR SEVERN

LLANGOLLEN, *15th Oct.*, '83.

Just come in from the most delicious walk I ever had in England or Wales. Never saw anything like the beauty of the valley between wavy hills of pasture gilded with Fern like an Arabian book—romance or Koran—broidery of gold on silk. No heath!—all grass, crag, fern[2]—

[1] [In *Roadside Songs of Tuscany:* see Vol. XXXII. p. 54.]
[2] [Compare the letter to Sir T. Martin; below, p. 516.]

and divinest woods and fields below, and Valle Crucis with its Cross and Abbey and lateral brook. Birds everywhere—and I've seen two water ouzels! Off at 12 for Oxford!

To Mrs. Arthur Severn

British Hotel, 19*th Oct.*, '83.

. . . Endless new things to be seen at Museum, but I was busy all forenoon yesterday on St. Cuthbert's book[1]—the one that fell into the sea at Whitehaven and floated over to Whithorn and was taken up by the monks brighter than it was before! It's a glorious book—but has no gold on it—only yellow and purple.

To Miss May Geraldine Bateman[2]

High Elms, 21*st Oct.*, '83.

Darling Geraldine,—That question about favourite bits is really a *very* difficult one. But in general, it is safest to resolve to read straight-forward, and carefully always. I have many favourite psalms and favourite chapters, and learn verses out of them rather than others, but I always read the Bible straight through, and as far as I have time other books also—or else give them up altogether. But as soon as you have perfectly finished one Waverley, you may buy another, and need not wait till you are eighteen. And I should save money, if I were you, to buy the very nicest edition with the greenest of backs. I am greatly pleased by finding Sir John Lubbock's library here as gay as a painted window with beautiful bindings.

Dear love to you all. Send me a tiny line to the British Hotel, Cockspur St., to say if by any chance any of you could be in at ½ past one or so on Tuesday, and give me some soup, and a biscuit, and two or three kisses.—Ever your lovingest J. R.

To Mrs. Arthur Severn

High Elms, Hayes, Kent [*Oct.*, '83].

. . . I've had lovely times with Sir James Paget—and have said explosive things at every meal, to the consternation and edification of society. Just going to Allen's, then to British Hotel again.

[1] [See Vol. XXIV. p. 204 and *n.*]
[2] [*Black and White*, January 27, 1900, p. 146 (given in facsimile).]

To MRS. ARTHUR SEVERN

CLAREMONT, ESHER, *25th Oct.*, '83.

. . . I never saw anything like the trees here, poplar, Spanish chestnut, ilex, and two great *cork* trees in open air. The Duke mourns over the loss of one as much as I should myself. I've promised to come back in spring and make him a drawing of a bit of rhododendron grove with Scotch fir above.

But the place is sad to me because of the Princess Charlotte,[1] and the Duke gave me some stories to read of her, which didn't mend matters. Meantime, I'm very glad I live at Brantwood—though my trees aren't quite so big.

And I had a long walk and talk with Frederic Myers, and please, I want you to write to me, as clearly as possible, the exact facts about the mouth story, when you felt Arthur's boom-stroke. Write it me as accurately as possible from the first minute you woke, for it is of immense interest and value in some investigations being made by Myers and other Cambridge people, and send it to Oxford as soon as you can. . . . There's more necessary etiquette than I like.

I think I was born for my aunt's bakery business,[2] and not for Claremont.

To Miss KATE GREENAWAY [3]

November 12, 1883.

This maid of the muffin is beyond, beyond![4] I *must* engrave her for a lovely *Fors* on toasting forks.

The colouring of Miss Primrose and all others must be done for a quite full and frank payment, enabling the colourist to count her day's work as a comfortable and profitable one. Each must be done as attentively and perfectly—while as simply—as possible.

[1] [The Princess Charlotte Augusta, daughter of George IV., married to Leopold of Saxe-Coburg (afterwards King of the Belgians); died in childbirth, November 6, 1817.]

[2] [See *Præterita*, Vol. XXXV. p. 63.]

[3] [No. 22 in *Kate Greenaway*, p. 121. The letter "refers to the scheme which he had in his mind for reproducing her coloured work in a more satisfactory way than could be done by the printing press. K. G. was to make coloured drawings which were to be printed in outline and then coloured by hand in facsimile—a method frequently used, but nowhere so successfully on a large scale as in France." Ruskin himself had a few of the engravings coloured by hand in this manner (see Vol. XXIX. p. xxviii.). He did not, however, have it engraved, nor was the "lovely *Fors*" written as a remarkable instance of telepathy. The story is given in vol. i. pp. 188–189 of *Phantasms of the Living*, by E. Gurney, F. W. H. Myers, and F. Podmore (1886).]

[4] [Ruskin reverted with pleasure to this drawing in one of his latest letters: see below, p. 597.]

It ought only to be *part* of the colourist's day's work—else it would be sickeningly monotonous—there will never be any pressure or hurry of her—the price being simply so much per score or hundred as she can deliver them.

To W. G. Collingwood[1]

Brantwood, *24th Dec.*, 1883.

Of course I needn't wish you a *happy* Christmas. I'll wish you—what it seems to me most of us more need, and particularly my poor self—a *wise* one! When are you coming—in search of wisdom of course—to see *me?* I ought to call first, oughtn't I? but I don't feel able for long days out just now. Could you lock up house for a couple of days over there, and come and stay with me over here? It seems to me as if it would be rather nice. The house is—as quiet as you please. I'd lock you both out of my study, and you might really play hide-and-seek in the passages about the nursery all day long. Will you come?[2]

1884

[In February of this year Ruskin went up to London to deliver his lectures on *The Storm-Cloud;* some letters written thence have been printed in Vol. XXXIII. pp. xlix., l. In the autumn he lectured at Oxford on *The Pleasures of England:* see *ibid.*, pp. lii.–lv.]

To Kate Greenaway[3]

Brantwood, *Jan.* 7, '84.

It's not "horrid" bad, but it *is* not at all good. When ARE YOU going to be GOOD and send me a study of anything from nature—the coal-scuttle or the dust-pan—or a towel on a clothes-screen—or the hearth-rug on the back of a chair? I'm very cruel, but here's half a year I've been waiting for a bit of Common sense! There's *none*

[1] [From W. G. Collingwood's *Life and Work of John Ruskin*, 1900, p. 374.]

[2] [He put off his visitors, but presently wrote again:—

> "I'm better, and hope to be presentable on Monday—I'm sending the carriage for you. I wonder if the model could come on the top of it? I've got some very interesting junctions of schist and granite from Skiddaw, and a crystal or two for you to see."

And again:—

> "Mind, you're both due on Monday. Such colours! Such brushes! Such—everything waiting."

(*Ibid.*, pp. 374–375. The "model" was a geological model of the neighbourhood of Coniston being made under Ruskin's direction.)]

[3] [No. 33 in *Kate Greenaway*, p. 132 (see below, p. 656).]

in ME! How could there be any left, with you flattering me up like that, and saying nobody's like me!

But oh, my poor Katie, here's Baxter fairly ill—almost dangerously—with inflammation of chest, and dear old Miss Beever dead,[1] and Susie quite alone—and I CAN *not* get away so soon as I thought. And the more I don't work, you know, the longer I must stay,—so how can you tell me not to work? I wish you liked my books and wanted more of *them*, and not so much of *me*.

And I've nothing but rain and storm all day. I never saw the place so dreadful, but if you'll only paint me the coal-scuttle or the towel it will be a solace. Don't you think you ought to know when you do well or ill without asking me? I'm very glad to hear of that instinct for greater things, though.

To GEORGE ALLEN[2]

BRANTWOOD [?*Jan.* 23, '84].

MY DEAR ALLEN,—I do extremely wonder what you think my brains are made of? Catgut?—or Caoutchouc?—or macaroni?—or glass bottles that can be blown to balloons? I've just thirteen different "Works" on hand just now—and any *one* too much for me. But send the index[3] and I'll see what's to be done. Worst gale we've had since the 11th Dec.—and more *furious* than that, though not so strong.—Ever your affecte. J. R.

To Miss KATE GREENAWAY[4]

BRANTWOOD, 23*rd Jan.*, '84.

You must try to like the Alexanders—for they are Heaven's own doing, as much as Heaven ever allows to be seen of it.

I ought to be "good" about everything,—for good people love me—and have loved. Here is the strangest thing has come to me to-day.

My own dead Rose was—I have told you, have not I?—a saint in her way, and was in the constant habit of prayer. One evening,—I may have told you this before, but it is better to have it in writing,—

[1] [Miss Mary Beever, died December 31, 1883. For Peter Baxter, Ruskin's servant, see Vol. XXXIV. p. 592.]

[2] [Partly printed in the *Strand Magazine*, December 1902, p. 716.]

[3] [The index to the *Art of England*, issued in July 1884. For the works on hand, see the Bibliography in Vol. XXXVIII.]

[4] [No. 54 in *Kate Greenaway*, p. 138 (see below, p. 657).]

being out at a friend's house where there were a good many people, more or less known to her and to each other, one coming in told suddenly that Rose's chief girl friend (she knew before of her *illness*) was at the point of death. There was a clergyman at the party, and Rose asked him to pray for her friend; but he was taken aback, being among all the young people, and said he could not. "Then," said Rose (only eighteen at that time), "*I* must." She made the whole company kneel down, and prayed so that they *could* not but join with her. And the girl was saved. Afterwards, I used to see her often enough. She married, to Rose's great delight, a Highland religious squire, and she with her husband came to see me here, with their two children, boy and girl, three years ago. Since then the children have remembered me, and sent me a card, for themselves, at Christmas this last year, to which I returned a letter of thanks, addressed to D—— and F——. My letter found little F—— on her death-bed. Her father writes to me—yesterday—"I think you will be pleased to know that your letter addressed to D—— and F—— gave my darling in her pain a bright smile." And he encloses to me an *envelope* which F—— had addressed to me in return. But the letter—never, and yet—she has written one she knew not. For the envelope is written in my own old Rosie's hand! I could not tell the difference except in the letter "J" of the beginning.

Is not this a pretty little story?

To Miss Kate Greenaway[1]

Brantwood [*Jan.* 28, '84].

Yes, I am really very sorry about the sore throat. You had better take it fairly in hand at once, lie by and foment and otherwise get yourself to rights at once. You can't work while you are ill like this. But this cloud lady is very lovely, only you really must draw *her* again for me without any clothes, because you've suggested a perfect coal-heaver's leg, which I can't think you meant? and you *must* draw your figures now undraped for a while. Nobody wants anatomy—but you can't get on without Form.

I'll send her back to have her gown taken off as soon as you're able to work again; meantime, I've sent you two photographs from Francesca—only *don't* show them about, because I want them not to be seen till my text is ready.[2]

[1] [No. 34 in *Kate Greenaway*, pp. 132–133.]
[2] [Two of the Plates for *Roadside Songs of Tuscany*.]

To Miss KATE GREENAWAY[1]

11*th Feb.*, '84.

I did not answer your question which of the girlies I liked best, because it was unanswerable, yet something is to be said anent it.

Of course the Queen of them all is the little one in front—but she's just a month or six weeks too young for *me*. Then there's the staff bearer on the right (the left, as they come) turning round!!!—but she's just three days and a minute or two too *old* for me. Then there's the divine one with the dark hair, and the beatific one with the brown—but I think they've *both* got lovers already, and have only come to please the rest, and wouldn't be mine, if I prayed them ever so. Then there's the little led beauty who is ruby and diamond in one, but—but—not quite tall enough, again. I think the wisest choice will be the pale one between the beatific and the divine!

But they're all ineffable! I think you never did a more marvellous piece of beauty, and it's a treasure to me like a caught dream.

I wonder how you can bear to think of drawing *me*, and how you mean to do it![2]

Sitting always tires me a good deal, but perhaps John will let me lie down in his room for a quarter of an hour before tea.

To WILSON BARRETT[3]

February 16, 1884.

You know perfectly well, as all great artists do, that the thing is beautiful, and that you do it perfectly. I regret the extreme terror of it, but the admirable doing of what you intend doing, and the faithful co-operation of all your combination, and the exquisite scenery, gave me not only much more than delight at the time, but were a possession in memory of very great value. What a lovely thing it would be for you to play all the noble parts of Roman and Gothic history in a series of such plays. . . . These things, with scene-painting like that at the Princess's Theatre, might do more for art teaching than all the galleries and professors in Christendom.

[1] [No. 43 in *Kate Greenaway*, p. 135.]

[2] [Of this intended portrait he writes later in an undated letter:—

"I was with some saucy girls yesterday, and I was saying how proud I was to have my portrait drawn by you—but only I had been so sleepy!"

(No. 44 in *Kate Greenaway*, p. 135, where it is stated that "if the portrait was ever done, there is now no trace of it").]

[3] [From the *Sunday Times*, July 24, 1904; partly printed also in the *Magazine of Art*, 1888, p. 332. The letter was written to the actor after witnessing a performance of *Claudian*.]

To Charles Eliot Norton[1]

Brantwood, *25th February,* 1884.

. . . I can't write, because I've always so much to say. How can I tell you anything of the sea of troubles that overwhelm old age—the trouble of troubles being that one can't take trouble enough?

At this moment I'm arranging a case at the British Museum, to show the whole history of silica, and I'm lending them a perfect octahedral crystal of diamond weighing 129 carats, which I mean to call St. George's diamond, and to head my history of precious stones.[2] And I'm giving them dreadful elementary exercises at Oxford which they mew and howl over, and are forced to do, nevertheless; and I'm writing the life of Sta. Zita of Lucca;[3] and an essay, in form of lecture, on clouds,[4] which has pulled me into a lot of work on diffraction and fluorescence; and I've given Ernest Chesneau a commission to write a life of Turner from a French point of view—under my chastisement "if too French"; and I've just got the preface written for Collingwood's *Alps of Savoy,* supplement to *Deucalion;*[5] and I'm teaching Kate Greenaway the principles of Carpaccio, and Kate's drawing beautiful young ladies for me in clusters,—to get off Carpaccio if she can.

And I've given Boehm a commission for twelve flat medallions, Florentine manner, life size, of six British men and six British women, of typical character in beauty; all to be looking straight forward in pure profile, and to have their hair treated with the Greek furrow.

And I'm beginning to reform the drama, by help of Miss Anderson; and I had *The Tempest* played to me last week by four little beauties —George Richmond's grandchildren—of whom the youngest (11) played Ferdinand and Caliban, both, and was a quite perfect lover; and the eldest played the boatswain and Miranda. And I've given three sets of bells (octaves) to Coniston school, and am making the children learn chimes.

And I'm doing a *Fors* now and then in a byeway; Allen will have a nice parcel to send soon. And I'm here at Herne Hill—and I'm just going down to breakfast, . . . and I can't write any more.

[1] [*Atlantic Monthly,* September 1904, vol. 94, p. 386. No. 208 in *Norton;* vol. ii. pp. 201–204. For the quotation in line 2, see *Hamlet,* Act iii. sc. 1.]

[2] [Ultimately called the "Colenso Diamond": see Vol. XXVI. p. lv.]

[3] [See *Roadside Songs of Tuscany:* Vol. XXXII. p. 67.]

[4] [The revision of lecture ii. of *The Storm-Cloud* (Vol. XXXIV.).]

[5] [See Vol. XXVI. p. 568.]

I'm pretty well, I believe—but watching for breakdown. . . . I'm ever your poor old J. R.

I am so glad you can remember with happiness. *I* live wholly to-day, and sadly enough, except in work (or wicked flirting). But, though I say it, nice girls do make quite as much fuss about me as I do about them, and they plague my life out to sign their birthday books.

To the VICE-CHANCELLOR OF OXFORD [1]

HERNE HILL, 28*th Feby.*, 1884.

DEAR MR. VICE-CHANCELLOR,—I regret to find, from your reply to my former letter, that it seemed to you a recapitulation of supposed claims on the University of Oxford, on which I could found an appeal for a personal favour or recompense.

My reference to anything I have been permitted to present to Oxford, or to do for her, was simply in the hope of somewhat justifying her farther confidence; and not at all with the intention of taxing her gratitude. I neither doubted, nor assumed, the existence of that luminiferous æther,—but, had I been disposed to test its excitability by a beggar's petition, it seems to me that the suggestion of your letter, that I should withdraw from the recommendations I had offered, the only one in which I could be supposed to take personal interest, enough teaches me how beggars should be answered.

The purport of my letter *is* simply to state that, I having done all I could do, or was inclined to do, for Oxford, it was now time she should do something for herself;—that an opportunity was now offered to her such as could never again occur, of perfecting her Turner Collection in the precise elements of the master's finished work in which it was deficient; and that the efficiency of her drawing schools might be indefinitely extended, if she would incur the expense of walling in and roofing over the bit of ground she was leaving as a waste timber yard. I freely confess that by the adoption of my first recommendation, she would not only benefit herself, but gratify *me;* but as to the second, she would only summon me by her compliance to perform for her a large additional quantity of unpaid work. Usually I observe the University listens only to the recommendations of men who have a commission on the cost of what they recommend. I cannot

[1] [This letter, and a following one to Acland, refer to Ruskin's plea (1) for the purchase by the University of two drawings by Turner, then in the market—namely, "Crook of Lune" and "Kirkby Lonsdale"; and (2) for increased accommodation for the teaching of art. See, further, on the subject, Vol. XXXIII. p. lvi.]

enforce my advice by that consideration; but I must add, to the contents of my former letter, the expression of my wish to be so far entrusted with the direction of the new building as to prevent its internal convenience from being sacrificed to architectural effect, and that my health at present admits of my remaining in England for that purpose: though I have no right to count on its doing so next year.

Touching the present poverty, or incurred debt, of the University, I can only say that it seems to me its students had better have been examined in tents than charged extra for the ornamentation of their Inquisition Chambers;[1]—but with respect to the several claims upon her purse, of Science and Art, I can conceive no necessity beyond that of popular outcry, for any costly instruction in the convolutions of viscera or the nationalities of vermin; but that there can be no debate concerning the necessity for the instruction of youth in the principles of Arts now so universally practised and admired that they must, according to their character, either refine or enervate the entire fabric of modern Society.—Believe me, dear Mr. Vice-Chancellor, ever your faithful servant, JOHN RUSKIN.

To GEORGE RICHMOND, R.A.

1*st March*, 1884.

DEAR RICHMOND,—I have been thinking, and am all but sure, that you will find better materials for that bust in old *Punch's* work, than anywhere.[2] I am sure a note to its editor would fetch indication of half-a-dozen Tenniel cartoons, several of them quite careful and good.

Please don't let those children have that difficult bit of foot drawing yet. I want them first to think of hand and foot as of rose leaves —not a shade in them but of pale pink, and of the effect of the foot chiefly at distance.

"Naked foot
That shines like snow, and falls on earth as mute."[3]

What a pretty reflected description of snow! how few note enough its silence.—Ever your lovingest J. R.

I did *so* enjoy BOTH my visits yesterday.

[1] [For other references to the costly "New Schools," see Vol. XXXIII. pp. 363, 476.]

[2] [It is possible that the reference is to a projected portrait, from memory, of Lord Beaconsfield. Richmond knew him well, and often regretted that he had not made any portrait of him.]

[3] [Byron's *Corsair:* quoted in *Præterita*, Vol. XXXV. p. 559.]

To Sir HENRY ACLAND, K.C.B.

2nd March, '84.

MY DEAREST HENRY,—The first, and firstest, of all things is to get the Turners. I can teach all that needs to be taught in a shed at Shotover, which I'll build for myself—if it comes to that!—but there can never be another chance of getting such Turners, for none other such exist.—Ever your loving J. R.

To Miss KATE GREENAWAY[1]

BRANTWOOD [*20th March* 1884].

I didn't tell you if I was well—I'm not; nor have I been for some time,—a very steady gloom on me; not stomach depression, but the sadness of deliberately preparing for the close of life—drawing in, or giving up, all one's plans,—thinking of one's beloved places, "I shall never be there again"—and so on,—a great deal of the time I have lost in the mere friction of life—scarcely any sense of Peace—and no hope of any life to come. I forget it all more in the theatre than anywhere—cathedrals are no good any more! Mind you go and see *Claudian!*

To Miss KATE GREENAWAY[2]

BRANTWOOD [*March* 22, 1884].

What a nice letter,—and I'm so pleased that your Father was surprised, and that Johnnie liked *Unto this Last*—and that you think *you*'ll like some more. I think I tired myself with trying to draw your little girlie yesterday—she's *so* hard, and I'm as lazy to-day as ever I can be, and don't care for anything but a French Novel, about police! And I'm ashamed to read it, at three in the afternoon—and it's wet—and I can't do St. George's accounts, and I should like some tea and muffins, and—there are no muffins in Coniston. . . .

Oh dear, think how happy you are, with all that power of drawing, and ages to come to work in, and paint Floras and Norahs and Fairies and Marys and Goddesses and—bodices. Oh me, when *will* you do me one without any?

[1] [No. 52 in *Kate Greenaway*, p. 137.]
[2] [No. 56 in *Kate Greenaway*, p. 140.]

I *must* take to my French novel, there's no help for it. Mercy on us, and it's two hours to tea-time! and the room's so quiet, and all my books and things about me—and I can't do a thing. Wouldn't you like a photograph of me—like that?

To the Rev. J. P. Faunthorpe[1]

Brantwood, *St. Benedict,* '84 [*March* 23].

Dear Chaplain,—It was very delightful to me to hear that the White girls (why bother with the "lands"?) all knew what was the beginning of Education! There's a lot more about the "Clean" coming in next *Fors*, but I've been in Cloudland this last six weeks, and am only just getting out again.

I've a great plan for an exhibition of Miss Alexander's drawings, the ones done fresh during the year, at Whitelands on the day of the Queen. I have undertaken to fix their prices and manage their sale for the poor of Florence, that Miss Alexander herself may have no trouble, nor tiresome chaffering from dealers. May I say in my report for this year that this is to be so?[2]

I enclose a letter from a great friend of mine[3] whom I've treated even worse than I do you. I wish you could see each other sometimes, and ease your hearts together! and if you both agreed about anything you wanted, I'd try to do it, really!—Ever your affectionate Incorrigible J. R.

To Frederic Harrison

Brantwood, *26th March,* '84.

Dear Frederic,—I only got your note at Hereford—on my way home here,—and I was so furious at your praising Herbert Spencer that I couldn't speak;—but I *should* like to see you again one of

[1] [No. 71 in *Faunthorpe;* vol. ii. pp. 59, 60 (see below, p. 646). The allusion at the beginning is to Whitelands College and to Letter 94 of *Fors* (December 31, 1883), in which Ruskin had repeated his axiom that "Moral education begins in making the creature we have to educate clean and obedient" (Vol. XXIX. p. 485). The subject was only touched on incidentally in the following *Fors* (October 1884): see *ibid.,* p. 496.]

[2] [The proposed exhibition was not held, but a few of Miss Alexander's drawings were sold privately. The Report of St. George's Guild contained a reference to the publication of them in *Roadside Songs:* see Vol. XXX. p. 74.]

[3] [Mrs. Firth, the translator of *Ulric.*]

these days—only I can't think what *you* want to see me for, when you never believe a word I say.

There's a book just come out after my own heart at Kegan Paul's —*Darkness and Dawn*—I wish you'd look at it.[1]

I can't think why you don't go on steadily in social reform, instead of writing Theology—or neology—or *me*-ology, for after all what is Positivism but the Everlasting Me?

Why don't you help me to finish up usury—or smoke—or poison —or dynamite—or some such positive nuisance—and I would be ever your loving and grateful J. RUSKIN.

To Miss KATE GREENAWAY[2]

BRANTWOOD, *Monday* [*March* 31, 1884].

No wonder I couldn't understand about the letters—here's one enclosed which ought to have been at Witley almost in time to receive you, and has lain in my unanswered letter heap till an hour ago!

I'm so delighted about your beginning to like purple and blue flowers, though it's only for my sake. Not that I'm not proud of being able to make you like things! . . .

I think flowers in *my* order of liking would come nearly like this:—

Wild Rose.
Alpine Rose.
Alpine Gentian.
White Lily.
Purple Flag.
Purple Convolvulus.
Carnation—all the tribe.
Pansy—all the tribe.
Thistle—all the tribe.
Daisy and Hyacinths.
Snowdrop and Crocus.

I only put the last so low because they've such an unfair advantage over all the rest, in coming first; and of course I've some out-of-the-way pets, like the oxalis and anagallis—but then *they* have an unfair

[1] [*Darkness and Dawn; the Peaceful Birth of a New Age*, 1884—an anonymous book describing an economic Utopia.]

[2] [No. 55 in *Kate Greenaway*, p. 139.]

advantage in always growing in pretty places. The Wood Anemone should go with the Daisy and the "Blossoms,"—apple and almond, hawthorn and cherry—have, of course, a separate queendom. I must really go and look for that lovely girl you gave me with basket of pansies!

To Miss Lizzie Watson[1]

Brantwood, *Good Friday* [*April* 11], 1884.

I'm greatly delighted with your letter—and very happy that I can make you so happy—and glad above all that you *are* happy, without being made anything else than Heaven made you. You must get your back stronger; mind you don't strain it at lawn-tennis. Dance all you can before twelve o'clock, then come away, and don't sit in a draught. And mind, when you've learned to cook, that you *do* cook: and—this is very particular—don't read any more George Eliot or Thackeray—but Scott *continually*, and more old-fashioned poetry—George Herbert's "Church Porch" to begin with, and Spenser's minor poems. And write to me if anything bothers or puzzles you,—I mean in life, not verses,—and if I can help I will, but my general advice will be "Forget it, or let it alone!"

To Miss Lizzie Watson

Brantwood, *Easter Day*, '84.

I never meant you were to forget anything you felt it your duty to remember—but only things that teased you. I'll write you any quantity of tasks, and put you to any quantity of paces, when the time comes—meantime—meantime, make yourself strong, and rest you merry!

To Miss Lizzie Watson

[Brantwood] *April* 17, '84.

Don't read *any* of those modern books. And don't be bothered with talking in company. Is it possible to waste time more ignominiously?

Keep to Cary;[2] and study every line and idea of it, till you know

[1] [Afterwards Mrs. L. Allen Harker. This and the two following letters are reprinted from "Ruskin and Girlhood," in *Scribner's Magazine*, November 1906, p. 563 (see below, p. 660).]

[2] [For other commendations of Cary's *Dante*, see Vol. X. p. 307 *n.*, Vol. XV. p. 226.]

the contents and meaning of every book—and then spell out any bits you especially like in the original.

Do you know French well enough to read French Plays? They're the prettiest and pleasantest things in the world for rest, after Dante!

To Miss LIZZIE WATSON[1]

[1884.]

You do help me intensely by caring so much, and by telling me how greatly I still can influence the hearts of women for all good. For, indeed, it is a mighty gift and blessing this, if I can use it wisely; and I have no words enough to thank your mother for her goodness and trust in saying she would let you come if you could help me.

But first, nothing can help me in the deep loss of the souls who are far away instead of near me as they were once—neither in the mere languor and gloom of declining life—and even supposing that it were possible, it would not be the least right for you to give up other duties. There is no one for whom we are to give up everything *but* Christ, and Christ is *with* you in your mother and lover. So put all these pitying thoughts out of your mind and make me happy by being yourself so, in carrying out, with so good a helpmate, the ideas of simple and benevolent life you have learnt from me.

Supposing I were—all that I have tried to teach others to be, I should be quite happy, in thinking of going to Rose. It is failing faith and miserable sense of failure which cause all my suffering, and they can be fought with by none but myself.

To Miss KATE GREENAWAY[2]

BRANTWOOD, *Sunday* [*April* 20, 1884].

. . . No, you can't do yourself large, for me,—when you do large things, they must be fresco painting. You may perhaps touch the eyes and lips when I get things far enough forward—I've been hindered from getting on these two days, but hope for an hour's work to-day, and it will be a triumph when it *is* done.

Much you'd care for one of Miss Alexander's letters! on principles of Chiaroscuro! and the like!!!

She's drawing very badly just now—there's a little bonne-bouche for you.

[1] [From "Some Ruskin Memories" in the *Outlook*, January 27, 1900; printed also in *Scribner's Magazine*, November 1906, p. 565.]

[2] [Part of this letter is No. 31 in *Kate Greenaway*, p. 132 (see below, p. 656).]

To Miss Kate Greenaway[1]

Herne Hill, *1st May* [1884].

Indeed the drawing is lovely, beyond all thanks or believableness or conceivableness, and gives me boundless pleasure, and all sorts of hope of a wonderful future for you. But it is of no use to ask me how things are to stand out. You never have had any trouble in making them do so, when you had power of colour enough—but you can't make these tender lines stand out, unless you finished the whole in that key, and that ought only to be done of the real size. What you ABSOLUTELY need is a quantity of practice from things as they *are*—and hitherto you have ABSOLUTELY refused even to draw any of them so.

To Miss Kate Greenaway[2]

Herne Hill, *3rd May* [1884].

I was so curious to see those Grosvenor pictures, that I went in with Joan yesterday and got a glimpse. The only picture there worth looking at is Millais' Lorne;[3] his straddling girl is a fright, and his Lady Campbell a horror. As for that somebody in the sea,[4] what did I tell you about model drawing? People are getting absolutely brutified by it. There's another nearly as bad in the Suffolk St. In the great mediæval times, painters could draw people dressed or undressed just as they chose, without the smallest weakness, shame, or conceit. Now, there is scarcely a foolish or bad feeling in one's head or body, that isn't made worse in the model room. I scratched nearly every picture through in my catalogue yesterday. . . .

To L. Fletcher, F.R.S.[5]

Brantwood, *7th May* [1884].

Dear Fletcher,—I got down here yesterday in a quite lovely afternoon—seeing the mountains clear over Lancashire Bay for the first time these thirty years! Not that they're clear only once in thirty years! but that I've never chanced to be on the road when they were, since old coach times.

[1] [No. 35 in *Kate Greenaway*, p. 133.]
[2] [No. 50 in *Kate Greenaway*, p. 137.]
[3] [Portrait of the present Duke of Argyll. The "straddling girl" is the Portrait of Miss Nina Lehmann (Lady Campbell) when a little girl.]
[4] ["Aphrodite," by Philip Calderon, R.A.]
[5] [Keeper of the Minerals in the British Museum: for Ruskin's friendship with him, see Vol. XXVI. pp. l.–lv.]

I send by this same post the finishing specimen for the vacant square, and submit enclosed my proposed description for your correction and completion. Surely some account might now be given of the possible conditions under which these muscose rods are produced. If I had only time—and I think I shall have to make some—I would give a plate in *Deucalion* of their varieties;[1] and surely it would be well to arrange, as you suggested, a table with fixed lenses over a series of these stones, and a frame of them, to be seen by transmitted light, with fixed peepholes? I would meet the expense of it gladly, if you would plan it.—Ever your grateful and affectionate J. R.

To THOMAS THORNTON[2]

BRANTWOOD, 15*th May*, 1884.

MY DEAR SIR,—That I did not answer your former kind and interesting letter was owing simply to literal want of time. My daily work leaves me often exhausted, always with more letters than I can even read. The most important are delayed often till too late. I hope at least you received an acknowledgment from me of your gift—noted in the report which I hope to send you in a fortnight.[3]

I *can* to-day only answer your final question about the poor. The most directly necessary charity in England is to save poor *girls* from distress, overwork, and surrounding evil. Giving definite manual work to young men, or presenting books and other educational material to poor families or public institutions, are both entirely safe and fruitful charities. For the rest,—I have never regretted any manner of charity.

I am sincerely glad to hear from you, and hope that you will allow me the pleasure of doing so, when you wish to write. I will answer *when* I can and *what* I can.—Ever your faithful servant,

JOHN RUSKIN.

To Miss KATE GREENAWAY[4]

BRANTWOOD [*May* 18, 1884].

Your letter is all true prophecy—hitherto. Joan *is* better—much better—and I do hope there's a good time coming, and you HAVE

[1] [This was not done.]

[2] [The late Mr. Thornton, a cloth manufacturer, at one time a resident at Toynbee Hall, had sent a subscription to St. George's Guild. It was he who presented to the National Gallery the bust of Ruskin which stands in one of the Turner Water-Colour rooms.]

[3] [See Vol. XXX. p. 147.]

[4] [Part of this letter is No. 32 in *Kate Greenaway*, p. 132 (see below, p. 656).]

infinitely helped me, and *are* helping in a hundred ways,—but if you think you don't feel like Titania, you simply—and this I say quite seriously—don't understand Titania. I understand perfectly both her and Bottom—looking always from the Donkey side—Donkeys being the most *humanly* sagacious, as well as the most blessed, of quadrupeds (Elephants are Angelically sagacious—they are Michaels and Gabriels—instead of Balaam's Donkeys).

I wonder if Shakespeare meant really all that the *play* means![1]

Thanks—more than usual—*much* more—for the little drawing—an effort in the right direction! But quite seriously, and all *my* wishes out of the court, you MUST learn to draw something more of girls than their necks and arms!!!

You must go to the seaside, and be resolved that, if nothing else be pretty, at least the ankles shall be. . . .

To CHARLES ELIOT NORTON[2]

BRANTWOOD, 1*st June*, 1884.

DEAREST CHARLES,—A thousand welcomes, and please come here as soon as you possibly can. I have more reasons for asking you to do so than my impatience to see you, but I think that great one is enough—though the rest are not little ones. Joan's love and welcome, with all her heart and mind—and Turner's, and my father's and mother's; and I'm ever your loving and grateful JOHN RUSKIN.

To Miss LIZZIE WATSON[3]

BRANTWOOD, 27*th June*, '84.

What a patient, good, believing child you are! But I suppose in this lovely weather you've been playing Chopin, and tennis, all day, which perhaps may help you in passing the time without letters!

I don't quite understand why reading *me* should add to the happiness of playing Chopin, if I make you so discontented with your "spiritual life"! What sort of a life do you mean by that? I'm sure I never meant to make you discontented with anything but your bodily life—if there's too much tennis, or Chopin, or "going out to call with

[1] [On this question, compare Vol. XXXIV. p. 724.]

[2] [No. 209 in *Norton;* vol. ii. pp. 203–204.]

[3] [From "Happy Memories of John Ruskin," by L. Allen Harker, in *The Puritan*, March 1900, pp. 344, 345. They were again printed by her in *Scribner's Magazine*, November 1906, pp. 562, 563.]

mother" in it! Alas, how much the meaning of the word "mother" in England, nowadays, is resolving itself into "the person who takes daughters out to call." If there's one way of wasting time which I hate worse than another it's "Calling"; "Effectual"[1] as it is, often, to the upsetting of the whole afternoon of Caller and Called on. Women ought to call on each other, as men do, on business,—and never *except* on business,—and then get it done at the speediest.[2]

To answer your main question about "having a right to be happy": it is not only everybody's right, but duty, to be so, only to choose the best sorts of happiness. And the best sorts are not to be had cheap. Of course you may read Matthew's Poems,[3] or any other poems you like—*provided they're not dismal.*

To the Rev. J. P. FAUNTHORPE[4]

BRANTWOOD, 28*th June*, '84.

MY DEAR CHAPLAIN,—This is a very pretty little libretto, and will greatly gladden and please everybody. There are some quite new and true and nice bits in it—*Pearly* of the hawthorn, *Music frozen to repose* of painting,[5] etc. Before it is printed I should just like a retouch or two, to stop the *hiss* of "primroses stars," for instance; and I don't understand what Hope means by guilding her watch. But on the whole it is extremely good, and I shall be very proud of the common Dedication, and beg my best thanks to the writer.

I don't like your getting such a lot of medals:[6] I believe it shows that you don't deserve them!—Ever your loving J. RUSKIN.

Perfectly lovely weather to-day, and I've been writing my notes on the "Priest's Office" for Francesca's book.[7] I think my Chaplain will be rather pleased.

[1] [A reference to the Shorter Catechism of 1648: "Effectual calling is the work of God's Spirit."]

[2] [In a later letter (*Scribner*, p. 562, see below, p. 660) Ruskin wrote:—

> "I am so very thankful for what you tell me of your own, and say of other girls' mothers. I have had some sorrowful experience, by mischance, in these things; but trust me for not saying anything publicly that may grieve any good mother or daughter."]

[3] [Matthew Arnold.]

[4] [No. 72 in *Faunthorpe;* vol. ii. pp. 61, 62. The libretto was to Henrietta Bird's (Jetty Vogel) *May Queen Cantata.*]

[5] [An adaptation of Schelling's saying of architecture as "frozen music."]

[6] [From the Apothecaries' Society, for Botany.]

[7] [*Roadside Songs of Tuscany:* see Vol. XXXII. p. 116.]

To the Rev. J. P. FAUNTHORPE[1]

BRANTWOOD, *1st July*, '84.

MY DEAR CHAPLAIN,—It was because I *did* know how the girls worked that I wrote, you did not deserve the prizes.

Is not your postscript the saddest and severest ratification of my saying? There was only that way for the poor girl to enter into Rest.[2] Teach them the way to *that* strait Gate in life, not in Death!

I never had the slightest understanding of that text you ask about; and please remember the Pauline Epistles are to me in the New Testament what Leviticus is in the Old. I neither understand nor am bound by them. For me St. Paul's "if a man have long hair it is a shame unto him"[3] is entirely false.

Read, for comment on it, the first great scene in the *Iliad*.[4]—Ever your affectionate J. RUSKIN.

I begin to-day a lecture on the structure of the Rose,[5] but it will not be understood for Prizes.

To WILLIAM WARD[6]

BRANTWOOD, *July 5th*, 1884.

DEAR WARD,—I am greatly pleased with this drawing of the Portico.[7] Let me know your full price for it to a stranger, and I will give it to you with pleasure.

Be so good as to spare half-an-hour to a girl who has some blundering gift which may be useful to her in china painting, if you explain to her the frightful coarseness of her Turner—so called—copies. I have told her she may write to you to make an appointment; but very probably she won't, as I have sent her a letter as sharp as she deserves—at least I have sent it to her brother; perhaps he won't read it to her.

[1] [No. 73 in *Faunthorpe;* vol. ii. pp. 63, 64 (see below, p. 646).]
[2] [One of the candidates at Whitelands died during Examination week, June 1884.]
[3] [1 Corinthians xi. 14.]
[4] [*Iliad*, i. 194–197: see *Queen of the Air*, § 37 (Vol. XIX. p. 333).]
[5] [Not delivered, nor has any MS. of it been found.]
[6] [No. 101 in *Ward;* vol. ii. pp. 87–88.]
[7] [Mr. Ward's copy of Turner's drawing of "Part of the Portico of St. Peter's," No. 529 in the National Gallery.]

I hear from Mr. Horsfall that he has finished his work at Manchester, and am going to send him notes on your copies.[1]—Yours affectionately, J. RUSKIN.

To Miss KATE GREENAWAY[2]

BRANTWOOD, *Sunday* [*July* 6, 1884].

You're a good girl to draw that leaf. The four princesses in green tower will be delightful, but the *first thing* you have to do in this leafy world is to learn to paint a leaf green, of its full size, at one blow, as a fresco painter does it on a background, with the loaded brush opening by pressure to the leaf's full breadth and closing to its point.

To Miss KATE GREENAWAY[3]

BRANTWOOD, *9th July*, '84.

I *knew* you *could* do it, if you only would. That's what's been making me so what you call angry lately. This is as good as well can be. Only, remember brown is only to be used for actual earth, and where plants grow close to it, or for brown dark leaves, etc., not as shadow. And there's already more delineation than I at present want you to spend time in.

To Miss KATE GREENAWAY

BRANTWOOD, *Sunday* [*July* 13, 1884].

I am so glad you like the tree, and Francesca's work. Yes, in the tree itself the leaves are all through. If you look at John Bellini's forest in the Peter Martyr of Nat. Gall.[4] you'll see how. Only Botticelli's are each done with one touch, whether in dark or light. To-morrow you'll have the sod of mixed things and an ivy branch sent off. I hope to arrive on Tuesday morning. I'll tell you the want you feel in Francesca, but in the meantime I want you, so far as you work for *me* at all, to think of nature only. Most deep thanks for both those last letters.

[1] [For some notes on Mr. Ward's copies from Turner, in the Manchester Art Museum, see Vol. XIII. pp. 616, 625.]

[2] [No. 36 in *Kate Greenaway*, p. 133. The letter refers to an illustration for *Marigold Garden* (p. 22).]

[3] [No. 37 in *Kate Greenaway*, p. 133.]

[4] [For numerous other references to the picture, see the General Index.]

To Miss Kate Greenaway[1]

Brantwood [*July* 18, 1884].

I'm very much interested by your account of Health Exhibition. It's very tantalizing, but I must be content with my "sods" and rocks. The sod hasn't come yet, but will doubtless by evening post.[2] I have not enough allowed for your being near-sighted, but shall like to see what you do see; at any rate, near or far off, study of the relation of mass is indispensable.

Those hot colours of flowers are very lovely; you can do as many as you like—only not dull things mixed with Naples yellow.

Look well at the foot of Correggio's Venus—and at the weeds in Mantegna's Madonna foreground.[3]

I am seldom doing anything in the evening of much interest—sometimes walking in the twilight, sometimes listening to Joan singing, sometimes reading games of chess, sometimes sleeping in my arm-chair.

To Miss Kate Greenaway[4]

Brantwood, 20*th July* [1884]
(*an entirely cloudless morning and I wonderfully well*).

I am more cheered and helped by your success in this drawing than by anything that has happened to me for years;—it is what I have been praying and preaching to everybody and *never* could get done!

I was nearly certain the power was in you, but never thought it would come out at a single true effort!

The idea of your not seeing chiaroscuro!—the ins and outs of these leaves are the most rightly intricate and deep I ever saw—and the fern drawing at the one stroke is marvellous.

It's a short post this morning and I've a lot to get ready for it—but I've such lovely plans in my head for all you say in your last two letters. And I'll forgive you the pig!—but we must draw dogs a little better. And we must learn just the rudiments of perspective—

[1] [Partly printed, No. 40, in *Kate Greenaway*, p. 134 (see below, p. 656).]

[2] [Miss Greenaway promptly set to work on one of the sods of turf (mentioned in the preceding letters), and Ruskin, on receipt of the drawing, telegraphed (July 19):—

"The sod is quite lovely, the best bit of groundwork I ever got done. So many thanks, but don't tire yourself so again."

(No. 42 in *Kate Greenaway*, p. 134.) Compare Vol. XXX. p. 239.]

[3] [For other references to these pictures in the National Gallery, see the General Index.]

[4] [No. 45 in *Kate Greenaway*, p. 135.]

and draw feet and ankles,—and—a little above,—and purple and blue things—and—the Sun not like a drop of sealing wax,—and then—Well,—we'll do all that first, won't we?

To Sir R. H. COLLINS, K.C.B.[1]

BRANTWOOD, 21*st July*, 1884.

DEAR COLLINS,—I trust that all the good and happy households of England will soon be rejoicing with the Duchess, and that she may see the virtue and power of his father blossoming again in her boy, day by day—with so much also of the Frank feudal Lord in him as shall make him love rocks, woods, and waters, and—his own way (taking care that it shall be right), and not the mob's way. It happens joyfully for me, that I have to thank to-day not the Duchess only for her message, but the Princess of Waldeck for a most gracious letter;—both encouraging me here in my own hill solitude, not a little, under the pressure of work needing more than usual thought and care, in the cause of Education. With devoted and loyal congratulation to the Duchess, and most true regard to yourself, believe me ever your grateful JOHN RUSKIN.

To Sir JAMES ALLANSON PICTON[2]

BRANTWOOD, 21*st July*, 1884.

MY DEAR SIR JAMES,—I was so awestruck by the sense of all I didn't know and couldn't learn when I read your kind letter and saw the books, that I have been virtually speechless ever since. But I cannot sufficiently thank fortune for bringing you here and disposing you to come and see me, at the very moment when your experience and knowledge of the early historic times would be of help to me, otherwise not to be reached. It is useless for me to try the books you tell me of, but the privilege of referring to you on any matter

[1] [Written on the birth (July 19) of H.R.H. Prince Leopold, Duke of Albany; now Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha.]

[2] [From *Sir James A. Picton: a Biography by his son*, J. Allanson Picton, M.P., 1891, p. 374. Sir James Allanson Picton (1805–1889), antiquary, architect, and originator of the Liverpool public library and museum, had visited Ruskin at Brantwood in June 1884. "Only one note of disappointment is remembered by survivors," says his son. "He had a pet notion that, in the struggle for immortality among authors, style is more decisive than anything else. But with this Mr. Ruskin could not agree. He pronounced that it is not a man's style but the amount of truth in his writings which makes them live. But Mr. Ruskin so charmed his venerable guest that the latter could never say enough of his grace and courtesy;" . . . the visit was "one of the happiest of his experiences" (p. 373).]

inaccessible or dubitable to me will be valued by me more than I can say, and what you have given me of your own writing on these matters will be consulted with respectful care.

Your book on Liverpool is a model of such records.[1] I only wish it had been of Carnarvon, or Conway, or Flint instead!

For the Art Gallery inauguration I am, alas, helpless. I believe that I stated to you in conversation very clearly what hindrances fetter me. If, indeed, my power were in "word painting,"[2] I would come and paint your institution for you; but my real power is in close thinking, and the time for thought, as life draws to its close, becomes more and more precious to me. It is quite curious to me how cautiously my friends ask for my money, how recklessly for my time!—which is an extremely limited revenue.—Ever believe me, dear Sir James, gratefully and faithfully yours, J. RUSKIN.

To Miss KATE GREENAWAY[3]

BRANTWOOD, 22*nd* [*July*, 1884].

The little hippopotamus with the curly tail *is* lovely, and the explosive sun promises a lovely day, and it is so *very* joyful news to me that you like doing trees and see them all leaves, and are going to do feet and ankles and be so good. There's no saying what wonderful things you may do, all in an instant, when once you've fought your way through the strait gate, and you will have the joy of delighting many more people besides me; and of doing more good than any English artist ever yet did. And I'll put *you* in some of my books soon,[4] as well as Miss A., and very thankfully.

But you must have a few more sods, you know.

To Miss BEAUMONT[5]

BRANTWOOD, *July* 23*rd*, 1884.

DEAR MISS BEAUMONT,—I have just received the cuttings for Mr. Thomas, and cannot easily tell you how much they delight me. Please

[1] [The *Architectural History of Liverpool* (Liverpool, 1858); or *Memorials of Liverpool, Historical and Topographical*, 2 vols. (London, 1873); or *City of Liverpool: Selections from the Municipal Archives and Records* . . . extracted and annotated by Sir J. A. Picton, 2 vols. (Liverpool, 1883–1886).]

[2] [Compare above, p. 136.]

[3] [No. 46 in *Kate Greenaway*, p. 136.]

[4] [Miss Greenaway had already been mentioned in *The Art of England*, and drawings by her had appeared in *Fors* (Vol. XXIX. pp. 478, 492). Other drawings appeared there later (pp. 493, 517).]

[5] [No. 31 in *Various Correspondents*, pp. 90, 91.]

tell me at what price I may sell them, and make me some more as soon as you can. I particularly want a pig, and I think some rabbits might be made very comic—and the rest of the next dozen I should like all birds—above all, a fine eagle and griffin vulture. You of course will charge more for larger and more elaborate pieces.

But I think your talent is far above this work, and I want you to send me a sketch or two in colour from nature—not memory—taking your colour-box and pocket-book to the garden and sketching any attitude that interests you with your best speed. Your cow and calf are quite beautiful pieces of painting—and so is the macaw, and I *believe* you can be a painter as soon as you please. Tell me any difficulties you feel, or any way in which I can assist you—the enclosed note to Messrs. Newman will put you at ease as to materials.—And believe me faithfully yours, J. RUSKIN.

To Miss KATE GREENAWAY[1]

BRANTWOOD, 25*th July*.

The ivy is very beautiful, and you have taken no end of useful trouble with it, but the colour is vapid and the leaves too shiny. Shine is always vulgar except on hair and water—it spoils leaves as much as it does flesh—and even jewels are better without it. I shall return you this study, which you will find very useful, and I've sent you two more sods to-day, more to be enjoyed than painted—if you like to do a bit of one, well and good.

I am glad to hear of the oil work—but it is winter work, not summer's. I can't think how you can bear to spoil summer air with it.

To Miss KATE GREENAWAY[2]

BRANTWOOD, 26*th July* [1884].

I am so very glad you like doing those sods—I merely sent you two for choice, not to tease you—but they'll go on growing and being pleasant companions.

As regards colour, no one of course sees it *quite* rightly; we have all our flaws and prejudices of sight, only be convinced there IS a RIGHT mathematically commensurable with nature, and you will soon get to care for no "opinions," but feel that you become daily more true.

[1] [No. 38 in *Kate Greenaway*, p. 133.]
[2] [Partly printed, No. 41, in *Kate Greenaway*, p. 134 (see below, p. 656).]

To Sir James A. Picton[1]

Brantwood, *July* 26, 1884.

Dear Sir James,—I am immensely grateful for your letter, and for the book on Flint. The latter is deeply interesting to me, as an example of the way in which minds sympathetic in general principles can differ in their application. You and I feel exactly alike what is pretty and proper—we agree about the disagreeableness of chemical works and the delightfulness of antiquities, and the apparent impropriety of the conduct of Jael.[2] But I consider Liverpool the cause of the destruction of Flint, and of most of Lancashire!

Have you ever read any of my *Fors Clavigera?* . . . Thirty years ago F. D. Maurice and I finally parted and went our several ways, because he thought himself—though a clergyman—qualified to deny the inspiration of Deborah, "Blessed among women," etc.;[3] I maintaining as I do still, that if you give up Deborah, you give up Joshua, Moses, and—all but one's self.—Ever gratefully and affectionately yours,

J. Ruskin.

To Miss Margaret Ferrier Young[4]

Brantwood, 14*th Sept.*, '84.

Dear Miss Young,—Mrs. La Touche is certainly right—this time—though her views upon child education must not be unqualifiedly trusted. But I should like all girls whatever to bathe in Scott daily, as a sort of ever-rolling, ever-freshening sea; and indeed I would let Jane Anne read anything (except George Eliot), but for girls in general I should say very broadly anything they like—written before 1800.—Ever affectionately yours, J. Ruskin.

[1] [From the *Life of Sir James A. Picton*, by J. Allanson Picton, M.P., 1891, p. 375.]

[2] [The following extract from Sir James Picton's diary (p. 373) explains the allusion: "Coniston, June 23, 1884. At Coniston I listened to one of the most extraordinary sermons I ever heard. The subject was the murder of Sisera by Jael, which the preacher defended as an heroic and godly action. She was inspired to do the deed. It was only a wooden tent-peg with which she performed it; but supernatural strength was given to drive it through the unfortunate man's head."]

[3] [For this incident, see *Præterita*, Vol. XXXV. pp. 486–487.]

[4] [For whom, see below, p. 675.]

To ALBERT H. MATURIN[1]

BRANTWOOD, *15th Sept.*, '84.

MY DEAR SIR,—I am very sorry not to have replied earlier to your favour of the 13th.

I am quite unable, now, to add to the engagements already too heavy for my declining strength, but even in earlier life I never would have spoken in a debate on the functions of government, which, beyond all debate, may be defined in a very few words—to give drink to the thirsty, bread to the hungry, clothes to the naked, lodging to the homeless; to flog the idle, reward the industrious, abase the proud, and grace the lowly.—Ever your faithful servant, JOHN RUSKIN.

To Miss SUSAN BEEVER[2]

20th September, 1884.

I wandered literally "up and down" your mountain garden—(how beautifully the native rocks slope to its paths!)—in the sweet evening light—Susiesque light—with great happiness and admiration, as I went home; and I came indeed upon what I conceived to be—discovered in the course of recent excavations—two deeply interesting thrones of the ancient Abbots of Furness,[3] typifying their humility in that the seats thereof were only level with the ground between two clusters of the earth; contemplating cyclamen, and their severity of penance, in the points of stone prepared for the mortification of their backs; but truly, Susie's seat of repose and meditation I was unable as yet to discern, but propose to myself further investigation of that apple-perfumed paradise, and am ever your devoted and enchanted, etc.

To Miss SUSAN BEEVER[4]

BRANTWOOD.

But I never have had nicer letters "since first I saw your face," and tried to honour and renown you.[5]

Violet's better, and I'm pretty well, but have been a little too much thinking of old days.

[1] [Corresponding Secretary of the Historical Society of Dublin.]

[2] [No. 78 in *Hortus Inclusus* (see below, p. 627).]

[3] [Two slate seats, thus glorified by Ruskin: see the description of the garden in the Rev. W. Tuckwell's *Tongues in Trees and Sermons in Stone*, 1891, p. 110.]

[4] [No. 55 in *Hortus Inclusus* (see p. 626).]

[5] ["Since first I saw your face I resolved to honour and renown ye"—from Thomas Ford's *Music of Sundry Kinds*, 1607; No. 69 in the *Oxford Book of Verse*.]

Have you any word of the Collies[1] lately? I keep sending stones and books; they answer not. It is delightful of you to be interested in that stone book. I send you one of my pictures of stones. They're not very like, but they're pretty. I wish they did such pictures now.

What lovely pictures you would have made in the old butterfly times, of opal and felspar! What lost creatures we all are, we nice ones! The Alps and clouds that *I* could have done, if I had been shown how!

To Miss Kate Greenaway[2]

Kenmure Castle, 1*st Oct.* [1884].

I could not get your dainty letter until to-day. The two sweeties in it are indeed beautiful, and only need to be painted larger to become a most glorious picture. I must stand over you while you paint them again with a big brush. But I am aghast at the house at Hampstead,[3] and quite resolved that you *shan't* live in London. Of course if you had stayed at Scarborough you would have begun drawing the children at the shore, and that was just what I wanted. But wait till I come and talk to you—I'll make your life a burden to you if you live in London! If you had come to Norwood instead of Hampstead, there would have been some sense in it—I've no patience with you.

And you must give up drawing round hats. It's the hats that always save you from having to do a background—and I'm not going to be put off with them any more.

To Charles Eliot Norton[4]

Euston Hotel [London], *7th Oct.*, '84.

It has been a great mortification and disappointment to me not to see S. again; but the world's made up of morts and disses, and it's no use always saying "Ay de mi!" like Carlyle. I'm really ashamed of him in those letters to Emerson.[5] My own diaries are indeed full of mewing and moaning, all to myself, but I think my letters to friends

[1] [Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Collingwood. The "stone book" is perhaps *Deucalion*.]
[2] [No. 57 in *Kate Greenaway*, p. 142 (see below, p. 657).]
[3] [No. 50 (the number afterwards changed to 39), Frognal; the house was designed for her by Mr. Norman Shaw.]
[4] [No. 210 in *Norton;* vol. ii. pp. 204–205.]
[5] [Compare above, pp. 440, 441.]

have more a tendency to crowing, or, at least, on the whole, try to be pleasant.

I've great gladness in your note about S. W. Wind. I shall have you sending me nice sympathetic data about your glaciers, soon. . . .

I am just going down to Canterbury—to Oxford next week, to begin lectures on the Pleasures of England.

1. Bertha to Osburga,	Pleasures of	Learning.
2. Alfred to Confessor,	,,	,, Faith.
3. Confessor to Cœur de L.,	,,	,, Deed.
4. Cœur de L. to Eliz.,	,,	,, Fancy.
5. Protestantism,	,,	,, Truth.
6. Atheism,	,,	,, Sense.
7. Mechanism,	,,	,, Nonsense.

I'm pretty well forward with them,—but they're not up to my best work.—Ever your loving J. R.

To CHARLES ELIOT NORTON[1]

CANTERBURY, *9th October*, 1884.

DEAREST CHARLES, . . . I caught cold, slightly, as soon as I left Brantwood on Wednesday last, and am nursing myself, with the help of two dear old ladies,[2] in the precincts of Canterbury. For the first time yesterday I saw St. Martin's Church, and the view it commands of the county gaol.[3] I retreat to-day to my bedside, whence I have a lovely view of Becket's Crown,[4] and the Central Tower—the domestic-looking little apse between them is now rich in sunlight,—but Lucca and Pisa have spoiled me.

I am getting such lovely work done in Switzerland and Savoy by the writer of enclosed card, which I send that you may envy us both, and come back, as soon as you can, to see the "subject by the river."

These drawings he (Mr. Rooke) is drawing for me are the first I ever had done as I wanted, and as I should have done them myself, if only I had never written *Modern Painters*.

The first number of its reprint—which is to be in three parts: *In Montibus Sanctis*, *Cœli Enarrant*, and *Lætitia Silvæ*[5] (or some such name)—is passed for press. . . . Your lovingest J. R.

[1] [No. 211 in *Norton;* vol. ii. pp. 205–206.]
[2] [The Misses Gale.]
[3] [Noticed in *The Pleasures of England*, Vol. XXXIII. p. 438.]
[4] [The "Corona," the extreme east-end of the Cathedral.]
[5] [This proposed third series of reprints from *Modern Painters* was, however, not undertaken: see Vol. III. p. xlix.]

To Miss Kate Greenaway[1]

Canterbury, *Wednesday* [*Oct.* 8, 1884].

I am certainly better, and hope soon to be not worth asking after, and indeed I shall be most thankful if you will give up *everything* else and get these books finished and off your mind, for, between them and me, the little mind is going off itself, and you are working at present wholly in vain. There is *no* joy, and very, very little interest in any of these Flower book[2] subjects, and they look as if you had had nothing to paint them with but starch and camomile tea. Also the metamorphosis of the girl of Ragged Robin into a stake fence, with the curtain hung on it to be dusted, is not in Ovid, and it will puzzle people awfully.

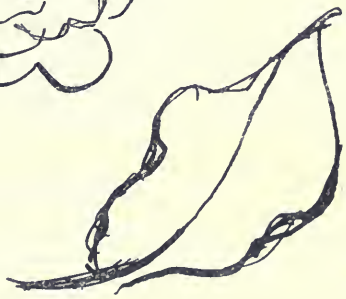
Well, perhaps it *will* be prettiest that you give those drawings to me and I distribute them, but if you go on with much more clothes-horses and camomile tea I shall be obliged to show them with "a Caution."

To Miss Kate Greenaway[3]

Canterbury [*Oct.* 9, 1884].

I've really nothing to say, but that my cold's much the same—not worse—but very troublesome—and that really roses like this—

and rose leaves like that—



might just as well be coloured like truffles and potato sacks at once, instead of whitey pink and camomile green.

[1] [Partly printed as No. 25 in *Kate Greenaway*, p. 128 (see below, p. 656).]

[2] [*Language of Flowers, illustrated by Kate Greenaway* (1884). Ruskin's skit may apply to the drawing on p. 19.]

[3] [Partly printed (without the cuts), No. 24 in *Kate Greenaway*, p. 127 (see below, p. 656). The letter refers to *Kate Greenaway's Almanack for 1885* (not for 1884, as stated in *Kate Greenaway*). The rose was on the title-page, and the Hobblers, Kickers, and Straddlers are easily recognisable.]

I find *Baxter* thinks the almanack beautiful! if that's any consolation to you; but *I* divide the figures of it simply into the Hobblers and the Kickers—see August, March, June, and November for the Hobblers (or Shamblers), and the rest for Kickers—with the one variety of Straddler, in October, where the transposition of the red of the right shoe to the stocking, leaving the shoe for a sole, is one of the funniest illustrations of cheap printing I've yet seen.

The worst of it is, *I'm* at the bottom of all this; all the good of you goes into the work for me, and all the dregs to the public—doing also for *them* everything I forbid you! . . .

To Miss KATE GREENAWAY[1]

84 WOODSTOCK ROAD, OXFORD, 18*th Oct.*, '84.

I hope this will find you by to-day's late post. I'll send you lovely directions about Museum, Kensington:[2] you've only to wait beside the big whale in the hall—or, if you don't like *him*, among the birds and their nests—I'll tell you where exactly in next letter; and you're very good to say you'll talk to the people—see bottom of 1st page of enclosed, which please return to me. You often say you want me to look at things, but you would be only vexed to find I was thinking all the time of an "octahedron," which I should be, probably. Yes, you must like Turner, as soon as you see landscape completely. His affectations—or prejudices—I do not wish or expect you to like, any more than I should have expected him to like roses drawn like truffles.

I didn't want anybody at *Hamlet* with me—I wanted to watch.[3] I've written a critique to W. B. himself!—much like the last I sent you!

I'm very well this morning, and hope to give a fair lecture—it isn't a *special* one at all. See the *Pall Mall* about the tickets for it—yesterday's paper.[4]—Love to Johnnie.

To Mrs. ARTHUR SEVERN

84 WOODSTOCK ROAD, OXFORD, 26*th Oct.*, '84.

The St. Ursulas and capitals will not be *wanted* till the fourth lecture, Saturday, the 9th Nov.[5]—but might, I think, as well be packed

[1] [Partly printed, No. 39, in *Kate Greenaway*, p. 134 (see below, p. 656).]

[2] [The Natural History Museum.]

[3] [Ruskin had been at the first night of Wilson Barrett's *Hamlet*, produced at the Princess' Theatre, October 16, 1884.]

[4] [A note in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, of October 17, recording the numerous applications for admission to Ruskin's lectures on *The Pleasures of England*.]

[5] [The studies of St. Ursula and of the pillars of the Piazzetta were ultimately shown at the fifth of the lectures on *The Pleasures of England:* see Vol. XXXIII. pp. 507–508.]

and sent up at once, and with them all the mass of material for Sir Herbert lecture—left hand of top drawer of old bookcase next minerals. I am going to give that lecture and another, each twice over, in London (*D.V.*) after you come up.[1]

I heard the Bp. to-day with much satisfaction—entirely sensible and useful, and calculated to do much good to the young men, in a fatherly way.[2] But I think it a pity that he does not allow some play to his native gift of humour. I forget now Sydney Smith in the pulpit—but I know that I felt his latent power usefully bubbling under the ice. I feel it really a great advantage now, whatever my father would have thought, not to be a Bishop.[3] *I* was preaching yesterday on Faith, and I think the most beneficial effect was produced by my expression,

"the Bow-wow-wow of the wild-dog world"[4]—

which I suppose I couldn't have used in a mitre!

To Mrs. Arthur Severn

Balliol, 19*th*, *Monday* [*Nov.*, 1884].

I had such a lovely dinner *out* last night—with the Master at a nice quiet couple's, Professor and Mrs. Marshall. Mrs. M. and I got into a discussion—very profound—about the difference between round and oval sections in girls' waists. Jowett, after sitting smiling awhile —"*I* cannot follow the Professor into those *lati*tudes!!"

I hope to have a nice time with you on Friday week, with all worries over. I'm rather worse than cross to-night, because I found a lot of beautiful fragments of Magdalen in a heap under the restoration. I'm going with the Master to call on the President to-morrow morning, and save them if possible—but it's like fighting single-handed against the sea.

To Mrs. Fawkes[5]

84 Woodstock Road, Oxford [*November*, 1884].

Dear Mrs. Fawkes,—I did not answer your last kind letter, in my unsettled state of mind and plans. Will you forgive me yet once more,

[1] [The lecture on Sir Herbert Edwardes had been given at Coniston, on December 22, 1883, and was afterwards expanded into *A Knight's Faith* (Vol. XXXI.). The proposed lectures in London (compare Vol. XXXIII. p. 473) were not delivered.]

[2] [For an account of this sermon by Dr. Harvey Goodwin, Bishop of Carlisle, see Vol. XXXIV. p. 443.]

[3] [See *Præterita*, Vol. XXXV. p. 25.]

[4] [See Vol. XXXIII. p. 457 (§ 60).]

[5] [From the *Nineteenth Century*, April 1900, p. 620. The references are to the exhibition of Turner's works, which was a feature of the "Old Masters"

and will you and Mr. Fawkes hear my most pitiful and humble and importunate prayer for the showing with the Rhine sketches some of those solemn Highland lochs,—the Cenis Top and the Ship of the Line, and the Reichenbach; yes, and one or two Wharfedale bits? I am going to send Farnley itself and the Avenue, and some chosen later ones; but you have everything best of the early time—(and, oh! can we get the Major's Field of Waterloo and your Farnley Heraldry?) I saw Sir Frederick yesterday, and we are agreed, if only you will help us, to turn the world outside in and upside down, and get such a sight as London never saw.—Ever your grateful and affectionate

J. RUSKIN.

To Miss MARY GLADSTONE[1]

84 WOODSTOCK ROAD, OXFORD, *November*, 1884.

MY DARLING M——, Tuesday, Wednesday, most of Thursday, all Friday, and all Saturday I'm at your beck, call, whisper, look, or lifted finger. I've a meeting of St. George's Guild[2] at the schools on Thursday, which fastens me for the afternoon.

I shall love to hear the story,[3] and wish it would take an hour instead of ten minutes; but, of course, if *you* like it, *I* shall. I don't mean that in play, but seriously; you know good writing and feeling as well as I do, and we are not likely to differ a jot about anything else.—Ever your loving ST. C.

The picture is quite lovely. He never did anything else like it.[4]

To Miss SUSAN BEEVER[5]

OXFORD, 1*st December*, 1884.

I gave my fourteenth, and last for this year, lecture this afternoon with vigour and effect; and am safe and well (*D.G.*), after such a

at the Academy's winter show in January 1886. To this, Mr. Fawkes sent seven drawings from Farnley—namely, "Lancaster Sands," "Upper Fall of Reichenbach," "Falls of Reichenbach," "Lake of Lucerne," "The Devil's Bridge," "Mont Cenis in a Snow Storm," and "Bonneville." Ruskin sent six of his Turner Drawings—namely, "Farnley Hall," "The Avenue, Farnley," "Heysham," "Lake and Town of Geneva," "Eggleston Abbey," and "Splügen." For the "Ship of the Line," see Vol. XII. Plate XXI. (p. 386). The water-colour drawing of the "Field of Waterloo" (then in the possession of Major R. Fawkes, and afterwards in that of the Rev. Reginald Fawkes) was shown at the "Old Masters" in 1889. The "Farnley Heraldry" drawings were frontispieces, illustrative of periods of English history: see the Catalogue of Paintings and Drawings by Turner at Farnley Hall (Leeds: 1850).]

[1] [*Letters of M. G. and H. G.*, pp. 83–84.]

[2] [For a report of this meeting (on December 4), see Vol. XXX. p. 87.]

[3] ["The Mad Lady," a story in manuscript written by Laura Tennant.]

[4] [A drawing of Miss Gladstone (Mrs. Drew) by Burne-Jones.]

[5] [No. 79 in *Hortus Inclusus*.]

spell of work as I never did before. I have been thrown a week out in all my plans, by having to write two new Lectures, instead of those the University was frightened at. The scientists slink out of my way now, as if I was a mad dog, for I let them have it hot and heavy whenever I've a chance at them.

But as I said, I'm a week late, and though I start for the North this day week, I can't get home till this day fortnight at soonest, but I hope not later than to-morrow fortnight. Very thankful I shall be to find myself again at the little room door.

Fancy Mary Gladstone forgiving me even that second *naughtiness!*[1] She's going to let me come to see her this week, and to play to me, which is a great comfort.

To the Rev. A. A. Isaacs[2]

84 Woodstock Road, Oxford, *8th December,* 1884.

My dear Sir,—I am rightly quoted by the Jesuit, and have much more in the same tone yet to say, God permitting me, before I die. I wrote the *Sheepfolds* when I was an ignorant and insolent youth. In the following forty years I have written what you will find, if you read it candidly, more just—and therefore less to the taste of my Protestant friends. I recommend you, for instance, to read the essay on "The Priest's Office," in the Third Part of *Roadside Songs of Tuscany*, obtainable of my general publisher, Mr. Allen, of Orpington, Kent. It will cost you, with its two photographs and various other text, seven shillings, and will introduce you to the most noble "Protestant" race and religion on this earth—that of the peasantry of Tuscany—Protestant for Christ in every state of poverty and suffering.—Ever faithfully yours, J. Ruskin.

To Mrs. Arthur Severn

Farnley Hall, Otley, *Sunday* [*Dec.* 13, 1884].

If only Cheltenham had been an endurable place! . . . But it was too horrid. The contrast between its vulgarity, inside and out, and

[1] [Or, rather, a third; the reference being presumably to Ruskin's remark about "wind-bags" in the *Pall Mall Gazette* of April 21, 1884 (see Vol. XXXIV. p. 666). For two earlier naughtinesses of the kind, see Vol. XXVIII. p. 403, and Vol. XXXIV. p. 549.]

[2] [From *The Fountain of Siena: an Episode in the Life of John Ruskin*, by Albert A. Isaacs, 1900, p. 5. The "Jesuit" was a writer in a Leicester newspaper who had stated that Ruskin had thrown contempt on Protestantism. Mr. Isaacs, at that time Vicar of Christ Church, Leicester, wrote to Ruskin on the subject.]

this grand old hall is something marvellous. I had no idea Farnley was so grand; it is as stately as the Duchess's place—what's its name? —with far more grandeur of hill and dale in its command.

I am very thankful also to find the Turners in good state—spotted a little, some, but not faded. . . . It is a little pleasant to me to hear the talk of a real Tory squire. I leave on Tuesday for home, *D.V.*

To Dr. GEORGE PARSONS[1]

BRANTWOOD, 16*th* [*Dec.*, '84].

DEAR DOCTOR,—I've got eleven bad colds, and three or four worse, upon me all at once. I caught one last Wednesday—three more on Friday—and picked up the rest at all the stations from here to Ingleborough yesterday. I feel—as I suppose the brokenest bottle and raggedest doll in a rag-and-bottle shop. I'm cold, stiff, blind, deaf, and tasteless! I don't believe it's any use to come and see me. I can take no comfort in anything but making all my friends wretched —you'd better not come! But tell Mrs. Parsons about it.—Ever yours hopelessly, J. R.

To Miss SUSAN BEEVER[2]

BRANTWOOD, 16*th* [*December*, 1884].

Here, not I, but a thing with a dozen of colds in its head, am!

I caught one cold on Wednesday last, another on Thursday, two on Friday, four on Saturday, and one at every station between this and Ingleborough on Monday. I never was in such ignoble misery of cold. I've no cough to speak of, nor anything worse than usual in the way of sneezing, but my hands are cold, my pulse nowhere, my nose tickles and wrings me, my ears sing—like kettles, my mouth has no taste, my heart no hope of ever being good for anything, any more. I never passed such a wretched morning by my own fireside in all my days, and I've quite a fiendish pleasure in telling you all this, and thinking how miserable you'll be too! Oh me, if I ever get to feel like myself again, won't I take care of myself!

BRANTWOOD.

Seven of the eleven colds are better, but the other four are worse, and they were the worst before, and I'm such a wreck and rag and

[1] [Of Hawkshead; Ruskin's doctor.]
[2] [Nos. 139 and 140 in *Hortus Inclusus*.]

lump of dust being made mud of, that I'm ashamed to let the maids bring me my dinner. Your contemptible, miserable, beyond pitiable, past deplorable J. R.

To the Rev. A. A. Isaacs[1]

Brantwood [*December*, 1884].

My dear Sir,—Thanks for sending for the Tuscan Songs. I shall gratefully hear your mind on them—but please note!—in all my writings, that there never was any need of courage to speak the truth, if I knew it. What harm could speaking it do me? The one quality of it that deserves sympathy is the extreme desire I have to discover it, and not to say *un*true things prettily.—Ever faithfully yours,

J. R.

To the Rev. A. A. Isaacs[2]

Brantwood, 28*th Dec.*, '84.

My dear Sir,—I am sincerely obliged by your courteous and interesting letter. I cannot enter into its topics by correspondence, but will take note of some of its observations in revising my forthcoming lecture on Protestantism, and I have ordered Mr. Allen to send you the two first lectures of the course it belongs to,[3] with their sequels as they are issued, and the rest of the Songs—but I fear there will be days to count before I get all done! Meantime, if you have it not already, please get Cobbett's little History of the Reformation,[4] the only true one ever written as far as it reaches,—though, of course, to make *it* perfect, a counter statement would be needed of what is really beautiful in Evangelical religion in later centuries.—Ever most truly yours, J. Ruskin.

I have told Allen to send you also my lectures on Clouds, which have some religious talk at the end.

[1] [From *The Fountain of Siena*, p. 7.]

[2] [*Ibid.*, p. 9.]

[3] [*The Pleasures of England* (Vol. XXXIII.). The "Songs" are *Roadside Songs of Tuscany* (Vol. XXXII.); and "Clouds," *The Storm-Cloud of the Nineteenth Century* (Vol. XXXIV.).]

[4] [*A History of the Protestant "Reformation" in England and Ireland, showing how that event has impoverished and degraded the main body of the people in those countries*, by William Cobbett, 2 parts, 1824, 1827.]

To the Rev. J. P. FAUNTHORPE[1]

BRANTWOOD, *28th December*, '84.

DEAR CHAPLAIN,—The enclosed is from the most generous of women, the main support of the St. George's Guild. But she never sends me a letter without a question in it needing the forenoon to answer. I think if any of the May Queens, or two or three together, would write her a rather detailed account of the Institution, they would find her one of the gladdest and gratefullest persons they ever did a kindness to.

That they may know the sort of person they're writing to, you may tell them she's a motherlyish, bright, black-eyed woman of fifty, with a nice married son who is a superb chess-player. She herself is a very good one, and it's her greatest indulgence to have a written game with me.

She's an excellent nurse, and curious beyond any magpie that ever was, but always giving her spoons away instead of stealing them. Practically clever, beyond most women; but if you answer one question she'll ask you six.—Ever your loving J. R.

To Miss KATE GREENAWAY[2]

BRANTWOOD, *31st Dec.*, '84.

All the happiness be to you that Spring and Summer can bring —and all the fruits of Autumn, and a lovely rest before Christmas comes again.

I'm afraid I sent a horrid letter yesterday—but if you only could fancy how little there's left to be cared for in me, or how little able I am to care, for fine days or grey. It's grey to-day—and I don't care. But I liked hearing about the present from Princess.[3] I wonder what it can be. I wish I was a Prince, and could send you pearls and rubies. By the way, I got three little Toy pearls for a gift myself —one pink, two grey—and liked them very much.

I've been writing letters simply all day long without ever stopping, and have got few written after all, but they were of a kind to take

[1] [No. 74 in *Faunthorpe;* vol. ii. pp. 65, 66 (see below, p. 646).]
[2] [Partly printed, No. 5, in *Kate Greenaway*, p. 99 (see below, p. 655).]
[3] [The Crown Princess, afterwards the Empress Frederick. She was a warm admirer of Miss Greenaway.]

time. Only at present my time does pretty nearly go all in that, and I don't care about getting up in the morning because of it.

No, I've never seen the *Pall Mall* on *Fors*. There's a lovely letter of my Father's in yesterday's, and some compliments from the *Pall Mall* on my writing!—did you ever?[1]

Well, once more a happy New Year. We must get some Brantwood into it this time. Love to Johnnie.

1885

[Early in this year Ruskin resigned his Professorship at Oxford: see the letter in Vol. XXXIII. p. lvi. He busied himself at Brantwood in editing Miss Alexander's *Roadside Songs of Tuscany* and in writing *Præterita*, but at the end of July he had a severe attack of illness.]

To Charles Eliot Norton[2]

Brantwood, *2nd January*, 1885.

. . . I am not so well as you hoped, having overstrained myself under strong impulse at Oxford, and fallen back now into a ditch of despond, deepened by loss of appetite and cold feet, and dark weather, —Joan in London, and people all about more or less depending on me; no S. or M. for me to depend on—no Charles—no Carlyle; even my Turners for the time speechless to me, my crystals lustreless. After some more misery and desolation of this nature I hope, however, to revive slowly, and will really not trust myself in that feeling of power any more. But it seems to me as if old age were threatening to be a weary time for me. I'll never mew about it like Carlyle, nor make Joanie miserable if I know it—but it looks to me very like as if I should take to my bed and make everybody wait on me. This is only to send you love—better news I hope soon.—
Ever your J. R.

[1] [The references are to (1) a review of the last number of *Fors* in the *Gazette* on December 23; and (2) a notice, in the issue of December 30, of Mrs. Garden's *Memorials of the Ettrick Shepherd*, which book contains a letter from Ruskin's father, and another from Ruskin himself, to "the Shepherd." "The letter" (said the *Gazette*) "is written, Mrs. Garden tells us, 'in a beautiful fair hand resembling copper-plate,' a description which even now might be applied to the general appearance of Mr. Ruskin's handwriting, although compositors and readers have sometimes found its apparent legibility deceptive."]

[2] [*Atlantic Monthly*, September 1904, vol. 94, pp. 386–387. No. 212 in *Norton*; vol. ii. p. 207.]

To Miss KATE GREENAWAY[1]

BRANTWOOD, *Jan.* 2, '85.

You are always straining after a fancy, instead of doing the thing as it is. Never mind its being pretty or ugly, but get as much as you can of the facts in a few minutes, and you will find strength and ease and new fancy and new right coming all together.

To Mrs. TYLOR[2]

BRANTWOOD, *3rd January,* 1885.

DEAR MRS. TYLOR,—Joanie's letter to-day softly told me the sad ending of the year—for you, for us—for many and many who must have loved him long.

Every year, as I grow older, renews itself chiefly in sorrow, but it is long since I have felt the Shadow of the coming time cast so sharply across the Lights of the past. You will have many letters of sympathy from friends whose hearts are warmer than mine, for I feel myself half dead or dying just now; but few of them will miss him more.

The little talks in the corner arm-chair at Herne Hill, when he used to come in at breakfast time and tell us wonderful things to think of all day! The first shake of the hand, always, at the London—the serenely bright, tenderly zealous face, distinct from all the wrinkled care and selfish formalism of common men. I am very thankful to have known him—thankful for the privilege of telling you to-day what part I have in your sorrow—thankful for all the hope that guided both your lives, and now remains with you to the end.—Ever faithfully and affectionately yours, J. RUSKIN.

To Miss KATE GREENAWAY[3]

BRANTWOOD, *4th Jan.* [1885].

I hope you caught it well from Joanie on Saturday—telling me you've been so ill—and she says you were the image of health and gaiety. I'm very glad you want to paint like Gainsborough.

[1] [No. 63 in *Kate Greenaway,* p. 146.]

[2] [On the death of her husband, Alfred Tylor, F.G.S., for whom see above, pp. 47–8. He often spent half-an-hour with Ruskin at Herne Hill on his way from Carshalton to his place of business in the City. The "London" means the London Institution in Finsbury Circus; Mr. Tylor was on the Council.]

[3] [Partly printed, No. 65, in *Kate Greenaway,* p. 146 (see below, p. 657).]

But you must not try for it. He is inimitable—and yet a bad master. Keep steadily to deep colour and Carpaccio, with white porcelain and Luca. You may try a Gainsborough every now and then for play.

I get a little—less and less—bit better every day, but have been very miserable this morning, thinking of the Alps, in places I can never see more. . . .

To the Rev. A. A. Isaacs[1]

Brantwood, *4th January*, 1885.

Dear Mr. Isaacs,—I shall be most grateful for a copy of the answer to Cobbett,[2] of which I had never heard. I do not, of course, like his style, but the sum of my forty-four years of thinking on the matter, from an entirely outside standpoint—as nearly as possible that of a Turk—has led me to agree with Cobbett in all his main ideas, and there is no question whatever, that Protestant writers are, as a rule, ignorant and false in what they say of Catholics—while Catholic writers are as a rule both well-informed and fair. But I shall be very glad to see the answer to Cobbett before I finish my lecture on Protestantism.—Most truly yours, J. Ruskin.

Many happy New Years to you.[3]

To Miss Kate Greenaway[4]

Brantwood, *5th Jan.*

It was nice hearing of your being made a grand Lioness of, at the tea—and of people's praising me to you because they had found out you liked it—and of Lady Airlie, and old times.

And so many thanks for slip of *Pall Mall* here returned. It is very nice.[5]

I've begun my autobiography—it will be so dull and so meek!!! you never did!

[1] [From *The Fountain of Siena*, p. 12.]

[2] [See above, p. 503: there were many "Answers" to Cobbett; one by "Protestant" was issued in 1825.]

[3] [Mr. Isaacs continued the controversy, into which, however, Ruskin did not care to be drawn: see below, pp. 670-671.]

[4] [No. 61 in *Kate Greenaway*, pp. 145–146 (see below, p. 657).]

[5] [A review of the last *Fors* (by E. T. Cook) in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, December 23, 1884.]

I write a little bit every morning, and am going to label old things it refers to—little drawings and printing, and the like. I'm not going to talk of anybody more disagreeable than myself—so there will be nothing for people to snap and growl at. What shall I say about people who I think liked me?—that they were very foolish? I got a dainty letter from my fifteener to-day, and have felt a little better ever since. She's at the seaside—and says there's nothing on the shore. I've told her to look, and that I should like to write the "Natural History of a Dull Beach."

To Miss KATE GREENAWAY[1]

BRANTWOOD, *15th Jan.* 1885.

You say in one of—four! unanswered little gushes, you wonder how far I see you as you see yourself. No one sees us as we see ourselves: all that first concerns us must be the care that we do see ourselves as far as possible rightly.

In general, young people (and children, like you) know very little of themselves; yet *some*thing that nobody else can know. *My* knowledge of people is extremely limited—continually mistaken—and what is founded on experience, chiefly of young girls,—and this is nearly useless in your case, for you are mixed child and woman, and therefore extremely puzzling to me.

But I think you may safely conclude that, putting aside the artistic power, which is unique in its way, the rest of you will probably be seen more truly by an old man of—*165* which is about my age, than by yourself—at almost any age you ever come to.

I note with sorrow that the weather bothers you. So it does me; but when the pretty times come, *you* can enjoy them, *I* can't! Though I do a little like to see snow against blue sky still—to-day there's plenty of both. . . .

Don't be discouraged about the books. You and your publishers are both and all geese—you put as much work into that *Language of Flowers* as would have served three years' book-making if you had only drawn boldly, coloured truly, and given 6 for 60 pages. The public will always pay a shilling for a penny's worth of what it likes; it won't pay a penny for a pound's worth of—camomile tea. *You* draw and let ME colour next time!

[1] [No. 75 in *Kate Greenaway*, p. 148 (see below, p. 657).]

To the Rev. J. P. Faunthorpe[1]

Brantwood, 18*th January*, '85.

Dear Chaplain,—I am a little, or perhaps may more gratefully say not a little, better, and have been very happy in the kindness of the good Queens to Mrs. Talbot, and in *her* pleasure in their letters.

You will find, I hope to-morrow, at Chelsea, a box of small minerals, which begins the mineralogic store you must keep at the College for the Guild to distribute as we need them.

A certain number of select pieces shall be arranged for Whitelands itself, but I shall henceforward send all my mineral purchases to be catalogued and registered by the girls, with the receipted accounts for them, to be kept till we have a "Safe" on our own territory for registers and documents. You will see in the *Report*,[2] at last (on Friday) passed for press, the need of such an orderly procedure.

The honest and obliging mineralogist Mr. Francis Butler,[3] who will probably from this time be my chief caterer, lives at 180 Brompton Road, within easy call of you, and I should think might sometimes give the girls an informal lecture which would greatly help them.—Ever your loving and submissive J. R.

To Miss Kate Greenaway[4]

Brantwood, 19*th Jan.*, '85.

The book I send to-day is of course much more completed in shade than your outlines ever need—or ought to be,—but I believe you would find extreme benefit in getting into the habit of studying from nature with the pen point in this manner, and forcing yourself to complete the study of a head—cap, hair, and all—whether it succeeded or not to your mind, in the time you now give to draw the profile of lips and chin. You need never fear losing refinement,—

[1] [No. 75 in *Faunthorpe;* vol. ii. pp. 67, 68. For a list of the minerals given to Whitelands College, with notes by Ruskin, see Vol. XXVI. pp. 527–529.]

[2] [The *Report of St. George's Guild* for 1884, dated "January 1, 1885": Vol. XXX. pp. 69–84.]

[3] [For whom, see Vol. XXVI. p. 529.]

[4] [No. 76 in *Kate Greenaway,* p. 149 (see below, p. 657).]

you would gain steadily in fancy, knowledge, and power of expression of solid form, and complex character. Note especially in these drawings that their expressional power depends on the rightness, not the delicacy, of their lines, and is itself most subtle where they are most forcible. In the recording angels, pages 22, 23, the face of 23 is beautiful because its lines are distinct—22 fails wholly because the faint proof of the plate has dimmed them.

Tell me what the publishers "propose" now, that I may sympathise in your indignation—and "propose" something very different.

I can scarcely conceive any sale paying the expenses of such a book as the *Language of Flowers*—but think you could produce one easily, with the original outlay of, say, at the outsidest, £500, which you would sell 50,000 of at a shilling each in a month.

Tell me how you like the little head and tail pieces herewith. I'm going to use them for a little separate pamphlet on schools.[1]

To Miss KATIE MACDONALD[2]

BRANTWOOD, 22*nd Jan.*, '85.

MY DARLING KATIE,—I'm quite delighted with the Society—and its plans and its signatures—and its ages and its resolutions—they're all as nice as ever can be; and I'll be your Patron—or Dux—or anything you like to make me—only—it seems to me you don't need to be Patronised;—doesn't Patron sound too much as if you were a charitable Bazaar or an amateur concert or something of that sort? Don't you think you'd better call me the Society's "Papa"? I should feel ever so much more at home if you called me that!

Meantime I send you for entrance gift an engraving from a little sketch of mine which I'm rather proud of—the young Avocet[3] (it was made from the stuffed one which you will find at the British Museum—but I had also seen the real bird at the Gardens), and a little study of an antelope from life, by a clever girl—and I'll look out some other things directly for you—and be always your affectionate—Papa?—

J. RUSKIN.

[1] [Not written.]

[2] [From "The Friends of Living Creatures and John Ruskin," by Katie Macdonald Goring, in the *Fortnightly Review*, September 1907, p. 381. The Society was founded by Katie (*æt.* 10) and her brother (*æt.* 8): see the Introduction, Vol. XXXVI. pp. lxxv. *seq.*]

[3] [Reproduced as Plate VI. in Vol. XXV. (p. 74).]

To the Rev. J. P. Faunthorpe[1]

Brantwood, 24*th January* [1885].

Dear Chaplain,—The little drawing is one of my own, but not a good one, and Bayne is right in asking for another, but there are points in it which may be useful for a while, with you. I was very glad of your pretty words about Newnham, where I was just writing to to-day, and ordering from Allen books to go—as to Girton.

No, I haven't found out anything about land or dynamite.[2] People are always calling me too much or too little. I tell them true, but only what they ought to have found out before for themselves. They call me first a fool, then a prophet, till I begin to think myself sometimes that I've been "translated" like Bottom![3]

To Miss Helen Gladstone[4]

Brantwood, 24*th January*, 1885.

Dear Miss H——, Your letter gladdened my heart in many windows of it, east and west at once, in giving me good news of your father; in knowing that, "for M——'s sake," I was very sure to go the length of forgiving H——; and in allowing me the real grace of placing my books in your Newnham library.

I never was ambitious before in my life, though vain enough always; but I am verily ambitious now of becoming what, though it is much to say, it does seem to me that I ought to be, an acceptedly standard girl's-author, and I had like to have added "ity"; but stopped, being very sure they will always have more rule over me than I over them!

I have ordered my publisher to send exactly the same series to you that I sent to Girton, and to continue the series that are in course of publication.

With all sorts of love to M——, and all true good wishes for your Thursday's sunrise.—Ever faithfully and gratefully yours,

John Ruskin.

I think you will like to see the pretty saying about Newnham, which came to me this morning from Chelsea.[5]

[1] [No. 76 in *Faunthorpe;* vol. ii. pp. 69, 70 (see below, p. 646).]
[2] [This was the month of dynamite outrages at Westminster, the Tower, etc.]
[3] [*Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act iii. sc. 1.]
[4] [*Letters to M. G. and H. G.*, pp. 99, 100. Miss Helen Gladstone was at the time Vice-Principal of Newnham College.]
[5] [From Whitelands College, Chelsea: see the preceding letter.]

To FRANK SHORT[1]

BRANTWOOD, *25th January*, 1885.

MY DEAR SIR,—Both your etching and shade are admirable in feeling, and I shall be most happy to assist you in any way possible to me in your excellent project. Twelve carefully—and not hurriedly—finished plates, well printed, would represent all that is best in the *Liber*, and I hope become a standard Art School work. There are points I could correct in your plates, but you could do as well yourself on returning to them from another subject. The aquatint is less satisfactory. Don't waste your time on that method. Fine landscape mezzotint has yet a wide field open to it. I keep your proofs without compunction, and am faithfully and hopefully yours,

J. RUSKIN.

My best regards to Mr. Sparkes.[2] The etchings photographed by Americans[3] are quite good enough to work from—are they not at Kensington? Any of mine are at your service.

To the Rev. J. P. FAUNTHORPE[4]

BRANTWOOD [*January 27th*, 1885].

MY DEAR CHAPLAIN,—I am so glad of all your letters, chiefly of encouragement in *Our Fathers*. I meant you to see all the lectures,[5] but they got into a mess nobody *could* see clear but myself, and the third was printed in a hurry to clear type for new proof. The Fourth shall not fail to come to you.

I wish I were prophet enough to tell them what to do, now, with these explosive persons. Women detectives,—yes, but the primary detection of rogues in Character before Deed? I think nobody but known honest people, signing their names, should be allowed in Tower or Parliament. Much more one could propose, if anybody would only do it!—Ever your loving JOHN RUSKIN.

[1] [From *The Etched and Engraved Work of Frank Short, A.R.A.*, by Edward F. Strange (George Allen & Sons, 1908), p. xiv. See the Introduction, Vol. XXXVI. p. lxxiii. The proofs were of "Procris and Cephalus," the first of the plates in *Liber Studiorum* which Mr. Short had set himself to copy.]

[2] [J. C. L. Sparkes, at that time head-master of the National Art Training School, South Kensington.]

[3] [See above, p. 259.]

[4] [No. 77 in *Faunthorpe*; vol. ii. pp. 71, 72 (see below, p. 646).]

[5] [*The Pleasures of England.*]

To Stephen Rowland[1]

Brantwood, 28*th Jan.*, '85.

My dear Sir,—It is quite true that the Highland Regiments are now probably only half Highland—more's the pity. But their spirit and power is Highland absolutely. You could make nothing in the least like them of any Lowland race. For the Irish, see the Duke of Wellington's own testimony in preface to Capt. Butler's *Far-Out Rovings Retold*.[2]—Faithfully yours, J. Ruskin.

To Professor Oliver Lodge, F.R.S.[3]

Brantwood, 29*th Jan.*, '85.

My dear Sir,—I am deeply obliged to you for telling Miss Melly to forward your lecture to me, and there are, as you felt, many parts in it of immense interest to me: but assuredly it goes over far too much ground for one lecture, and leaves a great deal of what is most important in a state of mist without nucleus.

[1] [Who "sent the original of this letter to the Editor of the *Daily Telegraph*, to be sold for the benefit of the widows and orphans of the soldiers of the Highland regiments, April 19th, 1900."]

[2] [Not, however, the Duke's "own": see Vol. XXXIII. p. 23 *n.*]

[3] [From "Ruskin's Attitude to Science" in *St. George*, October 1905, vol. viii. p. 284. Sir Oliver Lodge, having noticed in *Modern Painters* and *Cœli Enarrant* vague hypotheses concerning the causes of the phenomena of clouds, sent a copy of his lecture on "Dust" (*Nature*, vol. xxxi. p. 265) to Ruskin. "Briefly," says Sir Oliver, "the *facts* concerning cloud and mist globules are that they are not hollow but are drops of water just like any other drops, save that they are small; and that they are falling by reason of their weight, which propels them through the air as fast as aerial friction will allow them to travel. Their rate of fall depends therefore upon their size; when they are big, like raindrops, they fall quickly, because the weight of a growing sphere increases faster than its surface—when very big, like thunder drops, their rate of fall is excessive—and when very small, like fine water-dust, they are only able to settle down slowly; yet always at the maximum speed due to the propelling force of their weight opposed by the friction of the medium in which they are moving; much as finest sand or emery powder settles slowly down in water during the process of 'levigation' with a velocity which for regular shapes without sharp edges can be accurately calculated mathematically on hydrodynamic principles. That clouds sometimes rise or soar in atmospheric space is simple enough, because an up-current of air can easily carry them up with it faster than they are falling through it. They can ascend *with* the air, but they never ascend *through* the air, nor do they 'float' in the slightest degree. Being 800 times heavier than an equal bulk of air, any idea of floating or of buoyancy is quite contrary to truth, they are *sinking* as fast as they can, though by reason of the fineness of their subdivision and the amount of surface accordingly exposed, their rate of sinking, like the falling of impossibly fine cotton wool or feathers, may be distinctly slow."]

The assertion that water molecules always fall is, as you know, new —and you do not explain how or why or when they *seem* to rise,— you do not *touch* the primary question in the whole matter—what gives a cloud its boundary?—and the attribution of the blue colour of the sky to water instead of air is not only left without proof, but without reference to some marvellous results of Tyndall's a while since, in which he made small firmaments in tubes.[1]

May I trespass on you with more of such questions? or is the lecture to be given in some expanded form which I should wait for?— Faithfully and gratefully yours, J. RUSKIN.

To the Rev. J. P. FAUNTHORPE[2]

BRANTWOOD [*January 30th*, 1885].

DEAR CHAPLAIN,—I am much set up by your wish for more of *Our Fathers*, but it isn't a book to go on with when one's tired. I hope you'll be content, with another *Proserpina* or so first, for I really mustn't lose the flowers this spring. Can any of the girls tell me where a passage is in a rather old lecture, "War," or "Iron," or the like—"Future of England" perhaps—about destructive Power being no power at all, but only that of a dead body or mildew spot?[3]

Have you Miller's *Mineralogy*,[4] and could you make anything of a class for the science?—Ever your very grateful J. R.

To FRANK SHORT[5]

1*st February*, 1885.

MY DEAR SIR,—The Coniston post is early to-day. I'll write at length for to-morrow. I am quite delighted at your good purpose. The plates you do should be those you like best; the only one I entirely plead for is the Chartreuse. I don't believe you could do— or anybody else—the Arveron or Devil's Bridge, but I hope for Ben Arthur—of the rest to-morrow.—Most heartily yours, J. RUSKIN.

[1] [On these experiments, see Vol. XIX. p. 292.]

[2] [No. 78 in *Faunthorpe;* vol. ii. pp. 73, 74 (see below, p. 646).]

[3] [See *The Crown of Wild Olive*, Lecture iii., "War," § 112 (Vol. XVIII. p. 478). Ruskin wanted the reference to the passage for use in *Roadside Songs of Tuscany:* see Vol. XXXII. p. 167 *n.*]

[4] [For this book, see Vol. XXVI. p. 272 *n.*]

[5] [This and the following letter are reprinted from *The Etched and Engraved Work of Frank Short, A.R.A.*, by Edward F. Strange, pp. xiv.–xvi.]

[*February* 2.]

Chartreuse.
Water Mill.
Grenoble Alps.
Inverary Pier.
Nymph at Well.
Source of Arveron.
Sunset on Beach.
Raglan.
Solway Moss.
Holy Island.
Cephalus.

Dear Mr. Short,—The whole series would involve no very ambitious plate, except the Arveron, which, perhaps, would cost you no more trouble than the Ben Arthur, and be more popular. It would give good contrast in the order suggested; but of plates to choose from (putting the hopeless Aesacus and Via Mala aside) there might be still:—

Ben Arthur.
Peat Bog.
Blair Athol.
Lake of Thun.
Bonneville.
Calais Pier.
Chepstow.
Little Devil's Bridge.
Jason.
Isis.
Windmill.

You might perhaps go up to twenty, if the public encouraged you, which would pretty nearly exhaust the real good of the book. But everything depends on your getting good skill in minute gradation; the Raglan would be good practice.[1]—Ever most truly yours,

J. Ruskin.

To Sir Theodore *and* Lady Martin[2]

[*February*, 1885.]

(*To* Sir T. Martin.) She has shown her beautiful sympathy with character in choosing Beatrice, and she may be assured that I am indeed listening with all my heart to every word she will have to say.

(*To* Lady Martin.) I thought I knew Beatrice, of any lady, by heart, but you have made her still more real and dear to me, especially by the little sentences in which you speak of your own feelings

[1] [Of the subjects suggested by Ruskin, Mr. Short executed Nos. 1, 2, 3, 6, 7, 8, 9, 11, 12, 16, and 19; also "the hopeless Aesacus and Via Mala": see Mr. Strange's Catalogue. By "Nymph at Well" Ruskin means the plate called "Hindoo Ablutions," and by "Sunset on Beach" that called "Mildmay Sea-piece."]

[2] [From the collection of Ruskin's letters (Nos. 11–13) in Mrs. Richmond Ritchie's *Records of Tennyson, Ruskin, and Browning*, pp. 147–148. "How few of us," she says, in reference to the last extract, "know how to think with such vividness!"]

in certain moments in acting her.[1] You have made me wretched because Beatrice is not at Brantwood. . . . I should like a pomegranate or two in Juliet's balcony.

(*To* SIR T. MARTIN.) You are happy at Llangollen in this season. The ferns and grass of its hills are far more beautifully and softly opposed than on ours.

To Miss SUSAN BEEVER[2]

BRANTWOOD, *7th Feb.*, 1885.

But you gave my present before,—a month ago, and I've been presenting myself with all sorts of things ever since; and it's not half gone. I'm very thankful for this, however, just now, for St. George, who is cramped in his career, and I'll accept it if you like for him. Meantime I've sent it to the bank, and hold him your debtor. I've had the most delicious gift besides, I ever had in my life,—the Patriarch of Venice's blessing written with his own hand, with his portrait. I'll bring you this to see to-morrow and a fresh Turner.

To Miss KATE GREENAWAY[3]

BRANTWOOD, *8th Feb.*, '85.

This is quite the most beautiful and delightful drawing you've ever given me, and I accept it with the more joy that it shows me all your powers are in the utmost fineness and fulness, and that you are steadily gaining in all that is best—and indeed will do many things, heaven sparing you and keeping your heart in peace,—more than [have] ever yet been seen—in all human dreams.

I will take real care about the addresses, but I really must have a pretty one for the New House—you don't suppose I'm going to write Frognal, every day of my life. It might as well be Dognal—Hognal—Lognal—I won't! If it is to be, I'll have it printed!!!

[1] [Lady Martin's analysis of Beatrice, in the form of a letter addressed to Ruskin, appeared in *Blackwood's Magazine* for February 1885. Lady Martin refers to Ruskin's letter at pp. 383–384 of Sir Theodore Martin's *Memoir* of her (1900). The article in *Blackwood* was reprinted in *On Some of Shakespeare's Female Characters*, by Helena Faucit, Lady Martin, 1885.]

[2] [No. 158 in *Hortus Inclusus* (see below, p. 632). For other references to Cardinal Agostini, Patriarch of Venice (1878–1891), see Vol. XXXII. pp. 126, 304, and *Præterita*, Vol. XXXV. p. 562. The present was probably a share of the profits of *Frondes Agrestes*.]

[3] [The first part of this letter ("This is . . . dreams") is No. 66 in *Kate Greenaway* (p. 146); and the last part ("I will take . . . printed") No. 59 in the same (p. 143).]

To Professor Oliver Lodge, F.R.S.[1]

Brantwood, Coniston, Lancashire, *9th Feb.*, '85.

My dear Sir,—Indeed I cannot at all enough thank you for your kindness in writing at such length—the less that I have never been able to get scientific men to answer me in this simple way. But *still* you go too fast for me a little, and it seems to me are too ready to accept ideas without looking at all the points they bear on,—as, for instance, that of Sir W. Thomson that cirri are caused by air-waves —when they are usually the quietest of clouds—and when till very lately we did not know how even sand was rippled by sea-waves (if we do so now).

My own strong opinion is that were they formed by air-waves, we should see both alternation and progression.

But the only way for me is to begin quite at the beginning. May I hope—perhaps once a week—that your kindness would answer for me a carefully limited question—such as, for instance, this?

A thousand feet cube of dry—absolutely—air—at any temperature you choose to take above zero—confined vertically over a cubic foot of water in a close tube, 1001 feet high.

What will become of the water—and by what kind of impulse or motion? and in what time?—Ever believe me, my dear Sir, your faithful and obliged servt. J. Ruskin.

To Miss Kate Greenaway[2]

Brantwood, ¼ *past* 2 p.m., 13*th Feb.*, '85.

Am I busy? Well, you shall hear just what I've done to-day.

7–½ past. Coffee. Read Northcote's Conversations,[3] marking extracts for lectures.

½ 7–8. Dress.

8–½ past. Write two pages of autobiography.

[1] [*St. George*, vol. viii. p. 285 (see below, p. 676). In reply to Ruskin's letter above (p. 513), says Sir Oliver Lodge, "I sent him a sort of condensed account of the chief feature of the kinetic theory of gases—the rapid movements of the individual molecules even in stationary air; and further explained the nature of evaporation and of condensation, as due to the same sort of imperceptible but rapid molecular movement and interchange of particles across the superficial boundary separating air and water."]

[2] [No. 77 in *Kate Greenaway*, p. 150 (see below, p. 657).]

[3] [Compare Vol. XXXV. p. 215.]

½ 8–¼ 9. Lesson to Jane Anne,[1] on spelling and aspiration. Advise her to get out of the habit of spelling "at," "hat."

¼ 9–half-past. Correct press of chapter of *Modern Painters*.[2]

½ 9–½ 10. Breakfast—read letters—devise answers to smash a bookseller, and please an evangelical clergyman—also to make Kate understand what I'm about, and put Joan's mind at ease. . . .

Wished I'd been at the Circus. Tried to fancy Clennie[3] "all eyes." Thought a little mouth and neck might be as well besides.

Pulled grape hyacinth out of box, and put it in water. Why isn't it blue?

½ 10. Set to work again. Finished revise of *M. P.* chapter. Then took up Miss Alex., next number. Fitted pages, etc., wrote to Miss A. to advise her of proof coming. Wrote to Clergyman and Joan and Smashed bookseller.

½ 12. Resumed chess game by correspondence. Sent enemy a move. Don't think she's much chance left.

1. Looked out some crystals, "Irish Diamonds" for School at Cork.[4] Meditated over enclosed mistress and pupils' letter—still to be answered before resting. Query—how?

¼ past one. Lunch. Pea soup.

¼ to two. Meditate letter to Colonel Brackenbury[5] on the *Bride of Abydos*. Meditate what's to be said to Kate.

2. Baxter comes in—receives directions for manifold parcels and Irish diamonds. Think I may as well write this, thus.

Wild rainy day. Wrote Col. Brackenbury while your ink was drying to turn leaves—now for Irish Governess, and my mineralogist—and that's all!

To the Rev. A. A. Isaacs[6]

Brantwood, 13*th February*, '85.

Dear Mr. Isaacs,—How incomparably funny, nice, and providential it is, that one of the persons whom I always look upon as my born and irreconcilable enemies—evangelical clergymen—should send me exactly this most precious gift, in its kind, I ever got in my life!

[1] [See Vol. XXXV. p. xxvi.]
[2] [For Part ii. of *Cœli Enarrant* (not issued, however), see Vol. VII. p. 141 *n.*]
[3] [Compare Vol. II. p. 527.]
[4] [See Vol. XXVI. p. 530.]
[5] [Charles Booth Brackenbury (1831–1890): for a letter to him, see Vol. XXXVI. p. 464.]
[6] [From *The Fountain of Siena*, p. 27. For the photograph of the fountain sent by Mr. Isaacs, see Vol. XXIII. p. 30 (Plate VII.).]

You can't imagine what a joy it is to me to see this precious fountain with my own eyes. I can get everything done with it that I want, except you properly thanked for it.

I am going to send you (when I find it) a note from a lonely Scottish clergyman at Whithorn, whom I wish you would advise and comfort a little.—Ever yours gratefully, J. Ruskin.

To the Rev. J. P. Faunthorpe[1]

Brantwood [*February 15th*, 1885].

Dear Chaplain,—The accounts in the *Report*[2] are my own only; all the regular accounts were presented at the meeting. They are made up by the Treasurer, with my comments, and shall be sent to you, and to the Companions, of course.

Botany!! My dear Chaplain,—I know that girls are taught to cut flowers to pieces—and all the world to pull them, whenever they see them! I wish I could slap their fingers, and break their microscopes. You shall have *such* a lot of things to see through press, if you will make a martyr of yourself, in a day or two.—Ever your loving J. R.

To Miss Kate Greenaway[3]

[1885.]

You're not going to call your house a Villa!? Could you call it Kate's State—or Kitty's Green—or Katherine's Nest,—or Brownie's Cell—or Camomile Court—or Lassie's Leisure—or the Romp's Rest—or—something of that sort?

To Miss Kate Greenaway[4]

Brantwood, *15th February*, 1885.

I hope you are beginning by this time in the afternoon to be very happy in thinking you're really at home on the Hill, now; and that you will find all the drawers slide nicely, and corners fit, and firesides cosy, and that the flowers are behaving prettily, and the chimneys draw—

[1] [No. 79 in *Faunthorpe;* vol. ii. pp. 75, 76.]

[2] [This may refer either to various accounts in the *Report* for 1884 (Vol. XXX. pp. 77 *seq.*), or to the "Financial History" of St. George's Guild (*ibid.*, pp. 103 *seq.*).]

[3] [This extract is No. 58 in *Kate Greenaway*, p. 143.]

[4] [No. 60 in *Kate Greenaway* (p. 143); written on the day before her flitting to her new house at Frognal.]

as well as you. That's a new Pun, all my own—only think! It isn't a very complimentary one—but indeed the first thing to be seriously thought of in a new house is chimneys. One can knock windows out, or partitions down—build out oriels, and throw up turrets—but never make a chimney go, that don't choose.

Anyhow, I'm glad you've settled somewhere—and that I shan't have my letters to direct nobody knows where. And let us bid both farewell to hollow ways, that lead only to disappointment, and know what we're about—and not think truths teazing—but enjoy each other's sympathy and admiration—and think always, how nice we are!

To Professor OLIVER LODGE, F.R.S.[1]

BRANTWOOD, *February* 16.

Some people say I have good command of language, but I have none in the least strong enough to thank you for the time and care you have given me. I trust, however, I shall be able to use the knowledge you give me, in a way that will please you, and enough [to] show my real respect for modern science in its proper function.

But please do me the justice to believe that I did not suppose my question "the most simple possible"—in itself—but simple only in the strict limitation of it—and I *meant* it to be more simple than you read it. I intended to say—but ill expressed myself—*Choose* your temperature, and suppose it permanent, with all the other conditions, and what will be the permanent state of the tube contents?

Your answer tells me many things more than this, and several things entirely new to me—namely, 1st, that quantity of evaporation does not depend on pressure of atmosphere; 2nd, that it *does* depend on temperature, and not on the capacity of air or other gas; 3rd, that the velocity of diffusion gas is like that of a rifle bullet; and others—which I will name in future order. The two curve papers, and all the statements of facts they express, are invaluable to me.

But of all these new pieces of knowledge to me, the most wonderful is that the molecules of a liquid are always in rapid motion—my tacit assumption has always been that they were as motionless, unless affected by external force, as the balls in a heap at Woolwich.

You may imagine, therefore, how entirely staggered and appalled I

[1] [*St. George,* vol. viii. pp. 285–286. Professor Lodge replied to the present letter by diagrams and curves "showing what was happening and giving the state of affairs after the lapse of considerable time." For Ruskin's citation of Professor Lodge's letter, see Vol. VII. p. 142.]

am at the idea of atoms "jumping out by their own proper motion, or by blows from below, etc.," and I do not feel capable to go on to the ideas of steam (water vapour) at the freezing point of water, rushing wildly about!

But please observe, I shut you into my tube, that you might, after a certain time, have no "processes going on." I supposed—(I shall no more venture to say I *suppose* anything)—that, evaporation once carried to the forcible point, and temperature always constant, and pressure precluded, everything would remain static; and I was then going to propose to you—having chosen my thousand feet of height with a purpose—experiments on this stable state of things at different elevations. But please, before doing so, will you put the matter into the form I want for me? I see you give me all the data necessary, and will work out this for myself.

You tell me, all the water will have disappeared. Now I don't want it all to disappear. Therefore, let me now take temperature constant 32—1000 cubic feet of absolutely dry air, and as many cubic feet of water below as it can absorb, to the point of saturation, leaving still say a cubic foot of water at the bottom. Then, before I come to my experiments, will these mystic motions and rushing about produce any visible further changes to mortal eyes? This is all I ask in the present note.

I answer at once—in gratitude alike, and astonishment; but indeed you have given me enough to meditate on for a month, so only please answer this note at your perfect leisure and pleasure.—Ever your grateful J. Ruskin.

To Professor Oliver Lodge, F.R.S.[1]

Brantwood, 18*th Feb.*

Dear Professor Lodge,—I am more obliged for your last note than for the rest, because it shows me you can see exactly what I want, and sympathise with my difficulties.

Difference between molecules and globules understood—all that *Cœli* chapter[2] shall be supplemented and corrected accordingly.

Of the molecular motion I thought yesterday till I was sick and giddy and could eat no dinner. I can't read any books upon it, nor do I ever concern myself about anything that I cannot see, touch, or feel with my heart. I come to *you* to give me the *facts* of what I could *see* if I chose.

[1] [*St. George*, vol. viii. pp. 286–287.]
[2] [See, again, Vol. VII. pp. 141, 142.]

Your curve papers are invaluable, and you are so good-natured that I will trespass on you to do for me what I could do for myself,—tell me how many inches cube of water go into a thousand feet cube of air at 32, and when the water and air are settled, will they stay so?

And just this one—it seems to me—natural and logical question about the forms hitherto arrived at for speed of molecular motion. If two molecules were side by side in space, would they repel each other at the rate—of whatever they go at—a mile a second—and go on in opposite directions at that rate for ever?—Ever your most grateful J. R.

To Professor OLIVER LODGE, F.R.S.[1]

BRANTWOOD, CONISTON, LANCASHIRE, 22 *Feb.*, '85.

DEAR PROFESSOR LODGE,—I hope henceforward every Saturday to have my next question ready shaped by the week's meditation—you answering always at any leisure moment, and not answering when busy. The impression I gave you of being too weary was only in the first astonishment of the new piece of natural law to be received and to leaven all I knew before. I cannot at all tell you how delightful it is to me to learn, when my tutor will give time to make things plain to me in my own way.

I have said, my next *question*—but you know every question has its negative and positive pole, and may be considered as at least two-legged, if not tripod, so I venture on two relatives.

A. We have our tube full of air and of water vapour all at 32—the glass or other enclosure—let us say glass, that we may see water being preternaturally kept at 32 all round and up and down and henceforward to be considered always as neutral and passive whatever happens outside or in—in fact, an imaginary and absolutely transparent enclosure.

On the enclosed column, with the water below, I want you now to send sunrays, calorific and luminous, all the lot of them, at an angle of 60, and with a calorific force equal to that of average sunshine at noon—(you must take your own degree, giving your own postulates of condition)—let this action of sunrays be supposed constant—(Joshua stopping the sun as long as we want). Then, what at the end of—whatever time you like, will be the *state* of the (it may be well to use the word in this sense always)—of the tube's contents, and through what processes and appearances?

[1] [*St. George*, vol. viii. pp. 287–288.]

Mercy on us, perhaps I'd better not go on to B, to-day—but you can guess what B *will* be—dropping the temperature ten degrees in the shade.

And will you please keep my letters and number them, as I shall yours?

And will you please tell me the quite right inscription for your address?

And will you please believe me ever gratefully and respectfully yours, J. RUSKIN.

To Miss KATIE MACDONALD[1]

BRANTWOOD, *24th February*, 1885.

N.B.—Always date your letters, and like that—not II., 24, 85.

DARLING KATIE,—(I didn't mean to dot the "i" twice—but it's better that than not once—and if anybody reads Kati-é, it won't be much harm). The Society has given me a great delight this morning by the news of its taking me for papa, and sending me all those lovely photographs—and I hope to give you all some pleasure in return, by something I have found to send you for your meeting (before or after seeing the Landseer pictures I suppose you will have a meeting to write the stories at? or begin writing them.—Tell me how it will be arranged). To-day I have had only time to look out a letter of my adopted sister's for you—which contains a beautiful story about a dog. . . . Meantime, two serious words only about your "stories." When you write fables, try always to make the animals speak, though with *your* words and wit, only from *their* experience and feelings. Don't make a frog talk like a crane, nor a crane like a swallow; in the second and far more important place, when you collect and write down your experiences of animals, be sure you give as far as possible the exact facts—and no more than the facts. Don't attribute to the animals any more cleverness than you are sure of—nor guess their feelings. Say what they *did* with precision, and how they looked and *seemed* to feel—but all as carefully as if you were on oath in a court of justice. And so good-bye for to-day.—Ever your loving Papa—F.L.C. J. RUSKIN.

I copy F.L.C. from your letter, but am ashamed to confess I neither quite know what the first letter is meant for, nor what any of them stand for!

[1] [From "The Friends of Living Creatures and John Ruskin," by Katie Macdonald Goring, in the *Fortnightly Review*, September 1907, pp. 383–384.]

To Professor OLIVER LODGE, F.R.S.[1]

BRANTWOOD, *6th March.*

DEAR PROFESSOR LODGE,—I am wholly thankful for your new letters, but I have not yet quite got free of incumbrance enough. My tube is to be wholly mythic; it can't congeal dew—or do anything else—for or against you.

It is an ideal tube, separating the air we have to experiment on from what surrounds it. Practically on a perfectly calm day at sea there are 5000×5000 such tubes in every square mile—you have only to fancy one cut out—as the corner cut out of a haystack.

And I can't allow you any atoms either! I begin with perfectly dry,—perfectly *moteless* air. Such a thing may not be possible, but it is easily conceivable,—and till you told me of them, I never conceived or heard of any material atoms as influencing formation of rain.

I must meditate over your letter, however, before going on. The part I am working up to is the time and cause of appearance of visible mist, but I don't want to give you one word to read or reply uselessly—only perhaps in the meantime you will tell me how the deposition or fall of the vapour will take place on depression of temperature—on the *condition of no* motes.—Ever your grateful

J. R.

To Professor OLIVER LODGE, F.R.S.[2]

BRANTWOOD, *8th* [*March*].

DEAR PROFESSOR LODGE,—Please, I want my tube shut up at the top, because I'm going to boil the water in it presently, and then heat it white hot, and the ideal tube must have an ideal lid on the

[1] [*St. George*, vol. viii. pp. 288–289: "Of interest," says Sir Oliver Lodge, "as showing how new and unexpected was the now familiar doctrine that nuclei are needed for the condensation of mist."]

[2] [*Ibid.*, p. 290. In this letter "there comes a repeated reference to the blue of the sky, which was a topic mentioned in the first letter, and on this subject therefore I must now say a few explanatory words:—

"The accepted and certain theory concerning the colour of the sky is that it due to the reflexion of light from very small particles, particles so small as to be comparable with the waves of light themselves, so small as to reflect the short waves more than the long ones, and thus to reflect chiefly the light which produces the sensation of blue, and to transmit chiefly the light which appeals to our eyes

top and sides of it, and mustn't think of bursting—*then* your open-topped one will be lovely, but it's too big for me yet.

And I'm still in great molecular agitation myself at the *entirely* new things you have told me about perpetual motion and universal motes, and have got to accustom myself to this notion of the perpetual fidgets of calm water—and the motes even in Athena's blue eyes—the very cause of their blue! Meantime, here's just a little common bit of fact, showing you what I mean by asking what outlines a cloud. This is fair-weather cloud at a height of four thousand feet, coming down, and melting as it descends.[1] It could not be thus fringed unless it were on a mountain—and in contact with it. How does the mountain produce the fringes, and why is the cloud formed there only, not in any part of the rest of the sky? This is all by way of mere rest, for myself, for the straight on pure science—all new to me—must go very slowly.—Ever your gratefullest J. R.

All that I really *ask* in this letter—straightforward work—is, What substance is the beneficent dust made of, and how does it get up there and stay there?—in consistency with your principle of no heavy thing floating.

as red. So that a source of light seen *through* the atmosphere, like the setting sun, is red or orange, or even crimson; while light reflected from the upper regions of atmosphere, when clear and free from grosser particles or cloud, will be distinctly blue.

"In 1884 it was orthodox to assert that these minute particles were of the nature of fine, or superfine, dust, on the strength chiefly of some experiments of Tyndall's; a sky-blue appearance is familiarly imitated by the undersized fatty globules in skimmed milk, especially in the material sold in towns before the date of municipal enterprise—this milk transmitted a reddish or orange colour while it reflected a sort of sky-blue, by which name it was often disparagingly called. But Mr. Ruskin rebelled against the idea of dust-motes in the upper regions of the air, and especially resented the idea that the clear blue of the sky could be due to anything so gross and terrestrial as dust. Such rebellion of the artistic instinct is never in my judgment altogether to be despised, and in the present instance it has been to a great extent justified by the mathematical discovery of Lord Rayleigh that the discontinuity of *air itself*, due to its atomic structure, is sufficient to cause a very perceptible reflexion of the small waves of light, so that the active particles which are effective in causing the blue of the sky are probably chiefly the atoms of oxygen and nitrogen themselves, without the need for any admixture of even the finest terrestrial dust carried upwards by winds and the like; though it is not to be denied that such ultra fine particles, and even coarser particles occasionally, do get there to some extent, for when dust is shot up by volcanoes the higher and finer powder may give brilliant colours and conspicuous sunset-effects for quite a long period, until it has had time slowly to settle down again."]

[1] [Ruskin enclosed "a little water-colour drawing of a curious fringed cloud, lying on a forest on a hillside, with fingers of mist all stretching downwards like the teeth of a comb—an appearance for which I had no full-fledged explanation ready."]

To Professor OLIVER LODGE, F.R.S.

BRANTWOOD, 14*th March.*

DEAR PROFESSOR LODGE,—*All* your letters are far more than useful to me, and this little one especially so in its quiet generalisation,—but it will take me some time yet to obtain clearness of conception enough to justify my putting more questions.

I have entirely to arrange—or re-arrange, which is more difficult—all my notions of solution—diffusion—volatilisation—explosion. I have always thought of warm air as sucking up water like a sponge, not in the least of water rising into vacuum, and of gases interpenetrant without consciousness of each other. So again the motion of a given degree of heat in a fixed substance like gold is a totally different thing from the motion of a given degree of heat in a liquid or an essence, and all my notions of latent heat have to be rubbed up into phosphorescence.

Do not think I am ceasing to be interested when I am long in reply.

I am so glad you like to have the little fringe cloud.—Ever gratefully yours, J. R.

To Professor OLIVER LODGE, F.R.S.[2]

BRANTWOOD, 13*th*—*No*—14*th* [really 16th] *March.*

DEAR PROFESSOR LODGE,—I *will* venture to-day outside my tube—which is bothering even me a little—hater of all liberty and emancipation though I am—to put my next questions in a more generally applicable or answerable form.

But, please, let us waste no time in hypotheses; I never made but one in all my life, and that was wrong. I only want to know what *is.*

And first in motion. Don't let us mix elements. Ink diffuses in water because it isn't water—the water in the ink's place, which the ink pushed out of it, begins infinite motion, but would not have stirred if you had let it alone? Again, don't let us confuse Heat motion with explosive motion. Perhaps a rose leaf has no scent frozen, but neither can I lift my arm if I'm frozen. But it is not the heat enables me to move my arm, or write this word, nor which gives the rose its smell—and more, none—except on occasion.

[1] [*St. George*, vol. viii. p. 291.]

[2] [*Ibid.*, pp. 291–292. Professor Lodge in reply objected to Ruskin's "erroneous statements about diffusion."]

Again. Don't let us confuse condensation of vapour on a cool surface with rain from the cooled vapour on a hot one. I have seen thunder drops almost hiss on heated rock—as one hears hail hiss in the chimney—and my question—inside or outside tube—is concerning the water vapour cooled in itself—falling, in consequence, in small or big (drops?), or anyhow—somehow—it does fall? otherwise than dew.

I will *grant* your motes, for drop centres (though I don't a bit believe in them yet!—except in Tyndall's experiments at the Royal Institution),—but *granting* you your motes to begin with, what is the difference of operation in the producing drops of Scotch mist, or thunder drops as big as a sixpence—or hail stones such as I measured one of, half-an-hour after it had fallen, still five inches and a quarter round?—Ever your gratefullest J. R.

To the Rev. J. P. Faunthorpe [1]

Brantwood, *Sunday*, 15*th March*, '85.

Dear Chaplain,—I send you [*The Pleasures of*] *Fancy* to-day, most thankfully washing my hands of it, and most earnestly thanking you for all you are doing for me. That [*Index to*] *Fors* must be awful! But it will be thrice the book, Index once done.

As for *Our Fathers* being *my* work, it's all very fine! It's *yours;* mine is Political Economy, and Mineralogy, and Ornithology. I'm painting a Peacock's Feather, and putting up a packet of stones for you.—Ever your lovingest J. R.

To Miss Kate Greenaway

Brantwood, 17*th March.*

And it is your birthday!—and my letter was no good, and I don't know how to give you any wish that you would care to come true,—but I will wish you—every birthday—some new love of lovely things, and some new forgetfulness of the teazing things, and some higher pride in the praising things, and some sweeter peace from the hurrying things, and some closer fence from the worrying things. And longer stay of time when you are happy, and lighter flight of days that are unkind.

[1] [No. 81 in *Faunthorpe;* vol. ii. p. 79.]

To Professor OLIVER LODGE, F.R.S.[1]

BRANTWOOD [*March* 20].

DEAR PROFESSOR LODGE,—Don't ever think of me as an opponent, or controversialist. I come to you simply to learn. I am perfectly ready to believe what you tell me, but in most cases would not like you to think I cannot understand, or will not take the trouble to understand, your proofs,—above all, don't think to deal with any question of physics by logical phrases.

It is as absolutely right to say that a stone sinks in water because it is not water, and that oil floats on it for the same negative reason, as that Englishmen win battles because they are not Frenchmen.

And, so far from *ignoring* your objection to my statements, I here pause till I thoroughly understand you. I thought we had long ago consented to the practical fact that if *these* [small sketch] be globules or molecules of water at the bottom of our tube, they might shake, vibrate, or rise into a vacuum or into air—but that once the top row risen, and the temperature fixed, the rest stayed where they were.—Ever gratefully yours, J. R.

To Miss WALDRON[2]

BRANTWOOD, *March 24th,* 1885.

DEAR MISS WALDRON,—The law of England is absolutely one with the moral law in all its enactments respecting parental authority. It certainly would not sanction a compulsory marriage. Obedience, both to God and our parents, means essentially *Love.* Love and honour your Father and Mother,—obey them, in all their just pleasure. But you are yourself wholly responsible for the charge of your body and soul.

The rules of the St. George's Guild are embodied in its vow,[3] which I have ordered to be sent you. They are summed in living honestly and usefully.—Ever your faithful servant, J. RUSKIN.

[1] [*St. George,* vol. viii. pp. 292–293.]
[2] [No. 32 in *Various Correspondents,* pp. 92–93.]
[3] [See *Fors Clavigera,* Letter 58 (Vol. XXVIII. p. 419).]

To Miss Helen Gladstone [1]

Brantwood, 29*th March*, 1885.

Dear Miss H——, I have not promised my presentation [2] yet; but please look over enclosed case, and tell me what you think of it.

I'm so wild just now because your father won't make *me* Prime Minister for a day, like the Sleeper Awakened.[3] Love to M——. She wouldn't come to "help to look after" *me*, would she, if I took the rheumatism badly, or neuralgia, or anything pitiable (without being disagreeable?) of that sort?

To Professor Oliver Lodge, F.R.S.[4]

Brantwood, 1*st April*.

Dear Professor Lodge,—I trust you have not thought my silence ungrateful;—having got to a sort of fresh start in the subject, I thought it was only my duty to you to make myself acquainted (before I troubled you further) with the present state of scientific theories on the matter; and beginning to look into it, found I must simply recast all my elements of chemistry, which I am proceeding roughly to do—the solidification of hydrogen in 1878 giving me something to think of to begin with!

But, in the meantime, may I now ask permission to know you *yourself* a little better?—what your general work, wishes, prospects, are in science—how far you feel yourself, or compel yourself, to be exclusively scientific—how far you are interested in human, as well as gaseous, nature—how far interested in the Use of science in Education, as an intellectual stimulant, or moral discipline?

Understanding these matters (and assuming you to be young and in fullest ardour of effort), I should take quite different lines of question—according to your answers—and lead you, so far as I had power, into different lines both of teaching and discovery. Whether I asked you, for instance, to look at clouds, or bottle them, would depend wholly on my knowing how far you would enjoy doing this or

[1] [No. 45 in *Letters to M. G. and H. G.*, p. 101.]

[2] [To Christ's Hospital: see Vol. XVII. p. 418.]

[3] [See the "Story of Abu-l-Hasan," who wished to be Caliph for one day, in the *Arabian Nights* (ch. xii. in Lane's ed.).]

[4] [*St. George*, vol. viii. pp. 293–294. "Ultimately there came this letter, which throws light upon what was, I believe, frequently Mr. Ruskin's attitude, viz., his desire to take in hand and mould according to his own pattern some hopeful and ingenuous youth."]

that. Also, I very practically want to know what range of science your *work covers*;—for instance, may I ask you questions in geology? I have got into a discussion on cleavage with Professor Seeley,[1] but he and I are distinctly opponent in temper and principle, and have to talk through our helmet bars—with you I could get at the facts more easily by far. And are you in command of a laboratory where I can buy things I want—for instance, just now, some pure alumina to make dirt pies with?

And now, for one real question—to begin the new series—quite free of tube. The clearest condition of air I know is that which under certain conditions comes before rain—"the distant hills are looking nigh."[2] The best general exponent, on the contrary, of the word mist is the general look of the air on a fine frosty morning.

What is, or is supposed to be, the difference in the state or size of water molecules which render them invisible in the one case, *dimly* visible in the other?—Ever your grateful J. RUSKIN.

Please note, *I* am "Professor" no longer. I have resigned my office at Oxford in consequence of the vote on vivisection.[3]

To Miss KATE GREENAWAY[4]

BRANTWOOD, *Easter Day* [*April 5*], 1885.

Something less stony than the Lamp-post. But I *am* ever so much more stony! Adamantine—Flint-ine—Calcareous—Porphyritic—Sand and pebbly—Salt and Shingly—Washy and weedy.

A hedgehog is also like me—and a Snail—and a mole and a tortoise—and the Dome of St. Paul's—and the Bells in it, and the—well—Cross on the top of it—as it's Easter, I'll admit some Cruciformness in me. But, oh Katie, we're both cut out with our flower book. Here's a perfect Primrose of a clergyman brought out such a book of flowers! beats us all to sticks—buds—and roots. I've got to write to him instantly and it's short post.

No, *none* of those fourteen people caught it; but two caught it hot yesterday at Oxford—the Dean of Ch. Ch. and Dr. Acland!

All good of Easter Sun to you.[5]

[1] [H. G. Seeley (1839-1909), F.R.S., Professor of Geology at King's College, London.]

[2] A reference to Ruskin's lecture on *The Storm-Cloud:* Vol. XXXIV. p. 18.]

[3] [See, on this subject, Vol. XXXIII. p. lvi.]

[4] [Partly printed, No. 48, in *Kate Greenaway*, p. 136 (see below, p. 657).]

[5] [At the end, Ruskin signs himself graphically, in succession, as a hedgehog, a snail, etc., etc.]

To Miss Kate Greenaway [1]

Brantwood, *Easter Tuesday* [*April* 7, 1885].

Ah, just wait till you see! I'm quite crushed! Never knew such pink and blue could be found in Boxes—and not a touch of camomile anywhere! and not a single leaf in an attitude!

Well, those anemones are a thing to tell of! What a heavenly place London might be—if there was nobody in it.

Yes, you SHALL draw the tulip this time—if there's a bit of possible tulip in you—I have my doubts.

To Professor Oliver Lodge, F.R.S.[2]

Brantwood, *9th April.*

My dear Friend,—This has been a very happy, and a singularly *helped* day to me, in manifold ways—in none more than in receiving your beautiful letter, and in recognizing that I have found in you a true staff for my failing steps, and a heart to which I can trust things that mine must soon be at rest from caring for.

But not less that I hope in time to show you grounds for not regretting the apparent loss of those seven years,—the chief one I can tell you at once—that I believe fallow-fieldedness of brain at that time to be almost a necessity for its after-soundness, in men of your vivid temperament.

Be thankful that life indeed began for you at 21. Mine scarcely did, till I was older than you are now,[3]—and is beginning again now, I believe!

I cannot say more to-day but that in its little material way the *clay* is a *great* delight to me—(and that I also love a Steam Engine![4]) —Ever affectionately yours, J. Ruskin.

[1] [No. 67 in *Kate Greenaway*, p. 147.]

[2] [*St. George*, vol. viii. pp. 294–295. "I of course sent him the clay asked for; and in my reply, while distinctly indicating that my line of life-work was already chosen, entered on some rather intimate biographical details,—details which must have evoked some feeling in his large heart, for he favoured me with the following delightful letter, of which the concluding sentence—referring to something hazardous which I had said, thinking he would scoff at it—will be a surprise to many."]

[3] [Sir Oliver Lodge was thirty-four at the time of this letter. Ruskin was thirty-four in 1853.]

[4] [As was shown in the *Cestus of Aglaia:* see Vol. XIX. p. 61.]

To GEORGE ALLEN [1]

BRANTWOOD, 15*th April*, 1885.

I am utterly aghast at hearing the Apennine and Seaweed plates are destroyed. I cannot conceive what I meant by ordering it—whether I found them printing too heavy, or wished to give value to the book I did not intend to reprint, I cannot remember. The Stones in Unrest I destroyed as a failure, Loire-side as a ghost in printing, and Rocks at Rest as a stupidity—but I always liked the Apennine and Aliga—and *now* hold them the very gems of the Atlas!

Without them, and the Rosa, I am reduced to ten in all for the *Cœli* Atlas, for I cancel the perspective ones as unintelligible and ugly, and keep only the Frontispiece from Vol. iii., plates 36 and 50 from iv., and 63, 66, 67, 69, 70, 71, 72 from Vol. v.[2]—I really think we must try to get up a couple more between us! Anyhow, I shall have to look over all references and numbers again before printing second *Cœli*,—so I'm going to send Jowett the copy for Protestantism lecture and get that out first. I've had a lot to read and recast for the second *Cœli* besides.[3]

To the Rev. WILLIAM KINGSLEY

BRANTWOOD, CONISTON, LANCASHIRE, 21*st April*, '85.

MY DEAR KINGSLEY,—I think, after all our years of friendship—and on your part of help and kindness to me—you might ask me to look at a boy's drawings without going round by Joanie. But—all the

[1] [This letter refers to an intention which Ruskin had, but did not carry out, of issuing an "atlas" of engravings in illustration of *Cœli Enarrant*, which, if completed, would have gathered together his writings on Clouds and Skies. The "Apennine and Seaweed" (S. Giorgio in Aliga) were Plates 14 and 15 in vol. iii. of *Modern Painters*, engraved by Thomas Lupton: see Vol. V. p. xiv. The "Stones in Unrest," "Loire-side," and "Rocks at Rest" were Plates 81, 73, and 80 in vol. v. of *Modern Painters*. No. 73, etched by Ruskin himself, was for the ed. of 1888 reproduced by Messrs. Boussod, Valadon & Co., whose plate has again been used in the present edition; Nos. 80 and 81, by J. C. Armytage, were afterwards re-engraved by G. Cook. The "Rosa" was No. 68 in vol. v.; it was by J. C. Armytage, and was afterwards re-engraved by G. Cook. On this subject, see Vol. III. p. lx. The "perspective ones" are Nos. 64 and 65 in vol. v.]

[2] [The ten selected Studies of Skies and Clouds were thus to have been "Lake, Land, and Cloud (near Como)," "Crest of La Côte," "Goldau," "The Cloud Flocks," "Light in the West, Beauvais," "Clouds," "Aiguilles and their Friends," "The Graiæ," "Venga Medusa," and "The Locks of Typhon."]

[3] [No Second Part of *Cœli* was ever issued; Ruskin's correspondence with Sir Oliver Lodge had shown the need of much reconsideration. A note intended for the Second Part is, in this edition, printed in Vol. VII. pp. 141–143. Neither was the "Protestantism lecture," Lecture v. of *The Pleasures of England*, ever printed by *Ruskin:* see in this edition, Vol. XXXIII. pp. 505–520.]

more for her pretty messenger's office—shall I be most happy to look at, and think over, whatever you send me.

Meantime, for another matter, in final arrangement of my books, as I would leave them behind me, I am coming on many which I should like my friends to have at once. If you have it not already, may I send you Wood's *Rivers of Wales?*[1] In the prosaic—yet pathetic—earnestness of it, you may sometimes find a memory of places you have cared for, which will give you real, though scornful pleasure.

When *are* you going to make up your mind finally about the glaciers—and repent of that cock-and-bull story you used to tell me of[2]—the furrow in the rock with the plough left in it!—Ever your lovingest J. Ruskin.

To the Rev. J. P. Faunthorpe[3]

Brantwood, 22*nd April*, '85.

Dear Chaplain,—Here are last two of first lot [of books]; I can't do any more to-day; nor can Joanie come on the 1st—her own boys are going to school on that day; but a quite delightful, sympathetic, clever, motherly, children's playmate, and girlish, modish, courtly, children's spoiler, a procession-loving, pathos-loving French lady, with all that's good of English in her too, given by her infinitely good-natured "Dick" of a husband, *can* I believe, and I am sure rejoicingly will, if she can.

Will you write, saying it is by my request, to Mrs. Richard Searle, Home Lodge, Herne Hill, S.E.?—Ever your loving J. R.

To Mrs. Allen Harker[4]

22*nd April*, '85.

This is just to say I was very glad of *your* letter, and infinitely amused and pleased by all you did and said and felt at Francesca's,[5] and rather cross at your having been so vexed at having no letter

[1] [*The Principal Rivers of Wales Illustrated*, by John George Wood, 1813.]

[2] ["The Bull is a rock as big as a cottage on a slope of volcanic rock, having left a furrow behind, with a heap of detritus in front. The glacier markings are far more distinct in Wales than in Cumberland" (W. K.).]

[3] [No. 83 in *Faunthorpe;* vol. ii. pp. 82, 83 (see below, p. 646).]

[4] [From "John Ruskin in the 'Eighties," in the *Outlook*, February 11, 1899. Reprinted in *Scribner's Magazine*, November 1906, p. 566; addressed to the correspondent of letters on pp. 481, 482, 485, above. She had now married, and the honeymoon was spent in Italy, Ruskin having given his friends an introduction to Mrs. and Miss Alexander at Florence. The following letter is to her husband, Mr. Allen Harker.]

[5] [Miss Alexander.]

from me on your wedding day. Just think at sixty-six how many wedding letters a man who has had lots of girl pets must have had to write, and how well he knows them all to be waste paper, and that more depends on a girl's attending to how much sugar her husband likes in his tea than on all the pious and poetical effusions of her whole dynasty of friends and well-wishers.

But I wrote Allen as nice a letter as I could, and that was much better, and I really hope to have a great deal of joy in you both. Take care of each other and don't tire yourselves in the hot weather, and don't try to admire Tintoret for my sake, but look well at the "Paradiso." I hope the day will come when we shall all be flying about like that, just where we like to.

To ALLEN HARKER

This has been a very happy and helpful day to me, and your letter gives a very lovely rose colour to it all. It is a deep honour and joy to me to be able to add to the hope, for you both, of this beginning of new thoughts and ways, an old man's testimony that this world is as much God's world as the world to come—for those who know how to love.

To Miss KATE GREENAWAY[1]

BRANTWOOD, 1*st May*, 1885.

I never was so much pleased with any drawing yet as with this, for it is complete in *idea*, and might become a consummate picture, with very little effort more; nor were ever faces more lovely than those of the central girl and the one on her right hand. You must paint me this some day—in Mays to come, when you're doing all sorts of lovely things at Brantwood, and the books give you no more trouble, and yet bring you in showers of gold like the celandines.

And I'll try not to tease. It's too sweet of you doing this lovely thing for me.

And what pleases me best of all is the beauty of the rhyme. It is higher in rhythmic power and quality than anything I've read of yours, and is in the entirely best *style* of poetry. I believe the half of your power is not shown yet.

You have given me a very happy May Day.

[1] [No. 68 in *Kate Greenaway*, p. 147.]

To Miss Katie Macdonald [1]

May, 1885.

Darlingest Katie,—*I* want to see *you* again, and the Secretary and the Treasurer, and the—other officials—and Diamond Eyes—and the Shrimper.

Couldn't we have tea and shrimps officially, all together, some day? and I would bring Lily? It's too nice to be possible, I'm afraid.

But I am so glad the "Treasure" is really Founded.

What's *Cyprus* silver? *We must* have pure Silver. I'll send you some native silver to be in the middle of the treasury—and keep you in crosses—small, but pure.—Ever your Imperative Papa.

Another time don't leave the poor Park without its K, for want of room,—but put K round the corner Par K.

To Miss Kate Greenaway [2]

Whit-Black-Monday [London, *May* 26, 1885].

I was down to very low tide to-day, and am still but partly rested —still my hand not serving me—the driving about town continually tires me fearfully;—then I get vexed to be tired—then I can't eat because I'm vexed—then I can't sleep—and so it goes on. I've been thinking rather sorrowfully over the Marigold garden,[3] which is no garden, but a mystification—the rather that I saw a real Marigold garden at Mr. Hooper's, the wood engraver's, on Thursday, and was amazed. And I mourn over your not showing me things till it's too late to do anything, less or more.

I'm at the saddest part of my autobiography, and think extremely little of myself—then and now.[4] I was sulky and quarrelled with all life—just because I couldn't get the one thing I chose to fancy. *Now* I can get nothing I fancy—all the world ebbing away, and the only question for me now, What next?

If you could only change souls with me for five minutes!—what a wise Katie you would be, when you got your own fanciful one back again.

[1] [No. 11 in "Friends of Living Creatures and John Ruskin," *Fortnightly Review*, 1907, September, p. 382, October, p. 500. For the reference in "the Shrimper" and "Diamond Eyes," see the Introduction, Vol. XXXVI. p. lxxvii. The little girls had proposed to wear "Cyprus silver crosses" as badges.]

[2] [No. 78 in *Kate Greenaway*, pp. 150–151.]

[3] [*Marigold Garden. Pictures and Rhymes*, by Kate Greenaway (1885).]

[4] [The diary MS. of *Præterita* (see Vol. XXXV. p. lvii.) shows that Ruskin had been writing the passage about Adèle which appeared as §§ 255 *seq.* of vol. i. (*ibid.*, pp. 228 *seq.*).]

To FRANK SHORT[1]

Whit Tuesday, 1885.

MY DEAR SIR,—I trust you won't mind my revision of the rough proof. All you send me is superb; and what on earth puzzles you about the Arveron? Can't you etch it as badly? The main glory of the plate is the redemption of the etching by the mezzo.

Can you be in your etching-room at Kensington to-morrow afternoon between 3 and 4? or say 3, as nearly as may be. If you can, don't trouble to answer. (I may bring Mr. Severn with me, who is deeply interested.)—Ever faithfully yours, J. RUSKIN.

You may take another instead of Inverary — Ben Arthur? or Clyde?

To Miss SUSAN BEEVER[2]

BRANTWOOD [*June*, 1885?].

It is *such* a joy to hear that you enjoy anything of mine, and a double joy to have your sympathy in my love of those Italians.[3] How I wish there were more like you! What a happy world it would be if a quarter of the people in it cared a quarter as much as you and I do, for what is good and true.

That Nativity *is* the deepest of all.[4] It is by the master of Botticelli, you know; and whatever is most sweet and tender in Botticelli he owes to Lippi.

But, do you know, I quite forget about Cordelia, and where I said it![5] please keep it till I come. I hope to be across to see you to-morrow.

They've been doing photographs of me again,[6] and I'm an orang-outang as usual, and am in despair. I thought with my beard I was beginning to be just the least bit nice to look at. I would give up half my books for a new profile.

What a lovely day since twelve o'clock! I never saw the lake shore more heavenly.

[1] [*The Etched and Engraved Work of Frank Short*, pp. xvi.–xvii.]

[2] [No. 114 in *Hortus Inclusus*.]

[3] [Probably a reference to *Roadside Songs of Tuscany*.]

[4] [That is, of the four "Lesson Photographs": see *Fors*, Vol. XXVIII. p. 625. Lippi's Madonna is the frontispiece to that volume.]

[5] [Possibly Miss Beever referred to *Academy Notes*, 1855 (Vol. XIV. pp. 16, 17), or more probably to *Proserpina*, Vol. XXV. p. 417.]

[6] [The date of this letter is uncertain. The year "1885" is suggested by the seeming reference to *Roadside Songs*, and the reference may be to the photograph reproduced as frontispiece to this volume; or the year may be 1882: see Vol. XXXIV. p. 562.]

To the Rev. J. P. Faunthorpe[1]

Brantwood, 16*th June*, '85.

My dear Chaplain,—I am greatly helped and obliged by your notes on *Proserpina*, of which you will see most adopted. I have not worked out your former note on the corrections, but the "beloved" mistake is only that it ought to be "be loved"![2]

Can you find for me the meaning of the English word *Horehound?*

What you say of the Rose festival[3] is immensely nice, but I don't see why the effort should not have been begun ten years before, as I hoped. My feeling about such things is never that God's way was different from what He showed me, but that the Devil put off *my* way as long as he could. Certainly it wasn't God's way that the poor girl should give all her money to an adventurer instead of St. George, and then have to be separated from him![4]

The enclosed note from Sheffield enables me to relieve you of the burden of St. Mark's,[5] which I have never liked leaving to the criticism of London. At Sheffield its use will be seen. Will you kindly at your leisure get Messrs. Foord to undertake its packing?—Ever your loving and grateful J. R.

To Miss Katie Macdonald[6]

Brantwood, 3*rd July*, '85.

My darling Katie,—You can't think how much love these five swallows did manage to carry! *I* can't think where to put it,—I'm afraid of its thawing all the ice in the ice-house.

I have been meditating over the Hon. Members very carefully, and it seems to me that you had better not allow the strictly Children's power of the Society to be interfered with or too far extended—and so, weakened.

You see, my dear, children are the Friends of living creatures in a much more intimate way than other people—they understand them

[1] [No. 87 in *Faunthorpe;* vol. ii. pp. 88, 89 (see below, p. 647).]

[2] [For the correction of this misprint in *Proserpina,* ii. ch. v. § 5 (last line), see Vol. XXV. p. 192.]

[3] [The Rose Festival at Cork: see below, p. 647.]

[4] [See above, p. 338.]

[5] [Bunney's picture of the West Front, temporarily deposited at Whitelands College, afterwards removed to Sheffield: see Vol. XXX. p. 202.]

[6] [No. 14 in "Friends of Living Creatures and John Ruskin," *Fortnightly Review,* October 1907, p. 601.]

all so much better, being little more than—extremely living—creatures themselves. You know, my dear, little girls are not much better than kittens or butterflies, and boys are seldom quite as good as ponies or donkeys; and as for Dogs,—you are for the most part much more under their care than they under yours—(so that one should always say, Gogo's Puck—not Puck's Gogo)—and you can always get into kennels and under tables with them and be friends in a way quite impossible to grown-up old people.

So I think the F.L.C. should be signed only under sixteen,—and then there should be another society altogether, called G.L.C.—Guards of Living Creatures—which should promise not to drown mice, even who ate altar-cloths, but only to give them something nicer to eat.

What did I exactly say about buying slaves?[1] Oh dear, I wish I were rich, and could buy the whole Society, and carry them captive off to Coniston—that they might be *nearer* F.L.C.'s.—Ever your lovingest P.F.L.C. (How am I to pronounce myself?)

I have kept my most important bit of letter for the postscript: Miss Alexander has sent for a gift to the Society a drawing of their little patron saint, Santa Rosa.[2] I have got it sent off by this day's train.

To Miss KATE GREENAWAY[3]

BRANTWOOD, 3 *July*, '85.

I have a letter from a lady of position, asking how, with others, she could help in putting some stop to those wretched pictures.[4]—What *you* have first to do is to learn to draw ankles and feet, because you are one of the instances the enemy have of the necessity of the nude.

The moment you have any leisure for study—feet—feet—and arms. No more shoes, come what will of it. To the seashore—as soon as may be—until you come to Brantwood.

[1] [The reference is to the following earlier note (No. 13):—

> "DARLING KATIE,—Will you please give enclosed to the treasurer? We must have a grand treasury and lay up gold and silver for the purchase of slaves and other expedient expenses. The hire of a well-lighted room, somewhere, may become a very expedient one.—Your lovingest
> "PAPA."]

[2] [See Plate XXVI. in Vol. XXXII., and p. 316 *n.*]

[3] [No. 70 in *Kate Greenaway*, p. 147 (see below, p. 657).]

[4] [A discussion had been proceeding in the public press on pictures of the nude: see Vol. XIV. p. 493.]

To Miss Kate Greenaway[1]

[*July.*]

. . . Please ask Johnnie what colour frozen hydrogen is,[2] and if transparent or opaque. The rascally chemistry book gives me six pages of bad drawings of machines,—and supplies me with a picture—to aid my imagination—of a man in badly made breeches turning a wheel!—but does not tell me whether even liquid hydrogen is transparent or not,—they only say it is "steel-blue."

To James Mortimer[3]

Brantwood, *July* 11, 1885.

The books I have directed my publisher to send will, I think, fully represent me to your favourable judgment to the best of my power. I am usually myself only thankful to escape from them to chess. I have no claims whatever to be ranked among chess players any more than among painters properly so called, though I enjoy chess as I do drawing within my limits; and if, indeed, some time you condescended to beat me a game by correspondence, it would be a great delight to me.—Ever your faithful servant, J. Ruskin.

To Miss Katie Macdonald[4]

Brantwood, *8th Sept.*, '85.

My very darling Katie,—I must thank you for all your sweetness with my own hand. I wish I could tell you I was better—the chief sorrow of this suddenly overwhelming illness is in the sorrow of those who loved me and had begun to find help in me.

[1] [No. 71 in *Kate Greenaway*, p. 148.]

[2] [See above, p. 529. "Johnnie" is Mr. John Greenaway, her brother, sub-editor of the *Journal of the Chemical Society*.]

[3] [From the *Morning Post*, April 9, 1906, where Mr. Mortimer says: "The regrettable death of Sir Wyke Bayliss recalls to my memory that he and I were fellow competitors in the British Chess Association Tournament of 1885, when I had the good fortune to win the Ruskin prize, Sir Wyke Bayliss being second. Mr. Ruskin had only promised one of his books to the winner, but he very generously sent me his complete works, accompanied by an autograph letter which I carefully preserve, together with one written to me by Charles Dickens, a few days only before his death, in June 1870. Mr. Ruskin's letter is before me as I write. After a sarcastic allusion to his own poetry ('originally printed against my wishes, and I turn it out of all my friends' houses if I can') he says" (then follows the letter as given above).]

[4] [No. 15 in "Friends of Living Creatures and John Ruskin," *Fortnightly Review*, October 1907, p. 602.]

I send you back your rosebud with the most grateful and tender kiss that can be. You may at least remember with gladness throughout your life how kind you were to your old and sick friend.—Your most deeply grateful J. RUSKIN.

To Professor OLIVER LODGE, F.R.S.[1]

BRANTWOOD, 23*rd Sept.*

DEAR PROFESSOR LODGE,—The illness which has struck me this year ends all my hope of ever applying myself again to careful scientific work. But it seems to me that the admirable explanatory letters which I owe to your kindness ought not therefore to be lost. I therefore return them, thinking that they may be of use in the hands of some happier pupil—or save you trouble in book-compilation. To me they were invaluable, in their clearness and fulness—nor among the many regrets which surround me now is there one (in its kind) more acute than that of abandoning the investigations in which I had found such guide-ship.

If the papers are useless to you, the memory of your kindness may at least be pleasantly revived by them. My own gratitude can only express itself in the most earnest wishes for your welfare in all things—in the new world which all this marvellous science is revealing—and creating.—Ever—for what time may be left me—your loving friend,

JOHN RUSKIN.

To Professor OLIVER LODGE, F.R.S.[2]

BRANTWOOD, 25*th Sept.*

DEAR AND MOST KIND FRIEND,—Your letter is such a balm and joy to me that I could fancy myself well again as I read it—nor indeed am I without hope of recovering health enough at least to sympathise still in the work of others, and to be interested and happy in the world for a few years more. But this last illness has been different from the preceding ones. They only left me weak, but quite myself. This one has left behind it distinct injury—a feeling, not of the pleasant weakness of new life which means true recovery,—but of persistent illness,—feebleness of thought—and feverish disturbance of the nerves.

[1] [From "Ruskin and his Life Work," by Sir Oliver Lodge, in *St. George*, January 1906, vol. ix. p. 2.]

[2] [*Ibid.*, pp. 2–3.]

Supposing that these symptoms were subdued, they are yet a most solemn warning to me that my strength—such as may remain to me —must no longer be spent in any vanity of personal exertion, but husbanded for what good I can yet be, in returning thanks and love to those who love me.

Indeed, one of the most painful conditions of this illness is the sense of having done nothing well or completely in past life. Please tell me, just with a word or two of *clue*, what you mean by saying I have been useful to you—I can't conceive how.

No, it is not for *Præterita* that I leave the clouds. That gave me no trouble; though now I have no *heart* to go on with it—what is already written may be printed as it stands.[1] But the reading I went into after you showed me how little I knew, convinced me that I could not do anything more in science—and it was one of my first duties to place your most valuable letters in your hands. I must not say more to-day than that. I will write again soon if I am the least better.—Your grateful and loving J. R.

To Charles Eliot Norton[2]

Brantwood, 1*st October*, '85.

Dearest Charles,—I am certainly better, and at present steadily gaining, bearing the burden of idle hours in the thankfulness that I am myself no longer a burden to poor Joanie. But she insists on the idleness, and will not let me write—but only dictate, and truly it will be better for you to have in her hand the rest of this note.

In the looking over the neglects of my past life, I found a lovely letter of yours of 1882, about the Cathedral of Pisa, giving evidence of the façade being meant to incline forward. Neglected alike in that year, the result of Signor Boni's examination,[3] which I suppose he has written out—of course it is lost; but I'm going to ask him this question about the façade. The letter goes on very sadly about the "victory of materialism," and the distant hope of a revival in a thousand years, of all that you and I have cared for—only the Alps to be let go in the meantime!

[1] [Happily Ruskin was still able to publish twenty-four more chapters of *Præterita:* for the dates, see Vol. XXXV. p. lxxxiv.]

[2] [*Atlantic Monthly*, September 1904, vol. 94, p. 387. No. 213 in *Norton;* vol. ii. pp. 208–209 (see below, p. 692).]

[3] [In 1882 Signor Boni was at Pisa with Ruskin, and made various drawings and measurements for him: see Vol. XXXIII. p. xliii.]

I believe the despondency, caused by their own natural, as it seems, sympathy with the scorn of their beauty, by the perishing of their snows, has borne a great part in the steady depression which has laid me open to these great illnesses. If only the Mont Blanc that you and I saw from St. Martin's that morning[1] was still there, I would set out on a slow pedestrian tour, and expect you to meet me there!! As it is, I can't find *anything* to amuse me, or to bring to any good in my old geological work; but I don't believe in any "victory of materialism." The last two years have shown me more spirituality in the world than all my former life.

Enough for to-day.—Ever your lovingest J. RUSKIN.

To Professor OLIVER LODGE, F.R.S.[2]

BRANTWOOD, *2nd Oct.*

DEAR PROFESSOR LODGE,—Your letter has been of the greatest use to me that I think ever a friend's letter was,—for it just soothes me where I am sorest—in the thought that all the work of my best years on political economy was made useless by the vanity which gave *Munera Pulveris* its pretentious form, and in letting my own fancies or feelings free, left *Fors* no force at all. I am wearily ashamed of all, now—I don't suppose there ever was a creature who wanted so much to live life over again—and this letter of yours is almost the only one that ever gave me hope of being understood in the future, at least in my meaning and purpose, however foolishly expressed or attempted. For all you say of me is true, but, with what your own truth has seen in me of true, how differently I might have succeeded, if I had but, in meekness and patience, tried to persuade men, each according to his place and light, and learned from each the difficulty in his way.

I am still getting better, though very slowly. Perhaps I may get something of this Apologia set down in *Præterita*[3] if I live to finish it, but if only a few readers like you took up those ideas of value and labour, and put them into any acceptable and intelligible form, I shall be thankful to be spared to see *that*—if I never myself wrote word more.—Ever your grateful friend, JOHN RUSKIN.

[1] [In 1856: see *Præterita*, Vol. XXXV. p. 322.]

[2] [*St. George*, vol. ix. p. 3. "It was on account of his dreary fit of despondency that I exerted myself to get up a memorial signed by his admirers throughout England." There are some letters referring to this below, pp. 558, 559; the memorial itself is printed in Vol. XXXIV. p. 733.]

[3] [This, however, was not done.]

To Mrs. W. W. Fenn[1]

Brantwood, *9th Oct.*, '85.

Dear Mrs. Fenn,—I must not let this week end without assuring you of my gratitude to your good husband for his new book, and his old ones, and more than all, his example, with yours, in showing me how to bear illness and privation as it should be borne.

Not that I shall ever be like him or you in gaiety or courage. I dread pain, and vex myself like the spoiled ways of naughty children. But I have had a lesson this time, and am just now only learning how much you have yourself had to conquer and to endure!

But the main thing I have to say is that you must *not* let the booksellers rob you any more. Of course I see that Mr. Fenn enjoys writing the tales, and to get them so nicely printed and your sixty or seventy guineas besides would be something, if it were not a shame to let the rogues swindle you so. But to have them well in hand another time, Mr. Fenn must take more trouble with his text. The stories are all ingenious and attractive; but they want trimming, and the discussions as to whether it was fancy, or mesmerism, or electricity, or spirits, or telepathy, or dreams, or sense, or nonsense, ending always with, "I only state the facts," are mere cumber to a book in which the reader sees from the beginning that facts are the last things he is likely to get.

The stories need to be shelled of all that, like green-pease or green-chestnuts, and they need retouching here and there with fresh ears and mind after laying by for a while. They are worth taking pains with, and once properly shelled and a little more boiled (I think of nothing much at present but my dinner), you would have the bookseller on or in his marrow-bones for them. You would get a good sum down on every hand.

Joan's love. I can't write any more to-day.—Ever your grateful

J. Ruskin.

To Charles Eliot Norton[2]

Brantwood, *20th October*, '85.

Dearest Charles,—I am so very glad you have got those letters to edit.[3] Carlyle is entirely himself when he stops talking of

[1] [*Chambers's Journal*, October 2, 1905, p. 647. See above, p. 330.]

[2] [No. 214 in *Norton*; vol. ii. pp. 209, 210.]

[3] [*Early Letters of Thomas Carlyle*, edited by C. E. Norton, 1886. Ruskin, however, was by no means pleased with Mr. Norton's prefatory attack upon Froude: see below, p. 569.]

himself; but I totally disagree with you about the wife letters being sacred. . . .

I can't give you my letters, because I must use them in autobiography.[1] I use very few of anybody's—the purpose of the book being simply to say how I got my knowledge of art and principles of—Economy! There may be a post-mortem examination of my loves and friendships.

I have got back some interest in things I used to care for, and am looking a little into things I didn't. Do you happen—or does anybody at Harvard, know where there's a human book (not a scientific one) on crabs, and shrimps?[2] The Dragon's out, or I should never have got all this written.—Ever your lovingest J. R.

To HOLMAN HUNT

BRANTWOOD, 21 *Oct.*, 1885.

MY DEAREST HUNT,—I was never more thankful for anything than for this letter of yours, assuring me of your recovery from that deadly strain, and of being able to look forward to this world still as well as the next. Every word you say of your illness shows me that we have rightly understood its warning, and gives me the best and brightest hope for your future. My own illness has more shaken than hurt me, but the shake has loosened joints and jarred fibres, and I have not energy yet to think much nor nerve enough to face much; but I am more interested and earnest than ever about all we both care about, and very deeply thankful that you can now more trust in sympathy.

None of you in the beginnings of days in the least understood my methodical and canonical ways of the old school, nor was it in the least in my course of work to commend myself to you.

But the quantity of Fate and of mean adversity that has entangled us all and swamped the smaller craft, who ought to have been useful to us, is beyond all telling now, but I think "there is time to win another battle," as Napoleon said at Marengo (Friedrich's Torgau[3] was won at midnight with half his army lost). At present the one thing you have to do is, to rest yourself and secure a staff of mounters and colourmen. . . .

[1] [Ruskin did not in *Præterita* give any detailed account of his intercourse with Carlyle, but he had set apart Carlyle's letters, and they have been printed in the present edition: see General Index. See also the Introduction, Vol. XXXVI. p. xcvii. *n.*]

[2] [For some later remarks on this subject, see Vol. XXXIV. p. 587.]

[3] [For the battle of Torgau, see Carlyle's *Friedrich,* Book xx. chap. v. For Napoleon and Dessaix at Marengo on the possibility of retrieving the fortunes of the battle, see Alison's *History of Europe,* vol. v. p. 379.]

To Miss Susan Beever [1]

St. Susie, *27th November*, 1885.

Behold Athena and Apollo both come to bless you on your birthday, and all the buds of the year to come rejoice with you; and your poor cat [2] is able to purr again, and is extremely comfortable and even cheerful "to-day." And we will make more and more of all the days, won't we, and we will burn our candle at both beginnings instead of both ends, every day beginning two worlds—the old one to be lived over again, the new to learn our golden letters in. Not that I mean to write books in that world. I hope to be set to do something, there. And what lovely "receptions" you will have in your little heavenly Thwaite, and celestial teas! And you won't spoil the cream with hot water, will you, any more?

The whole village is enjoying itself, I hear, and the widows and orphans to be much the better for it, and altogether, you and I have a jolly time of it, haven't we?

To Miss Mary Gladstone [3]

Brantwood, *29th December*, 1885.

Darling M——, Bless you? Blest if I do; I'll give you absolution, if you come and ask it very meekly, but don't you know how I hate girls marrying curates? You must come directly and play me some lovely tunes—it's the last chance you'll have of doing anything to please me, for I don't like married women; I like sibyls and children and vestals, and so on. Not that I mean to quarrel with you, if you'll come now and make it up. If you can leave your father at all—sooner or later by a day or two doesn't matter, or a day or two out of what you have left (I had rather you waited till crocus or anemone time, for we're about ugliest just now). As for F——, she was a horrid traitress, but *you* have been very faithful to me through all my wicked sayings about papa [4] (I can tell you there would have been a word or two more if you hadn't been in

[1] [No. 80 in *Hortus Inclusus*.]
[2] [Here *Hortus Inclusus* adds "J. R." by way of note (compare above, p. 292, and below, p. 566). "To-day" was, of course, Ruskin's motto.]
[3] [*Letters to M. G. and H. G.*, pp. 87–88.]
[4] [On this subject, see the Introduction, Vol. XXXVI. pp. lxxviii. *seq.*]

the way). As for the poverty and cottage and all the rest of that nonsense, do you think you'll get any credit in heaven for being poor when you fall in love first? If you had married a conscientious Bishop, and made *him* live in a pig-stye—*à la bonne heure!*—Ever your loving and too forgiving ST. C.

1886

[Ruskin's main work this year was *Præterita*, but in the summer he was again laid prostrate with brain-fever.]

To FREDERICK HARRIS[1]

BRANTWOOD, *January* 2, 1886.

DEAR MR. HARRIS,—I am quite astonished at the rapidity and delicacy of your work. I hope much from you, but you must bear the pain of working in *faith* a little longer. I neither meant nor hoped for anything so elaborate as this. You may always be perfectly certain that I know the time work takes. I do not ask for more than is easily possible in the time. BUT—and this is a sorrowful but —you, like other Government Masters, have been taught to draw mechanically, but never *accurately*. Take a lens of moderate power, examine the circle over left-hand arch filled by two squares, and the central small arch. Having examined them, draw both as well as you can—each of them an inch across, in the inside—in sepia, enlarging the photograph exactly.—Ever affectionately yours, J. RUSKIN.

Return photo with your present drawing unaltered, and the new ones. No hurry.

To ALBERT GOODWIN

BRANTWOOD, *8th Jan.*, '86.

I'm just wild with delight over these books. Do you know, you've sent me a lot of exactly the most precious to me, which you didn't before, Genevas, Annecys, and Chambérys, exactly what I want for reminiscence now fading in myself. And in the spring of reaction after that deadly despondency I enjoy them in their pure artistic quality more than ever I did—and as if I were young again. Which is the *right* way. We are only ourselves when we are full up—all

[1] [One of a series of letters (No. 13) addressed to an artist and drawing-master. Printed from a circular headed "Professor Ruskin's Testimonial to Mr. Frederick Harris." For the testimonial and further particulars, see below, pp. 662 *seq.*]

despondency is devil's doing. Don't let me catch you drawing smoky skies any more;—men *must* be wretched sometimes—but let them hold their peace when they are.

I wrote thus far in the mere gladness of getting the books again, before reading a word of your letter, which is all more and more delightful.

You are entirely right in all you are planning and doing, and the exhibition will make its mark at once.[1] Can't write more to-day; it's a dangerous excitement.—Ever your most grateful J. R.

Love to Ivy, and tell her I want her to come and clasp me.

To Miss Mary Gladstone[2]

Brantwood, 13*th January*, 1886.

My dear M——, I am sending you to-day some drawings by Miss Alexander, which I think you will all like to look at; but I suppose H—— is with you, and I want her to take back to Cambridge, in gift to her college, the two of the Superiora and her girls, and the text of their history.[3] In the course of the spring I shall want the text copied for publication, and will borrow the drawings to photograph.

The light landscape drawing of girls at a fountain[4] is a present to Girton—promised in the *Songs of Tuscany*. This is my own; but the Superiora and her story still belong to Miss Alexander; but as she is my "sorella," I practically give them away.

I couldn't answer your last letter without being disagreeable. I didn't mean, and never have thought, that girls were higher or holier than wives—Heaven forbid. I merely said I liked them better; which, surely, is extremely proper of me.—Ever your loving J. R.

To Sir James A. Picton[5]

Brantwood, 13*th January*, 1886.

Dear Sir James,—I must have been ill past cure, if I had forgotten either you or your most instructive books. But for the

[1] [An exhibition of Mr. Goodwin's drawings at the Fine Art Society's rooms in May 1886: see Vol. XXX. pp. 161, 178.]

[2] [*Letters to M. G. and H. G.*, pp. 89–90.]

[3] [For this gift to Newnham College, see Vol. XXXII. p. 48.]

[4] [See Plate XVII. in Vol. XXXII. (p. 186), and for the promise to present the drawing to Girton, *ibid.*, p. 183 *n.*]

[5] [From the *Life of Sir James A. Picton*, by J. Allanson Picton, M.P., 1891, p. 375. For the "instructive books," see above, p. 491. In line 5, "brooks" is here a conjectural correction for "books."]

subject of your present letter,[1] I must reply that the only cathedrals I care for in England are her mountains, and the only facts I trust her brooks—that she can't now build a cathedral if she would, and shouldn't till she has unbuilt nearly everything else on her ground.—Yours faithfully and gratefully, J. Ruskin.

To R. C. Leslie[2]

Brantwood, 18*th Jan.*, '86.

My dear Leslie,—I am so very thankful to hear from you, and see your pretty hand, and hear that you have done this nice book! I was fearfully knocked down by this last illness, or your lovely notes on Turner[3] would have been out by Christmas. I hope to send you proofs in a fortnight or so—I had them in hand to meditate over only yesterday. I can't think of a title straight off—all my own titles have to wait till they are tumbled into my head:[4] but it seems to me something about Spray would be nice, or Gleams of Spray, or Breeze and Spray—I'll try "Foam" before I go to sleep to-night, and Beach and Sand.

I was very sorry you gave up your book[5] with Lollie Hilliard. It would have been ever so much better than the other. I'm going to bother you about it still.—Ever your loving J. Ruskin.

To F. S. Ellis[6]

Brantwood, *January* 18*th*, 1886.

Dear Ellis,—Your pathetic note has lain beside me. I could not at first answer, for I was very ill,—but this sweet spring sunlight on the moor cheers me, and makes me feel as if we both might rejoice in spring days again. But I am recovering very slowly from the depression of this last illness, and can only say, that I am ashamed of having been sad.

[1] [The proposed cathedral for Liverpool.]
[2] [The "nice book" is *A Sea Painter's Log*. Mr. Leslie had asked Ruskin to suggest a title.]
[3] [Published in *Dilecta* (September 1886): see Vol. XXXV. pp. 571 *seq.*]
[4] [As, for instance, in the case of *Arrows of the Chace:* see Vol. XXXIV. pp. xxxix., xl.]
[5] [*Old Sea-Wings*, afterwards completed: see Vol. XXXIII. p. 218 *n.*]
[6] [No. 42 (the last) in *Ellis*, pp. 75–76.]

But please write and tell me you also are gaining, and what the illness was which has taken you from the work in which you seemed so happy.—Ever affectionately yours, J. RUSKIN.

To H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF ALBANY

BRANTWOOD, *26th Jany.*, 1886.

MADAM,—When you did me the grace of writing to me with your own hand—now too long since—I was in a state of melancholy and anxiety, which I was justly ashamed to confess; but which rendered me incapable of replying to your kindness with any hope, or worthy thanks. Gradually, my sickness has left me, and though still forbidden to occupy myself on any of the subjects of thought that chiefly interest me, I may, and must, rebel so far as again to permit myself the joy of hearing from good Sir Robt. some occasional word of you and your children. In the notes of my early life, of which I shall soon bind the 1st volume in the hope that your Royal Highness may permit its presentation to you, if ever you glance at it, you may see with perhaps some amusement how little I have been accustomed to write to Princesses. Yet I felt myself in so solemn and true a Fairyland when you took me into that study at Claremont, that I could find courage to write to *you*, sometimes, of the things that deeply interest me in this outer world of mine. I take, for instance, courage at once to ask you to accept a dress which our poor St. George's cottage spinners of the Isle of Man[1] have spun for you, in the trust that your Royal Highness may give their love and reverence the delight of thinking that you will wear it. I ask this for them, thinking of their feelings chiefly. But it will be an incalculable help to them also in their effort to bring back the simple ways and gains of their old homes. If you let Sir Robt. say to me it may be sent, no Christmas benediction will have been brighter or more helpful to them.

To-day I am sending also to Sir Robt.'s care the volume of *Roadside Songs*, of which, with your kind Mother, you honoured my sorella Francesca and me by looking over the first proofs of the illustrations. All the impressions in this volume have, of course, been chosen for it, and I thought you would like to have it bound as Miss Alexander bound the original prose MS. of it for me.

In trust to your forgiveness, and in truest prayers for your happiness with your children, I am, Madam, your Royal Highness's loyal and faithful servant, JOHN RUSKIN.

[1] [For "St. George's Mill" at Laxey, see Vol. XXX. p. 330.]

To Professor J. S. Blackie[1]

Brantwood, 27*th Jan.*, '86.

Dear and revered Friend,—Is it indeed you that speak to me again, after these many years? *I* often see *your* face—in dear memory—but am very thankful for this word, and that you care at all for word or thought of mine in such matters.

But I wonder somewhat at the question! First, as an unflinching Tory, my entire idea of Kingship is founded on the figures of Atrides and Achilles—and of its duty on the scorn implied in the epithet δημοβόρος.[2] My conception of the glory of virginal womanhood is founded on Athena—and Briseis—on Chryseis and Nausicaa;[3] my conception of household womanhood on the restored Helen, Arete and Penelope; of household order and economy on Ulysses' anger at the suitors and at his own maid-servants for wasting his goods, and that in disorderly life. The glory of all good workmanship is in the ideal of Vulcan; and surely all believing on true political economy is summed in the lines (forgive me for numbering from Pope) 90–175 of the seventh *Odyssey*. Finally, the picture of Laertes among his vines begins and sums all I have said and meant about rural labour.

I was, of course, in my note to the *Telegraph*[4] as short as possible, but in *Præterita*, at the proper place, I shall explain that my own political economy is literally only the expansion and explanation of Xenophon's—and Xenophon's, simply Homer's in lowly and daily practice.—Ever, dear Professor Blackie, yours most respectfully and affectionately,

John Ruskin.

To Lady Mount-Temple

Brantwood, 31*st Jan.*, '86.

I am very thankful for that little word about Araceli,[5] for, though I had made my mind up how I would treat the Autobiography, and

[1] [Whom Ruskin had first met in 1853: see Vol. XII. p. xxxv. For other references to him, see Vol. XIV. p. 286, Vol. XXVII. p. 15 *n.*]

[2] [*Iliad*, i. 231: see, on the epithet, Vol. XVIII. p. 101, and Vol. XX. p. 108.]

[3] [For the Homeric conception of Athena, see *Queen of the Air* (Vol. XIX.); Chryseis, above, p. 327; Nausicaa (*Od.* vii. viii.), Vol. XVIII. p. 117; for the "household womanhood" of "the restored Helen," see her lament over Hector in *Il.* xxiv.; Arete (*Od.* vii. viii.), Vol. XVII. p. 226; Penelope, Vol. XVIII. p. 118 (and General Index); for the "ideal of Vulcan," Vol. XIX. pp. 65, 305; and for "Laertes among his vines" (*Od.* xxiv. 219 *seq.*), Vol. V. pp. 236, 249.]

[4] [The reference is to the letter published in the *Daily Telegraph*, January 18, 1886, where Ruskin says that his political teaching is that of Homer: Vol. XXXIV. p. 589. In *Præterita* as hitherto published, the subject was not dealt with; but see now Vol. XXXV. p. 533.]

[5] [Ruskin had sent proof-sheets of ch. ii. in vol. ii. of *Præterita:* see Vol. XXXV. p. 277.]

was resolved not to take advice about it! my law being that I would write what either I had pleasure in remembering or felt it a duty to remember; and though the plan of it, so traced, has come, I think, very beautifully, still I felt that many fine spirits and deep hearts would think me too open with sacred things, and that I ought simply to have told the public my public (virtually) life and the course of intellectual study which produced my books; but I determined that the book would be, on the whole, more useful if it showed the innermost of me, and I hope it will be very pretty in some places—but this little word of yours may perhaps let me dwell for another instant or two on what I have at present just told—and no more—at Rome. The chapter is headed Rome; it would have been headed Araceli, but that title is already given to the chapter of *Our Fathers have Told Us*.[1] Here's a letter of Sorella's, just come, which I think you and Grandpapa will like to read.

To Miss Marion R. Watson[2]

8th Feb., '86.

But what is this new thing I hear? That you are lazy! I thought you played tennis all day—and did lessons before breakfast and after tea! I do think tennis nice—but—now this is quite serious, and I want you to tell the other girls—I don't like *any* ardently competitive games, in which young people are proud of victory, except only cricket—I haven't time to say why I except that. But I would far rather see girls playing well at ball than tennis—every one having their part in helping, not defeating. The pretty play of the rest—throwing the ball far and high—and swiftly following ball with ball round wide circles and so on—and I should like them all to become—all who have sharp ears and pretty feet—exquisite dancers—practising constantly slow and fast dancing to all manner of music, and some singing while the others danced, so as to make themselves

[1] [See Vol. XXXIII. p. 191.]

[2] [From "Ruskin and Girlhood: Some Happy Reminiscences," by L. Allen Harker, in *Scribner's Magazine*, November 1906, p. 562 (No. 3); the letter is addressed to a cousin of Miss Lizzie Watson (Mrs. Allen Harker). To the letter as there printed, there was appended (1) the following passage from an earlier letter to Miss Lizzie Watson:—

> "I wonder, after this long term at College, whether there would be any possibility of mama bringing you and T. (and Bee if catchable) to *see* what Brantwood looks like; I shall be here all the year, and it would make intermediate day brighter for me if I had the hope of seeing the two of you, or the three, playing tennis on *my* tennis ground—engineered out of the hill-side for the sake of fairies of your order."

(2) Another letter, of a later date (April 5, 1887), to Miss Marion Watson: see below, p. 589. "T" refers to her pet name (see below, p. 660 *n.*).]

independent of "bands." And they should make themselves good runners, not by running races, but by each running without distressing themselves, a greater distance by ever so little each (fine) day. And if you'll come to Brantwood you can learn rowing and climbing, and —one or two things besides, perhaps, from the bookshelves, and the mineral cabinets.

To FRANK SHORT[1]

10*th February*, 1886.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—Now for goodness' sake take care of your eyes, and your lungs, and your stomach, and we will have such lovely times. I never read anything with such delight as all you tell me; and, of course, the first proof of Chartreuse—and much more the sketch—must be better by worlds than the spotty last phase,[2] and we'll have native copper dug for us on Lake Superior—and we'll do the great St. Gothards and Tivoli and Courmayeur, and I hope to live to be eighty, and feel I haven't lived in vain—if you keep well and happy at it. Can't write more to-day, but will the moment the proofs come.—Ever yours gratefully, JOHN RUSKIN.

To Miss KATE GREENAWAY[3]

BRANTWOOD [*Feb.* 15, 1886].

You never did anything more lovely than the little flowers to the poem, and the poem itself is most lovely in its outflow from the heart. I am very thankful to have set the heart free again—and I hope that your great genius will soon have joy in its own power.

To Sir R. H. COLLINS, K.C.B.

BRANTWOOD, 16*th Feb.*, '86.

DEAR COLLINS,—Your note makes me very happy, as you must know that the Duchess's did a fortnight since,—and it made me think that perhaps she would like me to go on writing to her as a friend.

[1] [From *The Etched and Engraved Work of Frank Short, A.R.A.*, pp. xvii.–xviii.]

[2] [To like effect, Mr. Rawlinson says that the Grand Chartreuse "is one of the plates of the *Liber* which would have been far more attractive had Turner allowed them to remain as they were at the first stage of the Engraver's Proofs. These have a quiet beauty and harmony which is lost in the later stages, owing to the number of small lights which Turner at the last moment added all over the plate" (*Catalogue of Liber Studiorum*, ed. 2, p. 131). The drawing is in the National Gallery.]

[3] [No. 83 in *Kate Greenaway*, p. 152.]

She knows I am no Radical nor Liberal, but I should like to be allowed to write to her easily—and that she sometimes answered me at ease. Tell me first your own feeling on the matter, and whether you would advise me to write to her and ask this. I shall not be disappointed if you say, Better not.—Ever your affectionatest J. R.

To Frederick Harris[1]

Feb. 17th, 1886.

My dear Harris,—I am glad you like to please me, and I *am* interested in you, but whatever any of my pupils do only *does* please me so far as it advances themselves, or helps me in helping others. I think you may become a most vital centre of teaching in connection with mine.

But it is not in the least to please myself that I ask you to write well. The habit of fine curve and straight line, and orderly doing, is of the greatest use to you as an artist. Never write an unnecessary word, and always write it carefully and prettily.

Certainly this first attempt is not a triumph; try again. There is scarcely anything to be done to the little drawing, and I cannot write more to-day, prettily or otherwise; better begin on the big one. —Ever most heartily yours, John Ruskin.

To Miss Susan Beever[2]

20th February, 1886.

I haven't had anything nice to send you this ever so long, but here's a little bird's nest of native silver which you could almost live in as comfortably as a tit. It will stand nicely on your table without upsetting, and is so comfortable to hold, and altogether I'm pleased to have got it for you.

To H.R.H. the Duchess of Albany

Brantwood, *23rd Feb.*, '86.

Madam,—I did, partly, know that I might write to you—but my question to Sir Robt. meant, Might I write when things came into my head, without looking for my best pen? Luckily, this morning I have one that anybody who could manage a pen at all could write with—a little scratchy perhaps, but on the whole what I suppose

[1] [From the printed *Professor Ruskin's Testimonial to Mr. Frederick Harris* (see below, p. 664, No. 18).]

[2] [No. 81 in *Hortus Inclusus*.]

people who ask me for contributions to penny magazines call "my elegant pen."

And I do want very much to tell you what delight your acceptance of the homespun will cause—in many a home besides our Manx ones.[1] For I have been more than surprised myself to find how much happier the old spinners are for the sense of occupation, and, in being happier, how the dignity and temper of their life redeem themselves from the dulness, not to say malice, of gossiping and listless days.

I wanted also to ask your Royal Highness to be assured of the economical rightness of the principle. Half of the present distress and social disturbance of Europe has been caused by the building of vast mills to make a million of stockings in an hour—while the barefoot peasant has no money to buy them with, and is never taught to make them herself.

I am sending you to-day a little sketch by my best of pupils—Lilias Trotter[2]—of the inside of our Dame's school. I was rather shocked at first by seeing what I thought was a game at cards going on upon the floor, but was told that was the way they learned the alphabet—and I *am* shocked by seeing one of the children stretching, on the left. I think Miss Lilias must have put it in for variety of attitude—for *I* never saw any of our children do anything so naughty. But the diligence of the rest is pretty—the oldest, in the middle, is my little wood-woman,[3] who comes down to Brantwood every day to gather my sticks after I chop them, and to learn to play upon the Bells, which are my own favourite instrument—a chime of Four—Five for the more skilled musicians! The knitting and sewing in this little school is already exemplary, their arithmetic far beyond *me*. I hope you will like the little drawing enough to allow it a corner near you—the kind of pride the children will have in hearing of their being at Claremont will be ever so good for them.

I must not try my privilege further to-day than by saying that whether in haste or leisure I am your Royal Highness's loyal and affectionate servant,

J. RUSKIN.

To Miss SUSAN BEEVER[4]

BRANTWOOD, 1*st March*, '86.

Yes, I knew you would like that silver shrine! and it *is* an extremely rare and perfect specimen. But you need not be afraid in

[1] [For Ruskin's attempt to revive hand-spinning in the Isle of Man, see, again, Vol. XXX. p. 330.]

[2] [For whom, see Vol. XXXIII. p. 280.]

[3] ["Jane Anne," for whom see Vol. XXXV. p. xxvi.]

[4] [No. 82 in *Hortus Inclusus*.]

handling it; if the little bit of spar does come off it, or out of it, no matter. But of course nobody else should touch it, till you give them leave, and show them how.

I am so sorry for poor Miss Brown, and for your not having known the Doctor.[1] He should have come here when I told him. I believe he would have been alive yet, and I never should have been ill.

To Miss Katie Macdonald[2]

Brantwood, Coniston, Lancashire, 15*th March*, '86.

Darlingest Katie,—Nothing can be nicer than the thought of a separate book on the treatment of domesticated animals; and the rat paper, which I return at once for fear of mislaying it, is better done than most *men* could have done it—give Charlie Temple my true thanks—but say that I think one piece of direction is wanting—How to wash a rat!

And I think the Society had better consider the treatment of pets, or of unpettable animals in confinement, as quite a secondary matter, compared to the observation of them in their own haunts and their own ways.

I send you for the Society's acceptance Mr. Froude's *Oceana*—please at the next meeting let the best reader read from page 75 (beginning at "From the Cape to Australia") to "amusing in itself," p. 77 (not going on to the Cardinal), and then the Australian magpie and laughing Jackass—page 89, top to middle of page 90.[3]

The book is full of other interest, and of extreme value in all its thoughts and descriptions.—Ever your lovingest "Papa F. L. C."

To Miss Kate Greenaway[4]

Brantwood, 30*th March*, '86.

I can only answer to-day the important question about the green lady—"You mean, she doesn't stand right?" My dear, I mean much worse than that. I mean there's nothing of her to stand with! She has no waist—no thighs—no legs—no feet. There's nothing under the

[1] [He died on May 11, 1882: for Ruskin's invitation in 1875, see above, p. 173.]
[2] [No. 23 in "Friends of Living Creatures and John Ruskin," *Fortnightly Review*, October 1907, p. 604.]
[3] [Ruskin's references are to the original octavo edition, chaps. v. and vi.]
[4] [No. 82 in *Kate Greenaway*, p. 152 (see below, p. 658).]

dress at all, and the dress itself is—nothing but [a few rough lines]—as if that were drawing drapery! You recollect, I hope, that when you were here, I told you you had never *drawn* a bit of drapery in your life. When you are inclined to try to do so, go and copy as well as you can a bit of St. Jerome's in the Nat. Gall.;[1] copy a bit of photograph if you are ashamed to paint in the gallery, and send it me.

I gave you a task to do, at the same time, which you never did, but went and gathered my best cherries instead, which I wanted for my own eating—and expected me to be pleased with your trying to paint them!

I'm in this fine snarling cue to-day, because I slept well; and am myself again!

To Mrs. L. ALLEN HARKER[2]

BRANTWOOD, 1*st April*, '86.

Indeed, I'm sorry to have grieved you and Allen. I knew I should, but couldn't help it. I can't pretend to care for things I don't care for. I *don't* care for babies. Rather have an objection to them. Have no respect for them whatsoever. Like little pigs ever so much better. Here's my little wood-woman come down to fetch me my faggots; she's got nine piglets to take care of, and her whole heart is set on them, and I call her Pigwiggina, and inquire for the family very anxiously every day—but you really mustn't expect me to care for superior beings.[3]

To Miss MARY GLADSTONE[4]

BRANTWOOD, 2*nd April*, 1886.

MY DEAR M——, I am a little glad of a word from Hawarden again—though I'm frightfully sulky with everybody in the world except

[1] [Probably "St. Jerome in his Study" (No. 694, long attributed to Bellini, and now to Catena) is meant: for numerous references to the picture, see the General Index.]

[2] [This letter, and the one in the footnote, are reprinted from "John Ruskin in the 'Eighties," in the *Outlook*, October 21, 1899; and *Scribner's Magazine*, November 1906, p. 566.]

[3] [His heart smote him, however, for he wrote a little later (22nd Nov. '86):—

> "But, indeed, you sent me quite a dreadful little shriek when I said I didn't like babies, and you never wrote me a word more, and I was very unhappy about it, and very thankful for the letter to-day."

In this letter was included a copy of the verses printed in Vol. XXXV. p. xxvi.]

[4] [*Letters to M. G. and H. G.*, pp. 91–93.]

my sorella at Florence (and *she's* a horrid evangelical, and thinks St. Paul was a wicked man before he was unhorsed[1]). But everybody here has gone away to London and left me in my old age. I've nothing to depend on except three ducks and the shepherd's little girl up the hill, who takes care of his lambs and piglets—and I call her Pigwiggina[2] (I will look over the little girl class drawings —if they'd like me to), and I am teaching her to play upon four bells—A B C♯ and E—and writing beautiful tunes for her, composed of those elements.

I thought you'd have forgotten *all Præteritas*, and wasn't troubling myself, but some are coming bound in a few days, and I'll write a "M——" in one of them. The second volume is giving me a lot of trouble, because I have to describe things in it that people never see nowadays—and it's like writing about the moon. Also, when I begin to crow a little, it doesn't read so pretty as the humble pie.

I am thankful your father's getting a little rest.

Has it never occurred to any of you in all your lives, I wonder, that all Parliamentary debate should be in the Tower, or the Round Tower of Windsor, and only the *outcome* of debate printed—when it's irrevocable.

If the Queen would have me for Grand Vizier, I'd save papa such a lot of trouble, and come and chop twigs with him afterwards—when he'd got the tree down.—Ever your J. R.

To Holman Hunt

Brantwood, 2 *April*, 1886.

Dearest Hunt,—I cannot tell you how thankful I am that you have been induced to write this piece of history,[3] and have been able to do it so clearly and briefly. I am doubly thankful that I had any part in the work, and that so much of intelligible and simple interest comes at once before the public and makes me understand much I knew not about all of you. Tired to-day.—Your lovingest J. Ruskin.

How I wish you wouldn't go abroad again!

[1] [See Acts ix. 4.]
[2] [See above, p. 554.]
[3] [The first of three articles in the *Contemporary Review* (April, May, and June 1886) on "The Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood: a Fight for Art."]

To Professor OLIVER LODGE, F.R.S.[1]

BRANTWOOD, *April 23rd.*

DEAR FRIEND,—It is enough to turn one all into clouds and rain of heart as in springtime of days again.

You may well think that no words come to me—especially after that unhappiest of chances—the complaining report coming out at the very instant all this was doing for me; but I must clear your mind of the confusion of *that* with the temper in which I wrote my letter to the *Telegraph* to correct its false and insidious report.

In the first place—not one of the friends who have here set down their names must do more. The sacredness of the whole would be done away by any farther thought or action. My St. George speech was for strangers,—not for those who love me.

Then—the impression under which I wrote to the *Telegraph* was that the address was guarded from touching on the Polit. Econ. questions. It has been altered since, and is entirely delightful to me—as well it may be. But I should have been content in any such qualification of it, so long as it did not imply change in my work or thought. This was the one cause of the *Telegraph* letter. I write briefly to-day,—I will try to say better afterwards what thanks I owe you all. But this is to put them at rest, on the matter of further action. May I pray your added kindness in at once seeing to this—and pray your belief in the continued gratitude with which I am always your loving and respectful friend, JOHN RUSKIN.

To Miss KATE GREENAWAY[2]

BRANTWOOD, 27 *April*, '86.

It has been a perfect and thrice lovely April morning—absolutely calm, with dew on fields, and the wood anemones full out everywhere:

[1] [From "Ruskin and his Life Work," by Sir Oliver Lodge, in *St. George*, January 1906, vol. ix. p. 5, where, however, part of the letter was omitted (see below, p. 676). The letter refers to the Complimentary Address presented to Ruskin at Sir Oliver Lodge's instance (see Vol. XXXIV. pp. 732, 733). The Address was sent anonymously, and hence Ruskin had not immediately acknowledged it. Meanwhile an article in the *Daily Telegraph* had erroneously stated that the Address was to say nothing about Ruskin's Political Economy, on which subject it was alleged that he had changed his views: hence his letter to the *Telegraph* in January 1886 (see above, p. 550). In the same month, in his last Report on the St. George's Guild, he had complained of the lack of support and sympathy (Vol. XXX. pp. 95, 96).]

[2] [No. 86 in *Kate Greenaway*, p. 153 (see below, p. 658).]

and now coming in, before breakfast, I get your delicious letter about Beauty and the Beast. I am so very thankful that you like it so —and will do it. For I want intensely to bring one out for you—*your* book—I your publisher, charging you printing and paper only. Hitherto I'm sure your father and Johnnie must think I've been simply swindling you out of your best drawings and—a good deal more.

But now I want you to choose me the purest old form of the story —to do such illustrations as you feel like doing. Pencil sketch first at ease. Then—separately, a quite severe ink line—cheaply and without error cuttable—with no bother to either of us, so much plain [four lines of shading] shade as you like. To be published without colour, octavo, but with design for a grand hand-coloured quarto edition afterwards. I'll write a preface—and perhaps with your help, venture on an additional incident or two?

Yesterday was lovely too—and I couldn't sit down to my letters—nor get the book sent. It is about Sir Philip Sidney and an older friend of his at Vienna—mostly in letters.[1] Read only what you like —there's lots of entirely useless politics which shouldn't have been printed. But you will find things in it—and it is of all things good for you to be brought into living company of these *good* people of old days. . . .

To Professor Oliver Lodge, F.R.S.[2]

Brantwood, *Easter Tuesday* [*April* 28].

Dear Friend,—I was looking over the letter, this afternoon, which you wrote me in reply to my question—how I had helped you.[3] It helps *me*, not a little now—in resisting a tendency to speak regretfully of my failures to a degree which would merely pain the reader of my second vol. of autobiography.

Nevertheless, I am still greatly puzzled what to say about this Address. The form of answer in my own mind is more and more—

"My dear friends, I am no more to be thanked, or admired, in anything I have tried to teach anybody, than the guide to a hill-top, or the hand to a dial. What's the use of complimenting the dial hand when you don't care what o'clock it is? I tell you not to go to law, not to go to war,—not to take usury,—and to buy

[1] [*The Correspondence of Sir Philip Sidney and Hubert Languet: Now first collected and translated from the Latin with Notes and Memoir of Sidney*, by Stewart A. Pears (1845).]

[2] [*St. George*, vol. ix. p. 5.]

[3] [See above, p 541.]

Turners and Tintorets. Has any of you stopped his son from being a soldier—taken his money out of the bank—or bought a Tintoret?"

I had a wonderfully good day, however, on Easter Sunday, with that and some other precious letters, and am ever your grateful and affectionate

J. RUSKIN.

To CHARLES ELIOT NORTON[1]

BRANTWOOD, *Easter Wednesday*, '86.

DEAREST CHARLES,—I am entirely forbidden to write letters, and I've written seven difficult ones this morning—and this eighth has been on my mind this month. I thought you might be wondering what I meant to make of *Præterita*, if I live to finish it—and that you ought to know. There are to be 36 numbers—for sixty years. You and Joan may give account of me afterwards. I've got it all planned out now;[2] and it will be pretty and readable enough, I think, all through. . . .

I am retouching and mounting drawings also, and liking my own better; and when you come to see Brantwood again, whether I'm in it or not, you will find it in a little better order. . . .

To Miss SUSAN BEEVER[3]

1*st May*, 1886.

What lovely letters you are writing *me* just now; but as for my not having said any pretty things of *you* for a long while, you know perfectly that I am saying them in my heart every day and all day long.

I can't find a shell marble, but I send you (to look at, it's too ugly for a present) a shell *agate* made of shells, *in* a shell, as if in a pot! And I send you for a May-day gift, with all loving May, June, and December, and January wishes, such a pretty green and white stone gone maying, as one doesn't often see with the rest of the Jacks-in-the-green.

And I'm ever (or at least for a while yet) your curled up old cat. I shall come out of curl and get frisky when the hyacinths come out. Telegram just come from Ireland: "Rose queen elected; sweetly pretty, and all most happy."[4]

[1] [*Atlantic Monthly*, September 1904, vol. 94, p. 387. No. 215 in *Norton*; vol. ii. pp. 210–211.]

[2] [See the schemes given in Vol. XXXV. pp. liv., 633–634.]

[3] [No. 86 in *Hortus Inclusus*.]

[4] [For the Rose Queens at Cork, see above, p. 537, and below, p. 647.]

To Mrs. Arthur Severn

Brantwood, *4th May* [? 1886].

. . . I was very glad of all you told me of Leighton and the other people,—but I see a report that Millais is ill. I am very sorry—please tell me exactly about this.

I never saw the oxalis get into such lovely and dainty *nests* as this year. That I never should have painted that flower! But one *can't* write and paint too.

To Miss Katie Macdonald [1]

Brantwood, *4th May*, '86.

Darling Katie,—You didn't know what music was till you went to the Albert Hall?

My dear, I wouldn't give the blackbird that sits on my hawthorn in the quiet May evenings for a million of fiddlers going by steam!

These vast concerts are merely mob's noise—rage—vanity—waste of money—and life—and fearfully bad for little girls—or big ones either for that matter.

Learn to sing yourself—carefully—modestly—feelingly. Learn the simplest airs that belong to entirely noble words—never sing sacred music but definitely as an act of worship—*never* for amusement;—and above all, as you have future influence, see that music is made the minister and tutor of the poor, not the passion and pride of the rich.

I'll try to get you the sea-gull's answer.—Ever your loving

J. R.

To Miss Kate Greenaway [2]

Brantwood, *7th May* [1886].

I'm rather pleasing myself in thinking what you'll say to the colours on the mica, if it gets safe to you to-day.

I wonder if you could put in writing about any particular face—what it is that makes it pretty? What curl of mouth, what lifting of eyelid, and the like—and what part of it you do first?

[1] [No. 24 in "Friends of Living Creatures and John Ruskin," in the *Fortnightly Review*, October 1907, p. 604.]

[2] [Partly printed, No. 87, in *Kate Greenaway*, p. 154 (see below, p. 658). The "new book" is probably *The Queen of the Pirate Isle*, by Bret Harte, illustrated by Miss Greenaway.]

I think a new stimulus might be given to drawing in general by teaching some simple principles to girls about drawing each other's faces.

I'm rather eager to see the new book. I like its name.

To HOLMAN HUNT

7 *May*, 1886.

DEAREST HUNT,—I am entirely grateful for your letter,[1] and deeply honoured by it; but I cannot answer it just now—my head is still unable for thought, or for the expression of what thought it has, at any length. This only I will say, that the signs peculiar to any of us are always to be read by modest human interpretation, and that their meaning will never be known but by our compliance with the rules of ordinary sense and prudence. One may feel assured of supernatural sympathy, but only in being naturally wise.—Ever your lovingest

J. RUSKIN.

To Professor OLIVER LODGE, F.R.S.[2]

BRANTWOOD, 15*th May*.

DEAR PROFESSOR OLIVER,—The letters which I have too long kept under a stone, to look at—here enclosed—are very lovely, and the whole thing is lovely,—but always, for me, in Cloud Cuckoo town![3] Have you noticed that idiotic article by a man in whom I had some hope, Labelaye—(how is it spelt?[4])—on the economic crisis—for want of Gold forsooth! Is it still impossible to get into any human head at your universities that the economic crisis is because people will dig iron out of the ground, and build ironclads,—instead of raising corn and wine and giving them to whoso needs them? That is the one plain 2+2=4 that I have tried to teach these twenty years—*the* thing of all others indisputable and needful—and no mortal yet has taken up the word!—Ever your loving J. RUSKIN.

[1] [A long letter, preserved by Ruskin, in which Mr. Hunt detailed certain religious and spiritual experiences.]

[2] [*St. George*, vol. ix. p. 6 (see below, p. 676).]

[3] [For the reference to Aristophanes, see Vol. XVIII. p. 23, Vol. XXV. p. 170.]

[4] ["The Economic Crisis and its Causes," by Emile de Laveleye, in the *Contemporary Review*, May 1886, vol. 49, pp. 621–637. For an earlier reference to M. de Laveleye, see Vol. XXVIII. p. 402.]

To Charles Eliot Norton[1]

Brantwood, 16*th May* [1886].

My very dear Charles,—Thank you, very heartily, for returning me the two drawings—but you wholly misunderstand my motive in asking their return.

It is not for myself, but for my scholars and lovers that I ask them. There is no drawing of a stone by my hand so good as your boulder—few of the church I love best so good as that arch of St. Mark's.[2]

America, as long as she worships Mr. Chase,[3] and pirates the teaching of the living, and taxes the teaching of the dead, can get no good of work or word of mine, and no friend of mine should disgrace my work by keeping it there.

. . . I hope this year to retain my power of managing my own servants, and walking in my own woods. You shall hear from me, if I do so. If I am shut up again, you may at all events be thankful I can't say naughty things about America.—Ever your faithful friend,

J. R.

To Miss Katie Macdonald[4]

Brantwood, 18*th May*, '86.

My darlingest Katie,—I am *very* happy in your letter to-day—I was so frightened that I had frightened you. But now I'm frightened for another thing—you know you're such a dreadfully *old* Katie—you might be a hundred years old—liking the *Messiah* and all that grand sort of thing—you might be my Grandmamma Katie, instead of I your Papa. *I* don't like grand music at all; I like the Songs of Sixpence, and a pocketful of Rye, and the King was in the Counting-house (and I only wish Kings oftener were)—and I *do* love an old, quite vulgar song about Hot Codlins—and I'm so ashamed of myself you can't think. All the same, I believe you *would* come and pet me if you were a bird, so I try to fancy it.

[1] [No. 216 in *Norton;* vol. ii. pp. 211-212.]

[2] [The "boulder" may be Plate XVII. in Vol. XXXVI. (p. 294); the "arch of St. Mark's" was a copy made from the drawing reproduced on Plate D in Vol. X. (p. 116).]

[3] [William Merrit Chase, for many years President of the Society of American Artists.]

[4] [No. 25 in "The Friends of Living Creatures and John Ruskin," in the *Fortnightly Review*, October 1907, p. 605.]

I did not mean you to have the trouble of copying Lady Francesca's letter, but you are *very* good to have done it.

It's ever so dear of Puck to care for my love. Here's such a lot more for him, that it takes up all that page opposite—and I can't write anything on it—but in this one that I'm your lovingest "Papa"? still.

To Miss KATE GREENAWAY[1]

May 21, 1886.

If you only knew the delight it is to me to send either you or Johnnie anything that you like! But—not to worry you with the thought of their coming out of my drawers, I shall send Johnnie some only to look at and send back at leisure. You're a nice Katie—you—to talk of generosity—after giving me about £2000 worth of drawings as if they were leaves off the trees.

To Miss SUSAN BEEVER[2]

22*nd May* [1886].

Of course the little pyramid in crystal is a present. With that enjoyment of Pinkerton,[3] you will have quite a new indoors interest, whatever the rain may say.

How very lucky you asked me what basalt was! How much has come out of it (written in falling asleep)! I've been out all the morning and am *so* sleepy.

But I've written a nice little bit of *Præterita* before I went out, trying to describe the Rhone at Geneva. I think Susie will like it, if nobody else.[4]

That "not enjoying the beauty of things" goes ever so much deeper than mere blindness. It is a form of antagonism, and is essentially Satanic. A most strange form of demonology in otherwise good people, or shall we say in "good people"? You know *we* are not good at all, are we now?

I don't think you've got any green in your mica. I've sent you a bit enclosed with some jealous spots in.

[1] [No. 84 in *Kate Greenaway*, p. 153. In another letter, No. 96 (p. 166), given without date, Ruskin wrote:—

"In trying to prevent you wasting your time on me, I have never told you how much I do enjoy these little drawings. They are an immense addition to the best pleasures of my life, and give me continual interest and new thought."]

[2] [No. 87 in *Hortus Inclusus*.]

[3] [J. Pinkerton's *Petralogy:* see Vol. XXVI. p. 387.]

[4] [For this passage, see Vol. XXXV. pp. 326–328, and for a note upon it, *ibid.*, p. xxxv.]

To George Richmond, R.A.

Brantwood, 23*rd May*, 1886.

Dearest Richmond,—I couldn't help sending you the scrabbled proof[1] which I hope comes with this, because I think it will read better just after the Roman one—before the Neapolitan comes between. I am so very happy and thankful you like the way I am doing the thing. I am going to send you now the 4° edition inscribed—I couldn't *begin* sending myself about till I was sure my friends would care to have me! But I find, on the whole, they like me better than in those days I like myself. I haven't heard the effect on public of the Roman one yet, however.

There will be rather more Alps and Italy in the two main volumes than most people will care for, but they are the life, and must be told as well as I can. I think the number with Joanie, and Marie of the Giessbach, will be pretty—and the Assisi, if I keep well, should be a good bit of work.[2]

Very thankful I am to have been spared to write even thus much of it—and to have my friends yet to read it.

I'd give something now to have heard some of Papa's consultations with you—about his Prodigal Son![3]—Ever your loving

J. Ruskin.

To Miss Kate Greenaway

Brantwood [*May* 28, 1886].

The music pieces in *Punch* are always among his best. In one of the almanacks there is a beautiful ancient and modern drawing-room, and the "Herr Professors"[4] (not me!) are usually delicious.

But Mozart is scarcely a human being. He is a Power of Nature. He is never wrong—never imperfect—never failing. He is such a Law in Music as there is in no other human art—the greatest painters have usually the most faults; Titian is nearest him, but has not the gaiety nor the grace.

[1] [Of ch. iv. of vol. ii. of *Præterita;* the Roman chapter being ii., and the Neapolitan ("Cumæ") iii.]

[2] [These chapters, however, were not written: for their place in the scheme see Vol. XXXV. pp. 633–634.]

[3] [See *Præterita*, Vol. XXXV. p. 275.]

[4] [For a reference to one of these drawings by Du Maurier, see Vol. XXXIII. p. 366.]

To Miss SUSAN BEEVER [1]

Last day of May [1886].

I'm bringing to-day with the strawroots, twelve more sketches in folio, and the plan is that out of those, making with the rest twenty-four, you choose twelve to keep next week, with the new folio of twelve to be then brought, and you then put aside twelve to be given back in exchange for it. Then next to next week you choose twelve out of that twenty-four, and then next week twelve out of its twenty-four, and then when I can't send any more you choose the one to keep out of the last lot, which you see will then be the creamiest cream, not to say cheesiest cheese, of the rest! Now isn't that a nice amusing categorical, catalogueical, catechismic, catcataceous plan?

To Miss SUSAN BEEVER [2]

7th June.

You have been what Joanie calls a "Doosie Dandy" about those dozens of sketches! You're always to have twenty-four on hand, then those I send to-day are to stay with the twelve you have, till next Monday, and you'll have time then to know which you like best to keep. Next Monday I send *another* twelve and take back the twelve you've done with.

It was very beautiful yesterday looking from here.

I'm pretty well, and writing saucy things to everybody.

I told a Cambridge man yesterday that he had been clever enough to put into a shilling pamphlet all the mistakes of his generation.

To Miss KATE GREENAWAY [3]

BRANTWOOD, *8th June*, '86.

You cannot think what a real comfort and help it is to me that you see anything in my drawings. They are all such mere hints of what I want to do, or syllables of what I saw, that I never think, or at least never thought, they could give the least pleasure to any one but myself—and that you, especially, who draw so clearly, should

[1] [No. 88 in *Hortus Inclusus* (see p. 627). For the playful end of the letter, see above, p. 292.]

[2] [No. 89 in *Hortus Inclusus* (see below, p. 627).]

[3] [No. 85 in *Kate Greenaway*, p. 153.]

understand the confused scratches of them is very wonderful and joyful to me.

I had fixed on the road through the water for you, out of that lot, in my own mind; it *is* like you, and it's so nice that you found it out—and that you like the hazy Castle of Annecy, too. But it shall be Abingdon this time. It will be very amusing to me to see, which you like, out of each ten; but I think I shall know, now, pretty well.

To Charles Eliot Norton[1]

Brantwood, 24*th June*, '86.

Darling Charles,—I saw your nice note to Joan the other day, and vowed I must write at once.

Two—three days have passed, irksome or more or less pro-vocantive things keeping me otherwise busy. To-day I have had pen in hand since the morning—now three afternoon—windy nothingness instead of lake—no going out. I was going to lie down on the sofa to try to sleep, when I saw your third vol. *M. P.* with all those lovely annotations laid out for conference with my own final opinions![2] So I began peeping and muttering—and now I've just come on the passage I think worth all the rest of the book, marked "Omit to end of chapter."

I was getting a little dull, myself, over the Campo Santo of Pisa,[3] and feared the reader would say the book had better stop now. But in chap. x. (Vevay) I propose to give an account of a steamboat passage thence to Geneva,[4] and some farther passages of the year 1856—and I think the "Omit to end of chapter" will be the loveliest finish for it. I think I shall begin to-morrow morning, *D.V.*

Not but there's some sense in some of the annotations, but on the whole, I consider the book has the best of it, and the only observations I feel inclined now to attend to are such as "The analysis of this temper needs to be carried farther"! etc.

Quite seriously, I am very thankful to find the book has so much good in it, and am a good deal cheered after being for the last month or two weeks sick-hearted enough in thinking of what I might have done instead.

The weather has been worse than depressing. Night without stars —day without evening or morning—and all the garden blighted for

[1] [No. 217 in *Norton;* vol. ii. pp. 212–215.]
[2] [See above, p. 151.]
[3] [Ch. vi. vol. ii. *Præterita:* Vol. XXXV. pp. 340 *seq.*]
[4] [Ultimately given in ch. ii. ("Mont Velan") of vol. iii.: Vol. XXXV. p. 519. The remark "Omit to end of chapter" was, however, not introduced.]

the year. My chief comfort has been in reading Carlyle's descriptions of people. I've got Froude's leave to take them all out and edit them myself[1]—if only—only—I get a little strong next year. My chief discomfort is . . . and my beard's getting thin and stiff, and general dilapidation of the stones yet left on one another—in Venice or me. . . . I was glad to see Moore again, and hope to be somewhat helpful to him.

When shall I see you? You really ought to look at our lovely England again—as a Manufacturing town. Oliver Wendell seems delighted—and says he has seen hawthorn. *I* haven't this spring.—Ever your lovingest ST. C.

To CHARLES ELIOT NORTON[3]

BRANTWOOD, 18*th August*, '86.

MY DEAREST CHARLES,—You ought not to be so anxious during these monsoons and cyclones of my poor old plagued brains. They clear off, and leave me, to say the least, as wise as I was before. Certainly this last fit has been much nastier for me than any yet, and has left me more frightened, but not so much hurt, as the last one. . . . Send me a line now and then still, please,—whether I'm mad or not I'm your loving J. R.

To GEORGE ALLEN

BRANTWOOD [*Aug.* 24, 1886].

MY DEAR ALLEN,—I think it quite feasible yet to show what both you and I can do, more creditably than we have ever done hitherto;—but even as it is, we have more praise than many cleverer people, who are swept down the stream of modern labour and sorrow. *I* am neither Turner nor Prout, nor are you Dürer or Bewick, and we have both done many other things than draw or engrave. I am minded, in connection with *Præterita* and *Proserpina*, to try what we can yet do through our spectacles;—for you, at all events, the inevitable time

[1] [This scheme was not carried out: for "Froude's leave," see Vol. XXXV. p. xxiv.]

[2] [Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, during a portion of the visit to England in 1886 recorded in his *Our Hundred Days in Europe*, was the guest of Ruskin's friend, Henry Willett, and there was correspondence with Brantwood in the hope of arranging a visit, but this was rendered impossible by Ruskin's falling ill shortly after the date of the present letter.]

[3] [*Atlantic Monthly*, September 1904, vol. 94, p. 387. No. 218 in *Norton*; vol. ii. p. 215.]

of sunset is not come; and for me, it may not be the dullest part of the day.

I am very glad you like the pencil sketches. I will not ask you to do anything you dislike.—Ever affectly. yrs., J. R.

To Charles Eliot Norton [1]

Brantwood, 28*th Aug.*, '86.

Darling Charles,—Your note to Joan of the 13th is extraordinarily pious, for *you!* and not a bit true! It is not the Lord's hand, but my own folly, that brings these illnesses on me; and as long as they go off again, you needn't be so mighty grave about them. How many wiser folk than I go mad for good and all, or bad and all, like poor Turner at the last, Blake always, Scott in his pride, Irving in his faith, and Carlyle, because of the poultry next door. You had better, by the way, have gone crazy for a month yourself than written that niggling and naggling article on Froude's misprints.[2]

I learn a lot in these fits of the way one sees, hears, and fancies things, in morbid conditions of nerve. . . . I suffer no pain whatsoever, and am not the least frightened for myself. . . . Part of this last vision, in which a real thunderstorm came to play its own part, was terrific and sublime more than anybody can see, sane (unless perchance they are to be swallowed up by Etna or swept away by a cyclone).

Did I tell you that during this illness I was able to read Sydney Smith's *Moral Philosophy*, and with what sense I have got back, declare it now to be the only moral philosophy. It entirely supersedes the wisdom of *Modern Painters*.[3]—Ever your loving J. R.

To Charles Eliot Norton [4]

Brantwood, 13*th September*, '86.

Darling Charles,—I like the notion of leaving you out of my Autobiography. What would be the use of it, if it did not show under what friendly discouragements I wrote my best works? You might as well propose I should leave out Carlyle, or Joan herself!

[1] [No. 219 in *Norton;* vol. ii. pp. 215–217.]

[2] ["Recollections of Carlyle, with Notes concerning his 'Reminiscences,'" in the *New Princeton Review*, July 1886, vol. 2, pp. 1–19. The article is largely taken up with lists of misprints in Froude's publications. There was a summary of the article in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, July 15. Mr. Norton returned to the charge in an Appendix to his edition of *Early Letters of Thomas Carlyle*, 1886.]

[3] [Compare *Præterita*, Vol. XXXV. p. 396.]

[4] [No. 220 in *Norton;* vol. ii. pp. 217–219.]

I have been steadily gaining since last report, and on Friday was half-way up the Old Man, without more fatigue than deepened the night's rest, and greatly pleased that, the day being exceptionally clear, I saw Ingleborough without any feeling of diminished faculty of sight.

And the last illness did indeed leave lessons as to the danger of mere active excitement of brain, which none of the four previous ones did. For all those, there was some reason in the particular trains of feeling that ended in them; but this last came of a quite dispassionate review of the opinions of the Committee of Council on Education, and analysis of the legal position of the Vicar of Coniston under the will of Lady le Fleming. It has only struck me lately that I was meant for a lawyer, and that the æsthetic side, or point, of me ought to have remained undeveloped, like the eyes which the Darwinians are discovering in the backs, or behinds, of lizards.

By the way, nothing in late reading has delighted me more, or ever did, in præterite reading, than the letters of aged Humboldt to youthful Agassiz.[1]

. . . I had an interesting encounter with a biggish viper, who challenged me at the top of the harbour steps one day before my last fit of craze came on. I looked him in the eyes, or rather nose, for half a minute, when he drew aside into a tuft of grass, on which I summoned our Tommy[2]—a strong lad of eighteen, who was mowing just above—to come down with his scythe. The moment he struck at the grass tuft, it—the snake—became a glittering coil more wonderful than I could have conceived, clasping the scythe and avoiding its edge. Not till the fifth or sixth blow could Tommy get a disabling cut at it. I finally knelt down and crushed its head flat with a stone,—and hope it meant the last lock of Medusa's hair for me.—Ever your lovingest

J. R.

To Miss KATE GREENAWAY[3]

HEYSHAM, *Sunday* [*Sept.* 19, 1886].

I'm sending two miles that you may get your—this—whatever you call it—it isn't a letter—and I dare say you won't get it. I haven't got yours—they won't give anything to anybody on Sunday!—and I'm sure yours is a beauty—in the post office over the hill there and I can't get it, and I've nothing to do and I can't think of anything to

[1] [In *Louis Agassiz: his Life and Correspondence*, edited by Elizabeth Cary Agassiz. Boston, 2 vols., 1885. Compare Vol. XV. p. 393 *n.*]

[2] [For whom, see Vol. XXXIII. p. xxx.]

[3] [No. 88 in *Kate Greenaway*, pp. 154–155.]

think of,—and the sea has no waves in it—and the sand has no shells in it—and the shells—oyster-shells—at lunch had no oysters in them bigger than that [a rough drawing of an oyster-shell with a small oyster in it] in a shell—and *that* wouldn't come out!

And the wind's whistling through the keyhole—and I ought to go out—and don't want to—and here's Baxter coming to say I must, and to take "*this*" to Morecambe. Much good may it do you.

To Miss Mary Gladstone[1]

Brantwood, 29*th October,* 1886.

My dearest M——, How often I think of you, and shall think as long as this life, whether of dream or reality, is spared to me, I am most thankful to be permitted to tell you, for my own sake; how much more if you can really get some strength or joy from your old friend not having forgotten, nor tried to forget, what you used to be to him. Of course, no one had told me of your illness, or my own would not have prevented my trying to hear of your safety; and, indeed, what you say of these illnesses of mine is in great part true, but they are very grievous to me, and I trust yours will return no more.

I am more passionately and carefully occupied in music than ever yet. Please get well, and be Sainte Cecile again to me. I will not write more to-day, but the moment you tell me again you should like me to.—Ever your loving "Aprile,"[2] John Ruskin.

To Miss Kate Greenaway[3]

Brantwood, *Saturday* [*Nov.* 2, 1886].

It rejoices me so that you enjoy those old master drawings.

It comes, in the very moment when I wanted it—this British M. enthusiasm of yours.

I'm going to set up a girls' drawing school in London—a room where nice young girls can go—and find no disagreeable people nor ugly pictures. They must all be introduced by some of my own sweetest friends—by K. G., by Lilias T., by Margaret B. J.[4]—by my

[1] [*Letters to M. G. and H. G.*, pp. 93-94.]
[2] [See above, p. 271.]
[3] [No. 89 in *Kate Greenaway*, p. 155 (see below, p. 658).]
[4] [Miss Trotter and Miss Burne-Jones. For "Lolly" (Laurence Hilliard), see Vol. XXXV. p. xxvii.]

own sec. Lolly—or by such as ever and anon may be enrolled as Honorary Students.

And I want you at once to choose, and buy for me, beginning with enclosed cheque, all the drawings by the old masters, reproduced to your good pleasure. Whatever you like, I shall—and the school will be far happier and more confident in your choice ratified by mine.

And I will talk over every bit of the plan with you—as you have time to think of it.

I'm not quite sure I shall like *this* American book as well as Bret Harte—but am thankful for anything to make me laugh,—if it does.

To Miss KATE GREENAWAY[1]

BRANTWOOD, *Nov.* 9.

I am considerably vexed about Apple Pie. I really think you ought seriously to consult me before determining on the lettering of things so important.

The titles are simply bill-sticking of the vulgarest sort, over the drawings—nor is there one of those that has the least melodious charm as a colour design—while the feet—from merely shapeless are becoming literal paddles or flappers—and in the pretty—though ungrammatical —"Eat it," are real deformities.

All your faults are gaining on you, every hour that you don't fight them.

I have a plan in my head for organising a girls' Academy under you! (a fine mistress you'll make—truly)—Lilias Trotter and Miss Alexander for the Dons, or Donnas of it—and with every book and engraving that I can buy for it—of noble types—with as much of cast-drawing, and coin—as you can use,—and two or three general laws of mine to live under! and spending my last breath in trying to get some good into you!

To Miss KATE GREENAWAY[2]

BRANTWOOD, CONISTON, LANCASHIRE, 12*th Nov.* [1886].

But I never *do* scold you! never think of such a thing! I only say—I'm sorry. I have no idea what state of mind you are in when you draw stockings down at heel, and shoes with the right foot in

[1] [No. 90 in *Kate Greenaway*, p. 156 (see below, p. 658); also given in facsimile, pp. 157–159. "Apple Pie" is a number of designs for Christmas cards, published under the title *A Apple Pie*.]

[2] [No. 92 in *Kate Greenaway*, p. 160.]

the left and the left in the right, and legs lumpy at the shins, and shaky at the knees. And whenever did you put red letters like the bills of a pantomime—in any of *my* drawings? and why do it to the public?

To Miss Kate Greenaway[1]

Brantwood [*Nov.* 14, 1886].

Waiting for post in expectation of Bret Harte. My dear, you must always send me all you do. If I don't like it, the public will, —if I do, there's always one more pleasure in my—disconsolate life. And you ought to feel that when I do like it, nobody likes it so much!—nor half nor a quarter so much.

Yes, it has come—you're a dear good Katie—and it's lovely. The best thing you have ever done—it is so *real* and natural. I do hope the public will feel with me, for once—yes, and for twice—and many times to come.

It is all delightful, and the text also—and the print. You may do more in colour, however, next time.

To Miss Susan Beever[2]

19*th November*, 1886.

I think you must have been spinning the sunbeams into gold to be able to scatter gifts like this. It is your own light of the eyes[3] that has made the woodland leaves so golden brown. Well, I have just opened a St. George account at the Coniston Bank, and this will make me grandly miserly and careful. I am very thankful for it. Also for Harry's[4] saying of me that I am gentle! I've been quarrelling with so many people lately, I had forgotten all grace, till you brought it back yesterday and made me still your gentle, etc.

To William Ward[5]

Brantwood, *November* 20*th*, 1886.

Dear Ward,—No drawing of mine is ever to leave my walls more, while *I* live. But I am open to purchase of anything you can do with

[1] [No. 91 in *Kate Greenaway*, p. 156. The letter refers to an advance copy of *The Queen of the Pirate Isle, by Bret Harte, illustrated by Kate Greenaway.* In the coloured engravings the drawings are treated in a more natural and less quaint and decorative manner than was common with her.]

[2] [No. 161 in *Hortus Inclusus.*]

[3] [Proverbs xv. 30.]

[4] [Harry Atkinson, Miss Beever's gardener.]

[5] [This is the last of Ruskin's letters to Mr. Ward. No. 107 in *Ward;* vol. ii. p. 94.]

ease to yourself from the National Gallery. You know how long I've been wanting some of the bigger sketches—St. Gothards, Romes, etc.

Send me some talk and news.—Always affectionately yours,

J. RUSKIN.

To Miss KATE GREENAWAY[1]

BRANTWOOD, *Monday* [*Nov.* 22, 1886].

I've never told you how much I liked a long blue nymph, with a branch of roses, who came a month ago. It's a heavenly little puckered blue gown, with such a lovely spotty-puckery waistband and collar, and a microscopic and microcosmic cross of a brooch, most beautiful to behold. What is she waving her rose-branch for? and what is she saying?

To Miss SUSAN BEEVER[2]

26*th November*, 1886.

Do you know how to make sugar candy? In my present abject state the only way of amusing myself I can hit on is setting the girls of the school to garden and cook! By way of beginning in cooking I offered to pay for any quantity of wasted sugar if they could produce me a crystal or two of sugar candy—(on the way to Twelfth cakes, you know, and sugar animals. One of Francesca's friends made her a life-size Easter lamb in sugar). The first try this morning was brought me in a state of sticky jelly.

And after sending me a recipe for candy, would you please ask Harry to look at the school garden? I'm going to get the *boys* to keep that in order; but if Harry would look at it and order some mine gravel down for the walks, and, with Mr. Brocklebank's authority (to whom I have spoken already), direct any of the boys who are willing to form a corps of little gardeners, and under Harry's orders make the best that can be made of that neglected bit of earth, I think you and I should both enjoy hearing of it.

To Miss SUSAN BEEVER[3]

27*th November*, 1886.

For once, I have a birthday stone for you, a little worth your having, and a little gladsome to me in the giving. It is blue like

[1] [No. 93 in *Kate Greenaway*, p. 160.]

[2] [No. 90 in *Hortus Inclusus* (see below, p. 627). Mr. Brocklebank was the Coniston schoolmaster.]

[3] [No. 91 in *Hortus Inclusus*.]

the air that you were born into, and always live in. It is as deep as gentians, and has their gleams of green in it, and it is precious all through within and without, as Susie herself is. Many and many returns of all the birthdays that have gone away, and crowds yet of those that never were here before.

To Miss Helen Gladstone[1]

Brantwood, 28*th November*, 1886.

My dear H——, I am especially glad of your letter to-day, for I was writing to Mrs. Alexander of a new book I'm planning from her daughter's letters,[2] and she will be so glad to see yours.

It was only the girls at the fountain that I meant for Girton. Keep the Preghiera, with the two others, at Newnham.[3] (What is the connection or distinction of North Hall with the rest of Newnham?)

I rejoice in knowing the Superiora drawings give pleasure. I will ask at once for the loan of them when I see my way to publishing them.

When may I send another letter to puzzle the butler?[4]—Ever affectionately yours, J. Ruskin.

To Miss Kate Greenaway[5]

Brantwood, 1*st Dec.*, '86.

That *is* delightful hearing about Mrs. Allingham. I'm so very glad she's so nice as to want to give me a picture. Please tell her

[1] [*Letters to M. G. and H. G.*, pp. 102–103.]

[2] [*Christ's Folk in the Apennine*, of which the first Part appeared in March 1887.]

[3] [For the "girls at the fountain" (a leaf from Miss Alexander's *Roadside Songs of Tuscany*), see Vol. XXXII. Plate XVII. (p. 186). To Newnham, Ruskin ultimately gave three drawings (see Vol. XXXII. p. 48), in addition to the "Evening Prayer" (Leaf No. 112 in the synopsis, *ibid.*, p. 47).]

[4] [For the allusion here, see the Introduction; Vol. XXXVI. p. lxxxvi.]

[5] [No. 94 in *Kate Greenaway*, p. 161. The letter to which it is an answer was as follows (*ibid.*, pp. 160–161):—

"50 Frognal, 30 *Nov.*, 1886.

"Yesterday was such a nice day. I had your letter in the morning—then the sun came out—then I went to see Mrs. Allingham in the afternoon, who was in town for a few days—with such a lot of beautiful drawings——they *were* lovely—the most truthful, the most like things really look—and the most lovely likeness. I've felt

there couldn't be anything more—delicious to me both in the sense of friendship and in the possession.

I am very thankful she is doing as you say—in beauty, and so much besides.

And it is right that you should be a little envious of her realisation—while yet you should be most thankful for your own gift of endless imagination. The realism is in your power whenever you choose.

To Miss KATE GREENAWAY[1]

BRANTWOOD [*Dec.* 12, 1886].

I *do* like *you* to have the books I have cared for,—and—too securely I say—there is no chance of my ever wanting to read these more. My only pleasures now are in actual nature or art—not in visions.

All national costumes, as far as I know, are modern. The conditions of trade established after the sixteenth century changed everything, and there can be no more consistent art like that which delights you so justly. But the peasant *instincts* are as old as—500 B.C. through it all—and I have seen a half-naked beggar's brat in Rome throw a vine branch round his head, like a Greek Bacchus.

And you do more beautiful things yourself, in their way, than ever were done before,—but I should like you to be more amongst "the *colour* of the colours."

No, I'm not feeling stronger, but I'm strong enough for all I've to do.

envious all the hours since—there was one cottage and garden with a deep background of pines—it was a marvel of painting—then such a rose bush—then, a divine little picture—of her own beautiful little boy sitting on a garden seat with a girl picking red currants—and a background of deep laurels. You can't think the beauty of it—and *many many many* more—all so lovely, so beautiful. She asked me could I tell her anything—give her advice—and I could not help saying, I can give you nothing but entire praise and the deepest admiration.

"She asked after you,—and she said she had often wished to give you a little drawing—but she didn't know if you would be pleased to have it—I don't think I left any doubt in her mind. She asked me what subject I thought you would like best—I said I fancied a pretty little girl with a little cottage or cottage garden—so I hope it will come to pass—I think it will.—You will be so pleased, *only you will like it better than mine*, but Mrs. Allingham is the nicest of people. I always feel I like her so much whenever I see her. And I wish you could have seen those drawings yesterday, for they would have been a deep joy to you. She is going to have an exhibition of 40 in London soon. You ought to see them.

"Well, I hope you're feeling better. I hope I will have a letter in the morning. I have enjoyed the *Præterita* very much; it is so cheering to have it coming again."]

[1] [No. 95 in *Kate Greenaway*, p. 161.]

To H. E. Bird[1]

Brantwood, *Dec.* 15*th*, '86.

Dear Mr. Bird,—I find in a letter of yours—of—ever so long ago—that you were hesitating to write to me because of the state of my health—and for some time I have been under the impression that you also had to rest from chess—but in the number of the *Chess Monthly* I received to-day, for December, I find a lovely report of your play at the British Chess Club; and a most interesting letter from you. But I have not for some time received any numbers of *Modern Chess*. Is it my subscription that is in arrear?—in any case will you please send me, on a new subscription, all the numbers that are out, and I will return cheque instantly? I've spilt the ink-bottle over some of the best games in my old copies.

I find Blackburne's games intolerably and unpardonably dull—and am more and more set on my old plan[2] of choosing a set of beautiful games—Cochrane—Kennedy—Barnes—Macdonnell—and the like—with some of your lovely short ones. I find even Morphy often a little dull in his security!—Ever affectionately yours, John Ruskin.

To H.R.H. the Duchess of Albany

Brantwood, 26*th Dec.*, '86.

Madam,—My Christmas is made more than happy by your kindness. The beautiful little drawing gives me especial joy, in seeing that you are resolutely cultivating your true natural gift for art, as the expression of purest and most dignified feeling. That weary summer's illness came on me just as I was in hopes that your Royal Highness would sometimes send me a little word about yourself, the children—and their German home. I do not remember well what I ventured to answer to your last gracious letter—but I dreamt much of you while I was ill—and am always your grateful, loyal, and loving servant, John Ruskin.

The little book that comes with this poor note is the first fair copy I have received.[3] I venture to ask your acceptance of it in Polissena's name, and Miss Alexander's. If I am spared to complete it there will be ten or twelve numbers—then the whole shall be bound for you—but I thought you would like to read it just now.

[1] [Henry Edward Bird (1830–1908), author of *Chess Masterpieces, Chess History and Reminiscences*, and *Modern Chess* (see obituary in the *Times*, April 16, 1908).]

[2] [See Vol. XXXIV. p. 574; and compare *ibid.*, pp. xlv., 699.]

[3] ["The Peace of Polissena," the first Part of Miss Alexander's *Christ's Folk in the Apennine* (Vol. XXXII.).]

1887

[During this year Ruskin was able to do a good deal of literary work (see the list in Vol. XXXV. p. xxii.), which included the Preface to *Hortus Inclusus* (above, p. 79), but he was far from well (*ibid.*, p. xxvii.), and in August he posted to London with Mr. Arthur Severn, and settled at Folkestone (*ibid.*, p. xxviii.).]

To Miss E. EMILY MURRAY [1]

BRANTWOOD, *8th Jan.*, '87.

DEAR MISS MURRAY,—Indeed I hope I can set your mind at ease, as to ways and means, for the present; and ask you to do for me exactly the sort of work that will be pleasant to you, in the quantity that will be good for you;—but first of all, you must reserve your strength, and never strain your sight in that way again. You will be able, if you are prudent and patient, to do everything you care to do —though not microscopic toil like what you have done. Your lovely book must not be broken up—the drawings will eventually be worth much more than they are at present to a dealer—if you keep them till you have name as a bird painter. I enclose you at once a cheque for ten guineas—with one of which, however, I want you to get from your oculist a precise statement of the best that can be done, or not done, for your sight; and you must please tell me what sum per month you can quite comfortably obey his orders on.

You shall "work out" the other nine guineas—and what I send you afterwards—in quite broad and bold work (which you need to do at any rate for your own progress)—of which one kind will be enlarging for me the feathers of a sparrow-hawk's wing in proportion and pattern, the longest to be five feet long, for a model I am having made of it to show its power (with that of gull and swift to follow) in comparison with blades of oars and windmill sails. To do this, you must be able to enlarge to scale accurately. If you can't you must learn! Meantime go to oculist, and tell me all he says.—Ever faithfully yours,

J. RUSKIN.

To EDWARD BURNE-JONES

BRANTWOOD, *10th Jan.*, '87.

DEAREST AND KINDEST NED,—*Your* letter is "blessed" if you like! Not only the most precious I ever had from you, but at this moment

[1] [See Vol. XXXV. p. xxiii. and *n.*]

the most helpful—and corrective; for I had no conception you and Georgie enjoyed that time[1]—to call "enjoy"—at all!

I can say to you—and ask of you—much of what you only can guide me in, about how far the public may be trusted with one's inner heart. But not to-day. On the whole I must do *Præterita* as it will come—without advice; but you have quite in the very culminating star of it wholly raised the importance to me of that Lucerne and Parma time.—Ever your devotedest ST. C.

To Miss KATE GREENAWAY[2]

BRANTWOOD, *Monday*, 23*rd* [*Jan.*, 1887].

I'm still quite well, thank God, and as prudent as can be—and have been enjoying my own drawings! and think I shan't mind much if there's a fault or two in yours!

But we *will* have it out about sun and moon like straw hats! and shoes like butterboats—and lilies crumpled like pocket handkerchiefs, and frocks chopped up instead of folded. I've got a whole cupboard full of dolls, for lay figures, and five hundred plates of costume—to be Kate Greenawayed.

To EDMUND J. BAILLIE[3]

BRANTWOOD, *Sunday*, 7*th February*, '87.

DEAR BAILLIE,—Many thanks for your good remembrances, but please remember also that birthdays are no pleasure to me any more than milestones on the road to one's country. Every day is a birthday to me that rises with sunshine; every end of day, a part of death.

But I shall be very thankful if you send me anything that you write, or grow, that are pretty, at any time, and especially to-day I thank you for that purple milkwort, wholly new to me, and which I should be further grateful if you would tell me how to get my gardener to grow.—Ever affectionately yours, JOHN RUSKIN.

[1] [Burne-Jones had recalled the tour which he and his wife made with Ruskin in 1862: see Vol. XVII. p. liii.]

[2] [No. 102 in *Kate Greenaway*, p. 169 (see below, p. 658).]

[3] [Printed, under the heading "Mr. Ruskin on his Birthdays," in *St. George*, 1900, vol. iii. p. 88. For an earlier letter to Mr. Baillie, see above, p. 430; he was President of the Liverpool Ruskin Society.]

To Miss Francesca Alexander

Brantwood, *Sunday, 7th Feb.* [1887].

Sweetest Sorel,—Only time to thank you for the story of Sta. Rosa's brother, and news of Teresa's husband, and to tell you my snowdrops are out, and I'm no good for letters or books or anything.

The day's dazzling—gold-colour mountains, and the blue lake with the sort of breeze on it that stays for an hour in the middle of it and never gets to the shore—or stays under the shore and never gets to the middle. And Catina[1] isn't out yet, because I must say a word at the end of it about taverns—and Allsopp just selling his Ale-business for three millions—and I want to say he should have lived in a hut, and sold one bottle at a time, like Catina. And I'm not up to writing anything spiteful enough, for me, nor sweet enough for you—but I shall get it done this week, I trust.

I'm still keeping well—and Miss Greenaway is here now—and very restive about everything I want her to do—which keeps me in my own proper contradictory element—and I'm quite comfortable and your provokingest of Fratellos, J. R.

To Frank Short[2]

10*th February,* 1887.

Dear Mr. Short,—Are these lovely things really for me to keep? Any one of them would have been a dazzling birthday present to me; but, above all gifts, the pleasure of seeing such work done again, and of knowing that the worker is as happy as he is strong in it, lights the spring of the year for me more than the most cloudless sunshine on its golden hills. You are doing all these things simply as well as they can be done—and I believe Turner has got through Purgatory by this time, and his first stage in Paradise is at your elbow.

I didn't write to you before, because I wanted to criticise the Chartreuse—couldn't find time, and then fell ill, but I rejoice altogether in your having that pet proof of your own; and you should, with all your generosity, be happy in it, for my own original ones are perfect; but you can't think what a gift this Devil's Bridge is

[1] [The story of Catina, the tavern-keeper, in Part ii. of *Christ's Folk in the Apennine,* issued in March 1887 : Vol. XXXII. pp. 271–277, where, however, Ruskin does not allude to the Allsopp transaction.]

[2] [From *The Etched and Engraved Work of Frank Short, A.R.A.,* pp. xviii.–xix.]

to me, for I gave all my own away to Oxford,[1] and have been sorry ever since.

I've such a lot to say—of questions—and, in all, delight—perhaps of suggestions of *little* things. One thing only will I say contradictory to-day—that the Grenoble etching is *my* favourite of all next Ben Arthur![2] and I think none of your pains have been enough for it.—Ever gratefully and affectly. yours, J. Ruskin.

To Frederick Harris[3]

Feby. 15th, 1887.

Dear Mr. Harris,—Your kind letter is a great gladness to me amidst the continually increasing crowd of letters that grieve or tease. It was much more pleasure to me to have so careful and skilful a disciple, than to you to have your work criticised, but my last illness was at once so unexpected and so terrific and dangerous, that it showed me I must never more use the deceptive strength which seemed able for all I wanted to do, but with the continual guard on every symptom of excitement or fatigue. I am now quietly gathering what fragments of my broken work I can get put together, and if I live through this year, may get them put into useful popular form, for drawing schools generally, but I am totally unable at present for any work outside of my own, past, or possible future.

Use the drawings you have for any good you can get of them, either for yourself or others, as long as you like.—Ever affectionately yours, J. Ruskin.

To Pietro Mazzini[4]

Brantwood, *February* 15, 1887.

Caro Pietro,—Mi rincresce di saperti così abbandonato dagli amici; ma più io divento vecchio, più persone mi chiedono ajuto, e i poveri in Inghilterra sono anche più che a Venezia. Eccoti ancora cinque sterline, ma spiegami un po' di che vivono i vecchi gondolieri e i vecchi marinai che non hanno amici in Inghilterra.—Ever your loving John Ruskin.

[1] [See Vol. XXI. p. 330.]

[2] [Mr. Short explains:—"I had said in my letter to him that I thought the Grenoble etching had been spoiled in the biting, because of the needle failing to go through the ground in every line."]

[3] [From *Testimonial to Mr. Frederick Harris,* see below, p. 664.]

[4] [Ruskin's gondolier; translated by Signor Ojetti, and printed with the letter of Dec. 22, 1880, above, p. 332.]

To Miss MARION R. WATSON[1]

I will ask your father at once to let you take up Italian instead of German. I should wholly wish you to do so myself. I will also pray him to spare you arithmetic and grammar.

N.B.—It is much wiser and nicer to write "Ain't" than "are not" when you are in a hurry. You did not perhaps learn *all* you might have learnt at Brantwood. But you gave all kinds of pleasure to everybody in the house, and left a light behind you which no fogs eclipse. That was better than learning.

. . . . . .

It is probably in some degree my fault that your father has retained his first intention. I have been unhappily busy (you know there was a somewhat serious, or ludicrous, interruption of my studies while you were in the house), and I never got my petition written.

Partly I did not like to venture so far with him; partly I was afraid of the responsibility, if perchance your liking play better than work was laid to my door! And my advice to you, dear girlie, is to do for the present without any further hesitation what your father wishes, and to cure yourself as fast as you can of habits of inattention which, you know—you do know in your little heart—are in great part wilful. It does not in the least matter whether you pass the Oxford Examination, but it does matter that you should get good marks from your own conscience, and your father's sense of your willing obedience. Where would be the virtue of obedience if we were only told to do what we liked? I will not disturb you any more with the book of Daniel, but write my lecture on it at home; and when you are allowed to come back to Brantwood you must read it with the strictest attention!

Meantime, I am ready to help you in everything that puzzles you; will look out the dreadfullest words for you in my big dictionaries, and—if that will give you any pleasure—begin learning German with you myself.[2]

To Miss KATE GREENAWAY[3]

BRANTWOOD, *8th March*, '87.

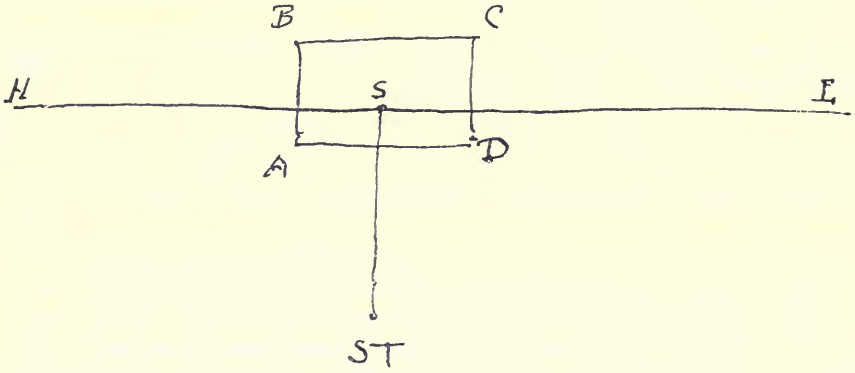
I like Johnnie's sticking himself up to teach you perspective! I never believed you'd learn it, or I'd have taught it you here, and been

[1] [These letters, and the extract in the next footnote, are reprinted from *Scribner's Magazine*, November 1906, pp. 570–571. The two letters had previously appeared in the *Outlook*, February 11, 1899.]

[2] ["A wonderful concession, as he says in another letter, 'I hate German and the books that Germans write.'"]

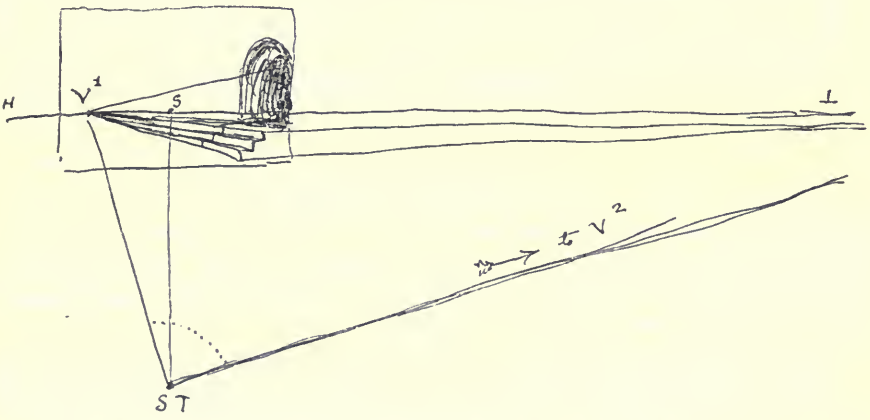
[3] [No. 97 in *Kate Greenaway* (without the illustrations), p. 168.]

done with it—anyhow don't you let *him* teaze you any more, and just mind this to begin with—



Let A B C D be your picture; H L, this horizontal line across it at the height you wish the spectator to look at it from; S, the point of exact sight; therefore, in the middle of the picture on the H L; and S T, the station point—at the distance from the picture at which you wish the spectator to stand. It must not be less than the picture's greatest dimensions—tall or long—six feet off if the picture's six feet long, ten if it's ten; for small pictures, it should be once and a half or twice their length; one never looks at a vignette within three inches.

These "points" being settled—and S T measured down from S, you don't want S any more, but may rub it out.



Suppose you've a flight of steps going up to a big door. You draw them at whatever slope you like. Take the bottom line to cut

H L in V; call that V^1 (first vanishing point); join V^2 to S T; draw from S T the line marked with arrow, at right angles to V^1 S T, and it will cut the H L in second Vanishing point V^2, to which the sides of the steps must be drawn.

That's enough for to-day. Three more such scribbles will teach you all you'll ever need to know.

To Miss KATE GREENAWAY[1]

BRANTWOOD, *9th March*, '87.

The *Grand*[*ison*] is coming by to-day's post. I had looked at my *Clarissa* and *Pamela*, and finding no *Grandison* with them, thought I had sent him as I meant. Found him in drawing-room to-day!

The Globe picture is one of a series done by John Bellini of the Gods and Goddesses of Good and Evil to Man. She is the sacred Venus—Venus always rises out of the sea, but this one out of laughing sea, of unknown depth. She holds the world in her arms, changed into heaven.

Now the next thing you have to be clear of in perspective is that —the Heavenly Venus is out of it! You couldn't see her, and the high horizon at once. But as she sees all round the world, there are no laws of perspective for her. . . .

To Miss KATE GREENAWAY[2]

BRANTWOOD, 10*th March*.

There's no fear of your forgetting perspective, any more than forgetting how to dance. One can't help it when one knows. The next rule you have to learn is more than half-way. One never *uses* the rules, one only feels them—and defies if one likes—like John Bellini. But we should first know and enjoy them.

[1] [Part of this letter ("The Globe . . . heaven") is No. 99 in *Greenaway*, p. 168, and was thence quoted (in connexion with Bellini's allegory in the Venetian Academy) in Vol. XXIV. p. 185 *n*. The rest of it is wrongly printed in *Greenaway* as part of No. 100 (see below, p. 658).]

[2] [No. 98 in *Kate Greenaway*, p. 168.]

To Mrs. L. Allen Harker[1]

Brantwood, 11*th March*, '87.

Yes; I'm dreadfully alone! Too alone to do anything! *No Præterita* getting done; nor anything at all but clearing out old letters, and clearing up drawers. But that *is* progress of a sort, more than I've ever made before. I wrote twenty-five letters yesterday and was obliged to begin one to T. to-day, for she wrote me such a sad account of herself that I had to do my best in tutorial and imperial reproof.

I do believe the next thing likely to be done is a botany class book —like Ethics—the chapters headed "Gussie on Gooseberries," "Libbie on Lettuce," "Kate on Kale," and the like. I forget if you have seen *Ulric*. I've got a fifth chapter[2] of *him* on hand. The weather seems to *me* very dull to-day, but I believe the rest of the household is under the same impression; and I suppose the sun will shine again some day. I hope the books are with A. by this time, and have set the Mousie squeaking.

To Miss Kate Greenaway[3]

Brantwood, 12*th March*.

Finished the rats, have you! but you ought to do dozens of rats in perspective with undulating tails . . . [sketch]. I believe the perfection of perspective is only recent. It was first applied to Italian Art by Paul Uccello (Paul the Bird—because he drew birds so well and many). He went off his head with his love of perspective,[4] and Leonardo and Raphael spoiled a lot of pictures with it, to show they knew it.

To Miss Kate Greenaway[5]

Brantwood, 17*th* [*March*, 1887].

. . . I didn't answer your question, Why may not I defy Perspective as well as John Bellini?

[1] [From "Ruskin and Girlhood," by Mrs. L. Allen Harker, in *Scribner's Magazine*, November 1906, p. 570. Printed also in "Ruskin in the 'Eighties" in the *Outlook*, October 21, 1899.]
[2] [That is, the fifth *Part:* issued in March 1887.]
[3] [No. 100 in *Kate Greenaway*, p. 168 (see below, p. 658).]
[4] [See Vol. XI. p. 71 *n.*]
[5] [No. 101 in *Kate Greenaway*, p. 169.]

Not because you are less—but because defying is a quite different thing from running against. Perspective won't put up with you if you tread on her toes—but will concede half her power to you if you can look her in the eyes. I won't tell you more till you're across that river.

To Miss Kate Greenaway

BRANTWOOD, 19*th March*.

Of Fate there is no great picture nor statue. The idea of the Three is essentially Greek, and refers wholly to the destinies of the Soul and heart. The idea of Fortune is Latin; she is one Goddess only, and has power only over the things and courses of the world; she gives and takes away, provokes or pleases; but the Man is master of her—*not* of his *Fate*—as Tennyson has it.[1] The Three great Destinies are inexorable—irresistible. Fortune, as she provokes, so also is provokable, can be flattered or teased like a real woman—is spiteful, but never generous or affectionate, though given to favouritism. I abstract for you her general characters as she has been conceived from the Romans downwards.[2] There is a beautiful piece in Dante in which she is a celestial goddess, but he himself speaks scornfully of her—*Inferno*, XV.:—

> "So that my conscience have no plea against me,
> Do Fortune as she list. I stand prepared. . . .
>
> Speed Fortune then her wheel, as likes her best—
> The clown his mattock—all things have their course."[3]

I'm so glad the Carpaccio glitters!

To Charles Eliot Norton[4]

BRANTWOOD, 23*rd March*, 1887.

I'm writing from 15 to 25 letters a day just now, besides getting on with *Præterita*, *Proserpina*, *Ulric* editing and *Christ's Folk* editing, and as you can't be much more busy, and haven't been crazy, I think *you* ought to keep up our acquaintance with an occasional word or two. . . .

[1] [*The Marriage of Geraint.*]
[2] [Compare the letter of October 27, 1861: Vol. XXXVI. p. 385.]
[3] [Cary's translation.]
[4] [*Atlantic Monthly*, September 1904, vol. 94, pp. 387–388. No. 221 (the last of the series) in *Norton*; vol. ii. pp. 219–220.]

The chapter of *Præterita* I'm upon ("Hotel du Mont Blanc") is lagging sadly because I can't describe the Aiguille de Varens as I want to.[1] I do hope I shan't go off my head this summer again and lose the wild roses,—for *Præterita* will be very pretty if I can only get it written as it's in my head while right way on.

It is snowing and freezing bitterly, and I consider it all the fault of America and failure of duty in Gulf Stream, and so on.

. . . Seriously, I believe I am safer than for some years in general health, but have lost sadly in activity and appetite.—Ever your loving

J. R.

To Miss Mary Gladstone [2]

Brantwood, *26th March*, 1887.

Darling Cecilia,—I am so very thankful for your letter, and for all it tells of yourself and says of me. If a great illness like that is quite conquered, the return to the lovely world is well worth having left it for the painful time; one never knew what beauty was before (unless in happy love which I had about two hours and three-quarters of, once in my life). I am really better now than for some years back, able every day for a little work, not fast, but very slow (Second *Præt.*[3] isn't out yet, I'm just at work on the eleventh chapter); and able to take more pleasure in things than lately. It's not to go into *Præterita*, but you and F—— may know that I've been these last two years quite badly in love with ——, who's a Skye girl,[4] half rook, half terrier, with a wonderful musical gift, and led me a dog's life, and never would play a note rightly if I was in the room, but made the piano clash and growl at me. At last I've been obliged to make them keep her at Herne Hill, and I'm getting some peace, but badly piqued and provoked and hurt. Tell F—— I've got some very comforting birch trees, however, and cut everything away that worries *them*.—Ever your lovingest

"Aprile."

To George Richmond, R.A.[5]

Brantwood, *27th March*, 1887.

Dearest George,—I am very thankful to be yet in this—not bad, after all—world—with you to count birthdays in it yet with me. We

[1] [The Aiguille is mentioned, but not fully described, in the chapter: see Vol. XXXV. pp. 444, 445.]

[2] [*Letters to M. G. and H. G.*, pp. 95–96.]

[3] [That is, the second *volume*.]

[4] [See Vol. II. p. 527 ("Tennis interrupted").]

[5] [The last letter to Richmond which has been preserved; written for his 78th birthday (March 28).]

cannot choose but be old! But, if we could, would we? How nice it is to feel wiser than everybody else—to feel that we ought always to have all our own way—to have no scruples whatever about taking it when we can get it—to be able to kiss anybody whenever we like—to recollect the lots of nice and clever things we've done—to see our names every other day in the papers, and feel that so far the Press is really a great Institution. I meant this, when I began, to be a pathetic love-letter, but it has become, on reflection, a merry one. I'm going to make up my quarrel with Julia, in honour of the day, and say it was all her Father's fault that she doesn't appreciate Turner!

I do hope to have some nice bits in *Præterita* about the way you and I used to quarrel. Do you recollect jumping off the seat opposite somebody's Claude?

Do let us both take care of ourselves and enjoy ourselves, till our beards be grown.—Ever your lovingest J. RUSKIN.

To LADY DILKE[1]

[*March* 1887.]

I thought you always one of my terriblest, unconquerablest, and antagonisticest powers. . . . When you sat studying Renaissance with me in the Bodleian, I supposed you to intend contradicting everything I had ever said about art-history or social science. . . . My dear child, what have you ever done in my way, or as I bid? . . . I am really very, very affectionately and respectfully yours, J. RUSKIN.

To Miss KATE GREENAWAY[2]

BRANTWOOD [*April* 4, 1887].

The Anemones are here—and quite lovely—but you know they're not like those wild ones of Italy, and wither ever so much sooner.

I'm enjoying my botany again—but on the whole I think it's very absurd of flowers not to be prettier?

[1] [From Sir Charles Dilke's "Memoir" prefixed to *The Book of the Spiritual Life*, 1905, p. 5. For an earlier letter to the same correspondent, see Vol. XXXVI. p. 332. Lady Dilke replied that "'not doing as one is bid' is often the sincerest and highest form of obedience in things spiritual." Ruskin was not immediately convinced, and later again in 1887, he wrote: "To obey me is to love Turner and hate Raphael, to love Goethe and hate Renaissance" (*ibid.*, p. 6). In 1864 Miss Strong had written out some pages of "Queens' Gardens," and these were shown to him in his later years by Sir Charles and Lady Dilke. He wrote that he thought her at Kensington "the sauciest of girls," but he added: "The author is enchanted by the sight of himself in this lovely manuscript, and becomes, on account of it, an extremely happy and Proud Queens' Gardener" (*ibid.*, p. 12).]

[2] [No. 103 in *Kate Greenaway*, p. 169 (see below, p. 658).]

How they might all grow up into lovely trees—and pinks grow like almond blossom, and violets everywhere like daisies, tulips climb about like Virginian creeper, and not stand staring as if they'd been just stuck into the ground. Fancy a house all in a mantle of tulips. And how many new shapes they might invent, instead of that horrid and common that they're always doing, till one's tired of the world!

And why aren't there Water roses as well as Water lilies?

To Miss Marion R. Watson[1]

5th April, '87.

You really have given a very sad account of yourselves—in these last letters—and I've written to Miss Beale that I think you ought to be expelled. Brantwood College is, of course, always open to you in that event, be it spring, summer, autumn, or winter; but September is a dreadful long time away.

To H. S. Marks, R.A.[2]

April 16, 1887.

My dear Marco,—My little bantam came to crow at my window yesterday, to say it was spring, and the lambs were very eager to give me the same information. I hope it is spring for you also, but mind, you can't paint a bantam yet! Don't go on drawing claws—or comic penguins: try if you can paint a pheasant's head, or a peacock's, real size.—Your uncle John.[3]

To M. G. *and* F. G.[4]

Brantwood, 15*th May*, 1887.

Dearest Friends,—But however is the sight of you to come to pass then? I need the help of it more than either of you, and *have* needed it all along while *you* two were all in the Wedding March

[1] [From "Ruskin and Girlhood: Some Happy Reminiscences," by L. Allen Harker, in *Scribner's Magazine*, November 1906, p. 562 (see below, p. 660).]

[2] [*Pen and Pencil Sketches*, vol. ii. p. 181.]

[3] [For this signature, see the Introduction, Vol. XXXVI. p. lxxi.]

[4] [*Letters to M. G. and H. G.*, pp. 96–98. "F. G." is Lady Horner (Miss Frances Graham): see the Introduction, Vol. XXXVI. p. lxxxv.]

by Mendelssohn, as Coventry Patmore put it in his beautiful poem, entitled *The Angel in the House*.[1]

You both of you stole that "march" upon me; neither of you gave me the slightest warning, but came each down on me with the news that you were to be married on "Monday," and expected me to enjoy the wedding-cake.

I've never for an instant been faithless to either of you. But F—— was never more than a birch tree to me, and it didn't always keep march-music time; M—— was my little mother and Patroness Saint, and suddenly left me orphaned.

Heaven knows I bear no malice, but you can't hit your lovers on the heart, like that, when it suits you, and have them whenever you like to look for the bits to hang on your chatelaines again. Least of all can you expect them, when they are well-nigh on their death-beds, to hold your bells at the bridle-rein. . . .

If either of you, or both, could come here for as long as you please, it would be a beneficence to me of the very highest and gravest kind. And so farewell (and as much love as you care to take) for to-day. To-morrow (*D.V.*), I'll send you the motive of *my* "Iron March," which is in extremely steady time, but is not in root-movement of a cheerful character. You may melt it into iron that can be wrought.—Ever your affectionate J. RUSKIN.

To Sir JOHN LUBBOCK, Bart., F.R.S.

BRANTWOOD, 14*th June*, '87.

DEAR SIR JOHN,—And will you *really* come? It's so wonderful to think you can forgive me all the ill-tempered things I've said about insects and evolution and—everything nearly that you've been most interested in—and will see the Lake Country first from my terrace—where, however, Darwin has walked also. And it *is* a terrace—a mere nook of turf above a nest of garden—but commanding such a piece of lake and hill as can only be seen in England.

I shall be here all the year, and whenever you can prevail on Lady Lubbock to seclude herself from the world—(there is not a house south of us on either side the lake for four miles)—and on Miss Lubbock to take up her quarrel where we broke off—irreconcilable—you will find Brantwood gate wide on its furthest hinges to you.

[1] [See "The Cathedral Close" at the end of Canto i.:—

"And some one in the Study play'd
The Wedding-March of Mendelssohn."]

You will have to put up with cottage fare—and perhaps—with a couple of days' rain;—I have only a country cook—and when it rains here, it does not know how to stop. For the rest, if you come when the roses are yet in bloom and the heather in the bud, you will not be disappointed in Wordsworth's land.—Ever affectionately yours,

JOHN RUSKIN.

To HENRY WILLETT

BRANTWOOD, 16*th June*, '87.

DEAR MR. WILLETT,—Sincere thanks for your kind note and the messages from Dr. Wendell Holmes, but I am too sad and weary just now to see anything; and I was grieved by your inscription on the fountain,[1] for it made my name far too conspicuous, nor did I feel that the slightest honour was owing to me in the matter. And for photographs and the like—regarding myself and my people, I have no care; all my life has been given to obtain records of glorious work—not of personalities; and my house is full of drawings and descriptions of things which I fain would set in some order before I die, but the shadow on the dial seems lengthening fast for me. All that any who care for *me* can do, may be after my death.—Ever faithfully and gratefully yours, J. RUSKIN.

To ALBERT FLEMING

BRANTWOOD, 20*th June*, '87.

DEAREST ALBERT,—I send you the first notes for preface and title-page of *Hortus*. Had I even been in my usual health, it would have passed all my power to describe Susie as you and I both know her, but at present I am so broken-hearted that no effort—needing joy to support it—is maintainable for an instant;—besides, I think it *well* that you should take the entire editing of this book, and give your own description of Susie and of your relations to us both—saying as little of *me* as possible, and getting the letters into *mere* chronological order so far as they can be placed by the *Fors* parallel entries. Mrs. Firth can help you from very private diaries. You have carte-blanche to do what you would if I were gone, only without such praise as you would then allow. You must delete all the notes of admiration of particular letters, etc.[2]

[1] [See Vol. XXXIV. p. 719.]
[2] [That is, pencil notes by Miss Beever and Mr. Fleming.]

I don't know either how I am or how I ought to be—just now—the reaction after the great strain must be borne as thoughtlessly as possible. There is, under closest examination by Dr. Kendall, neither heart disease nor any traceable sign of nervous danger.—Ever your lovingest—and you must surely know how grateful—

JOHN RUSKIN.

To LADY MOUNT-TEMPLE[1]

BRANTWOOD, *23rd July*, '87.

SWEETEST ISOLA,—Is there no Isola indeed where we can find refuge and give it? I have never yet been so hopeless of doing anything more in this wide-wasting and wasted earth unless we seize and fortify with love—a new Atlantis.—Ever your devoted ST. C.

To Mrs. ARTHUR SEVERN

[FOLKESTONE, *Aug.* 27, '87.]

I'm ever so well, thank God; it was the luckiest chance in the world you sent me here—and there's some blessed rain to-day. . . . It was quite frightful to see the children out of an excursion train, who had been used to play in gutters, dabbing in the calm fringe of sea which was six feet deep within nine of the beach. It was no more to them than an amusing and *fidgety* gutter,—they never looked at the ships, or seaward;—the mothers gossiped without looking even at the children—as if it was as safe as a duckpond. . . . This will interest Arfie. A big steamer has gone down Channel with foam from her bows, as if there were a big sea on, and yet two of Arfie's Rochester Redsails are *standing* on the sea as if they were pinned to it. Another of them is moored to the quay here, and is, I think, the most puzzling piece of rig and rope I ever saw in any country.

To Mrs. ARTHUR SEVERN

SANDGATE, *31st Oct.*, '87.

. . . I send two extremely pretty—passages of life—they're not stories—by the *Bootles' Baby* man,[2] whom I like best of any one now

[1] [Printed by W. G. Collingwood in his paper "Ruskin's 'Isola'" (*Good Words*, February 1902, p. 80), and reprinted in his *Ruskin Relics*, p. 225.]

[2] ["John Strange Winter" (Mrs. Stannard): see the next letter.]

in the trade. I have read *Lord Fauntleroy*[1]—and liked it—but don't feel as if I should care to read it again,—though I've forgotten what it was about. I've just ordered *Garrison Gossip*[2] from Wilson, and have a dimly interesting imitation of Gaboriau on hand—*Le Secret de Berthe*,[3] which I picked up in London. Every French bookseller—every seller of French books, I mean—whom I tried, had their counters full of *Tartarin de Tarascon*—all recommending it as the most amusing book that could be—Trente Troisieme Mille on the cover,—so I bought one, and it's the worst pennyworth I ever bought in all my life—pictures and text alike the quintessence of *incomprehensible* stupidity. The hero shoots an ass instead of a lion in Algeria, and the ass's proprietor demands his beast again "à tous les echos de *Mustapha*." Arthur has been in Algeria; can he tell me what joke underlies this?

To John Strange Winter (Mrs. Arthur Stannard)[4]

[Sandgate, 1887.]

Of all pretty coincidences that ever happened to me, this of your writing and sending me your books at the moment when I was writing to my Joanie that yours were the only books I now cared to read, is quite the prettiest, and it makes me feel as if things were going to come right again for me for a while, after having been torturingly wrong all this year. And the knowledge that I have been helpful to you, as you tell me, is daintily good for me at a time when I am extremely displeased with everything I have tried to do; all the same, although the lesson was a good one, the real goodness was in the pupil, for I have given it to thousands without its being of the least use to them. And the essential quality of your work is of course its own. . . . I had not the least thought of your being a woman. I ought to have had, for really women do everything now that's best, and they know more about soldiers than soldiers know of themselves. But it had never

[1] [*Little Lord Fauntleroy*, by Mrs. Hodgson Burnett.]

[2] [*Garrison Gossip, gathered in Blankhampton*, by John Strange Winter, 2 vols., 1887.]

[3] [By F. Du Boisgobey, 2 vols., 1884.]

[4] [From *Notable Women at Home*, No. 1, November 1890, edited by James R. Morgan. The writer of an account of "John Strange Winter" there says: "Sensible of her debt of gratitude to him, she was persuaded to tell him of it by letter after her success was confirmed, at the same time sending him two of her books, *That Imp* and *Mignon's Secret*. He was ill, and away from home, but Mrs. Arthur Severn acquainted him with their receipt, on the very day *he* was sending *her* the same two books" (see the preceding letter).]

come into my head, and I'm a little sorry that the good soldier I had fancied is lost to me, for I have many delightful women friends, but no cavalry officers . . . and I am ever your grateful J. RUSKIN.

To Miss CONSTANCE OLDHAM

5th Nov., '87.

. . . This is really the dearest little coffee-set I've ever had! and I like it so for being from Thun. It came perfectly—no chip anywhere—with the letters this morning—an entirely bright, sunny 5th Nov. I had no notion such things were possible. The sea looks as if God had made it for a children's playmate all the world round.

What I said of music was that both with Mozart and Rossini it was assumed that every note, however rapid or however emotional, would be given in *perfection* by the singer, with the consummate power of a trained voice, never with effort, hurry, or flaw. He or she were never permitted, in *their* discipline (M. and R.'s), to be hoarse with rage, or shrill with grief, or to give any passage without perfectly melodious and *deliberate* utterance of every note in it. Rapidity that slurs, or even does not to the full enjoy, and let the audience enjoy, the sweetness of every note, is no skill for them. First of all, *the* note—every note—is to be *music*, the most musical and beautiful note the singer can give. *That* secured, it may be accented in the delicatest way for expression—and the action of body and expression of feature are to enforce the meaning of the melody; but for the expression of that, the composer is answerable, not the executant. And all the roaring, whining, screaming, screeching, and miauling which form the staple of modern dramatic sound, would have been thought of, by those two masters (*a fortiori* by the pure Italian schools that preceded them), as the drama and music of beasts, not men.

But to deliver a passage of Rossini in its proper time and sweetness, recurrent as it often is through lengths of cadence, required such training in the singer as no executant now would dream of, much less submit to. Mozart's is more possible, but requires a fine personality—and I can safely and deliberately say that since Persiani's death,[1] which I think was before you were born, I have never heard an *attempt* even to sing a Mozart passage rightly.

[1] [Fanny Persiani (*née* Tacchinardi); 1812–1867; operatic "star," 1837–1848.]

To Miss Grace Allen

26*th Dec.*, '87.

My dear Gracie,—Those are lovely lines of Whittier's,[1] but they're not a whit true, and I wish you would give up reading Yankee verses. When Frederick lost Kolin and Kunersdorf,[2] he didn't get *any* worker's pay; but lost—virtually $\frac{2}{7}$ of his life—for ever—and had to repair his *ruined* Prussia in the fag-end of it. And most people, whether good or bad, lose, not $\frac{2}{7}$ nor $\frac{6}{7}$, but $\frac{7}{7}$ of their lives, in good intentions—pave the upper world with asphalt, and the under one with—their own souls—gone as black.

And so, I beg of you, help me in the end of this battle of life not by quoting poetry, but by wearing sensible bonnets, and in general, not "protesting too much"! . . .

I shall be, I hope, within reach of you all this spring, but you are always to think of me as of a Sand Eel, and not try to dig me out.—Ever affectly. yrs., J. Ruskin.

1888

[During the early part of 1888 Ruskin remained at Sandgate, paying occasional visits to London: see Vol. XXXV. pp. xxix.–xxx., where a few other letters will be found. He was unable for much literary work, and was subject to alternate moods of excitement and depression. In June he went to France with Mr. Arthur Severn, and afterwards, with Mr. Detmar Blow, to Switzerland and Italy. Letters written thence are given in Vol. XXXV. pp. xxxi.–xxxiii. The letters here added stop in November, when Ruskin on his way home was taken suddenly ill.]

To George Allen

Sandgate, 1*st January*, 1888.

Dear Allen,—I have indeed much to thank you for, in the past and in many past years, and am very thankful that you are so well yourself after the anxieties I have caused you in this one. It is a

[1] [Miss Allen had sent Ruskin a Christmas card with the following lines from Whittier's poem, "The Voices":—

"Yet do thy work; it shall succeed
In thine or in another's day;
And if denied the victor's meed,
Thou shalt not lack the toiler's pay.

Faith shares the future's promise, Love's
Self-offering is a triumph won;
And each good thought or action moves
The dark world nearer to the Sun."]

[2] [For other references to this battle, see Vol. XXXI. p. 479, Vol. XXXIV. p. 328; for Kolin, see Carlyle's *Friedrich*, Book xviii. ch. iv.]

very great relief to my mind at present to know that the various reports about me have not interfered with your business. Would you please tell me what those were to which you alluded in America? I have never seen any of them; but the most entirely foolish . . . thing I have ever seen written about me is by the Boston man, Stillman, in the *Century* for last month.[1]

I am quieter and stronger in mind, so far as I can judge, than for years—though much physically troubled since the cold weather came—and I am re-reading the *Bible of Amiens*, with view to proceed in what I have already half done, connected with it. Please do not reprint any of the numbers without my corrections. I am amazed at the quantity that needs completion in it—but is capable of no good completion.

Those blessed Lectures[2] will, I hope, be finished by Wedderburn as soon as the New Year bustle is past. Sincere love and thanks to you all.—Ever your faithful and affecte. JOHN RUSKIN.

To Miss KATE GREENAWAY[3]

[SANDGATE] *5th Jan.* [1888].

I am most thankful for all your letters, though I have no strength to answer—a very little writing or thinking tires me. But I have been oppressed by the cold, like you.

I am entirely glad you like Donatello; but Donatello would have liked Kate Greenaway. You would do things far more beautiful if you would only submit to laws of Shade—and measures of form.

But you are hurried on by the crowd of your own new thoughts, and cannot yet *realise* any.

To Miss KATE GREENAWAY[4]

[SANDGATE] *27th Jan.*, '88.

You cannot conceive how in my present state I envy—that is to say, only, in the strongest way, long for—the least vestige of imagination such as yours, when nothing shows itself to me, all day long, but the dull room or the wild sea; and I think what it must be to

[1] ["John Ruskin," by W. J. Stillman, in the *Century Magazine* for January 1888 (issued in the preceding month).]

[2] [The new and revised edition of the Oxford *Lectures on Art*, issued in February 1888; the Preface is dated "10th January": Vol. XX. p. 15.]

[3] [Referred to in *Kate Greenaway*, p. 170.]

[4] [No. 105 in *Kate Greenaway*, pp. 170–171 (see below, p. 658).]

you to have far sight into dreamlands of truth—and to be able to see such scenes of the most exquisite grace and life and quaint vivacity. Whether you draw them or not, what a blessing to have them there—at your call.

And there I stopped, and have been lying back in my chair the last quarter of an hour, thinking—

If I could only let Katie feel—for only a quarter of an hour—what it is to have no imagination—no power of calling up lovely things—no guidance of pencil point along the visionary line—Oh, how thankful she would be to find her Katie's mind again.

And what lovely work she has spent—where no one will ever see it but her poor Dinie[1]—on the lightest of her messages. Do you remember the invitation sent by the girl holding the muffin high on her toasting fork?[2] You never did a more careful or perfect profile. And the clusters of beauty in those festival or farewell ones!

Well, I had joy out of them—such as you meant—and more than ever I could tell you, nor do I ever cease to rejoice and wonder at them—but with such sorrow that they are not all in a great lovely book, for all the world's New Year's and Easter days.

You might do a book of Festas one of these days—with such processions![3]

To Miss Katie Macdonald[4]

9th Feb., '88.

Dearest Katie,—I cannot tell you how sweet I think it of you and Puck and Freda still to call me Papa and to send me those pretty cards, when I have given you no sign of affection for so long, and left your two lovely long letters without word of thanks—but I was so ill then that I could not read nor think, and although this year has begun a little more happily for me, I cannot yet send you any account of its days that you would care to read, except that I have really added much to the happiness of a grey cat called "Jim." . . . I have really been rather good-natured to a little dog called "Bets"—who is not pretty—and always wants, whatever side of the room door she is on, to be directly at the other.

[1] [A name by which Ruskin often signed himself to Miss Greenaway, explaining it as a corruption of "Demonie": see the Introduction, Vol. XXXVI. p. civ.]

[2] [See above, p. 470.]

[3] [By "processions" are meant the long drawings of girls, into which Miss Greenaway put some of her most careful work: one of them is referred to above, p. 474.]

[4] [No. 27 in "The Friends of Living Creatures and John Ruskin," in the *Fortnightly Review*, October 1907, p. 608.]

I meant to have taken some pains at Brantwood with the education of a seagull—but was discouraged by observing that when I brought him an oyster for a treat with his lunch, he would not help himself to it out of the shell as I held it politely to him—but would snap at the whole shell—pull it out of my hand, drop it upside down on the floor, and then look at it in a bewildered and irritable state of mind, not knowing in the least how to get it right side up again.

I should be very glad now to hear of any pets of the Society that have been found deserving its care—and feel myself—I am sorry to say—more fit to be one of its pitied pets than its papa.—Ever, dear Katie, your lovingest J. RUSKIN.

To Miss KATIE MACDONALD[1]

16*th Feb.*, '88.

DARLING KATIE,—I am so glad my poor little letter was any joy to you when you were in bed with a cold—for sometimes that *is* very dismal, though not quite so bad as being *out* of bed with a cold. I'm so ashamed always of being seen about the house with a red nose —and heard sneezing fifteen or sixteen times at once. But were you really "cross," Katie? I can't fancy you ever being cross! Were you only cross with the cold—or with anybody else? or with the weather? —or with the bread and butter? I do like everything so nice and hot when I've a cold—and when I have got to stay in bed, I'm very cross if the toast isn't buttered all over the crust—and then afterwards I'm *very* cross with the crumbs. . . .

"Jim" put me to great shame the other day. Usually he comes at the fish course, and has the tail of a whiting, or the head of a sole—and then doesn't ask for anything else—but sits on my knee, or in the armchair beside me, all the rest of dinner-time. . . . We had got to the game course, and Jim was sitting on my knee, and I was explaining how good he was to be content with sitting there, and not asking for anything, when, just as I had got the words out of my mouth, Jim put his paw on the table-cloth—looked to see what was on the table—then quietly helped himself to the breast of ptarmigan that was on my plate, and jumped down to make himself comfortable with it on the rug.

And the same evening Betsy got into my room and made *her*self comfortable just in the very middle of my bed. It's all very well being a friend to Living Creatures, but I think the Living Creatures might find better ways of being friendly to me.

[1] [No. 28 in "The Friends of Living Creatures and John Ruskin," in the *Fortnightly Review*, October 1907, p. 608.]

The little valentine is very pretty, only I'm not quite sure what sort of tree it represents—and oughtn't Valentines always to have something about hearts and arrows in them? I've got a pretty letter from a whole girls' school, written on the 14th, but there's nothing about hearts and arrows in it—and I don't know if I'm to take it for a Valentine or not. And I don't quite know, either, how many Valentines one's allowed to have.—Dear love to Puck and Freda, and I'm ever your lovingest PAPA R., F.L.C.

To Miss KATE GREENAWAY[1]

[SANDGATE] 17*th Feb.*, '88.

It's just as bad here as everywhere else—there are no birds but seagulls and sparrows—there is snow everywhere—and north-east wind on the hills—but none on the sea, which is as dull as the Regent's Canal. But I was very glad of the Flower letter yesterday, and the chicken broth one to-day, only I can't remember that cat whom I had to teach to like cream. I believe it *is* an acquired taste, and that most cats can conceive nothing better than milk. I am puzzled by Jim's inattention to drops left on the table-cloth; he cleans his saucer scrupulously, but I've never seen him lap up, or touch up, a spilt drop. He is an extremely graceful grey striped fat cushion of a cat, with extremely winning ways of lying on his back on my knee, with his head anywhere and his paws everywhere. But he hasn't much conversation, and our best times are, I believe, when we both fall asleep.

To Mrs. L. ALLEN HARKER[2]

SANDGATE, 19*th February*, '88.

Yes, if I *could* send you a long letter, saying I was well, wouldn't I just! but now, when I can only send you short lines saying I'm ill, what is the use? Not that I'm ill in any grave way that I know of. But I'm very sad. It's a perfectly grey day, snowing wet snow all over sea and land all day, and threatening for all night. I've had nothing to do since morning, and I don't know what to do till tea.

I'm alone in a room about the size of a railway carriage. I can't walk about in it (and wouldn't care to, if I could). I've no books that I care to read (or even would, if I cared to). I'm tired of pictures,

[1] [No. 106 in *Kate Greenaway*, p. 171.]

[2] [From "Ruskin in the 'Eighties," in the *Outlook*, October 21, 1899; reprinted in *Scribner's Magazine*, November 1906, p. 571.]

and minerals, and the sky, and the sea. There's three o'clock, and I wish it was thirty—and I could go to bed for the next thirty.

But every morning I get some little love-letter from a Joanie or a Mousie which makes me think I had better try and keep awake a little longer.

To Miss KATE GREENAWAY[1]

[SANDGATE] *Sunday, 19th* [*Feb.*, 1888].

This is the dismallest day I've seen at Sandgate, but I'm cheering it up by trying to fancy the tea at Frognal yesterday, and remembering the teas of old times. But I can't remember that cat! You know our Tootles at Brantwood rather fills up the place of all cats in my mind, she has been such a principal figure there for so long.

I fancy "Jim" here will be a principal figure in remembrance of Sandgate—lying on his back wedged between my knees, with his head hanging down and his paws in the air; but he very rarely does anything deserving historical notice. He swept down half a game of chess yesterday with his tail—and rolled one of the pieces into an inaccessible corner—but he's been on best Sunday behaviour all this morning.

I've begun a course of circulating library here—but find it very hard. The stupider I am, myself, the stupider I think books, and modern novels are so tiresome in the way they jump about to different places and people in every chapter—till I can't recollect where I am, nor who anybody is. When *am* I to see some Pipers?[2]

It's one o'clock. I've ate as much sandwich as I can for lunch, and now it's five hours to tea-time—snowing hard—with the sky the colour of an H. lead-pencil—and I don't know what in the world to do with myself for those five hours.

To Miss KATE GREENAWAY[3]

[SANDGATE] 22*nd* [*February*].

Yes, I think it *would* have been a little better if you had been there, than waiting five hours all alone for dinner. If only the spring would ever come, I'd think about it! What a fuss there'd be in the Sandgate papers!

[1] [Referred to in *Kate Greenaway*, p. 170.]

[2] [*The Pied Piper of Hamelin*, by Robert Browning, with 35 Illustrations by Kate Greenaway. Engraved and printed in colours by Edmund Evans.]

[3] [Summarised in *Kate Greenaway*, p. 170.]

Yes, please send me the proofs of *Piper* without colour—I'm very impatient for them. And so many thanks for names of books—I find the books for young girls sometimes nice—but there's such a rage now for breaking children's backs,—it began with *Misunderstood*[1]—that one never knows what's going to happen whenever they go out walking.

What is *Kidnapped* about?

I'm working regularly through the circulating library, reading about two chapters of every first volume. I think perhaps I could write at last a recipe for the writing of novels without a novelty in them.

I've never read any but the dullest books on the Medici times, but I think there's a history of Florence by a Mr. Roscoe[2] which might be interesting to you.

To Miss Kate Greenaway[3]

[Sandgate] 23*rd Feb.*, '88.

The *Piper* came by the 11 post—ten minutes after my note left this morning. I only expected outline proofs, so you may judge how pleased I was. It is all as good and nice as can be, and you really have got through your rats with credit—and the piper is sublime and the children lovely. But I am more disappointed in the "Paradise" than I expected to be—a *real* view of Hampstead ponds in spring would have been more celestial to me than this customary flat of yours with the trees stuck into it at regular distances. And not a Peacock! nor a flying horse!!

To Miss Kate Greenaway[4]

[Sandgate] 28*th Feb.*, '88.

It wasn't the cold that made me ill. It makes me sulky, as it does you; but the bad time that was on me was simply a phase of the real illness, which has always hold on me more or less, now—the result of old sorrow—and new—fear alike of Death—and Life—lest in living I become only a burden to those who love me.

But I'm nearly myself again just now, and look forward to the Bay of Mermaids and the Beauties of Berne with much zest.

[1] [By Florence Montgomery (1869).]
[2] [*The Life of Lorenzo de' Medici*, by William Roscoe, 2 vols., 1795.]
[3] [No. 107 in *Kate Greenaway*, p. 172.]
[4] [Referred to in *Kate Greenaway*, p. 170.]

To Sir HENRY ACLAND, K.C.B.[1]

SANDGATE, 29*th March*, '88.

DEAREST HENRY,—I only heard of it through Joanna—a few days since—but how thankful I am for your letter—that you should be able to write like that already, and should still care to write to me. But I trust the Day is coming for the "Dominus illuminatio" indeed to both of us.

As for the loss of the one ray in the double focus, it is nothing. My mother had only one seeing eye for thirty years, and my two eyes see only double grief.

All the same, when you do go to Southsea, I'll come if I may—to see you—and—somebody else whom I want to see dreadfully—Tennie Watson. How far is it to Southsea?—Ever your lovingest

"MASTER OF RAVENSWOOD"—AND BRANT.

Is poor Angie better?

To E. T. COOK[2]

SANDGATE, 15*th April*, 1888.

MY DEAR COOK,—I *can't* get this Preface into any shape at present. I am in rather a high heroic humour,—busy on twelfth-century history; and the whole modern system of exhibition is partly ludicrous, partly dreadful to me;—what I feel myself about the best pictures would not be of the least use, if told to Londoners; what I feel about the worst, it would perhaps drive me crazy again with anger to put into any words. I meant to have written a pretty passage about pictures and clouds, to bring in the Pope distich; perhaps I can do something to the proof, if this that I have sent be at all available to you. I dared not look at what you said of Turner;—I am steadily at work now on III. *Præterita*, and I don't want to disturb my recollections of Switzerland, as Turner taught me to see it,—nor of the effect of his death upon me.

I hope to see you in the course of this week. I should be at Morley's on Thursday evening.—Ever affectionately yours,

J. RUSKIN.

[1] [A piece of this letter is printed in J. B. Atlay's *Memoir of Acland*, pp. 453-454.]

[2] [The letter refers to the Preface written by Ruskin for Mr. Cook's *Popular Handbook to the National Gallery:* Vol. XXXIV. p. 452, where the Pope distich will be found.]

To Mrs. Arthur Severn

Morley's, 21*st April* [1888].

I have your nice wedding anniversary letter—with lovely bit about the boys—and I hope God will let you have undimmed joy in your children, and put all the drawbacks which there must be in this world —on the Di Pa. All the same, I hope Baxter and Arthur won't catch all the trout out of Yewdale Beck!

I am quite well here, and far *safer* than at Sandgate, where any day I might be tempted now into sailing, or over-walking, and I enjoy the thought of a look round my old Water-colour to-day; and having British Museum and Zoo under command for next week. . . .

I never saw London looking more full of wrong—but it is not for me to shrink out of it;—and I have still a friend or two there, whom I want to see—Froude, Bond,—and Günther![1] and so on.

To Mrs. Arthur Severn

Morley's, *Sunday*, 22*nd April*, '88.

You *would* have been a proud wee Pussie if you had seen how glad everybody was to see me at the Water-colour. Not the least kindly glad, Browning, who is really now one of my oldest friends . . . and Mr. Ingelow also. I waited long for Jean, but was obliged to leave without seeing her. The President[2] was immensely nice to me, and I was able to praise his work sincerely. . . .

I had been at British Museum in morning, and saw Colvin, and Poole;—the latter was happy in our talk, and I was very thankful to be in the library again.

Your letter yesterday about Violet and Baby at the top of Naboth[3] was an immense joy to me—what dear and wise little things they are! And the two boys, too—with that lovely "Why should we?" of their quarrelling.

I am grieved at giving up Switzerland this year—but for all our sakes, it is necessary that my friends should once more see me in London—as I am—and that I should do—for myself and for them—this year, the best and utmost that I can.

[1] [Sir Edward Augustus Bond (1815-1898), K.C.B., principal librarian of the British Museum. For Dr. Günther, see Vol. XXVI. pp. liv., 297, 310, and Vol. XXXIII. p. 524.]

[2] [Sir John Gilbert, R.A.]

[3] [Part of the moor above Brantwood, now added to the estate.]

To MRS. ARTHUR SEVERN

24th April [1888].

The Creswick designs[1] *are* very nice, so is the letter with them. I have written to him.

The Adam's life is a great gift to me—and Mr. Ritchie shall be earnestly thanked.[2]

The weather has been the worst possible, and I am sadly out of heart to-day after looking at the Pulpit of Pisa[3] and all the things I used to love so at Kensington—and finding them all dead to me.

I was quite amazed by the subtle humour and delicate painting in some of Frith's earlier work—a scene from *Sentimental Journey*,[4] *exquisite!*

To MRS. ARTHUR SEVERN

Wednesday [*April* 25].

I am very thankful for your lovely note. If I can but keep well, and a little good, and keep you happy, with your children at Brantwood, I *do* think it is the place for you, and people will understand more and more why I gave it you, that you might be happy there while your Di Pa could still send you love—and get it back again—and you could forget the woeful times, and the place become your own in peace.

I am so very glad of Miss Ingelow's address. I shall go to see her to-day, and have ordered a lovely little dinner here for Arfie and me, and hope he'll show me the Institute to-morrow.

To M. H. SPIELMANN[5]

SANDGATE, *8th May* [1888].

DEAR SPIELMANN,—Oh, *please*, no bust![6] Dressler's better than Boehm's—but looks more frantic than ever I've been. My likeness has nothing to do with the Museum—please let the account pass without flourish.—Ever most truly yours, J. RUSKIN.

[1] [Perhaps the designs for Mr. Heath's hat-shop: see Vol. XXX. p. xlvi.]

[2] [Perhaps Mr. Ritchie, in connexion with Ruskin's notices of Adam in *Præterita*, had sent him a copy of *An Account of the Life and Character of Alexander Adam, LL.D., Rector of the High School of Edinburgh*, 1810. The author was A. Henderson.]

[3] [For the pulpit (of which there is a model in the South Kensington Museum, see Vol. XXXIV. p. 131), see Vol. XXIII. p. 23 (Plate VI.).]

[4] [No. 556 in the South Kensington (Victoria and Albert) Museum (Jones bequest). The picture is dated 1841.]

[5] [Extracts from this letter are printed (in the form, however, of conversation) in M. H. Spielmann's *John Ruskin*, p. 181. For particulars of Mr. Dressler's bust, see the section "Portraits" in the Bibliography (Vol. XXXVIII.).]

[6] [That is, in a paper on "Mr. Ruskin's Museum at Sheffield" (by Edward Bradbury) which was to appear in Mr. Spielmann's *Magazine of Art* (1888, p. 346).]

To Sir R. H. Collins, K.C.B.

2 Devonshire Terrace, Sandgate, 22*nd May*, '88.

Very dear Friend,—I have no power to say what gladness and sorrow I feel in reading the infinitely kind messages you have been permitted to send me.

But I have only to answer in sorrow since last I wrote you. The sickly distemperature has been manifest to myself, so as to take from me all hope of recovering any tranquil cheerfulness—and the Duchess's kindness would only be grieved by seeing the change in me. Nothing could have been so great a delight, so great and good to me, as, were I just as I used to be, at seeing her with her children in the summer sunshine. Assure her of my deepest gratitude and loyal devotion—but I feel too surely that I cannot—must not—come. I answer quickly—not hastily, but it is useless to multiply words. May every year bring brighter Whitsuntides to the Claremont roof.—I am ever the Duchess's most faithful—though useless—servant, and your most grateful friend, John Ruskin.

To Mrs. Arthur Severn

Beauvais, *July 8th, Monday* [1888].

Arfie and I have just had a pleasant final talk over all plans . . . he has been doing some beautiful [sketches] on the river at Abbeville, with more tree drawing than I've ever seen him do before—and two sunsets here behind the Cathedral—of which I shall let him have no peace till he paints one big.

Also I really admit that I am the least tiny bit better to-day than when I crossed.

To Mrs. Arthur Severn

Beauvais, *Wednesday, 11th July* [1888].

. . . As for the first time in my life, I'm travelling without a Bible could you find and send me the smallest MS. in the MS. shelf between windows? There is no gold in the letters, and the writing is like this [sketch], only closer, but I can easily make out the verse or two I may want to refer to,—and you might as well send with it a small square prayer-book with pretty floral marginal large letters from which—they being English instead of French work—you will see much of the gold has crumbled away. Its calendars of English saints will be useful to me.

To MRS. ARTHUR SEVERN

BEAUVAIS, *Thursday, 13th July*, '88.

To-day I've the delightful baby talk letter about your being so proud that I liked Arfie's sketches. Indeed the *river* sketches are quite beyond anything he used to do;—and since I find myself able really to draw and paint still—I've done an extremely good bit this morning already (before twelve)—an idea has come into my head which I'll tell *you* (but mind you don't let the cat out of the bag!!).

You know one of the quite favourite plates in *Modern Painters* is "Light in the West—Beauvais."[1] Now this sunset of Arthur's—which is the likest to what the sunset really was that ever I saw Arfie do from memory—*was* exactly that "Light in the West—Beauvais." It is brighter and more stormy than mine—but as, next year, I hope there will be a good deal of talk about *M. P.*,[2] suppose—and suppose—that the Institute were to elect me an Hon. Member like the Old Water-colour—and that Arfie and I sent in a blazer called "Light in the West—Beauvais," Arfie doing the sunset and I the Cathedral?

The young architect[3] who is with me is a perfect assistant in whatever I want—and I think the fortnight more I stop here is almost sure to end in my writing a little guide to the Cathedral like one of the Mornings in Florence,—to be called "The Choir of Choirs," or something of that sort.[4]

To GEORGE ALLEN

BEAUVAIS, *Saturday, 29th July*, '88.

DEAR ALLEN,—*Proserpina* and *Aratra* safe here, to my extreme satisfaction. In the *first* number of *Dilecta* for the third vol. I shall explain the value of the plates you have engraved and the quantity of time they represent.[5] Can you enable me at all to arrive at some estimate of this, from the bit of tree-outline in *M. P.* down to the fourteenth and fifteenth of *Proserpina* (the original drawings of XIV. were given to the Queen at the Jubilee time in her water-colour book),[6]

[1] [In this edition, Vol. VII. p. 154.]
[2] [In connexion with a new edition of the book: see Vol. III. p. lix.]
[3] [Mr. Detmar Blow: see Vol. XXXV. p. xxx.]
[4] [This, however, was never written.]
[5] [This also was never written.]
[6] [Plates xiv. and xv. in *Proserpina* as originally issued were those of the Cotoneaster: see now Vol. XXV., Plates XXX. and XXXI. (pp. 535, 536).]

and I want an estimate of the actual time the original plates cost you—irrespective of keeping going.

The title of the first *Dilecta* is "Golden Water,"[1] but you would be blazing off "to give the business a fillip" if I told you more. And in the meantime, kindly give the business a fillip by sending me a proof of the Grande Chartreuse plate,[2] in whatever state it is. I MUST *see one now before I leave Beauvais*—that's, *D.V.*, on Monday week.—Ever affectly. yrs., J. R.

To Mrs. Arthur Severn

DIJON, *quarter to* 7, *morning, Aug.* 28, 1888.

We had an entirely perfect day from Paris yesterday—the autumnal light was exactly like the most intense golden backgrounds of Van Eyck and the Flemish purist sacred school. Detmar was entirely astonished—he had never believed such things possible. I myself was amazed—both at the clearness of my own eyesight, and the glory of the vine valleys and—most truly named—Côte d'Or rocks. I never have felt so well, or so little fatigued on that journey—we left Paris at half-past 11, and got in here at quarter before 6, having delightfully cushioned large coupé to ourselves all the way.

Half-past 10. Above written before coffee—after coffee, walk for two glorious hours over all my old haunts—from the church I drew when I was fourteen[3] to the balconies you know so well. It's all safe—and lovely and delicious beyond words, and I've come home to write the end of II. *Præterita* (introducing Norton).[4]

To Henry Jowett[5]

DIJON, 30*th Aug.*, '88.

DEAR JOWETT, . . . I am keeping entirely well—rise in my old way at six and set to work or walk before breakfast—and find I can walk my six miles and do my six hours of notes or other work, in the course of the day, as I used to do. I believe it was the damp and absence

[1] [For a fragment of this, see Vol. XXXV. pp. 638–641.]
[2] [Ultimately issued after Ruskin's death: see Vol. XXXV. p. lxxxvii.]
[3] [For this drawing (now in the collection of Mrs. Cunliffe), see Vol. XIII. p. 504 (23 R.).]
[4] [That is, the end of ch. ii. of vol. iii. (issued in September 1888): see Vol. XXXV. p. 519.]
[5] [From *John Ruskin, a Biographical Sketch*, by R. E. Pengelly, p. 67.]

from my old haunts that nearly killed me at Brantwood, and that, with common prudence, I can do a lot of lovely work at Verona and Venice yet. I am bound straight for there after Chamouni.—Ever yours affectionately, J. R.

To Signor ALESSANDRI

[VENICE, *October*, 1888.]

DEAREST ALESSANDRI,—I was just going to bring you this note and enclosure when you came in with the dear Signor Boni. I am in more pain at going away than I can tell you, but there have been symptoms of illness threatening me now for some time which I cannot conquer—but by getting away from the elements of imagination which haunt me here. I am at least thankful to have seen what noble work you are doing—and to have heard Boni for that happy hour.—Ever your affectionate J. RUSKIN.

1889

[Ruskin's illness, which came on at the end of 1888, was severe and prolonged, and it is not until May that the correspondence begins again. It breaks off early in August, and was never to be resumed, except in the few broken lines here given in *facsimile* (facing p. 614): see Vol. XXXV. pp. xxxix.–xl.]

To Miss KATE GREENAWAY[1]

BRANTWOOD, *May-day*, 1889.

I've been a-maying with you all day,—coming upon one beautiful thing after another in my drawer, so long unopened—most thankfully to-day unlocked again—and sending balm and rose and lily sweetness all through the old study. What exquisite drawings those were you did just before I fell so ill,—the children passing under the flower arch—etc.! and Joan tells me you are doing *such* lovely things now with such backgrounds,—grander than ever, and of course the *Piper* is the best book you ever did—the Piper himself unsurpassable—and I feel as if he had piped me back out of the hill again, and would give some spring times yet to rejoice in your lovely work and its witness to them.

I do hope much, now—the change is greater and deeper for good

[1] [No. 108 in *Kate Greenaway*, pp. 175–176.]

than it has ever been before, but I have to watch almost every breath lest I should fall back again.

I wonder if you would care to come down in the wild rose time—and draw a branch or two, with the blue hills seen through them, and perhaps study a little falling water—or running—in the green shadows. I wouldn't set you to horrid work in the study, you should even draw any quantity of those things that you liked—in the forenoon—and have tea in the study, and perhaps we could go on with the Swiss fish story! and I've some psalter work in hand that I want you to help me in—tebbily,—and poor Joanie will be so thankful to have somebody to look after me a little, as well as her:—and so—perhaps you'll come, won't you?

To Miss Kate Greenaway[1]

Brantwood, *3rd May*, 1889.

I am so very thankful that you can come—and still care to come! I was so afraid you might have some work on hand that would hinder you—but now, I do trust that you will be quite happy, for indeed you will find here—where you are at liberty to do what you like best—the exact things that become most tractable in their infinite beauty. You are doing great work already—some of the pages of the *Piper* are magnificent pictures, though with a white background—you will be led by the blue mountains and in the green glens to a deeper colour—melody—and—to how much else there is no calculating. *Please* bring the primrose picture!—it will be the intensest delight to me—and in looking over your drawings again (how many do you think there are in my Kate drawer, now—besides those in the cabinets?) I feel more than ever—I might almost say twice as much as I used to—their altogether unrivalled loveliness.

And I think, as soon as you have seen all the exhibitions, and feel able to pack your country dresses and sacrifice London gaieties for monastic peace in art—and nature, that you should really come; the roses will soon be here, and the gentians and hyacinths will certainly be here before you—and it is best, while all things bid fair for us, to take Fortune at her word. I trust that my health will go on improving—but I might take cold, or Joanie might—or the children;—at present we're all right, and I want you to come as soon as may be.

[1] [No. 109 in *Kate Greenaway*, p. 176 (see below, p. 658).]

To HENRY JOWETT[1]

BRANTWOOD, *May* 9, '89.

DEAR JOWETT,—I am so very glad to have your note, and so very grateful to you for your expedition. Miss Alexander will be happy, too, and some other people will be, in seeing this new number of *Christ's Folk*. And I have good hope now of advance with *Præterita* also—but must be extremely cautious. However, I've written this without spectacles, and see colour as well as I used to do—so that I'm not going to give myself up for a piece of *Præterita* altogether.—Ever affectionately yours.

To Miss KATE GREENAWAY[2]

BRANTWOOD, *Sunday*, 12*th May*, '89.

I am sorry you can't come sooner, to see the gentians, but I suppose they contrive ways of growing them now even in London. But I have a cluster of nine, in a little glass in the study bow-window—you know where *that* is!—three little roses pretending to be peach-blossoms in another little glass on my table, and beside them a cluster of "Myrtilla cara"[3]—if you don't know what that is, Katie, it's just jealousy, and I'll make you paint some—where your easel shan't tumble—nor your colours be overflown.[4] I don't a bit know what's the right word—Shakespeare's no authority—is he nowadays? And next the Myrtilla Cara, who is in her sweetest pride and humility of fruit-like blossom, there's a cluster of the most beautiful pyrus I ever saw;—it is almost white, I suppose with the cold and rain, when it blooms on the outside world, but on my table—brought in by Joanie—it has become glowing red—not in the least like a rose, but yet not in the least vulgar—like a lady wearing a scarlet cloak—and with its own grand laurel-like leaves.

Well, Katie, if you can't come yet, you can't, but you must read a little bit of *me* every day—to keep you steady against the horrible mob of animals calling themselves painters nowadays (I could paint

[1] [From the *Bookman*, October 1908, p. 16. The new number of *Christ's Folk in the Apennine* was part i. of the intended vol. ii. (issued April 1889)—the last which was to appear. Only two further parts of *Præterita* appeared (June and July 1889).]

[2] [No. 110 in *Kate Greenaway*, pp. 176–177 (see below, p. 658).]

[3] [See *Proserpina*, Vol. XXV. p. 362.]

[4] [*A Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act iv. sc. 1: "I would be loath to have you overflown with a honey-bag."]

better than they by merely throwing my ink-bottle at them—if I thought them *worth* the ink)—but take my *Ariadne Florentina* and read for to-morrow the 112th paragraph, p. 94—and in the Appendix the 244th page down to "steam whistle."[1] Post's going, and I must not begin my special appendix to Katie—except that she must not plague herself with endeavours to realise the impossible. Her first and easy duty is to catch the beautiful expressions of *real* children.

To Miss Kate Greenaway[2]

Brantwood, 14*th May*, 1889.

I am so very happy you are teaching yourself French. It is the greatest addition you can give to the happiness of your life;—some day I hope—old as I am—to see you drawing French children—and listening to them!

And you must learn a little Latin too! only to enjoy the nomenclature of *Proserpina*. Please take it down and read pages 227, 228,[3] about Myrtilla Cara—and just look at my type of all perfection, the Angel Raphael's *left* hand in the great Perugino;[4]—it will refresh you and contrast—even more brightly and richly—with modern mud and pewter. But, my dear little Katie, the idea of asking why a hand is so difficult! Why, it's ever so much harder than even a foot;—and for an *arm*—nobody ever could *paint* a girl's arm yet—from elbow to wrist. It's not quite fair to show you these two *tries* of yours—but yet, the moral of them is that you must cure yourself of thinking so much of hair and hats, and parasols, and attend *first* (for some time to come) to toes, fingers, and wrists.

To Mrs. La Touche

Brantwood, 8*th June*, '89.

Darling Lacy,—I lay awake nearly all last night planning a new number of *Proserpina* upon Iris Ruthenia (but where's Ruthen?), and I've been all the forenoon in the garden playing at hide-and-seek with it. I was minded to try to paint it—I can still paint anything that's

[1] [See Vol. XXII. pp. 367, 473.]

[2] [No. 111 in *Kate Greenaway*, p. 177 (see below, p. 658). With this letter, say her biographers, there "ended, so far as Ruskin was concerned, a correspondence which had not only been one of the greatest pleasures of Kate Greenaway's life, but had been above all a healthy stimulus and a liberal education."]

[3] [Ch. xii. §§ 1, 2: Vol. XXV. pp. 362–363.]

[4] [No. 288 in the National Gallery: for numerous other references to the picture, see General Index; and compare, above, p. 284.]

terrestrial in colour, but this is of the Elysian fields, and I must wait till I get leave, if ever I do, to gather it there. I want to send love to you and the Master for Whitsuntide, and I've such lots to ask you and tell you about the way the White Dove seems to be changing all things for me—from sorrow and fear into peace. But I can't to-day, only please write to me that you're not displeased with L'Esterelle,[1] and that I may still be your loving ST. C.

To Mrs. LA TOUCHE

BRANTWOOD, *12th June*, '89.

DARLING LACY,—I am so very thankful that you are happy in L'Esterelle, and that you have all your own power and wit to give to the flowers of Paradise, that lie with us here still—our brothers and sisters. I can't write but a word to-day, having just to finish the next *Præterita* and start a *Dilecta* about Carlyle,[2] but this only I have to say, that I believe the Master and you are going to be more to me in these latter days of life than all the other dearnesses yet remaining . . . and if I can but live a year or two yet you will both be happy in me.—Ever your lovingest J. R.

To R. C. LESLIE

BRANTWOOD, *Waterloo Day* [*18th June*], 1889.

DEAREST LESLIE,—I am not only at Brantwood again, but in Birdwood—busily and hopefully watching my saucy birds again—and trusting yet, with your good help, to say and think a few things about them and their love and honour before they cover me with leaves.

I have not felt so able for what I like best to do for many and many a day, and the Bird omens seem to me better this year as far as I can read them. It is much on my heart to get the slips I have so long left ungathered of your pretty life of Jack, etc., made into another *Love's Meinie*, but these last two years have been hard on me, and sometimes have almost made the heart for all things stop. This idea of yours of the length of life in the nobler creatures shall NOT be thanklessly delayed—if I can do *any*thing, I will follow *it* up, and soon.—Ever your loving and grateful JOHN RUSKIN.

[1] [Chapter iii. of vol. iii. of *Præterita:* see Vol. XXXV. pp. 525 *seq.*]

[2] [The "next *Præterita*" was the last chapter; the proposed *Dilecta* about Carlyle was never to be written.]

To a Girl[1]

Brantwood, *July* 16, 1889.

I am very grateful for your sweet letter, and glad that you care whether I am ill or well. Perhaps I make occasional illness too frequent an excuse for constant idleness, and so these reports get about. There is no mischief in them—if my friends do not allow themselves to be made more anxious by them than they have perhaps too good reason to be in my own sadness at getting old. But there are one or two more pictures of little girls yet to be drawn, I hope, before I forget them—if ever I do!

You will not care for the *Stones of Venice*, but when you are a little older *Eagle's Nest* is one of the books I have written most carefully for girls. I send you by this post a little account of Amiens Cathedral, which may perhaps tell you of some things you may like to compare with your own.

To Miss Susan Beever

Brantwood, *7th Aug.* [1889].

I return your sweet Francesca, and if ever any of her drawings come to me priced, you shall have choice of them. I do not know what she is next going to do. I'm not going to advise her to do the Christ Blessing the Little Children, because it has been so often done. And doesn't He bless old people as well? I should like to see Him drawn doing *that*. I did not know the bridge legend was in Lord Lindsay—several people have written lately to tell me about it. I must alter the place in the book.[2]

I've been doing accounts! Fancy! And I feel so good and wise and economical.

[What is believed to be the last complete letter written by Ruskin is here added in *facsimile*. It was read to Miss Susan Beever on her death-bed, and was written about the 20th of October 1893. On the 21st of November 1896, Mrs. Severn wrote a letter to Mr. Norton, at the foot of which Ruskin wrote in pencil with a trembling hand, "From your loving J. R." (*Norton*, ii. p. 222).]

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[1] [From the *British Weekly*, July 20, 1905, where the letter was thus introduced:—"A Bloemfontein correspondent sends me a pleasant letter written to his wife when she was a girl at school. The young lady had sent an impulsive note of sympathy to Ruskin in an illness of which she read in the daily paper. She received a reply which illustrates his essential kindness of heart."]

[2] [See *St. Mark's Rest*, § 193 (Vol. XXIV. p. 359), and for the explanation, Vol. XXX. p. 355 *n.* For Lord Lindsay's recital of the legend, see *Sketches of the History of Christian Art*, vol. i. p. lxv.]

BRANTWOOD.
CONISTON LAKE,
R.S.O.

Dearest Susie

I am so sorry the illness
is not yet abating - it was the weary
autumn-time and you let yourself be
too much fatigued - and you must feel the
shortening of the light - but I cannot think
of you except - as cheerful and conquering all
mere suffering - in all sympathy love your
grateful and loving Rosa

THE LAST LETTER

(TO MISS SUSAN BEEVER, OCTOBER 1893)

To face p. 614

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL APPENDIX

WITH MINOR LETTERS

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL APPENDIX

WITH MINOR LETTERS

In this Appendix, account is given of the numerous books and other publications in which Letters from Ruskin have been printed; and, as explained in the Introduction to Vol. XXXVI. (p. xv.), such of those Letters as are not included in the Principal Collection are here added for the sake of completeness.

The Appendix is divided into three sections:—

(I.) Publications containing Letters to Particular Correspondents.
(II.) Publications containing Letters to Various Correspondents.
(III.) Catalogues of Autograph-Dealers containing extracts from Letters of Ruskin.

I. VOLUMES, ETC., CONTAINING LETTERS TO PARTICULAR CORRESPONDENTS

TO HENRY ACLAND

Sir Henry Wentworth Acland, Bart., K.C.B., F.R.S., Regius Professor of Medicine in the University of Oxford. A Memoir. By J. B. Atlay, 1903.

This book contains seven letters, or extracts from letters, by Ruskin. Of these—

NO.
1 (pp. 101–104) is printed in Vol. XXXVI. pp. 19–21.
2 (pp. 167–168) is printed in Vol. XXXVI. pp. 115–116.
3 (p. 227) is printed in Vol. XXXVI. pp. 204–205.
4 (pp. 228–229)—to Mrs. Acland—is printed in Vol. XXXVI. pp. 216–217.
5 (p. 321) is printed in Vol. XXXVI. pp. 474–475.
6 (p. 369) is printed in Vol. XIX. p. xxxiv.
7 (pp. 453–454) is printed *above*, p. 602.

In several cases the whole letters are given in this edition, instead of the extracts in *Atlay*. Twenty-two other letters to Acland, and two to Miss Acland, are added in the present volumes.

TO MRS. ALEXANDER

"Francesca Alexander and the *Roadside Songs of Tuscany*," by M. H. Spielmann, in the *Magazine of Art*, June 1895.

This article contains (pp. 297–298) a letter to Miss Alexander's mother; printed in Vol. XXXII. pp. xxi.–xxii.

TO GEORGE ALLEN

"Ruskin and his Books: an Interview with his Publisher." By E. T. Cook. In the *Strand Magazine*, December 1902, pp. 709–719.

This article contained six letters, etc., by Ruskin. Of these—

NO.
1, p. 711 (September 8, 1882), is given in Vol. XVII. p. lviii.
2, p. 713 (June 8 and 9, 1874); *above*, p. 106.
3, p. 716 (given also in *facsimile*); *above*, p. 472.
4, p. 716 (given also in *facsimile*), is as follows:—

"My dear Allen,—You really are a considerable goose. Of course you mustn't take booksellers' orders for less than a dozen—and they must pay their own carriage. This will still leave you a shilling (and over) profit on every parcel you made up—allowing twopence for paper and string, and it's not everybody who can get a shilling for making up a parcel.—Ever affectionately yours, J. R."

5, p. 717 (June 20, 1874); *above*, p. 113.
6, p. 718, is a note on a sketch for *Stones of Venice*; given in Vol. IX. p. xxxiv.

The *Academy*, October 8, 1898, contains a letter; printed *above*, p. 208.

Many letters to Mr. Allen, hitherto unprinted, are also included in this edition: see Vol. XXXVI. p. cxiii.; and above, p. xv.

TO MISS GRACE ALLEN

The *Saturday Review*, February 9, 1907, contains two letters; printed *above*, p. 420 and *n*.

Other letters to Miss Allen, hitherto unprinted, are also included: see above, p. xv.

TO S. B. BANCROFT

Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft On and Off the Stage. Bentley, 1888, 2 vols.

This book contains at pp. 324–325 a letter from Ruskin; printed *above*, p. 28.

TO C. M. BARKER

A circular, "Mr. Charles Mylne Barker's Testimonials" (on seeking the office of Solicitor to St. Bartholomew's Hospital), reprinted in *Ruskiniana*, part i., 1890, p. 115 (No. 136), contains the following letter:—

"Dear Mr. Barker,—I can't at all write in proper compass for testimony of this formal kind. My thanks to you for what I see your good client Mr. Malcolm Sim has exactly expressed for me[1]—'cheery' advice on all occasions when it *could* be cheery, as it was always wise. . . . Ever affectionately yours, John Ruskin."

TO WILSON BARRETT

The *Sunday Times* of July 24, 1904, contained a letter; printed *above*, p. 474.

[1] [Alluding to another testimonial. Mr. Barker was President of the Incorporated Law Society in 1906.]

TO THE REV. E. P. BARROW

"Recollections of Ruskin at Oxford. By 'Peter.'" In *St. George*, No. 22, April 1903, vol. vi. pp. 103–115.

For Mr. Barrow, and his assistance to Ruskin at Oxford, see Vol. XX. pp. xxxiii.–xxxiv., Vol. XXI. p. li. This article contains fourteen letters, or extracts from letters, by Ruskin (numbered in *St. George* 1–13 and 15, No. 14 being from Ruskin's secretary, Laurence Hilliard):—

1 (p. 106). "DEAR PETER,—How delightful that you're here still—for *me*—but it's woful for *you*. May I call for you at eleven?—Ever affectionately yours, J. R."

2 (p. 106). "*Fors* has been very hard on me; but I'm pleased enough I wasn't laid up while lecturing. I am coming down to Oxford now—but of course look for nothing but loneliness. We'll have that time in the schools yet, together, however, next term.—Ever your loving J. R."

3 (p. 107) is printed in Vol. XXVIII. p. 609 *n.*

4 (p. 108). "C.C.C. [1874 *or* 1875?]. MY DEAR PETER,—I am so much and so heartily obliged to you for your letter and help. . . . All the senior men I know are entirely unsympathetic with me, and merely turn everything into jest, and in time I hoped to get them, but not yet. But I'll do whatever you advise me. I like Tyrwhitt for support to me, for I am so heavy in table talk that I am in mere panic when alone. . . . Do you know of any one who would like, and would not be offended this week by short invitation, or might be secured at once for next week? —Ever affectionately yours, J. RUSKIN."

5 (p. 108). "Well, I submit this time—for I believe your final number of eight may be reached—but I must really beg for next Thursday, and it shall be strictly six."

6 (p. 108). "C.C.C., *Monday, 2nd November*, 1874.—I've been hoping to call on you ever since I came up, but the time slips past, and I want to begin our little series of conspiracy-dinners[1] on Guy Fawkes day if I can. Can you come, and bring any friend with you if you like, at seven, for quarter-past, on that renowned anniversary?"

7 (p. 109). "HERNE HILL, S.E., *8th February*.—I have been obliged to give up this second Thursday also, in consequence of a strange attack of depression and somewhat seriously warning symptoms of head fatigue, requiring reference even to doctors. I hope to be in Oxford on Friday, and to have our dinner on Thursday, the 18th, if so it may be."

8 (pp. 110–111) is printed *above*, p. 103.

9 (p. 112). "BRANTWOOD, *25th April* [1878].—I am—as always—more and more grateful to you; the more I know of your ready kindness, and the most gracious feeling of so many of my Oxford friends, the more ashamed I am of the egotistic way in which I buried myself in selfish work all these years, instead of availing myself of the goodness of all who would have aided me. I am better, I trust, in body, these last few days, but very contrite and woful in mind.—Ever your grateful J. R."

10 (p. 112) is printed in Vol. XXV. p. xxxix.
11 (p. 113) is printed *above*, p. 248.

[1] [For these dinners, see Vol. XX. p. xxxiv.]

12 (p. 113). "Brantwood, *9th Sept.* '78.—I am getting things here at home in real order for what may yet be left to me of home life, taking all matters quietly and striving for nothing. I have also much peace of mind in your being at Oxford, and in control of my things and belongings there.—Ever your grateful and affectionate J. Ruskin."

13 (p. 113) is printed *above*, p. 248.

14 (p. 114). *From* Laurence Hilliard. "Brantwood, *March 8th*, 1878.—The Professor gives me plenty of work. Amongst other things I am helping him index *Fors*, and you should see the wonderful jumble of subjects that are collected together—Lily, the cat, comes next to Livy—and that sort of thing. Just now the Professor came into the room and wanted me to grind the back of the binding off a splendid old MS. Bible, on a grindstone, because he couldn't see some of the inside letters clearly! I didn't laugh, and compromised matters by cutting the cover off, an act the mere thought of which would have brought down my father's hairs with sorrow," etc.

15 (p. 115) is printed *above*, p. 318.

TO MISS MAY GERALDINE BATEMAN

"John Ruskin," by May Bateman, in *Black and White*, January 27, 1900, pp. 147–150.

For Miss Bateman's reminiscences of Ruskin, see Vol. XXXIV. p. 716. This article, including the letters, was reprinted with some trifling variations at pp. 176–193 of a "Collection of Stories and Poems," edited by Miss Bateman, under the title *Rosemary: for Remembrance*, 1908. The paper contains ten letters (or extracts from letters). (No. 7 has here been corrected from the MS.):—

No.

1 (p. 148) is printed in Vol. XXXIV. p. 716.
2 (p. 148, given also in *facsimile* on p. 146) is printed *above*, p. 469.
3 (pp. 148, 150) and 4 (p. 150) are printed *above*, pp. 462, 465.

5 (p. 150). "What a lovely letter, but I've got to lecture to-day and can't answer a word, only don't you mine those blessed diamond mines of your wit too deep, and, please observe, I should *like* you to be a little more like a cherry, and you'd be better kissing, and cherries only grow red in fresh air! Mind you get out as much as ever you can. . . ."

6 (p. 150). ". . . I'm sending you a bit of Lucca marble, the best for *building* in the world, broken by myself on its mountains; and two little bits of quartz that fit badly (some broken away), but will pay for looking carefully at, and love to you all, and I'm frightfully busy and don't know what to do; and I'm yours and Gabrielle's, Fessy."

7 (p. 150). ". . . But I like sending you stones because you are really interested in *them*, as well as loving to *me*.

"The bit of bloodstone I send to-day. Bloodstone is a fine chalcedony, stained green by I don't know what, and red by iron—(or yellow). In this case, the dark stains are spherical, and leave the white or yellow paste so—[sketch]; you can scarcely have a prettier specimen. . . ."

8 and 9 (p. 150) are printed in Vol. XXXIV. pp. 716–717.
10 (p. 150) is printed *above*, p. 444.

TO MISS SUSAN BEEVER

(*Hortus Inclusus*)

This is the only collection of Ruskin's Letters in which he himself took any active interest. The selection, however, was made and edited not by him but by Mr. Albert Fleming (see Ruskin's letter, above, p. 591). The Bibliography is complicated, owing to the changes made in successive editions. Moreover, a collation of the original letters has disclosed several inaccuracies alike in the arrangement and in the text of *Hortus*. In this note (1) the various editions are first described, and (2) a synopsis is then given, showing (*a*) all the letters which have in any edition been included, (*b*) the variations in text between different editions, and (*c*) the placing of the several letters in the present edition. With regard to the last point, it should be stated that Mr. Fleming omitted the dates in some dated letters, and published a large number of undated letters without attempting to assign dates to them; dates have now been assigned in every case (by internal evidence, indications of handwriting, note-paper, etc.), but they are sometimes only conjectural.

First Edition (1887).—The title-page of this edition is as follows:—

> Hortus Inclusus. | Messages from the Wood to | the Garden, | sent in happy days to the | Sister Ladies of the Thwaite, Coniston, | by their thankful friend | John Ruskin, LL.D. | George Allen, | Sunnyside, Orpington, Kent. | 1887. | (*All rights reserved.*)

Small 8vo, pp. xiii.+172. Title-page (with imprint on the reverse, "Printed by Hazell, Watson, & Viney, Ld., London and Aylesbury"), pp. iii.–iv.; on p. v. (blank reverse) are the words "Dedicated | with grateful thanks to my dear friends | Professor Ruskin | and | Albert Fleming. | S. B."; Preface, by Ruskin, pp. vii.–x. (printed above, pp. 79, 80); Introduction, by Albert Fleming, pp. xi.–xiii. Letters, mostly dated (1874–1886), follow, on pp. 1–96; then, further Letters, headed "Miscellaneous" and undated, pp. 97–151; p. 152 is blank; p. 153, half-title "Susie's Letters," with blank reverse; an introductory note signed "A. F." on p. 155; Susie's Letters, pp. 156–172. The imprint is repeated at the foot of p. 172.

Issued on September 29, 1887, in green cloth, lettered on the back "Hortus | Inclusus | Ruskin." Price 4s. 2000 copies.

There were also 250 large-paper copies (8vo), on Whatman's hand-made paper, price 10s.

Reviews of *Hortus Inclusus* appeared in many places, including:—

Pall Mall Gazette, September 21, 1887;
Daily News, September 24, 1887;
The Spectator, October 1, 1887;
The Athenæum, October 22, 1887;
Blackwood's Magazine, November 1887, vol. 142, pp. 704–709;
The Edinburgh Review, January 1888 (among other "Works of Mr. Ruskin"), p. 233;
The Morning Post, January 23, 1888; and
The Hobby Horse, vol. iii. pp. 18–22 (by Arthur Galton).

Second Edition (1888).—The words "Second Edition" appear on the title-page above the publisher's imprint, and the date was altered. A few passages were omitted, but otherwise the book was a reprint of the first edition. 2000 copies.

Third Edition (1902).—The book was now largely revised, the title-page being :—

> Hortus Inclusus. | Messages from the Wood to | the Garden, | sent in happy days to the | Sister Ladies of the Thwaite, Coniston, | By their thankful friend | John Ruskin, LL.D., D.C.L. | *Third Edition* (*Revised*). | With illustrations | London: | George Allen, 156, Charing Cross Road. | 1902. | [*All rights reserved.*]

Small 8vo, pp. xviii. + 176. Title-page (with imprint on the reverse, "Printed by Ballantyne, Hanson & Co. | At the Ballantyne Press"), pp. iii.–iv.; dedication as before, p. v.; Ruskin's Preface, pp. vii.–x.; Editor's Introduction, pp. xi.–xiii.; Editor's "Preface to the Third Edition," pp. xv.–xvi.; List of Illustrations, p. xvii. Ruskin's Letters, pp. 1–104; further Letters, again headed "Miscellaneous" (but now occasionally dated), pp. 105–156; Susie's Letters, with half-title, etc., as before, pp. 157–176.

Issued in green cloth, lettered across the back "Ruskin | Hortus | Inclusus." Price 5s. (reduced in 1907 to 3s. 6d.). 1500 copies.

The Editor's Preface to this revised edition, and the List of Illustrations, are as follow :—

PREFACE TO THE THIRD EDITION

SINCE these letters were published fourteen years ago, both Mr. Ruskin and Miss Beever have passed to the country he longed to find, "where the flowers do not fade." In this new Edition some of the earlier letters have been withdrawn, and others, of possibly wider interest, are inserted in their place. I have also added a reproduction of Mr. Ruskin's last letter to Miss Beever. It was written about the 20th October 1893, and was read to her on her deathbed. He was then himself in broken health, and it took him three weary hours to write this little note of eight lines. I believe this to be the last complete letter that ever came from his pen. Miss Beever sent it to me with the wish "that some day I might use it," and I now fulfil that wish by inserting it here as the pathetic close to a correspondence, in which there was so much of a gay and playful nature; commending it to the "memorial sympathy" claimed by him for his earlier letters. The word "Phoca" [Seal] is a signature often used by him in writing to his old friend.

I have been asked to add illustrations to this Edition; and some fresh explanatory notes and dates will also be found.

A. F.

NEAUM CRAG, AMBLESIDE, 1902.

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

John Ruskin	*Frontispiece*
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These illustrations, chiefly from photographs, being added after Ruskin's death, are not reproduced in this edition. The subjects of some of them have, however, independently been given.

Popular Edition (1907).—Printed from electrotype plates of the third edition, with a new title-page as follows:—

> Hortus Inclusus | Messages from the Wood to | the Garden | Sent in happy days to the | Sister Ladies of the Thwaite, Coniston | By their thankful friend | John Ruskin | Popular Edition | London | George Allen, 156, Charing Cross Road | 1907 | [All rights reserved].

Pott 8vo, with gilt top and "J. R." monogram on the front. Price, 1s. net, in red cloth; 1s. 6d. net, in green leather. 5000 copies.

SYNOPSIS OF RUSKIN'S LETTERS IN "HORTUS INCLUSUS"

NO.

1. Ed. 3 only, pp. 1–2.—*Above,* p. 86.
2. Eds. 1, 2, pp. 1–4; ed. 3, pp. 2–6. Headed "The Sacristan's Cell."—*Above,* p. 93.
3. Eds. 1, 2, pp. 5–7; ed. 3, pp. 6–8.—*Above,* p. 96.

   In line 1, *Hortus* substitutes "Joan" for "Joanna," and in the last lines on p. 97 (here) wrongly punctuates, etc., thus: ". . . falling Rome, in her furious . . ."

4. Ed. 3 only, pp. 8–9.—*Above,* p. 98.
5. Eds. 1, 2, pp. 7–8; ed. 3, pp. 9–10.—*Above,* p. 101.
6. Eds. 1, 2, pp. 8–9; ed. 3, pp. 10–12.—*Above,* p. 102.

   In line 14, *Hortus* read "I have just" for "I've"; in line 21, inserted the words "for a time" (an insertion followed in this ed.); and in the last line but one, "have" was there printed "take."

7. Eds. 1, 2, pp. 9–12; ed. 3, pp. 12–14. Headed "The Lost Church in the Campagna."—*Above,* p. 104.

   Eds. 1 and 2 have the following postscript (omitted in ed. 3):—
   "I have sent a word to my father's old head-clerk, now a great merchant himself, to send you a little case of that champagne. Please like it."
   In line 11, "mountain" was misprinted "mountains" in *Hortus;* in line 23, it dropped out "deep" before "dew-lapped"; in line 32, substituted "massive" for "massy"; and in the last line but two it had "our Susies" for "one's Susies here."

8. Eds. 1, 2, pp. 12–14; ed. 3, pp. 15–16. Headed "Regrets."—*Above,* p. 107.

   In line 15, *Hortus* wrongly inserted a note of exclamation after "wants."

9. Eds. 1, 2, pp. 14–15; ed. 3, pp. 16–17. Headed "Frondes Agrestes."—*Above,* p. 108.
10. Eds. 1, 2, pp. 15–17; ed. 3, pp. 18–20. Headed "How he fell among thieves."—*Above,* p. 111.
11. Eds. 1, 2, pp. 17–19; ed. 3, pp. 20–22. Headed "In Paradise."—*Above,* p. 116.

    In line 4, *Hortus* misprinted "a dog star" for "the Dog-star"; in line 10, the words "I know" were omitted; and in line 23, "or" was misprinted "and."

12. Eds. 1, 2, pp. 19–20; ed. 3, pp. 22–23.—*Above,* p. 122.
13. Eds. 1, 2, pp. 20–21; ed. 3, pp. 23–24. Headed "Foam of Tiber."—*Above,* p. 123.

    In line 2, *Hortus* misprinted "all like" for "like all."

14. Eds. 1, 2, pp. 21–22; ed. 3, pp. 24–25.—*Above,* p. 125.
15. Eds. 1, 2, pp. 22–23; ed. 3, pp. 25–26.—*Above,* p. 126.

    In line 3 from the end, *Hortus* misprinted "to me" for "for me."

16. Eds. 1, 2, pp. 23–24; ed. 3, pp. 26–27.—*Above,* p. 136.

    In line 5, *Hortus* misprinted "cross" for "crown," and in line 2, inserted "yet" after "and."

NO.

17. Eds. 1, 2, pp. 24–25; ed. 3, pp. 27–28.—*Above*, p. 138.
18. Eds. 1, 2, pp. 25–26; ed. 3, pp. 29–30.—*Above*, p. 142.

    Some errors in transcription were made in *Hortus*:—in line 5, "a grand peeping over precipices" for "grand peeping over precipice." Lines 10, 11, the words "*This* pass . . . blue sea" were omitted, as also, in the last line but one, the words "the glittering little waves."

19. Eds. 1, 2, p. 27; ed. 3, p. 30.—*Above*, p. 147.

    In line 8, *Hortus* read "of" for "in"; and in line 9, "ten" for "two."

20. Eds. 1, 2, pp. 27–28; ed. 3, p. 31.—*Above*, p. 147.
21. Eds. 1, 2, pp. 28–30; ed. 3, pp. 31–33. Headed "Wharfe in Flood."—*Above*, p. 157.

    In line 2, *Hortus* had "of" for "in."

22. Eds. 1, 2, p. 30; ed. 3, p. 34.—*Above*, p. 158.

    In the last line but one, *Hortus* read "ill" for "vile."

23. Eds. 1, 2, pp. 31–32; ed. 3, pp. 34–35.—*Above*, p. 158.

    In *Hortus* the words "at least . . . will be nice" were omitted.

24. Eds. 1, 2, pp. 32–33; ed. 3, pp. 35–37. Headed "Wasp Stings."—*Above*, p. 155.
25. Eds. 1, 2, pp. 34–35; ed. 3, pp. 37–39. Headed "Bolton Strid."—*Above*, p. 156.
26. Eds. 1, 2, pp. 35–36; ed. 3, pp. 39–40.—*Above*, pp. 161, 165.

    This in *Hortus* was a compost of two letters; one written from Herne Hill (p. 161), the other (p. 165) from Brantwood. In the first letter, the reference to *Fors* was wrongly given as Letter 43. In the second portion, the passage "which I had never . . . means" was dropped out in *Hortus*, which in ed. 3 omitted the last two sentences.

27. Ed. 3 only, p. 40.—*Above*, p. 180.
28. Ed. 3 only, p. 41.—*Above*, p. 205.
29. Ed. 3 only, pp. 41–42.—*Above*, p. 208.

    In the third line from the end, *Hortus* has "lovely" for "lonely."

30. Eds. 1, 2, pp. 36–37; ed. 3, pp. 42–43.—*Above*, p. 209.

    In line 2, *Hortus* misprinted "gentlewomen" for "gentlewoman" (*i.e.*, Miss Beever herself).

31. Eds. 1, 2, p. 37; ed. 3, p. 43.—*Above*, p. 209.
32. Eds. 1, 2, p. 38; ed. 3, pp. 43–44.—*Above*, p. 209.
33. Eds. 1, 2, pp. 38–40; ed. 3, pp. 44–46. Headed "St. Ursula."—*Above*, p. 211.
34. Eds. 1, 2, pp. 40–42; ed. 3, pp. 46–47. Headed "St. Mark's Doves."—*Above*, p. 214.

    Eds. 1 and 2 contained the following sentences at the end:—
    "Now I must get to work. Love to Mary and Miss Rigbye. Now mind you give my message carefully, Susie; because you're a careless little thing."

35. Eds. 1, 2, pp. 42–43; ed. 3, p. 48.—*Above*, p. 215.

    In line 4, *Hortus* inserted "and" after "garlic," and "made" was printed "makes." Ed. 3 omitted the last sentence.

36. Eds. 1, 2, pp. 43–44; ed. 3, pp. 48–49. Headed "St. Mark's Rest."—*Above*, p. 216.

    In line 15, *Hortus* somewhat missed the references to Carpaccio by not observing Ruskin's capitals, and in line 16 it misread "a pilgrimage" for "a pilgrimaging."

37. Eds. 1, 2, pp. 44–45; ed. 3, pp. 49–50.—*Above*, p. 217.

    In line 6, *Hortus* interpolated "(cruel of Fate too)" after "and."

NO.

38. Ed. 3 only, pp. 50–51.—*Above,* p. 218.

39. Eds. 1, 2, pp. 45–46; ed. 3, pp. 51–52. Headed "Saints and Flowers."—*Above,* p. 219.

40. Eds. 1, 2, p. 46; ed. 3, pp. 52–53.—*Above,* p. 219.

41. Ed. 3 only (p. 53): as follows:—"VENICE, 15*th May*, 1877.—I've not tumbled into the lagoons, nor choked myself in a passion, nor gone and made a monk of myself—nor got poisoned by the Italian cooks. I'm packing up, and coming to the Thwaite as soon as ever I can—after a little Alpine breathing of high air. I'm pretty well—if you'll forgive me for being so naughty—else I can't be even plain well—but I'm always your loving——"

42. Eds. 1, 2, pp. 47–48; ed. 3, pp. 53–55.—*Above,* p. 231.

In line 9, "much" was inserted in *Hortus* after "men so"; and in line 13, "until" was substituted for "till." Eds. 1 and 2 had the following passage after "letting both grow together":—

"Joan was 'wae' to leave Brantwood and you (and between you and me her letters have been so dull ever since, that I think she has left her wits as well as her heart with you). I am going to see her on Monday week, the 10th, and shall start from home *about* the 20th, undertaking (*D.V.*), at all events, to come on Christmas morning to your ever kindly opening door. Love to Mary, and cousin Mary; how happy it is for me you are all so nice!"

For "cousin Mary," see Vol. XXXVI. p. cix. *n.*

43. Eds. 1, 2, pp. 48–50; ed. 3, pp. 55–57.—*Above,* p. 231. An extract from Ruskin's letter to the *Daily Telegraph* (see, for the reference, p. 232 *n.*) was given in ed. 3 only.

44. Eds. 1, 2, pp. 50–51; ed. 3, pp. 57–58.—*Above,* p. 234.

In line 7, *Hortus* had "Christ's Church" instead of "Christ Church."

45. Eds. 1, 2, pp. 51–52; ed. 3, pp. 58–59.—*Above,* p. 234.

In lino 4, the "'jealous'" was inserted in *Hortus* after "that word." In the last two lines, Ruskin's punctuation was not followed, with the result that the sense was missed. Ed. 3 omits the first three sentences.

46. Eds. 1, 2, pp. 52–54; ed. 3, pp. 59–61.—*Above,* p. 236.

In line 13, *Hortus* omitted "have"; and in line 19, "never" was misprinted "new."

47. Eds. 1, 2, pp. 54–55; ed. 3 (omitting the last three sentences), pp. 61–62.—*Above,* p. 256.

This letter, dated by Ruskin ("17th August, 1878"), was in *Hortus* dated "17th January, 1878." The word "unpleasant" before "East wind" was omitted.

48. Eds. 1, 2, pp. 55–57; ed. 3, pp. 62–64.—*Above,* pp. 266, 276.

A compost in *Hortus* of two letters:—(1) "I have entirely . . . Polygala": see now p. 266, where the words "Don't you think . . . be pleased" are added from the original. (2) A portion of a later letter ("That third . . . *is* nice"): see now p. 276. For a misprint in line 20 of the first letter, see p. 267 *n.* In line 23 of the same letter "Cytherides" was misprinted "Cytheride," and the brackets were omitted.

49. Eds. 1, 2, pp. 57–59; ed. 3, pp. 64–66.—*Above,* pp. 245, 265.

A compost in *Hortus* of two letters:—(1) to Miss Beever, of May 2, 1878: see now p. 245; (2) to Miss Susan Beever, of Nov. 19, 1878: see now p. 265, where the first part ("I *never* . . . illness") is now added from the original. In line 17 of the later letter, *Hortus* had "all through" for "through all."

50. Eds. 1, 2, pp. 59–61; ed. 3, pp. 66–68.—*Above,* pp. 280, 287.

Again a compost in *Hortus* of two letters:—(1) to Miss Beever, of June 8: see now p. 287; (2) to Miss Susan Beever, of May 5: see now p. 280. In line 5 of the latter (p. 280), "there" was misprinted "then"; and in line 3 from the end, "the finder of the little dainty" became "the far finder of the dainty."

NO.

51. Eds. 1 and 2 (p. 62) only.—*Above*, p. 267.

In line 1, *Hortus* printed "we've" for "we have."

52. Ed. 3 only, p. 69.—*Above*, p. 269.

53. Eds. 1, 2, pp. 62–64; ed. 3, pp. 69–71.—*Above*, p. 272.

54. Eds. 1, 2, pp. 64–66; ed. 3, pp. 72–73.—*Above*, p. 274.

A compost of three letters. In line 1 of the first letter, "I am" was printed in *Hortus* "I'm," whilst in the last line "you'll" was printed "you will." In the second letter, line 2, "large" was misprinted "long."

54A. Ed. 3 only, pp. 73–74.—*Above*, p. 190.

55. Eds. 1, 2, pp. 66–67; ed. 3, pp. 74–75.—*Above*, pp. 284, 494.

A compost in *Hortus* of two letters, of widely separate dates (as handwriting and letter-papers show). (1) "This is a most wonderful . . . where to begin": see now p. 284 (2) "But I never . . . shown how": see now p. 494. In line 7 of the second letter, ed. 1 reads "pies" (error for "pics."), eds. 2, 3, "pictures." Ed. 3 omitted the passages "I am thinking greatly . . . where to begin" (in the first letter) and "But I never . . . such pictures now" (in the second letter). In line 2 of the second letter, "renown" (part of the quotation) was in eds. 1 and 2 (passage omitted in ed. 3) misprinted "reverence."

56. Eds. 1, 2, pp. 67–68; ed. 3, pp. 75–76.—*Above*, pp. 289, 331, 377.

A compost in *Hortus* from three letters of different dates:—(1) "27th June": see now p. 289. In line 1, "can" was dropped out in *Hortus*. (2) "And I'll come . . . for them": see now p. 331. (3) "How gay . . . of course": see now p. 377.

Eds. 1 and 2 contain two passages omitted in ed. 3; viz. (at the end of the first letter), after "fingers some day," "Indeed that is too sad about Florence. I've written a line to her by this post, and will do all the little I can to cheer her up." And, at the end of the second letter, "But we're both so naughty we can't expect them to let us alone, can we?"

57. Eds. 1, 2, p. 69; ed. 3, p. 76.—*Above*, p. 321.

58. Eds. 1, 2, pp. 69–70; ed. 3, pp. 76–77.—*Above*, p. 321.

Eds. 1 and 2 added after "Abbeville," "and please, please tell me the funny thing Miss —— said."

59. Eds. 1, 2, pp. 70–71; ed. 3 (omitting the last three sentences), pp. 77–78.—*Above*, p. 323.

In line 10, "And I'm" was misprinted "Am" in *Hortus*.

60. Eds. 1 and 2 (p. 71) only, as follows:—"CALAIS, 24*th August*.—I'm not very far away yet, you see. I stayed here for auld lang syne, but with endless sorrow, of which I need not give you any part of the burden. The sea has been beautiful, and I am better for the great rest and change."

61. Eds. 1, 2, pp. 71–72; ed. 3, pp. 78–79.—*Above*, p. 322.

62. Eds. 1, 2, p. 72; ed. 3, p. 79.—*Above*, p. 323.

Dated "3rd September" in *Hortus*, but in the original "31st August."

63. Eds. 1, 2, p. 73; ed. 3, p. 80.—*Above*, p. 324.

64. Eds. 1, 2, pp. 73–75; ed. 3, pp. 79–82.—*Above*, p. 324.

65. Eds. 1, 2, pp. 75–76; ed. 3, p. 83.—*Above*, p. 325.

66. Eds. 1, 2, pp. 76–77; ed. 3, pp. 83–85.—*Above*, p. 326.

In line 3 from the end, *Hortus* misprinted "even *for* a tune" as "even, for a time."

67. Ed. 3 only, pp. 85–86.—*Above*, p. 326.

In lines 5 and 6 from the end, the sense is obscured in *Hortus* by wrong punctuation (". . . the Nineteenth Century, besides anyhow I keep you in reading . . .").

68. Eds. 1, 2, p. 78; ed. 3, pp. 86–87.—*Above*, p. 343.

69. Eds. 1, 2, pp. 78–79; ed. 3, pp. 87–88.—*Above*, p. 352.

70. Eds. 1, 2, p. 79; ed. 3, p. 88.—*Above*, p. 368.

71. Eds. 1, 2, pp. 79–80; ed. 3, pp. 88–89.—*Above*, p. 368.

NO.

72. Eds. 1, 2, pp. 80–81; ed. 3, p. 90.—*Above*, p. 384.
73. Eds. 1, 2, pp. 81–82; ed. 3, pp. 90–91.—*Above*, p. 389.
74. Eds. 1, 2, pp. 82–83; ed. 3, pp. 91–92.—*Above*, p. 398.

In line 1, "and" was inserted after "ever"; and in line 6, "on" was omitted.

75. Eds. 1, 2, p. 83; ed. 3, pp. 92–93: as follows:—"SALLENCHES, SAVOY, 13*th September*, '82.—I saw Mont Blanc again to-day, unseen since 1877; and was very thankful. It is a sight that always redeems me to what I am capable of at my poor little best, and to what loves and memories are most precious to me. So I write to *you*, one of the few true loves left. The snow has fallen fresh on the hills, and it makes me feel that I must soon be seeking shelter at Brantwood and the Thwaite."
76. Eds. 1, 2, pp. 83–85; ed. 3, pp. 93–94.—*Above*, p. 411.

In line 6, "wish" was misprinted "wished" in *Hortus*.

77. Eds. 1, 2, pp. 85–86; ed. 3, pp. 95–96.—*Above*, p. 431.
78. Eds. 1, 2, pp. 86–87; ed. 3, p. 96.—*Above*, p. 494.

The punctuation was defective, and the date "20th" was misprinted "24th."

79. Eds. 1, 2, p. 87; ed. 3, p. 97.—*Above*, p. 500.
80. Eds. 1, 2, p. 88; ed. 3, p. 98.—*Above*, p. 545.
81. Eds. 1, 2, pp. 88–89; ed. 3, p. 99.—*Above*, p. 553.
82. Eds. 1, 2, p. 89; ed. 3, p. 99.—*Above*, p. 554.
83. Eds. 1, 2, pp. 89–90; ed. 3, p. 100.—*Above*, p. 201.
84. Eds. 1, 2, p. 90; ed. 3, pp. 100–101.—*Above*, p. 181.
85. Eds. 1, 2, pp. 90–91; ed. 3, p. 101.—*Above*, p. 187.
86. Eds. 1 and 2 only (pp. 91–92).—*Above*, p. 560.
87. Eds. 1, 2, pp. 92–93; ed. 3, p. 102.—*Above*, p. 564.
88. Eds. 1 and 2 only, p. 93.—*Above*, p. 566.

In the last line, "catalogueical" was misprinted "cataloquizical" in *Hortus*.

89. Eds. 1 and 2 only, p. 94. In ed. 3 the last sentence was transferred to the end of No. 90.—*Above*, p. 566.
90. Eds. 1, 2, pp. 94–95; ed. 3, pp. 103–104.—*Above*, p. 574.

In the last line (as printed above), *Hortus* omitted "both" before "enjoy." Eds. 1 and 2 contain the following addition to the letter:—"Dr. Kendall is a Delphic oracle. Do you think you could take sherry instead of port? My sherry is—well, I only wish Falstaff were alive to tell you what it is, or Will himself; but shall I send you a bottle? And mind that you don't mind the smarting if Dr. K. gives you things to make you cry. And I'll be so good, and not make you cry for a week at least."

91. Eds. 1, 2, p. 96; ed. 3, p. 104.—*Above*, p. 574.
92. Ed. 3 only, p. 105.—*Above*, p. 233.
93. Ed. 3 only, pp. 105–106.—*Above*, p. 275.
94. Ed. 3 only, pp. 106–107.—*Above*, p. 316.

In line 6, *Hortus* misprinted "lectures" for "lecture."

95. Ed. 3 only, pp. 107–108.—*Above*, p. 273.
96. Ed. 3 only, p. 108; as follows:—"BRANTWOOD.—A heap half a foot high of unanswered letters pouring and tottering across the table must pour and fall as they will, while I just say how thankful I am for yours always, and how, to-day, I must leave letters, books and all to work on that lovely Trientalis which Mary sent me. It has a peculiar set of trine leaves which Linnæus noticed and named it for—modern botanists have no notion of it. I think both Mary and you will be deeply interested in seeing it worked out. I've been at it since seven o'clock.

"Yes, if I had known you were in the garden! Alas—one never can know what one wants to—I was all that afternoon seeing the blacksmith make a chopper!"

NO.

97. Ed. 3 only, p. 109 (where the date is misprinted "15th").—*Above*, p. 182.

In line 11, *Hortus* had "these" for "those."

98. Ed. 3 only, p. 110.—*Above*, p. 363.

99. Ed. 3 only, pp. 110–111.—*Above*, p. 202.

In line 13, "duomo" is misprinted "dome" in *Hortus*.

100. Ed. 3 only, pp. 112, 113.—*Above*, p. 306.

In line 16, "has" is misprinted "had" in *Hortus*.

101. Eds. 1, 2, pp. 96–99; ed. 3, pp. 114–115, where the last two sentences are omitted.—*Above*, pp. 200, 199, 277, 200.

This in *Hortus* was a compost from four different letters. First came letter 1 ("I never heard . . . wood to-day"): see now p. 200. (In line 2 of this letter, "scratched" was misprinted "wretched," in line 4 "nothing" appeared as "thing," and in the last line "woods" was misprinted "wood.") Letter 2 was then tacked on ("You could not possibly . . . surprise at first"): see now p. 199. Then two lines ("How blessedly . . . to-morrow (*D.V.*)") were detached from a third letter: see now p. 277. And finally a fourth letter ("Here are the two bits . . . love her for all that") was tacked on: see now p. 200.

102. Eds. 1, 2, pp. 99–100; ed. 3, p. 116.—*Above*, p. 290.

This in *Hortus* was a compost of three letters:—(1) From Oxford, "A sapphire is . . . enjoy it" (ed. 3 omitted the latter part, "I'll find . . . enjoy it"). (2) From Brantwood, "I'm in a great passion . . . little girls" (ed. 3 omitted the latter words, "but one . . . little girls"). Letters (1) and (2) are here subjoined. (3) From Brantwood, printed *above*, p. 290 (ed. 3 omitted the latter portion, "I have been rather depressed . . . more and more"). In line 3 of this third letter, the words "fire of" were dropped out in *Hortus;* and in line 9, "Codlin" (apple) became "codling."

"Corpus Christi College, Oxford.—A sapphire is the same stone as a ruby; both are the pure earth of clay crystallized. No one knows why one is red and the other blue. A diamond is pure *coal* crystallized. An opal, pure flint—in a state of fixed *jelly*. I'll find a Susie book on them. I'll send H. Carlyle.[1] I am so very glad you enjoy it."

"Brantwood.—I'm in a great passion with the horrid people who write letters to tease my good little Susie. I *won't have it*. She shall have some more stones to-morrow. I must have a walk to-day, and can't give account of them, but I've looked them out. It's so very nice that you like stones. If my father, when I was a little boy, would only have given me stones for bread, how I should have thanked him; but one doesn't expect such a taste in little girls."

103. To Miss Beever.—Eds. 1, 2, pp. 100–101; ed. 3, p. 117 (the last two sentences being omitted).—*Above*, p. 278.

In line 9, "fairy" was misprinted "fiery" in *Hortus*.

104. Eds. 1, 2, pp. 101–103; ed. 3, pp. 118–119.—*Above*, pp. 297, 425.

A compost in *Hortus* of two letters; separated above. In the first letter, last line but one, *Hortus* had "you'll" for "you will."

105. Eds. 1, 2, pp. 103–105; ed. 3, pp. 119–121 (the last three sentences being omitted).—*Above*, pp. 165, 149.

This in *Hortus* was a compost of two different letters, one from Brantwood, the other from Oxford; the date of the later one (p. 165) was omitted in *Hortus*.

106. Eds. 1, 2, p. 105; ed. 3, p. 121 (the first two sentences only).—*Above*, p. 186.

In line 8, *Hortus* substituted "Joanie" for "Joan"; and in line 10, "the" for "that."

[1] [Probably vol. ii. of *Friedrich*.]

NO.

107. Eds. 1, 2, pp. 105–106; ed. 3, pp. 121–122.—*Above*, p. 150.

In *Hortus*, lines 4 and 5 were wrongly transcribed, thus: "And I'm . . . Wantley. Don't like . . ."

108. To Miss Beever.—Eds. 1, 2, pp. 106–107; ed. 3, p. 122.—*Above*, p. 87.

In line 8, *Hortus* misprints "myself, of my books" for "myself or my books."

109. Eds. 1, 2, pp. 107–108; ed. 3, pp. 123–124.—*Above*, pp. 250, 461.

A compost in *Hortus* of two letters; separated above.

110. Eds. 1, 2, pp. 108–109; ed. 3, pp. 124–125, as follows:—"13*th June* [1875 ?].—I do not know when I have received, or how I *could* receive so great an encouragement in all my work, as I do in hearing that you, after all your long love and watchfulness of flowers, have yet gained pleasure and insight from *Proserpina* as to leaf structure. The examples you send me are indeed admirable. Can you tell me the exact name of the plant, that I may quote it? Yes, and the weather also is a great blessing to me—so lovely this morning."

111. Eds. 1, 2 (only), pp. 109–110.—*Above*, p. 423.

112. Eds. 1, 2 (only), pp. 110–111.—*Above*, p. 364.

In line 4, a full stop was wrongly placed in *Hortus* after the word "set."

113. Eds. 1, 2, pp. 111–112; ed. 3, p. 125.—*Above*, p. 344.

In line 7, *Hortus* had "unpleasant" for "unpleasantest."

114. Eds. 1, 2, pp. 112–113; ed. 3, pp. 125–126.—*Above*, p. 536.

115. Eds. 1, 2, pp. 113–114; ed. 3, pp. 126–127 (where after "some people," the words "foolish little Joanies and Susies, and so on" are omitted).—*Above*, p. 289.

In lines 6, 7, the words "however, since this illness," were dropped out in *Hortus;* in line 11, "own" was misprinted "new"; and in the last line, "myself" became "I'm."

116. Eds. 1, 2, pp. 114–115; ed. 3, p. 128.—*Above*, p. 251.

In line 5, *Hortus* read "and strengthen" for "or strengthen."

117. Eds. 1, 2, pp. 115–116; ed. 3, pp. 129–130.—*Above*, p. 192.

118. Eds. 1, 2, pp. 116–117; ed. 3, p. 130 (where the last three sentences are omitted).—*Above*, p. 425.

In line 7, ed. 3 misprinted "execration" as "execution." For a portion of this letter transferred to a different place in *Hortus*, see under No. 124.

119. Eds. 1, 2, pp. 117–118; ed. 3, pp. 131–132.—*Above*, p. 233.

120. Eds. 1, 2, pp. 118–119; ed. 3, p. 132.—*Above*, p. 316.

121. Eds. 1, 2, pp. 119–120; ed. 3, p. 133 (where the last three sentences are omitted).—*Above*, p. 148.

122. Eds. 1, 2, pp. 120–121; ed. 3, pp. 133–134.—*Above*, p. 443.

123. Ed. 1, p. 121; ed. 2, pp. 120–121; ed. 3, pp. 134–135.—*Above*, p. 176.

124. Eds. 1, 2 (only), pp. 121–122.—*Above*, pp. 176, 285.

This letter as printed in *Hortus* was a compost. (1) First came a passage ("Will you please . . . look forward to") which in reality is the end of another letter, written from Brantwood: see *above*, p. 176. (2) Next a passage ("I had such . . . tell Kate") which is the end of a second letter (No. 118), written from Herne Hill; and (3) a separate (Brantwood) letter: see *above*, p. 285. In the third portion of the compost, a misprint of "undermining" for "underminding" missed the allusion to Mrs. Glegg (see p. 285 *n.*).

The passage (2) is as follows:—

"I had such a nice dinner all alone with Joanie yesterday, and Sarah waiting. Joanie coughed and startled me. I accused her of

NO.

having a cold. To defend herself she said (the monkey), Perhaps she oughtn't to kiss me. I said, 'Couldn't Sarah* try first, and see if any harm comes of it?' (Sarah highly amused.) For goodness' sake don't tell Kate."

* Our Herne Hill parlour-maid for four years. One of quite the brightest and handsomest types of English beauty I ever saw, either in life, or fancied in painting. [J. R.]

In line 3 of this passage, "monkey" was misprinted "mockery." In ed. 3, Ruskin's footnote was transferred to Letter No. 125.

125. Ed. 1, pp. 123, 124; ed. 2, pp. 122–124; ed. 3, pp. 135–137.—*Above*, p. 394.
126. Eds. 1, 2, p. 125; ed. 3, p. 137.
127. Eds. 1, 2 (only), p. 125.

Nos. 126 and 127 are in reality parts of one and the same letter, as follows:—

"I am quite sure you would have felt like Albert Dürer, had you gone on painting wrens. The way Nature and Heaven waste the gifts and souls they give and make, passes all wonder. You might have done anything you chose, only you were too modest.

"No, I never *will* call you 'my dear lady'; certainly, if it comes to that, something too dreadful will follow.

"That is so very nice, isn't it, about the poor invalid and *Frondes*. It is terrible that doctors should say such things, but on the whole when they feel them strongly, they should speak, else it would be impossible for them to give trustworthy comfort and healing hope.

"I wish that peacock of yours would teach me to brush *my* hair before I come to dinner, for I am, though ever your loving J. R., not fit to be seen lately with fighting midges in my hair."

128. Ed. 1, p. 126; ed. 2, pp. 125–126; ed. 3, p. 138.—*Above*, p. 175.

In line 10, *Hortus* inserted "to" before "you."

129. Eds. 1, 2, pp. 126–127; ed. 3, pp. 138–139.—*Above*, p. 292.

In line 9, *Hortus* had "I have" for "I've"; in line 13, "the" was inserted before "oven"; and in the last line, "J. R." was substituted for "Cat."

130. Eds. 1, 2, pp. 127–129; ed. 3, pp. 139–141.—*Above*, pp. 75, 175, 175–176.

This letter, as printed in *Hortus*, is a compost from three letters of widely separate dates:—(1) One of the earliest letters to Miss S. Beever (as shown by the "Dear Miss Susan," now added), written from Oxford. This letter is now printed in its entirety on p. 75 *above*. Eds. 1–3 omitted the final words (now added); eds. 1, 2 then tacked on, from another letter of a much later date, the following sentences:—"I have had a tiring forenoon in the house with dark air, and must go out; and poor Susie will not only scarce find a turned leaf, but an empty line in the unturned one. But children always like to have letters about anything." In ed. 3, these interpolated words were omitted. (2) In all eds., sentences were next added, "I found a strawberry . . . Yewdale crag . . . to be eaten." These words came from a separate letter (the same that contains the words interpolated in eds. 1 and 2), written of course at Brantwood: see now *above*, p. 175. (3) Thirdly, other sentences ("Yes, those are all sweetest bits from Chaucer . . . oatmeal") were tacked on, with no connexion, from a third letter; the remainder of the letter from which they were taken being given separately (No. 131): see now *above*, pp. 175–176.

131. Eds. 1, 2 (only), pp. 129–130.—*Above*, pp. 175–176.
132. Eds. 1, 2 (only), p. 130; as follows:—"[1876?] Actually I've never thanked you for that exquisite cheese. The mere look of it puts one in heart like a fresh field. I never tasted anything so perfect in its purity of cream nature. The Chaucer bits, next to the cheese, are delicious, too.

NO.

"About the railroad circular, I knew and know nothing but that I signed my name. They may have printed said circular perhaps.[1]

"At all events, most thankful should I be to any one who would help in such cause. I'm at work on a piece of moss again, far better, I hope likely to be, than the one you saw."

133. Eds. 1, 2, pp. 130–131; ed. 3, pp. 141–142.—*Above*, p. 73.

The letter is given without date or address in *Hortus;* these are now supplied from the original. *Hortus* also omitted the *P.S.*

134. Eds. 1, 2, pp. 131–132; ed. 3, pp. 142–143 (where the first sentence is omitted).—*Above*, p. 76.

135. Eds. 1, 2, pp. 132–133; ed. 3, pp. 143–144 (where the last two sentences are omitted).—*Above*, p. 164.

In the third line from the end, *Hortus* (eds. 1, 2) had "are" for "were"; and in the last line, "on" for "about."

136. Eds. 1, 2, pp. 133–134; ed. 3, pp. 144–145.—*Above*, p. 269.

137. Eds. 1, 2, pp. 134–135; ed. 3, p. 145.—*Above*, p. 320.

In *Hortus*, "chrysoprase" was misprinted "crysoprase"; and the words "Nearly all that Jemappes bit is his" were dropped out.

138. Eds. 1, 2, p. 135; ed. 3, p. 146.—*Above*, p. 364.

139. Eds. 1, 2, pp. 135–136; ed. 3, pp. 146–147.—*Above*, p. 502.

140. Eds. 1, 2 (only), p. 136.—*Above*, p. 502.

141. Eds. 1, 2 (only), pp. 136–137.—*Above*, p. 269 *n.*

142. Eds. 1, 2, pp. 137–138; ed. 3, pp. 147–148 (where the passage, "But you will . . . how nice for you," is omitted).—*Above*, p. 224.

A compost in *Hortus* of two letters; separated above. In line 5 of the first letter *Hortus* dropped out "and the like," and in line 9 "all" after "them."

143. Eds. 1, 2 (only), pp. 138–139.—*Above*, p. 310.

In line 9 *Hortus* misprinted "common" for "human," and in the next line dropped out the words "not for good and all."

144. Eds. 1, 2 (only), p. 139.—*Above*, pp. 243, 258.

This as printed in *Hortus*, without dates, was a compost of two letters:—(1) The first part (dated by Ruskin, 11 Sept. 1878) is now printed *above*, p. 258; (2) the second (17th Feb. 1878), *above*, p. 243.

145. Eds. 1, 2 (only), p. 140.—"I'm really not quite so bad all over, yet; and I've written things lately with much in them that will comfort *you* for me, though I can't quite comfort myself. And I'll come often to be lectured; and I'm not reading novels just now, but only birds and beasts.

"I want to know the names of all your five cats; they were all at the door yesterday, and I should have made six, but they ran away.

"I send two of Miss Kate's books for Mary and you to keep as long as you choose. Miss Arnold is coming to-morrow, but I hope to get to the Thwaite at half-past twelve. Only my morning goes just now like the flash of a Christmas cracker."

146. Eds. 1, 2 (only), p. 140.—"I'm better; I trust you are! It *is* a day at last; and the flowers are all off their heads for joy. I've been writing some pretty things too, and thinking naughty ones, as I do when I'm pretty well. But I've lost my voice and can't sing them!"

147. Eds. 1, 2 (only), pp. 140–141.—*Above*, p. 344.

[1] [See Vol. XXXIV. pp. 135 *seq.*]

NO.

148. Eds. 1, 2, pp. 141–142; ed. 3, p. 148.—*Above*, p. 171.

In line 6, *Hortus* misprinted "lessness" for "less, mess."

149. Eds. 1, 2 (only), p. 142.—*Above*, p. 307.

In *Hortus*, "look out" was misprinted "look at"; and Ruskin's underlining of *hourly* (referring to Shakespeare) was not followed.

150. Eds. 1, 2, p. 142; ed. 3, pp. 148–149.—*Above*, p. 171.

In line 1, *Hortus* had "I'm" for "I am"; in line 7, "master" for "masters"; and in line 8, "also" for "alas."

151. Eds. 1, 2, pp. 143–144; ed. 3, pp. 149–150.—*Above*, p. 153.

The passages printed in *Hortus* separately (and thereby to the destruction of the connexion) as Nos. 151 and 153 form in fact one letter. In the last line but one, *Hortus* read "the world" for "a world," and in the last line omitted "rightly" before "to-night."

152. Eds. 1, 2, p. 144; ed. 3, pp. 150–151.—*Above*, p. 87.
153. Eds. 1, 2, pp. 144–145; ed. 3, p. 151.—*Above*, p. 153.
154. Eds. 1, 2, p. 145; ed. 3, p. 152.—*Above*, p. 196.
155. Eds. 1, 2, pp. 145–146; ed. 3, pp. 152–153.—*Above*, pp. 330, 345.

This in *Hortus* was a compost of two letters, written (as the handwriting suggests) at different dates.

156. Eds. 1, 2, pp. 146–147; ed. 3, pp. 153–154.—"Brantwood, *Monday* [? 1881].—I never got your note written yesterday; meant at least to do it even after post time, but was too stupid, and am infinitely so to-day also. Only I *must* pray you to tell Sarah we all had elder wine to finish our evening with, and I mulled it myself, and poured it out in the saucepan into the expectants' glasses, and everybody asked for more; and I slept like a dormouse. But, as I said, I am so stupid this morning that—— Well, there's no 'that' able to say how stupid I am, unless the fly that wouldn't keep out of the candle last night; and *he* had some notion of bliss to be found in candles, and I've no notion of anything."

157. Eds. 1, 2, p. 147; ed. 3, p. 154 (where the last passages—"I've just finished . . . *her* fault"—are omitted).—*Above*, p. 296.

In line 1, "wood" was misprinted "woods" in *Hortus;* and in line 3 from the end, "woodwork" was misprinted "woodcock."

158. Eds. 1, 2, p. 148; ed. 3, p. 155.—*Above*, p. 516.

In line 2, *Hortus* interpolated "now" before "it's not."

159. Eds. 1, 2 (only), pp. 148–149.—*Above*, p. 363.
160. Eds. 1, 2, pp. 149–150; ed. 3, pp. 155–156.—*Above*, p. 268.

In line 1, the word "most" was dropped out in *Hortus*.

161. Eds. 1, 2 (only), pp. 150–151.—*Above*, p. 573.
162. (Facsimile), ed. 3 only (facing p. 156).—*Above*, facing p. 614.

For another letter to Miss Susan Beever, see No. 36 in *Art and Literature* (below, p. 720). This edition contains also one hitherto unprinted letter to her.

TO JOHN BELL

Two letters to Mr. John Bell (for whom, see General Index), Registrar of Births and Deaths at Coniston, were published in the *Leeds Mercury*, and thence in the *Westminster Gazette*, January 24, 1900:—

"Brantwood, Coniston, Lancashire, *January* 11, 1884.—Dear John,—What weather! I can't get over even to tea, let alone my walk with Libbie [Miss Bell],

but much love to her and Polly, and please tell them I hope for their kindness in helping me to see after the children's tea on Tuesday. I can't get a magic lantern from anywhere, so do you think that two or three of the Coniston band could be got who could give the children a couple of hours' dance after tea? If they only played games to the music, it would be ten times merrier than without. Please do all you can for me in this, and in truest regards to your father, believe me, affectionately yours,

JOHN RUSKIN."

"BRANTWOOD, CONISTON, LANCASHIRE, *May* 7, 1884.—DEAR JOHN,—Tell Polly to put in hand a blue frock for Jane Annie, without one pinned-on or double bit in it."

TO DR. W. C. BENNETT

The *Testimonials of W. C. Bennett, LL.D.,* 1871 (p. 21), contains one letter; printed in Vol. XXXVI. p. 144.

For other letters to Dr. Bennett, see Nos. 27–29 in *Art and Literature* (below, p. 720).

TO MRS. HUGH BLACKBURN

English Female Artists. By E. C. Clayton. 2 vols., 1876.

This book contains in vol. ii. two letters from Ruskin. Of these—
1 (pp. 403–404) is printed in Vol. XXXIV. p. 483.
2 (pp. 405–408) is printed in Vol. XXXVI. pp. 109–110.

Variæ Lectiones.—A collation of the original letter shows in the second case the following errors in E. C. Clayton's book. In line 4 of the letter (as printed in this edition), "these" for "them"; line 12, "friend's" for "friends'"; lines 14, 15, "generally . . . rises" for "has generally . . . risen"; line 21, "comes" for "come"; line 31, "in" for "on." Some minor errors of punctuation, etc., have also been corrected in this edition.

This edition contains also one hitherto unprinted letter to Mrs. Blackburn.

TO DR. JOHN BROWN

Letters of Dr. John Brown. With Letters from Ruskin, Thackeray, and others. Edited by his son and D. W. Forrest, D.D. With Biographical Introductions by Elizabeth T. M'Laren. (London: Adam and Charles Black.) 1907.

This book contains thirty-three letters from Ruskin, pp. 285–312. The numbers in the book show thirty-four, but one of these (No. xiii. p. 299) was included in error; not a word of it is by Ruskin, and a slip was subsequently inserted in the volume, correcting the mistake. Of the thirty-three letters—

NO.
1 (pp. 287–289) is printed in Vol. XXXVI. p. 60.
2 (pp. 290–291) is printed in Vol. XXXVI. p. 66 (more fully than in *Brown*).
3 (p. 291) is printed in Vol. XXXVI. p. 85.
4 (pp. 291–292) is printed in Vol. XXXVI. p. 339, the passages at the end ("My old disgust . . . anything else," and "Among the things" to the close) being here added.
5 (p. 293) is printed in Vol. XXXVI. p. 349.
6 (p. 293) is printed in Vol. XXXVI. p. 392, where the *P.S.* is here added.
7 (pp. 293–294) is printed in Vol. XXXVI. p. 395.
8 (pp. 294–295) is printed in Vol. XXXVI. p. 365.
9 (p. 295) is printed in Vol. XXXVI. p. 403.
10 (pp. 296–297) is printed in Vol. XXXVI. p. 417.

NO.

11 (pp. 297–298) is printed in Vol. XXXVI. p. 416.

12 (pp. 298–299) is printed in Vol. XXXVI. p. 464, where the latter portion ("Yes, I like . . ." to the end) is added.

13 See *above*.

14 (pp. 299–300) is printed *above*, p. 77.

15 (pp. 300–301) is printed *above*, p. 77.

16 (p. 301) is printed *above*, p. 101.

17 (pp. 301–302) is printed *above*, p. 108, where the passage ". . . and yesterday morning . . . and the like. And . . ." is added.

18 (pp. 302–303) is printed *above*, p. 117, where the passage "Please . . . proportion" is added.

19 (p. 303) is printed *above*, p. 119, where the passage "I've told Joanie . . . work and think" is added.

20 (pp. 303–304) is printed *above*, p. 173.

21 (p. 304) is printed *above*, p. 206.

22 (pp. 304–305) is printed *above*, p. 228.

23 (pp. 305–306) is printed *above*, p. 262.

24 (p. 306) is printed *above*, p. 281.

25 (pp. 306–307) is printed *above*, p. 288. In line 21, "colourers" (as in the MS.) is a correction for "colourer."

26 (pp. 307–308) is printed *above*, p. 290.

27 (p. 308) is printed *above*, p. 282.

In line 7, a full stop in *Brown* after "He" spoilt the sense and construction.

28 (pp. 308–309) is printed *above*, p. 316.

29 (p. 309) is printed *above*, p. 317.

30 (pp. 309–310) is printed *above*, p. 339.

31 (p. 310) is printed *above*, p. 340.

32 (p. 311) is printed *above*, p. 347.

33 (pp. 311–312) is printed *above*, p. 373. The last word, "Jamie," was misprinted "Joanie."

34 (p. 312) is printed *above*, p. 383.

The present volume contains also two hitherto unprinted letters to Dr. Brown (pp. 168, 386).

TO BURNE-JONES

Memorials of Edward Burne-Jones, by G. B.-J. 2 vols. (London: Macmillan and Co.), 1904.

This book contains twenty-one letters, or extracts from letters, by Ruskin. Of these—

NO.			
1	(vol. i. p. 42)	is given in	Vol. XXXV. p. 72 *n.*
2	(vol. i. p. 232)	,,	Vol. XXXVI. p. 373.
3	(vol. i. p. 233)	,,	Vol. ,, p. 393.
4	(vol. i. p. 247)	,,	Vol. ,, p. 409.
5	(vol. i. p. 260)	,,	Vol. ,, p. 438.
6	(vol. i. p. 266)	,,	Vol. XVII. p. lxxiii.
7	(vol. i. p. 271)	,,	Vol. ,, p. lxxvi.
8	(vol. i. p. 274)	,,	Vol. XVIII. p. xxvii.
9	(vol. i. p. 275)	,,	Vol. ,, p. xxviii.
10	(vol. i. p. 275)	,,	Vol. XXXVI. p. 471.
11	(vol. i. p. 281)	,,	Vol. ,, p. 475.
12	(vol. i. p. 299)	,,	Vol. ,, p. 504.

NO.

13 (vol. i. p. 303). This is apparently an extract, not from a letter, but from a conversation. Burne-Jones and Morris were to see Tennyson, to whom "Ruskin sent a message of thanks for the 'noble sermon' contained in his poem of *Aylmer's Field*."

14 (vol. ii. p. 16) is printed *above*, p. 22.

15 (vol. ii. p. 18). An extract from a letter not dated: "Nothing puzzles me more than the delight that painters have in drawing mere folds of drapery, and their carelessness about the folds of water and clouds, or hills, or branches. Why should the tuckings in and out of muslin be eternally interesting?"

16 (vol. ii. p. 21) is given in Vol. XXII. p. xxxviii.

17 (vol. ii. p. 73) is given in Vol. XXIV. p. xxxviii.

18 (vol. ii. p. 86) is given *above*, p. 225.

19 (vol. ii. p. 87) is given in Vol. XXIX. p. xxiv.

20 (vol. ii. p. 128) is given *above*, p. 436.

21 (vol. ii. p. 130) is given in Vol. XXXIII. p. xlvi.

22 (vol. ii. pp. 130, 131) is given in Vol. XXXIII. p. xlvi.

23 (vol. ii. p. 132) is given *above*, p. 449.

In some cases this edition gives the whole of letters of which only extracts appeared in the *Memorials*. Several hitherto unprinted letters are included.

TO GENERAL SIR W. F. BUTLER, K.C.B.

The *Daily Chronicle*, October 24, 1901, contained extracts from a letter; printed in Vol. XXXIII. p. 22 *n*.

TO HALL CAINE

My Story, by Hall Caine, 1908.

This book contains extracts from two letters from Ruskin. Of these—

1 (p. 45). "Ruskin speaks of 'a bad fit of weariness, not to say worse,' which had kept him from fulfilling some promise he had made me, and adds, 'I am sincerely glad and grateful for all you tell me of your work.'"

2 (pp. 45–46) is printed *above*, p. 263, where the signature and "I wrote . . . My dear Sir" are added.

TO ERNEST CHESNEAU

Letters | from | John Ruskin | to | Ernest Chesneau. | Edited by Thomas J. Wise. | London: Privately Printed. | 1894.

Octavo, pp. xiv.+57. Half-title, p. i.; *frontispiece*, a facsimile of Letter No. 3; title-page, p. iii.; on p. v., "The impression of this book is limited to a few copies for private circulation only"; Contents, pp. vii.–x.; "Note," pp. xi.–xiii.; Errata, p. xiv. Half-title ("Letters"), p. 1; the Letters, pp. 3–50; half-title ("Index"), p. 51; Index, pp. 53–57. Letter No. 3 was given in facsimile as frontispiece to the volume.

Issued in green cloth, lettered on the back, "Letters | to | Chesneau | John | Ruskin | 1894." A few special copies were printed on vellum.

The "Note" is a brief reminiscence of M. Chesneau by Mr. Frank Randal: it is quoted in the Introduction to Vol. XXXVI. pp. lxx.–lxxi. *n*.

This volume contains twenty letters. Of these—

NO.

1 and 2 (pp. 3–6) are printed in Vol. XXXVI. p. 523.

3 (p. 7). "DENMARK HILL, 1867.—MY DEAR SIR,—Just after I received your second letter a violent attack of an ignoble but sufficiently redoutable[1] illness—toothache—kept me at home four languid days and sleepless nights. I am better, but cannot get out yet. I am very sorry not to have seen the picture, but I will most certainly take measures—or opportunity—to see this one, or some other of your friend's works. My hand is nervous still—excuse this bad writing, and believe me, truly yours, J. RUSKIN."

4 (pp. 8, 9) is printed in Vol. XXXVI. p. 557.

5 and 6 (pp. 10–14) are printed *above*, pp. 407, 423.

7 (pp. 15–16). "HERNE HILL, *December 15th*, 1882.—MY DEAR SIR,—By enclosed note from my publisher you will see that the three books I spoke of were sent to your address on *September 7th*. Two of them (the *Inaugural Lectures*, and *Pre-Raphaelitism*) are again sent registered; and I believe the *Arrows of the Chace* are likely to be more useful to you than *The Two Paths*. Perhaps the missing parcel may be recoverable; in that case, would you kindly return the duplicates to Mr. Allen?—With sincere respect, I am always, my dear Sir, your faithful servant, "J. RUSKIN."

8–17 (pp. 17–45) are printed *above*, pp. 426, 427, 428, 431, 432, 435, 443, 445, 446, 448.

In Letter 9, line 23, "any" was misprinted "my."

18 (p. 46). "UNIVERSITY GALLERIES, OXFORD, *May 29th*, 1883.—DEAREST M. CHESNEAU,—I read the two last pages of *La Peinture Anglaise* at last lecture, and have to read them again to-morrow,[2] and I've ever so much to say to you, but the letter is always too important to be written. I do hope to get something told you to-morrow of what I've had to do. I'll answer all your questions about Kate [Greenaway], but you didn't *guess* all quite right.—Ever your loving J. RUSKIN."

19 (pp. 47–48). "OXFORD, *June 12th*, 1883.—DEAR M. CHESNEAU,—Forgive my MS. paper, but I want to advise you that the Rogers *Poems are* sent at last, by the binder's mistake detained so long. And I think you will have pleasure in most of the plates, which you will see are proof, and for the most part in finest state. The spotting of the book by damp is now universal in all proof copies, and in most of them spoils the plates also. I am eager to see the etchings sent to Brantwood, but am still over-pressed with Oxford work. But am ever your affectionate J. RUSKIN."

20 (pp. 49–50) is printed *above*, p. 455.

TO MISS MARY CHRISTIE

A Tardiness in Nature, and other Papers, by Mary Christie, edited with Introductory Note and Memoir by Maud Withers. Manchester, at the University Press, 1907.

This gives (pp. 29–30) a letter from Ruskin on the Art for Schools Association. It is printed in Vol. XXVII. p. lxix.

[1] [The words "an ignoble . . . redoutable" were omitted in the text on p. 7, and there were some other minor errors of transcription.]

[2] [That is, at the second delivery of the lecture: see Vol. XXXIII. pp. 342, 343.]

TO THE REV. EDWARD CLAYTON

For the series of *Letters Addressed to a College Friend*, see Vol. I. pp. 400–502. To the same correspondent was probably addressed a letter printed in Vol. XXXVI. p. 30.

TO THE HON. STEPHEN COLERIDGE

Catalogue of a Collection of Studies in Oil of the English Lake Country, by the Hon. Stephen Coleridge, M.A., June 1891. London: The Dowdeswell Galleries.

This catalogue contains one letter; printed in Vol. XIV. p. 497.

TO MRS. COWPER-TEMPLE

Five Letters (or extracts from Letters) from Ruskin to Mrs. Cowper-Temple (Lady Mount Temple) were printed by W. G. Collingwood in a paper, entitled "Ruskin's 'Isola,'" in *Good Words* for February 1902, pp. 80, 81; and reprinted in his *Ruskin Relics*, 1903, pp. 225, 226. Of these—

1 (July 23, 1887) is printed *above*, p. 592.

2 (Of somebody's sketches sent for him to look at): "Alas, there's no genius in these drawings. Genius never exists without intense industry. Industry is not genius, but is the vital element of it."

3 (Of Bible reading): "I noticed, curiously for the first time, two most important mistranslations. Fancy never having noticed before that 'Sufficient unto the day is its evil' ought to be 'Let the day's evil suffice for it.' And 'chasteneth' ought in several cases to be merely 'bringeth up, teacheth'!"

4 (?1874) is printed *above*, p. 110.

5 (June 14, 1874) is printed *above*, p. 110.

Many letters, hitherto unprinted, are given in this edition.

TO THE REV. CANON DALE

Life and Letters of Thomas Pelham Dale, 1894.

This contains one letter (vol. i. pp. 48–49) from Ruskin to Canon Dale (father of the Rev. T. P. Dale); it is printed in Vol. XXXVI. p. 94.

See also *Three Letters and an Essay*, Vol. I. pp. 355–398.

TO THE BROTHERS DALZIEL

The Brothers Dalziel: a Record of Fifty Years' Work: 1901.

This book contains (p. 154) one letter; printed in Vol. XIX. p. 149 *n.*

TO MADAME DESCHAMPS

T. P.'s Weekly, September 25, 1903, p. 538, contains one letter; printed *above*, p. 182.

TO F. S. ELLIS

Stray Letters | from | Professor Ruskin | to | A London Bibliopole | 1892. | London: Privately Printed | (Not for Sale).

Octavo, pp. xvi.+86. Half-title, p. i.; Title-page, p. iii.; on p. v., "The impression of this book is limited to a few copies for private circulation only"; Contents, pp. vii.–xiii.; Preface, pp. xv.–xvi. Half-title ("Letters"), p. 1; "Note," p. 2; Letters, pp. 3–76; half-title ("Index"), p. 77; Index, pp. 79–86.

Issued in rough red cloth, lettered on the back, "Letters | to | Ellis | John | Ruskin | 1892." A few special copies were printed on vellum.

An article, entitled "Mr. Ruskin's New Letters," in the *Bookman*, February 1893, pp. 145–146, quoted in full letters Nos. 24 and 31, and gave extracts from others.

An article, entitled "Unpublished Letters of John Ruskin," by W. G. Kingsland, in *Poet Lore* (Philadelphia), vol. v. pp. 123–129, quoted in full Nos. 24 and 29, and gave extracts from others.

The "Note" states that the Letters are "but the remnant of a much more considerable correspondence," and that "some of the dates are only approximate, having been inserted from memory after a lapse of years." In this edition they have sometimes been corrected by internal evidence.

The volume contains forty-two letters:—

NO.

1 (p. 3). "CORPUS CHRISTI COLLEGE, OXFORD, *February 17th*, 1870.—DEAR MR. ELLIS,—Will you please send me to Denmark Hill the best recent edition of Vasari (the largest print of original better than many notes), and the best translation also. I am terribly nervous about chance of misreading anything.—Ever truly yours,

"J. RUSKIN."

2 (p. 4). "DENMARK HILL, *February 25th*, 1870.—DEAR MR. ELLIS,—Would you kindly look out for me a copy of Le Normand and De Witte's work on Greek vases?[1] You must get me one from Paris, if one is not to be had in London. The Vasaris are very nice; I'm so glad you were interested about them. I hope illustrations to *Paradise* may get done at last.[2] Tennyson is quite fallen—he must be ill.[3]—Ever most truly yours,

J. RUSKIN."

3 (p. 5). "GENEVA, *May 5th*, 1870.—My assistant did quite right in availing himself on my part of your courteous permission to return the De Witte, if unsatisfactory; his judgment is quite enough for me. Will you inform the French house that the book is for the Art Gallery of Oxford, and cannot be placed there if ill-executed. Let the plain copy be sent without binding, as I wish to arrange and bind it myself."

4 (p. 6). "DENMARK HILL (1871).—Can you get me Sir I. Newton's tract on Daniel? I am greatly pleased with that book of portraits that Mr. Green found for me, and the edition[4] of *Tale of a Tub* is nice. Can you find out for me, anyhow, if there was an analysis of *Fors Clavigera* in the *Guardian?*"

[1] [Ruskin used this book largely in his Oxford lectures, and cut out many of the Plates for examples in his Drawing School: see, *e.g.*, Vol. XXI. pp. 78, 79.]

[2] [A projected edition of Morris's *Earthly Paradise*, with illustrations by Burne-Jones—a project unfulfilled. There were to have been "two or three hundred woodcuts"; many of them were in 1865 "already designed, and some even drawn on the block" (*Memorials of Edward Burne-Jones*, vol. i. p. 294).]

[3] [*The Holy Grail* was the poem last published at this date. The signatures, etc., in some succeeding letters are here omitted, to save space.]

[4] [A copy of the first edition.]

NO.

5 (p. 7). "CORPUS CHRISTI COLLEGE, OXFORD, *August 25th*, 1872.—Please get me the enclosed, and send it with the other books bought yesterday, and the Ottley,[1] when obtained, all together down to Brantwood, Coniston, Lancashire, which will now be my address permanently.

"I want also Lavoisne's *Chronological and Geological Atlas*, Barfield, Wardour St., 1822, if obtainable."

6 and 7 (pp. 8–11) are printed *above*, pp. 53, 152.

8 (p. 12). "BRANTWOOD, *January* 1874.—Saturday will do delightfully for me. I trust the weather may be a little in better humour for you also. How good of you to go to the 'tea-shop'; and I'm so glad of your report, and must really get up my sign."[2]

9 (pp. 13, 14) is printed *above*, p. 105.

10 (pp. 15–16). "DENMARK HILL, *November 2nd* [1871?].—The *Somville* has come, and is delightful.

"If *I* saw my way clearly to everything but the binding, I should not be much troubled about *that*. But of course it 'must be thought on.' I wish we were ready for it.[3]

"However, I am fairly at work. I have resolved to take Chaucer's *Dream* instead of *The Flower and the Leaf*, and I think I can make a very pretty and useful introduction to everything out of it."

11 (p. 17). "DENMARK HILL, LONDON, S.E. [1871?].—Will you please find and send me the best authoritative edition of Chaucer?[4] I don't mean an early expensive edition, even if you could find one; but the best modern one, what anybody wishing now to read Chaucer would be obliged to put up with. Also, I am perpetually referred in mine to 'Du Cange.' I don't know who 'Du Cange'[5] is, but I want him, please."

12 (p. 18). "DENMARK HILL, LONDON, S.E. [1871?].—My woodcutter[6] is, I am sorry to say, too busy to take more work just now, except only for *Earthly Paradise*. I will let him work on that."

[1] [For other references to Ottley's *Early History of Engraving*, see Vol. XXII. pp. 359, 455.]

[2] [The "tea-shop" near Wigmore Street, where Ruskin started two of his mother's old servants in business: see *Fors Clavigera*, Letters 48 and 67 (Vol. XXVIII. pp. 204, 205, 661).]

[3] [The letter refers to a series of Early English Reprints, to be furnished with Introductions by himself, which Ruskin at this time had thoughts of publishing through Mr. Ellis, who, however, had reminded him that *The Flower and the Leaf* is not now esteemed to be by Chaucer. The same difficulty applies to "Chaucer's *Dream*"; which, however, "authentic or not," Ruskin subsequently intended to include in his *Bibliotheca Pastorum:* see *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 61 (Vol. XXVIII. p. 501).]

[4] ["There was no 'authoritative' edition of Chaucer in 1874—and there is not one to-day," said Mr. Ellis in a note to this letter. At a later date (1896), he himself edited Chaucer for the Kelmscott Press edition.]

[5] [Du Cange, *Glossarium ad Scriptores Mediæ et Infimæ Latinitatis*, 7 vols. 4to—a book frequently referred to by Ruskin: see, for instance, Vol. XXII. p. 281, Vol. XXVII. pp. 262–263.]

[6] ["My woodcutter" was Arthur Burgess, for whom see Vol. XIV. p. 349. Mr. Ellis had asked, and obtained, Ruskin's consent for him to work upon the projected illustrated edition of *The Earthly Paradise*, but he never did anything for it.]

NO.

13 (pp. 19–21) is printed *above*, p. 154.

14–19 (pp. 22–31) are printed in Vol. XIV. pp. 458, 459.

20 and 21 (pp. 32–35) are printed *above*, p. 169.

22 (p. 36). "BRANTWOOD, *July 23rd*, 1876.—DEAR ELLIS,—Alas, I can give you too perfect satisfaction! The 'Loire' drawing, of which this oil is a copy, *was* mine, and *is* now at Oxford—where I gave it to the schools. This copy ought to be traced. It is a dexterous and most criminal imitation.[1]—Ever yours in flying haste,

"J. RUSKIN."

23 (pp. 37, 38) is printed *above*, p. 227.

24 (pp. 39–41) is printed in Vol. XXV. p. xxxix.

25–34 (pp. 42–61) are printed *above*, pp. 254, 282, 342 (3), 343, 346 (2), 347, 359.

35 (pp. 62–63). "BRANTWOOD [1881].—DEAR ELLIS,—I only send you the *last* of the Scott papers;[2] for I can't find the first; and the middle ones won't read right without it (the reader, fool enough, complained that it *would!*). Please you must get *for me*—and read, if you like, first—numbers 43, *September* 1880; 42, *August* 1880; and, I believe, 40, *June* 1880. But please find out; and send me *this one* back when you've read what you *can* of it—and the others with the *first*, when you've read what you *like* of it—which I hope you will, some.—Ever your affectionate

"J. R."

36 and 37 (pp. 64–67) are printed *above*, pp. 362, 454.

38 (pp. 68–69). "BRANTWOOD, *July 7th*, 1883.—DEAR ELLIS,—I am so ashamed of never having answered your delightful letters—but I've been more busy than is good for me, necessarily, as one always finds if one is busy at all. And then I did not know you were going to stay so long at the country place. I am very happy in your patience with the Scott papers,—very happy in the loan of your lovely Missal,—very happy in being able to covet missals, and take pride in my own work, once more. And very happy shall I be when I can shake hands again in that delightful library and chat-room of yours. And this is all I can say to-day—else I shall miss the post again.—Ever your affectionate and grateful J. RUSKIN."

39 (pp. 70–71). "BRANTWOOD, *June 1st*, 1884.—DEAR ELLIS,—May I give the name of the writer of enclosed bit[3] for next *Fors* correspondence? It would be of weight in driving down the sentence about Scott, which is of extreme importance and value. I send you an old book, which has been inherited by my washer-woman! Can you impress her mind with reverence for literature by giving her a few shillings for it?—Ever affectionately yours, J. R."

40 (p. 72). "BRANTWOOD, *June 6th*, 1884.—DEAR ELLIS,—I am so very sorry you have been ill. I never dreamed of such a thing. Take care now; I shall be anxious till you write again to say you're going on well.—To think of my having forgiven the Hamilton business like this![4] I'll cut out all the vice.—Your last letter—still more valuable—is, I think, quite safe and general.—Your loving J. R."

[1] [This was a (probably) spurious Turner, which had been offered for sale to Mr. Ellis, in perfectly good faith, by a Mr. B——, once a pupil of Ruskin's. Its origin was never traced, and Mr. Ellis declined to purchase it.]

[2] [*Fiction, Fair and Foul*, which appeared in the *Nineteenth Century:* see Vol. XXXIV.]

[3] ["This was a printed extract from a letter of Mr. Ellis's regarding the condition of a certain English village. The consent asked was freely given, though with a modification of some of the expressions Mr. Ellis had originally used" (F. S. E.). The letter, however, was not printed by Ruskin. For the "sentence about Scott," see Vol. XXIX. pp. 491–492.]

[4] [Ruskin was, or professed to be, grievously hurt and offended with Mr. Ellis for having negotiated the purchase of the Hamilton Manuscripts for the Berlin Museum: see Vol. XXX. pp. xxxii., 44.]

NO.

41 (pp. 73–74). "BRANTWOOD, *February 3rd*, 1885.—DEAR ELLIS,—We're both brutes for never asking after each other,—and you wait a bit before you thank me for being the first to speak, for it's forced by a bit of business, which will be best told you by my secretary. Don't look down upon her for being a girl. She's got nice business ways, and will save you a lot of trouble in writing gossip; and, besides, tell *me* all about *you*, and you all about me,—and the business concerns her a little. It's about some old Bibles of her uncle's. Will you please write to her, Miss Anderson,[1] 46 Warwick Gardens, and tell her where she could see you, or will Mr. White kindly make an appointment for her if Mr. Ellis is out of town? Meantime, if you care to know it, I'm pretty well, and pretty busy, and rather pleased with my work; and am affectionately yours, J. RUSKIN."

42 (pp. 75–76) is printed *above*, p. 548.

TO MISS EMILY FAITHFULL

The *Daily Telegraph*, February 21, 1871, contained one letter (reprinted in *Arrows of the Chace*): Vol. XXXIV. p. 499 *n.*

TO REV. J. P. FAUNTHORPE

Letters | from | John Ruskin | to | Rev. J. P. Faunthorpe, M.A. | Edited by Thomas J. Wise. | Volume I. [II.] | *London: Privately Printed.* | 1895. [1896.]

Octavo, vol. i. pp. xvi.+98. Title-page (with blank reverse), pp. iii., iv. On p. v. is the intimation that "The impression of this book is limited to a few copies for private circulation only." Contents, pp. vii.–xiv. "Prefatory Note," pp. xv.–xvi. Letters, pp. 3–98. The volume contains two woodcuts:—(1) facing p. 49, of "The May Queen's Dress": this has been given in Vol. XXX. (2) Facing p. 60, of "The May Queen's Gold Cross": Vol. XXX.

Vol. ii. pp. xii.+97. Title-page, pp. iii.–iv.; Contents, pp. v.–xii. Letters, pp. 3–90; Appendix (pp. 93–97): this is an address to the Arundel Society in 1882, printed in Vol. XXXIV.

Issued in brown cloth, lettered on the back "Letters | to | Faunthorpe. | Vol. I. [II.] | John | Ruskin | 1895." A few special copies were printed on vellum.

The Prefatory Note is as follows:—

"On the 28th July, 1877, after reading *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 80, I wrote to Professor Ruskin begging him not to be over anxious or over worried at the slow progress of Good, for supposing the High Master had counted *His* followers at *His* coronation *d'épines!* I said, further, that I believed in him and his work, and that I liked deeds better than words, therefore I enclosed a cheque for five pounds. This Mr. Ruskin promptly returned, and I expended the money in the purchase of my first six volumes of his works. I think I have all now except a few of the rarer pamphlets.

"Shortly afterwards I asked Mr. Ruskin's permission to reprint his *Letter to Young Girls* in my 4th *Standard Reading Book*. This request was not granted, and it will be seen upon a perusal of the following pages that Mr. Ruskin mistook the meaning of the word 'Standard.' This will sufficiently explain Letter I.; and, with the addition of a few footnotes, every other letter, I think, carries its own meaning.

"There are many things in these letters quite worthy of preservation in print, and, as the words of a great man, even the slightest of them are 'worthy of memory.' I have therefore consented to their being printed for private circulation, Mr. Wise having assured me that no copyright will be infringed, and that he is editing these volumes with Mr. Ruskin's sanction and approval. The letters themselves of course remain my property."

It should be added that the letters printed by Mr. Wise are only a selection from a more extensive correspondence, and that a collation of the originals with Mr. Wise's print (kindly undertaken by Mr. Faunthorpe for this edition) shows some errors, as noted below.

[1] [For Miss Sara Anderson, see the Introduction, Vol. XXXVI. p. lxxxvii.]

The work contains 87 letters from Ruskin and one (No. 36) from his secretary, Laurence Hilliard. Of these:—

NO.

1 and 2 (vol. i. pp. 3–6) are printed *above*, pp. 225, 226.

Letter 1 was wrongly dated "August 3rd" in *Wise*.
In line 5 of Letter 2, "contact" was misprinted for "connection."

3 (vol. i. p. 7). [*September* 10*th*, 1877.]—"Yes, I shall be proud that you should make such a selection;[1] but please don't put 'wise,' only 'necessary.' If it *be* this it *must* be that.—Faithfully yours, J. R."

This (as also No. 5) was a postcard, not a letter (as printed by Mr. Wise).

4 (vol. i. pp. 8–9). "BRANTWOOD, 2*nd October*, '77.—DEAR MR. FAUNTHORPE,—I have been quite beyond all business lately, having had to examine my hills all over for a lecture on them,[2] and the noble things took all the walking and thinking I had in me—and I couldn't answer a word, especially to pretty letters and messages like Miss Stanley's.[3] My waistcoats are the things most useful to me needing four pockets, and I believe these are more or less constructible by hand. So I shall send one to Miss Stanley, and I've no objection to a little zigzaging or other aculine ornamentation on them, which I shall proudly manifest to beholders when the wind isn't too cold on the hills.[4] The books will, I doubt not, arrive this week.—Ever most truly yours, J. RUSKIN."

5 (vol. i. p. 10). A postcard: "[BRANTWOOD, *October* 19*th*, 1877].—Please no publishing of gift, which is mere nothing to such a school. I am so very glad Miss Stanley likes the Book,[5] but surely the red and blue ornamentation is easy enough to copy?—Ever faithfully yours, J. R."

6 (vol. i. pp. 11–12). "HERNE HILL, 14*th December*, '77.—DEAR MR. FAUNTHORPE,—I chance fortunately to be in town at my pet cousin's, who, as ladies say, is 'dying' to see the waistcoat, so I send my servant over to bring it (I should have come myself had I not been laid up with cold), and shall not be long in writing of its reception to Miss Stanley.

"I hope at any rate to wait on you and Miss Stanley a day or two after Christmas, if she will be then at Chelsea. The Report of the Students is indeed one you may be happily proud of.—Ever most faithfully yours, J. RUSKIN."

7–10 (vol. i. pp. 13-20) are printed *above*, pp. 244, 333, 317 (2).

The letter No. 8 is undated. The date "January 5th, 1880" was given in *Faunthorpe*, but references in the letter to earlier correspondence show that 1881 was the year.

11–16 (vol. i. pp. 21–41) are printed in Vol. XXIX. pp. 553–558.

17 and 18 (vol. i. pp. 42–48) are printed *above*, pp. 337, 338.

In Letter 17, last line but one, "written" was misprinted "done"; and in Letter 18, some minor revisions have now been made in accordance with the original MS.
In Letter No. 18, line 1, the words "to-morrow to" were omitted.

[1] [A selection from *Letters to Young Girls*, which Mr. Faunthorpe included in one of the reading-books in the "Whitelands Series for Girls": see the Bibliography in Vol. XXXVIII.]
[2] [The lecture called "Yewdale and its Streamlets": see Vol. XXVI. p. 243.]
[3] [Head governess at Whitelands College.]
[4] ["After great searchings of heart the waistcoat was made and sent."—J. P. F.]
[5] [A manuscript Bible of the fourteenth century, presented by Ruskin to Miss Stanley.]

NO.

19 (vol. i. p. 49). "BRANTWOOD, *4th April*, 1881.—It is still winter here; but by count of days the May is coming, I suppose! *I've* almost ceased counting them, in this last illness; but am awake out of the wild sleep, once more; and hope that I may still see a May morning in this, and yet another or another, year. I hope the May Queenship is beginning to be thought of? I write to-day to my publisher to get a perfect set of books ready. . . . Ever faithfully yours, JOHN RUSKIN."

20–28 (vol. i. pp. 50–72) are given *above*, pp. 348, 349, 352, 354, 355, 356, 357 (2), 358.

In Letter 20, 5th line from end, "it" was altered to "she."
In Letter 21, some minor revisions have now been made.
In Letter 22, lines 11 and 20, "or" was misprinted "and."
In Letter 24, lines 3 and 6, Ruskin's "was" was altered to "were."
Letter 25 was printed with several minor alterations from the MS.; *e.g.*, in line 13, "upon next year" for "on . . . in time next year."
In Letter 26, line 5, "crown" was misprinted "cross."
In Letter 27, line 12, the words "(much more)" were omitted.

29 (vol. i. p. 73). "BRANTWOOD, *22nd May* (1881).—DEAR FAUNTHORPE,—Photos both quite safe, but I'm rather frightened of my queen. She looks to me between thirty-five and thirty-eight,[1] and rather as if she would bring back the inquisition and trial by the rack. Photographs are horrid things! I am so glad you like the Door. I've a lot more things in my head for you.—Ever affectionately yours, J. R."

30 (vol. i. p. 74). "BRANTWOOD, *9th June* (1881).—DEAR FAUNTHORPE,—I send you the 'Dabchicks,'[2] trusting in your kindness to read them for me. I'm dreadfully afraid you'll be able to tell me some of the things I don't want to know! What Tringa means, or the like. I'll bear it, if you do, as well as I can.—Ever gratefully yours, J. RUSKIN."

31 (vol. i. pp. 75–76). "BRANTWOOD, *1st July*, '81.—MY DEAR FRIEND,—I am so very glad to hear of this success of the May Queen's choice. That Apothecary Gold medal is a real distinction.[3] I will send Miss Croucher my next *Proserpina* the moment it's out. I'm hard busy on it, with *Amiens* and two numbers of *Love's Meinie*, at once. Couldn't help it, had to do Appendix of nomenclature. I shall be quieter now the spring flowers are over.—Ever affectionately yours."

32 (vol. i. pp. 77–78). "BRANTWOOD, *3rd July* (1881).—DEAR FAUNTHORPE,—Your letter to-day is very delightful, but do you mean that the Entrance Examination keeps you 'next' or 'this' week in London? or shall I write to disturb your repose by the sea at once? I'm rather glad about the Archbishop,[4] as I had been pitching into, or at least pulling, his sleeves, about Usury.—Ever affectionately yours, J. R."

"This St. John's—King John's, I mean—programme is dreadfully tantalizing To have seen the May Queen *in Armour!*"

In the book, in line 4, "him" was inserted after "into."

[1] ["She was about twenty."—J. P. F.]

[2] [Proof-sheets of *Love's Meinie*, ch. iii. ("The Dabchicks"): see Vol. XXV. p. 99 ("I believe nobody knows what 'Tringa' means").]

[3] [The gold medal given for botany by the Apothecaries' Society, which the College won several times. Miss Croucher was the winner of the gold medal.]

[4] [Mr. Faunthorpe had related to Ruskin some of the sorrows of Archbishop Tait. For the "pitching into him about Usury," see *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 70, Vol. XXVIII. p. 722.]

NO.

33 (vol. i. pp. 79–80) is printed *above*, p. 367.

In line 8, "photo-plates, MS. leaves" was misprinted "photos, plates, MS., leaves."

34 (vol. i. p. 81). "BRANTWOOD (*July 15th*, 1881).—DEAR FAUNTHORPE,—If life were only what it used to be before Noah's time, or even 120 years good, I'd come to Ivy Cottage by return of post. But, alas! I must use my autumn at home, for once, and see the thyme and heather in their best.

"If the proof does not come, let me know at once, and I'll send you another. There's no hurry, as I'm on other work now, and your revision will be every way invaluable to me.—Ever your grateful J. R."

In line 4, "in" was misprinted "at."

35 (vol. i. pp. 82–83) is printed *above*, p. 371.

36 (vol. i. p. 84), from Laurence Hilliard, is printed *above*, pp. 374–5 *n.*

37–38 (vol. i. pp. 85–87) are printed *above*, pp. 374, 375.

In No. 38, line 6, "only" and "could" were transposed, and in the last line "Richters" was misprinted "pictures."

39 (vol. i. p. 88). "BRANTWOOD, *28th October*, '81.—DEAR FAUNTHORPE,—You must not ask me to criticise poetry, nor sympathise with chapel building. What I can do for you, in my own way, I will; but until you have dealt with the great questions of Money and Usury, I can acknowledge no religious movement as of the slightest interest or importance.—Ever affectionately yours, J. RUSKIN."

40 (vol. i. pp. 89–90) is printed *above*, p. 377.

41, 42 (vol. i. pp. 91–95), to Miss Ellen Osborne, are printed in Vol. XXX. pp. 340, 341.

43 (vol. i. pp. 96–98) is printed *above*, p. 379.

44 (vol. ii. pp. 3, 4). "BRANTWOOD, *December 2nd*, 1881.—MY DEAR PRINCIPAL,—I'm *quite* certain you told me yourself you had told the Queen she wasn't to expect an answer. I hear great things of *King John*. I like there being no dressing, but a blue riband and paper crown. But Joanie—that's Mrs. Severn—says 'It's a tebby (terrible) play,' and that's what I say too. I hope the books have reached you before now. It's a shame of the railways to carry passengers like Flying Dutchmen, and shunt my books into the damp for a week.

"Large photos would give those coins well for the historical lectures.—Ever your affectionate J. RUSKIN.—It's all nonsense about my library."[1]

45–49 (vol. ii. pp. 5–17) are printed *above*, pp. 380 (2), 381, 382, 385.

In Letter 45, line 2, Ruskin's "but" was omitted; in line 16, "Kemm" was printed "Kemms," and "Bonpland" "Bonfland."

In Letter 46, line 1, the words "to know" were inserted before "that."

Letter 47 was much curtailed, the following passages being omitted:—"They will not . . . Richter's,' and "with three separate . . . engraving. But".

In Letter 48, line 3 from end, "only" was misprinted "and."

In Letter 49, line 9, the word "before" was omitted.

50 (vol. ii. p. 18). "HERNE HILL, *14th February* [1882].—DEAR FAUNTHORPE,—The Lentil note is quite invaluable,[2] and shall be used with due privacy of Doctor's name, but I hope I may gratefully use yours. I was *very* glad to see you last

[1] [There had appeared sundry paragraphs in the newspapers to the effect that Ruskin was about to dispose of his library.]

[2] [For the "Lentil note," see *Proserpina*, Vol. XXV. p. 425.]

night, the room being for the most part full of strangers. I hear there were two perfectly beautiful girls in the corner out of sight. If I had only seen them I would have concluded the lecture[1] to them!—and very differently!—Ever your affectionate
J. R."

51 (vol. ii. pp. 19, 20) is printed *above*, p. 388.

52 (vol. ii. p. 21). "[HERNE HILL] *Monday* [*March* 6, 1882].—DEAR FAUNTHORPE,—I am sick, nearly to death. Of all your girls and governesses, is there *one* who can buy a small sole,—good, and fry it decently? If so, and you can spare her, let her come fish in hand (the bearer will attend her orders), and as soon as possible. I've had to turn the cook out of the house, and I don't know where on earth to find a human creature who can dress me a dish of decent meat. —Ever affectionately yours,
J. RUSKIN."

53 (vol. ii. pp. 22–23). "HERNE HILL, *March 7th*, 1882. (I don't know the day of the month, having been bothered all the morning!)—MY DEAR MR. FAUNTHORPE,—I have a very heavy domestic grief weighing on me just now; a disagreement about the way I should manage myself, and, much more, about the way I should manage *her!*

"I cannot, to-day, get a single thing done without remonstrance or mistake, and have to write this note to you instead of sending you a plain message, because *you* also trouble me in your own way by too much gushing and fussing—and also, I grieve to say, by some expressions of your opinions, which, for the present, you will best help me by keeping to yourself. Spare me your sermons, at this moment. I have always said men should be preached to when they are well, not when they are sick. '*God* takes the text (then) and preacheth Patience.'[2]

"Your little student[3] has succeeded quite beautifully to-day in her proper work. She will tell you herself the result of her cross-examination.—Ever affectionately yours,
J. RUSKIN.

"Miss Stanley's embroidery is given to Miss Gale to be taken care of, till I am able to examine it. My failing eyes could as soon to-day examine the zodiacal light."

54–68 (vol. ii. pp. 24–55) are printed *above*, pp. 390, 391, 392 (2), 394, 395, 396 (2), 397, 422, 434, 437 (2), 438, 441.

In Letter 56, line 6, the words "thing as a" were omitted.
In Letter 57, "cross more" was printed "cross worse."
Letter 61 was much altered, to the destruction of the sense. In line 3, "1, 2 and 3" became "five"; in line 4, the words "—fragments of, at least"—were omitted; in line 5, "three" was interpolated before smallest; the passage "—white quartz . . . rock and quartz" was dropped out, and no new sentence began at "the fourth." The fourth specimen (a piece of Iceland chalcedony) was thus made to be one of the pieces of quartz nodules, which were made to be five in number, instead of three.
Letter 63, line 7, the words "some day" were interpolated after "might"; line 8, "series" was inserted after "that"; line 11, "thousands" was substituted for "hundreds"; line 14, "now" was inserted after "mind."
Letter 66, line 13, "then" was inserted after "shall," and in the next line "bilection" (see p. 438 *n.*) was altered to "Collection."
Letter 67, line 8, ". . . place: and if" was altered to ". . . place. But if".
Letter 68, line 4, "economy" was interpolated after "political"; line 12, "his" was altered to "him."

[1] [A speech made by Ruskin as chairman, introducing Mr. Frederick Gale's lecture on "Modern English Sports" at the Marlborough Rooms on February 13.]
[2] [George Herbert: compare Vol. I. p. 489.]
[3] [Miss Charlotte Smith, a Whitelands governess.]

NO.

69 (vol. ii. p. 56.) "BRANTWOOD, *20th April*, '83.—DEAR CHAPLAIN,—Of course I meant what *you* call Roman Catholic. I call the Church of England Cockney-Catholic (I beg pardon!). Here's your lovely private letter back again. I am only concerned with the official one, which shall have due attention.—Ever your affectionate J. RUSKIN."

"I should like mightily to print Deacon Darby's[1] too! Can't you ask his leave?"

70–79 (vol. ii. pp. 57–76) are printed *above*, pp. 460, 479, 486, 487, 504, 509, 511, 512, 514, 519.

In Letter 70, line 1, "It is" was inserted after "morning."

Letter 71, in line 7, "the" was printed "this," and in the last line "and" was inserted before "Incorrigible."

Letter 73, the last words after "Rose" were omitted.

Letter 74, in line 4, the words "of them" were interpolated after "two or three," and in line 9, "motherly" was printed for "motherlyish."

Letter 76. This letter was much altered in minor matters. In line 3, "very" became "so," and lines 4, 5 became ". . . Newnham. I was just writing there . . . books to go there." In line 7, "always" was left out, and in line 8, "long" was put in before "before"; a signature, etc. (none in the original) were added.

Letter 77, in line 2, *Our Fathers* was expanded into its full title (as, in similar cases, in many other letters). In line 3, "such" was inserted before "a mess," and in line 4, "the" before "type." In line 4, "However" was interpolated before "The Fourth."

Letter 78, in line 5, the words "of mine" were inserted after "lecture," and in the last line "the" was altered to "that."

80 (vol. ii. pp. 77, 78). "BRANTWOOD (*March 12th*, 1885).—DEAR CHAPLAIN,—The vases, with some more soon to be sent, are for the College, not St. George. Also the Jameson *Mineralogy*. I am getting a Miller for you. Jameson's *system* is absurd, but his descriptions simple and securely permanent.[2] What he says will be always true.

"You will soon now have the Pleasures, and Toils, of *Fancy*.[3] I think perhaps it may not be trespassing on you too far to send you all notes of errata like enclosed, and to tell Allen, whenever he is printing a new edition of anything, to refer to you, or the College generally, for final corrections? I always lose these sort of notes at the moment they're wanted.—Ever yours affectionately, J. R."

The words "I am . . . for you" were omitted; "always" and "be" were transposed; and in the last line but one, "correction" was printed for "corrections."

81 (vol. ii. pp. 79) is given *above*, p. 527.

82 (vol. ii. pp. 80–81). "BRANTWOOD, *2nd April*, '85.—DEAR CHAPLAIN,—Those Sotherans were to send you the *Birds*[4]—not the *Bill*.

"So many thanks to girlies for lovely catalogues.

"All the books I'm sending you now are for you to place, as time serves, where they may be of use to any one. I want to make Whitelands a centre of various school dispensation, especially in books, and soon in drawings, and the like.

"Love to you and Mrs. Faunthorpe, and most true thanks to you both for all you've done for St. George and me.—Ever your grateful and affectionate "J. RUSKIN."

83 (vol. ii. pp. 82–83) is given *above*, p. 533.

In this letter, "nor can Joanie" was altered to "Mrs. Severn cannot"; the words "her own . . . that day," "girlish . . . courtly," "procession-loving," and "Dick of a" were omitted.

[1] [Archdeacon, and now Dean, of Chester.]

[2] [For this book, see Vol. XXXV. p. 121; for "Miller," above, p. 514.]

[3] [*The Pleasures of Fancy*, being Part iv. of *The Pleasures of England*, published in April 1885: Vol. XXXIV.]

[4] [Gould's *Birds of New Guinea*, given by Ruskin to Whitelands College.]

NO.

84 (vol. ii. p. 84). "BRANTWOOD, *3rd May* [1885].—DEAR CHAPLAIN,—Indeed I am much more grateful for your letter than I should have been for mere *Index*. How delightful it is to read of it all, and would be to see! I'll try to take courage to come next year. It was very lovely, both for Mrs. Bishop and me, the Irish message coming."[1]

The words "mere Index" were altered to "the Index merely," and "would be to see" to "would have been to see."

85 (vol. ii. p. 85). "BRANTWOOD, *6th May*, '85.—MY DEAREST CHAPLAIN,—How delightful and nice of you! But, 1st *June*. Whose or what day is it? Isn't the May Queen crowned in summer? I'm afraid of confusing the obtuse public's head! I've written a long letter to the Cork Queen to-day, referring to you to countenance the views laid before Her Majesty.—Ever your loving

"J. RUSKIN."

86 (vol. ii. pp. 86–87). ["*June 12th*, 1885.]—MY DEAREST CHAPLAIN,—*Here's* some proof for you to play with at last.[2] There was really no time to send anything this spring, I had to get it out anyhow. I haven't my own copy yet, so can't compare your notes. I believe they are all nonsense. You're wrong about eyebright, anyhow. It *is* the Euphrasy and *not* the Veronica. The Veronica *is* Bird's-eye, and may be Baby's-eye, and Monacha is a rare plant in the wide world of moors which I've rambled over these sixty years, and I believe my corrections are all right! There! As for mending as I grow older, myself, you needn't think of it!—Your loving J. R."

In this letter, the words "I believe . . . nonsense" were omitted; and in line 6, the sense was destroyed by the omission of the word "Monacha" (Ruskin's name for *Pedicularis*). The date was also incorrectly given as "May."

87 (vol. ii. pp. 88–89) is given *above*, p. 537.

Several liberties were here taken with Ruskin's letter. Lines 2 and 3 were: ". . . notes on the new part of *Proserpina:* you will see that they have, for the most part, been adopted." Towards the end, the words "the drawing of" were interpolated before "St. Mark's" (though it was not a drawing), and the words "and itself appreciated" were written in after "seen." In line 8, "had" was interpolated before "hoped."

88 (vol. ii. p. 90). "BRANTWOOD [*June 19th*, 1885].—So many thanks for the *horehound* note,[3] and for the directions to Foord, etc. I will send you nicer things than that, although it pleases me greatly that it has been pleasant to you, and admired. Tell me the end of that poor girl's affair; it does not shock me, but it shocks me that you think a girl could love a scamp who had married her for her money, and it would have done no good.—Ever your loving J. R."

The words "to know" were interpolated after "greatly"; "it" was made "the drawing," and the words "and it . . . no good" were omitted.

[1] [A letter from Miss Martin, head-mistress of the High School for Girls in Cork, announcing the establishment of a Rose Queen Festival there, and soliciting Ruskin's approval and aid (see Vol. XXX. p. 341). Miss Martin had been in former years a governess at Whitelands. Mrs. Bishop had on this occasion presented Ruskin's Cross to the May Queen at Whitelands.]

[2] [Proof-sheets of *Proserpina*, Part ix., issued shortly before the date of this letter, or rough proofs for future Parts. "Eyebright" is the popular name of *Euphrasia Officinalis;* "bird's-eye" of *Veronica Chamædrys*. For "Monacha," see Vol. XXV. p. 473, where also "my corrections" are given.]

[3] [A labiate herb, *Marrubium vulgare;* "base horehound" is the name for *Lamium album* (white dead-nettle). Mr. Faunthorpe's note may have been partly used in the one, signed "F.," in Vol. XXV. p. 515.]

Several of the letters enumerated above were again printed, in whole or in part, in an article by Mr. Faunthorpe, entitled "A May Queen Festival, with Letters from Mr. Ruskin," in the *Nineteenth Century*, May 1895, pp. 739–743. The letters so reprinted were Nos. 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 31, and 43. In this reprint the corrections noted above were made. One scrap, not included in Mr. Wise's volumes, was added:—

> "*May* 2 [1881]. . . . We were all so grateful for your telegram . . . and have been quite as happy as you ever since."

TO MRS. FAWKES

"Mr. Ruskin at Farnley," an article by Mrs. Edith Mary Fawkes in the *Nineteenth Century*, April 1900 (pp. 617–623), contains five letters from Ruskin. Of these—

NO.

1 (pp. 617–618) is given in Vol. XII. p. lv.

2 (p. 619), *above*, p. 361. In the *Nineteenth Century*, the date was given wrongly as "4th May," and in line 12 "any" was misprinted "my."

3 (p. 620), *above*, p. 499.

4 (p. 620). "Balliol College, Oxford, 19*th November*, 1884.—Dear Mrs. Fawkes,—I am so grateful and happy at the thought of being once more at Farnley Hall again. I will be at your hall door, *D.V.*, on Wednesday, December 10th. May I stay till Saturday, 13th? Don't think of putting off any visitors on my account, only if you have strangers at dinner you will send me a slice of mutton to my room, for of all things I dread dinner talk on either shooting or painting.

"I was stupid to forget the big Reichenbach, but my chief delight is the small one.[1] [Here follows a slight pen-and-ink sketch of the rainbow Reichenbach.] Ever yours gratefully, J. R."

5 (p. 621). "Cheltenham, *December 12th.*—Dear Mrs. Fawkes,—How kind you are! I never should have thought of the Inn if I had known you would understand my being tired, and for this further terror, that I felt as if I might be by that time just in the woefullest and most ridiculous stage of a crying cold. It has not come on yet, however, and to-morrow I shall take the nine train from here and bring myself somewhere within quite easy reach of you by Saturday—whether I need nursing or rest, or am, as I still hope, able to enjoy myself as you would like me to—anyhow, I will be at Farnley at some time early on Saturday, most thankful in the hope of entering once more into the joys of past days.—Ever yours faithfully, J Ruskin."

For some reminiscences by Mrs. Fawkes of the visit referred to in these two etters, see Vol. XXXIV. pp. 670, 671.

TO MRS. W. W. FENN

"Ruskin and Millais in Scotland: a Memory of Ruskin," by W. W. Fenn, in *Chambers's Journal*, October 2, 1905, pp. 645–647.

This article contains two letters from Ruskin to Mrs. Fenn; printed *above*, pp. 330, 543.

[1] [For the reference here, see above, p. 500 *n.*]

TO THE FINE ART SOCIETY

A fly-leaf issued by this Society contained one letter; printed in Vol. XIII. p. 397.

TO MISS FRANCE

Dover Express, January 25, 1900, and *Ladies' Pictorial*, March 3, 1900.

One letter; printed in Vol. XXXVI. p. 33.

TO DOUGLAS W. FRESHFIELD

An "In Memoriam" notice of Ruskin in the *Alpine Journal*, No. 148, May 1900, p. 129, contained three letters to Mr. Freshfield; printed in Vol. XXVI. pp. 566, 567.

TO DAVID FUDGE

The *Daily Chronicle* of January 22, 1900, contained one letter, addressed to Mr. Fudge (an old coachman); printed in Vol. XXXIV. p. 718.

TO F. J. FURNIVALL

Letters | from | John Ruskin | to | Frederick J. Furnivall, M.A. | Hon. Dr. Phil. | And other Correspondents | Edited by Thomas J. Wise | London: Privately Printed | 1897.

Octavo, pp. xiii. + 101. Half-title, p. i.; frontispiece, *facsimile* of a portion of Letter 5 (reproduced in Vol. XII., facing p. xxiv.); title-page, p. iii.; on p. v., "This is to certify that of this book thirty copies only have been printed"; Contents, pp. vii.–xiii. "Letters to F. J. Furnivall," pp. 3–69; "Postscript," pp. 70–71 (this is a Note, with facsimile, written by Ruskin for his class at the Working Men's College, and is printed, with the facsimile reproduced, in Vol. XVI. p. 471); "Miscellaneous Letters," pp. 75–101.

Issued in brown cloth, lettered on the back, "Letters | to | Furnivall | John | Ruskin | 1897."

This volume contains forty-one letters (twenty-eight to Furnivall, and thirteen to other correspondents). Of these—

NOS.

1–3 (pp. 3–13) are printed in Vol. XII. pp. 569–573.
4 (pp. 14–15) is printed in Vol. XXXVI. p. 146.
5 (pp. 16–18) is printed in Vol. XII. pp. xxiv.–xxv.
6 (pp. 19–21) is printed in Vol. XXXVI. p. 158.
7 (pp. 22–25) is printed in Vol. XXXVI. p. 143.

8 (pp. 26–27). (HERNE HILL) "*January 5th*, 1854.—DEAR FURNIVALL,—I only think of acknowledging such an everyday matter as your generosity in point of books, because I have, much to my regret, to tell you that my father's votes are engaged for the London Orphans. I will keep anything anybody sends *me* for you, but I don't know what I have got. I like what I have read of Maurice exceedingly. Come and see us when the weather is better—the evening is my time.—Yours most faithfully, J. RUSKIN.

"Do you know, I begin to think that one of the great abuses of these days is *Rent!!!*"

NOS.

9–15 (pp. 28–44) are printed in Vol. XXXVI. pp. 163, 169, 165, 178, 181, 182, 183.

16 (pp. 45–46) is printed in Vol. XVI. pp. xlv.–xlvi.

17 (pp. 47–49) is printed in Vol. V. p. 429 *n.*

18, 19 (pp. 50–54) are printed in Vol. XXXVI. pp. 211, 218.

20 (p. 55). "*July* 23*rd*, 1855.—My dear Furnivall,—Would you kindly send me the merest line to tell me how much of Princedom your friend chooses to retain, and have attributed to him; and how you ask him to take cream to his strawberries? I will have a comfortable lunch for you at half-past two—being my dinner. Mrs. Browning is coming to tea at six.—Most truly yours, J. Ruskin."

21 (pp. 56–57) is printed in Vol. XXXVI. p. 219.

22 (p. 58) is printed in Vol. V. p. xxxviii.

23 (pp. 59–60) is printed in Vol. XXXVI. p. 425.

24 (pp. 61–62). "London, *July* 12*th*, 1863.—So many thanks, but you know I can't let you be always sending me things. Tell me the price of this Plato, and I'll send it you. It will be very useful to me. You send me presents enough in those nice old English books, which I shall like so much some day. This is an accurate translation, but sorrowfully lifeless, almost useless, from not giving either the pathos or humour. Some passages seem to me not understood in the least.—Ever affectionately yours, J. Ruskin.

"I liked your friend immensely; please bring him back. He can help me so much in my Greek and Mythology. He's the *very* kind of person I want."

25, 26 (pp. 63–66) are printed in Vol. XXXVI. pp. 454, 473.

27 (p. 67). "London, *Tuesday, July 3rd.*[1]—I believe Carlyle, and Mrs. Carlyle, will dine with me *to-morrow*, alone, my father having been obliged by a violent bilious attack to go down to Tunbridge Wells, and I don't like to delay Mr. Carlyle's long by me expected, and by him promised, saunter and chat in the hayfield. Would you like to come in to tea at seven o'clock? If you would, and could, I should be very grateful. Could you send me, at any rate, Lushington's address? I have to thank him for a book."

28 (pp. 68–69) is printed in Vol. XXXVI. p. 274.

29 (pp. 75–77) is printed in Vol. XVII. p. 485.

30 (pp. 78–80) is printed in Vol. XVII. p. 485.

31 (p. 81). *To* E. S. Dallas. "*March* 8*th*, 1864.—My dear Dallas,—Sincere thanks for your note. My mother goes on well: I hope the main danger is passed. I had no idea you cared one bit for *me*, but I knew you respected my father; and I would have asked you to the funeral, but I think all such businesses are pure horror and wretchedness; mainly in these days a sacrifice to the shrine of the 'undertaker,' and a solemn offering to that division of the priesthood; so I only ask whom I *must*—but I shall not forget your kind letter.—Very gratefully yours, J. Ruskin."

32 (pp. 82–83) is printed in Vol. XXVIII. p. 556 *n.*

33 (pp. 84–85) is printed *above*, p. 166.

[1] [The year is given as 1864 in *Letters to Furnivall*, but this must be wrong, as Ruskin's father died in March 1864.]

NO.

34 (pp. 86–87). *To* W. R. Ralston. "Corpus Christi College [17*th May*, 1875].—My dear Ralston,—I am very glad, for Margaret's sake, of your letter—though, as you say, I can always find place for what I can spare. But, as it happens, *my* income is being diminished like yours, and I can't go on as I have without self-denial—which won't do me harm, I hope. Please let me hear from you as often as you can spare me time for a word, whether I can answer or not. I want to know how you get on.—Yours always faithfully, J. Ruskin."

35 (pp. 88–89) is printed in Vol. XXX. p. 299.
36 (pp. 90–91) is printed in Vol. XXX. pp. 299–300.
37–41 (pp. 92–101) are printed *above*, pp. 223, 304, 377, 378, 382.

TO MRS. GASKELL

The Works of Mrs. Gaskell, vol. ii. 1906.

One letter (p. xxiv.); printed in Vol. XXXVI. p. 479.

TO M. G. AND H. G. [GLADSTONE]

Forty-nine letters from Ruskin to Gladstone's daughters, Miss Mary Gladstone (Mrs. Drew) and Miss Helen Gladstone, and others, were printed in 1903 in a volume, of which the title-page is as follows:—

> Letters to | M. G. and H. G. | By | John Ruskin | With Preface by | The Right Hon. G. Wyndham | Privately Printed | 1903.

Crown 8vo, pp. xxii. + 136. Half-title, p. i.; title-page (with imprint on the reverse, "Printed by Ballantyne, Hanson & Co. | At the Ballantyne Press"), pp. iii.–iv.; Preface, pp. v.–xvii.; p. xviii. is blank; Contents (with blank reverse), p. xix.; List of Illustrations (with blank reverse), p. xxi. "Ruskin at Hawarden in 1878 (*Extracts from an Old Journal*)," pp. 1–27; Ruskin's Letters to M. G., pp. 31–84, 87–98 (p. 85 is blank; on p. 86 is an extract from *The Art of England*, referring to Burne-Jones's portrait of Miss Gladstone); Ruskin's Letters to H. G., pp. 99–105; Ruskin and Gladstone (by Canon Scott Holland), pp. 107–120; p. 121 is blank; on p. 122 is an extract from an article by Canon Scott Holland, describing Hollyer's portrait of Ruskin; The Dead Ruskin (by the same), pp. 123–136.

The Preface contains three letters from Ruskin (Nos. 1–3 below).

The "Extracts from an Old Journal" record Ruskin's conversation at Hawarden; these are summarised in the Introduction to Vol. XXXVI.

There was a review of the volume, with extracts, in *St. George*, vol. viii. pp. 234–251.

There are six illustrations. Two are of Hawarden (pp. 32, 38). The third (p. 86) is Burne-Jones's portrait of Miss Mary Gladstone. The fourth is a *facsimile* of the envelope of Letter 41; it is called "The Letter that puzzled the butler," the address being "Santa Cecilia of Hawarden, c/o The Rt. Hon. W. E. Gladstone, Hawarden Castle, Chester." The fifth (p. 108) is a portrait of Gladstone; and the sixth (p. 122), Hollyer's portrait of Ruskin.

There was also an American edition published by Harper.

Of the letters—

NO.

1 (pp. x., xi.)—to Carlyle—is printed *above*, p. 237.
2, 3 (pp. xi., xii.)—to Alfred Lyttelton—*above*, p. 237 and 238 *n.*
4, 5 (pp. 31–34) are printed *above*, p. 239 and *n.*

NO.

6 (pp. 34–35). "ARTHUR SEVERN'S, HERNE HILL, S.E., *Wednesday, 24th July,* 1878.—MY DEAR M——, Please send me just a little line, and tell me what time dinner is, to-morrow. Of course, that's only an excuse to get a little note, and be able to tell F—— that I've got one, because I could as easily ask at the door; but you may as well have my London address in case you ever have any orders for me. The doctors say I never obey orders, and, of course, I never do any of theirs. But there are some orders I'm too obedient to, for the peace of my old age!—Ever gratefully and affectionately yours, J. RUSKIN."

7–21 (pp. 35–67) are printed *above,* pp. 254 (2), 256, 257, 259, 260, 261, 262, 264, 271, 273, 294, 327, 329, 341.

22 (pp. 67–68). "*20th February,* 1882.—DEAR M——, Of course I'll come; and at four, or a little earlier,—unless—a slight feeling of cold upon me to-day should become—tyrannous. I have been so much favoured by Fortune and Fate, since I was here at their mercy, that it will be only like their usual way with me to take this Ash Wednesday from me, and make it truly, what I suppose, in modern poetical and scientific diction, I should call Cinereous. You will not doubt my hope to come, but I must not play with any symptoms of breaking down. I will write you a line, in any case, to-morrow. With grateful love to your father.—Ever your loving ST. C."

23 (pp. 68, 69) is printed *above,* p. 386.

24 (pp. 69–70). "*Shrove Tuesday* [*Feb.* 21], 1882.—MY DEAR M——, It is all over with my hopes for to-morrow; a distinctly threatening cough at once compels me to close my poor little wings and shrink into my nest. I am not afraid of it—on these submissive and resigned terms—but it will not allow itself to be braved; and all my pretty plans are broken, like Alnaschar's,[1] for a week, at least, except that I shall be able to see A—— on Friday.

"I cannot but accept, in its full force, your assurance that your father wished to see me; but, surely if there is anything on which he would care to ask me a question, you can write it for him, and I answer, without disturbance of his one day of rest? You will not, nor will he, doubt how eagerly I should have come if I could.—Ever your loving ST. C."

25 (pp. 70–71). "*Ash Wednesday,* 1882.—DEAR M——, (This)—Wednesday week—*D.V.,* shall be kept sacred with you; I've only a little cough and hot hands; conquerable, I doubt not, before then; but insisting on captivity at present. The day is sunny, and my window looks over the Surrey hills; and I'm thinking over a word or two I want to say in a new small edition of *Sesame and Lilies,*[2] for girls only, without *The Mystery of Life*—just a few words about obeying Fathers as well as ruling Husbands. I'm more and more convinced of the total inability of Men to manage themselves, much less their wives and daughters; but it's pretty of daughters to be obedient, and the book's imperfect without a word or two in favour of the papas. (You can guess why it hadn't that—at first.)—Ever your loving ST. C."

26 (pp. 71–72). "MY DEAR M——, You know your Father doesn't really want to see me; and if he does, he oughtn't, but should rest whenever he can; and I can't put A—— off, and I don't want to, because she's going out of town, and

[1] [For the reference to the *Arabian Nights,* see Vol. XXXVI. p. 443.]

[2] [For particulars of this edition, see Vol. XVIII. pp. 6–7, and for its new preface (which, however, did not expressly say anything about "obeying Fathers"), pp. 49–52. The point of this passage was missed in *Letters to M. G.* by printing "the mystery of life" thus; the words are the title of the third lecture which in many previous editions had been added to *Sesame and Lilies.*]

all that *I* want is to finish that morning's minute (but I hope a minute takes a long time to finish), and you can do *that* for me whenever you like—almost. Let me see, I won't be so horrid as to say, I'll stop in town *till* you like. But I do think, when I was so civil about that organ yesterday (or whatever it is) that you *might* play me a little music to my mind.—Ever your loving ST. C."

27 (pp. 72–73). "1*st March*, 1882.—DARLING M——, Your two notes are (what do you call them in music?) very lovely to me; I want you to put a third to them, then we can have a chord, can't we? I'm really ever so ill, still, and looking such a fright! I *could* tell you what I'm like, but please don't ask me.

"Only, please, please very much, my dear little mother, read this enclosed note from one of the most precious girls I've ever known, in mere honesty and simplicity of heart-depth, and tell me what I *ought* to answer? Of course I won't answer *that*, but I should like to know, all the same; and tell me if you've known any quite horrid papas of this sort, and what's to be said about *them* in my new preface to *Sesame*.

"I've written a very short moral and anodynic line to her, to-day. The cousin's not the depth of the thing,—but he *is*, I believe, dying fast; perhaps for her *own* peace she's much better out of the way, but she might have been sent to a place where she could enjoy herself. (She's just eighteen.)—Ever your loving (it's all in sympathetic ink, though 'tis faded), lovingest, and gratefullest, ST. C."

28 (pp. 73–75) is printed *above*, p. 388.

29 (pp. 75–76). "1882.—DARLING M——, I don't know what to do, for that music is always in my ears, and I can't do my mineralogy. Also, I'm rather badly in love with that girl in the cap; you shouldn't have told me of her! Also, I want to be a bear-killer and bull-tamer; and to have vulture maidens[1] going up trees like squirrels to look at me. Also,—and this is quite serious (and so's the first sentence, and, indeed, so are the others)—I want you to get me the prettiest possible pair of gauntlet gloves that will fit a little girl of eleven or ten (I can't quite guess), but they're only to be rough gloves for country walks among thistles, only I want them pretty. She didn't win them fairly (more's the pity), but only in a skirmish with burdock heads, which I had no chance in, but you must have them for me to address, when I come on Monday. Dear love to papa and mamma, and much to H——. Ever your devoted ST. C."

30 (pp. 76–77). "AVALLON, 21*st August*, 1882.—MY DEAR M——, I thought you would be at Hawarden by this time, and venture the Vulture Maiden there; frightened lest I should lose her among these granite glens, which I can't tread in search of her with the elastic step of my youth. And I'm in frightfully bad humour, because I've got nobody coming to tea, and nobody to go to tea to, and this is only to say I've sent the book faithful, and that I still say it's nonsense; and that I've heard no music yet in France but steam-whistles.—And I'm ever your loving ST. C.—But I'll write you again, soon."

31, 32 (pp. 77–81) are printed *above*, pp. 410, 412.

33 (p. 82). "BRANTWOOD, *May-day*, 1883.—DEAREST M——, Do you think you've been behaving prettily in not sending me a word all this time? Because if you do, I don't, and I wouldn't have written a word to *you* to-day, only I've just got a most precious letter from Mr. Fuller Maitland about music, and as it was F——'s doing, taking me to hear the *Meister-Singer*,[2] I want you to say to F—— that I'll make it up, now, if she likes to. Dear love to papa.—Ever your long-suffering ST. C."

[1] [See above, p. 410.]
[2] [See above, p. 451.]

NO.

34 (pp. 82–83). "84 WOODSTOCK ROAD, OXFORD, 26*th November*, 1884.—YOU DARLING LITTLE MOTHER,—You really are the most perfect angel that ever St. Cecilia brought up.

"I've been so woful for not seeing nor hearing you, you wouldn't believe! Please come and comfort me as soon as ever you can. Your note makes me so happy I can't understand it; but I'll be wherever you want me to be, next week, and always, if I can.—Ever your loving ST. C."

35 (pp. 83–84) is printed *above*, p. 500.

36 (pp. 84, 87). "BRANTWOOD, 16*th December*, 1884.—MY DEAREST M——, It is ever so sweet and wise-thoughtful of you to send me this picture, and it comes just when I most needed something to set me up a little, for I have been struggling home through snow and smoke with the heaviest and most depressing cold upon me that one could have, not to be serious, and I feel as if nobody could ever love me, or believe me, or listen to me, or get any good of me ever any more.

"Please—this is very serious—make me of any good to you that you can, or care to, always.—Ever your affectionate J. RUSKIN."

37, 38 (pp. 87–90) are printed *above*, pp. 545, 547.

39 (pp. 90–91). "BRANTWOOD, 27*th January*, 1886.—MY DEAR M——, Your letter is very pretty—but women are stupid creatures, after all! It really hurts a great deal more than you have the least idea—(but you ought to have had an idea, if women weren't stupid) to think that this is the last week of M. G.—and it's horrid to be hurt when one's as old as I am. I shan't think of you a bit. Of course I'll send you *Præterita*, but I must finish the first vol., and bind it for you. I shall write 'M. G.' in the first number, to-day. I am sending on your letter as I did the last—to my sorella Francesca—who wrote back, I ought not to quarrel with you—but women are stupid creatures!—J. R. I've given up being St. C."

40–43 (pp. 91–98) are printed *above*, pp. 556, 571, 587, 589.

44 (pp. 99–100)—to Miss Helen Gladstone—is printed *above*, p. 511.

45 (p. 101)—to Miss Helen Gladstone—is printed *above*, p. 529.

46 (pp. 101–102). *To* MISS HELEN GLADSTONE. "BRANTWOOD, CONISTON, LANCASHIRE, 2*nd April*, 1885.—DEAR MISS G——, It's immensely nice, this unification of interests; but there's still one more case I've got to look into. Will you please ask Miss Brown if she got my answer to her letter? and why she did not write again? It is true my reply said this presentation was promised (it is by an accident I find it still free), but I wanted an answer to some points I asked.—Ever faithfully yours, J. R."

47 (pp. 102–103)—to Miss Helen Gladstone—is printed *above*, p. 575.

48 (pp. 103–104). *To* MISS HELEN GLADSTONE. "BRANTWOOD, 22*nd February*, 1887.—DEAR MISS G——, In a gushing fit of order and remorse, proper to the spring of the year, I have come on a note of yours, dated 22nd Jan. 1885, saying you would like to have my books at Newnham. I am sure I meant to send them, but don't remember doing anything of the sort. I have ordered them now—about a ton weight of them, of which I specially recommend the Political Economy. Was it to you that I sent, last year, the story of the Superiora,[1] and did you send me a copy of it? If you have it, and have sent me no copy, please, I want a scratch copy to print. Tell me something about M——, and believe me ever, faithfully and affectionately yours, JOHN RUSKIN."

[1] [By Miss Alexander: see Vol. XXXII. p. 278.]

NO.

49 (pp. 104–105). *To* MISS HELEN GLADSTONE. "BRANTWOOD, *24th February*, 1887.—DEAR H——, I am most thankful for your letter and accounts of M——. I have not countermanded my order. I think my books may really be of some use to people now—in kind hands.

"I am sending drawings to Girton, on loan from St. George's Guild, in the hope they may copy them well enough to be of use to themselves. I am going to look you out one or two, also, which you can keep as long as you like, to look at, and copy, if anybody can.

"What elementary practice in drawing is there?

"I shall not need the Superiora drawings,[1] only copy of the text, at leisure. When done please let it be sent to Mr. Jowett, Printing Works, Aylesbury.—Ever affectionately yours, J. RUSKIN."

TO CLAIR J. GRECE, LL.D.

The *Times* of January 24, 1900, contained one letter; printed in Vol. XVII. p. 326 *n*.

TO KATE GREENAWAY

Kate Greenaway, by M. H. Spielmann and G. S. Layard, 1905.

This book contains 110 letters (or extracts from letters) from Ruskin, of which all but one (No. 7) are to Kate Greenaway. (The letters are here numbered for convenience of reference.) The following table (1) shows where the 110 pieces are printed in this edition; and (2) enumerates misprints, etc., which occurred in Messrs. Spielmann and Layard's book:—

NO.

1 (Jan. 6, 1880), pp. 82–83; *above*, p. 307. In "No. 14" the book substituted "Heavy outline" for "Strong outline." See also p. 308 *n*.

2 (Jan. 15, 1880), p. 83; *above*, p. 309. Line 5, "your liking" for "you liking."

3 (Dec. 7, 1880), p. 83; *above*, p. 331.

4 (Dec. 26, 1880), p. 84; *above*, p. 332.

5 (Dec. 31, 1884), p. 99; *above*, p. 504. Only a few words were printed ("I liked hearing . . . rubies").

6 (Dec. 25, 1881), p. 105; *above*, p. 383. In line 13, the word "Divines" was left blank.

7 (to H. S. Marks, 1879), p. 109; *above*, p. 302.

8 (Dec. 27, 1882), p. 110; *above*, p. 427.

9 (May 11, 1883), p. 114; *above*, p. 451.

10 (May 17, 1883), p. 114; *above*, p. 452.

11 (June 7, 1883), p. 115; *above*, p. 453.

12 (June 15, 1883), p. 115; *above*, p. 454. Lines 11 and 12 were reduced to obscurity by reading "which you will always think to see" for "while you will always think and see."

13 (June 17, 1883), p. 116; *above*, p. 455. In line 2, "pencils" was misprinted "prints"; in line 14, "should" was not italicised; and in the last line, "and" was inserted before "I shall."

14 (June 22, 1883), pp. 116–117; *above*, p. 456. In line 6, "feather" was read for "feathers."

[1] [For Ruskin's gift of some of Miss Alexander's drawings to Newnham, see Vol. XXXII. p. 48.]

NO.

15 (July 4, 1883), p. 117. BRANTWOOD, *July* 4, 1883.—"I kept the portrait[1] till I could scarcely bear to part with it. But it's gone to-day—and I've wreaked my jealousy on M. Chesneau by three pages of abuse of the whole French nation and Academy."

16 (July 6, 1883), pp. 117–118; *above*, p. 458.

17 (July 10, 1883), pp. 118–119; *above*, p. 459. In line 16, "becoming" was misprinted "besides."

18 (July 26, 1883), p. 119; *above*, p. 460 *n.*

19 (undated), p. 119; *above*, p. 460 *n.*

20 (Sept. 6, 1883), pp. 119–120; *above*, p. 466.

21 (Sept. 19, 1883), p. 120 (part of the letter only); *above*, p. 466.

22 (Nov. 12, 1883), p. 121; *above*, p. 470.

23 (Dec. 26, 1883), p. 122; Vol. XXIX. p. xxvi.

24 (Oct. 9, 1884), p. 127; *above*, p. 497. The passage "I find Baxter . . . October" was alone given.

25 (Oct. 8, 1884), p. 128; *above*, p. 497. The passage "You are working . . . starch and camomile tea" was alone given.

26 (undated), p. 128. "Spelling Book[2] ever so nice—But do children really learn to spell like that? I never did."

27–30 (May, July, 1885), p. 130. "*May*, 1885. Don't bother yourself with Dame Wiggins—it's the cats you'll break down in."—*July* 5. "You never showed such sense in anything as in doing those cats."—*July* 11. "The cats are gone to be wood-cutted[3] just as they are—they can't be better."—*July* 29. "We'll do that book together, of course. I'll write a story about perpetual spring—but however are you to learn what a lamb's like? However, after those D. W. cats I feel that nothing's impossible."

31 (April 20, 1884), p. 132; *above*, p. 482. Only the passage "Much . . . for you" was given in the book.

32 (May 18, 1884), p. 132; *above*, p. 484. The book gives only "Thanks . . . ancles shall be."

33 (Jan. 7, 1884), p. 132; *above*, p. 471. The passage "There's none . . . not so much of *me*" was omitted.

34 (Jan. 28, 1884), pp. 132–133; *above*, p. 473.

35 (May 1, 1884), p. 133; *above*, p. 483.

36 (July 6, 1884), p. 133; *above*, p. 488.

37 (July 9, 1884), p. 133; *above*, p. 488.

38 (July 25, 1884), p. 133; *above*, p. 492.

39 (Oct. 18, 1884), p. 134; *above*, p. 498. A few words only were given ("You must like Turner . . . truffles").

40 (July 18, 1884), p. 134; *above*, p. 489. Only the passages "I have not enough . . . foreground" were given. In line 6, the sense was destroyed (and an irrelevant footnote given) owing to printing "mass" as "moss."

41 (July 26, 1884), p. 134; *above*, p. 492. The words "I am . . . choice" were omitted.

42 (July 19, 1884), p. 134; *above*, p. 489 *n.*

43 (Feb. 11, 1884), p. 135; *above*, p. 474.

44 (undated), p. 135; *above*, p. 474 *n.*

45 (July 20, 1884), p. 135; *above*, p. 489.

46 (July 22, 1884), p. 136; *above*, p. 491.

[1] [M. Chesneau had asked for Miss Greenaway's portrait, and for particulars of her life. The "three pages of abuse" must have been written for the lectures on *The Art of England:* see, *e.g.*, Vol. XXXIII. pp. 354, 358.]

[2] [*The English Spelling-Book . . . by William Mavor, LL.D. Illustrated by Kate Greenaway:* 1885. For Ruskin's own experience, see *Præterita*, Vol. XXXV. p. 55.]

[3] [See Vol. II. p. 520.]

NO.

47 (undated), p. 136; Introduction, Vol. XXXVI. p. cvi.

48 (April 5, 1885), p. 136; *above*, p. 530. The passages given are "Something . . . stony" (though "stony" was in each case misprinted "strong") and "But, oh, we're both . . . short post."

49 (undated), p. 136; Introduction, Vol. XXXVI. p. cvi.

50 (May 3, 1884), p. 137; *above*, p. 483.

51 (undated), p. 137. "Couldn't you go to Mr. Fletcher and ask him to introduce you to Dr. Günther, and ask Dr. Günther to show you an Abyssinian Kingfisher,[1] and give you any one you like to draw, out in a good light?"

52 (March 20, 1884), p. 137; *above*, p. 478.

53 (Dec. 1, 1884), p. 138; Vol. XXXIII. p. liv.

54 (Jan. 23, 1884), p. 138; *above*, p. 472. In the book, "L" was substituted for "My own dead Rose," and "L." for "Rose" subsequently.

55 (March 31, 1884), p. 139; *above*, p. 480.

56 (March 22, 1884), p. 140; *above*, p. 478.

57 (Oct. 1, 1884), p. 142; *above*, p. 495. The words "with them" were omitted in the last line.

58 (undated, 1885), p. 143; *above*, p. 519.

59 (Feb. 8, 1885), p. 143; *above*, p. 516. The extract "I will take . . . printed") was given separately.

60 (Feb. 15, 1885), p. 143; *above*, p. 519.

61 (Jan. 5, 1885), pp. 145–146; *above*, p. 507. The sentence about the *Pall Mall* was omitted.

62 (Jan. 7, 1885), p. 146; Vol. XXXV. p. lii.

63 (Jan. 2, 1885), p. 146; *above*, p. 506.

64 (Jan. 29, 1885), p. 146. "*January* 29, 1885.—I think the reason Miss A.[2] puzzles you is that you never make a quite sincere study, you are always making a pretence of striving for an ideal. I want you to learn nature perfectly—then Miss A. will not puzzle you, though you will do quite different things. I am so glad you like Holbein."

65 (Jan. 4, 1885), p. 146; *above*, p. 506. The passage "I'm very glad . . . for play" was given.

66 (Feb. 8, 1885), p. 146; *above*, p. 516. The extract "This is . . . dreams" was given separately.

67 (April 7, 1885), p. 147; *above*, p. 531.

68 (May 1, 1885), p. 147; *above*, p. 534.

69 (undated), p. 147. "Oxalis out everywhere—wanting to be drawn. They say they'd like to feel how it feels, for they were never drawn in their lives."

70 (July 3, 1885), p. 147; *above*, p. 538. The first sentence was omitted.

71 (July 1885), p. 148; *above*, p. 539.

72 (July 26, 1885), p. 148; Vol. VII. p. lxi.

73 (July 28, 1885), p. 148. *July* 28, 1885.—"Clouds float because the particles of water in them get warmed by the sun, and warm the air in the little holes between them—then that air expands and carries them up. When they cool it comes down and then they stick together and come down altogether."[3]

74 (July 29, 1885), p. 148; Vol. VII. p. lxi.

75 (Jan. 15, 1885), p. 148; *above*, p. 508. For "little gushes," "(letters)" was substituted, and the words "Don't be discouraged about the books" were omitted.

76 (Jan. 19, 1885), p. 149; *above*, p. 509. At the end, "this little head" was substituted for "the little head."

77 (Feb. 13, 1885), p. 150; *above*, p. 517. After "½ 12," "resumed" was misprinted "examined."

[1] [At the Natural History Museum: for Mr. Fletcher, see above, p. 483, and for Dr. Günther, p. 603.]

[2] [Miss Francesca Alexander.]

[3] [See the correspondence with Sir Oliver Lodge; *above*, pp. 513 *seq.*]

NO.

78 (May 26, 1885), pp. 150–151; *above*, p. 535.

79 (Jan. 22, 1886), p. 151; Vol. XXXV. p. lii.

80 (Jan. 27, 1886), p. 151; Vol. XXXV. p. lii.

81 (Feb. 23, 1886), p. 152; Vol. XXXV. p. liii.

82 (March 30, 1886), p. 152; *above*, p. 555. The words, "and the dress . . . drapery," and the last sentence were omitted.

83 (Feb. 15, 1886), p. 152; *above*, p. 552.

84 (May 21, 1886), p. 153; *above*, p. 564.

85 (June 8, 1886), p. 153; *above*, p. 566.

86 (April 27, 1886), p. 153; *above*, p. 558. In line 5, "you" was inserted before "will do it"; in line 10, "first" was misprinted "put"; in line 12, "and" was inserted before "so much."

87 (May 7, 1886), p. 154; *above*, p. 561. The first and last sentences were omitted.

88 (Sept. 19, 1886), p. 154–155; *above*, p. 570.

89 (Nov. 2, 1886), p. 155; *above*, p. 571. In line 8, "Lolly" (Laurence Hilliard) was misprinted "Sally" (with an erroneous footnote).

90 (Nov. 9, 1886), p. 156; *above*, p. 572. In line 7, "or flappers" is misprinted "and flappers"

91 (Nov. 14, 1886), p. 156; *above*, p. 573.

92 (Nov. 12, 1886), p. 160; *above*, p. 572.

93 (Nov. 22, 1886), p. 160; *above*, p. 574.

94 (Dec. 1, 1886), p. 161; *above*, p. 575.

95 (Dec. 12, 1886), p. 161; *above*, p. 576. "Do" and "instincts" were not italicised.

96 (undated), p. 166; *above*, p. 564 *n*.

97 (March 8, 1887), p. 168 (where, however, the diagrams and explanatory text are omitted); *above*, p. 582.

98 (March 10, 1887), p. 168; *above*, p. 584.

99 (March 9, 1887), p. 168; *above*, p. 584.

100 (March 12, 1887), p. 168; *above*, p. 585. In the book the sense of the letter was destroyed by printing "radiating" for "undulating," and "perfection" for "perspective." Also there was run on, to the end of this letter, a piece from an earlier one (March 9)—"Now the next thing . . . perspective for her."

101 (March 17, 1887), p. 169; *above*, p. 585.

102 (Jan. 23, 1887), p. 169; *above*, p. 579. For "sun and moon," "suns and moons" were printed.

103 (April 4, 1887), p. 169 (omitting the passage "instead . . . world"); *above*, p. 588.

104. A passage in the book on p. 170 refers to letters of Jan. 5, 1888 (*above*, p. 596), Feb. 19 (*above*, p. 600), Feb. 22 (*above*, p. 600), and Feb. 28 (*above*, p. 601).

105 (Jan. 27, 1888), pp. 170–171; *above*, p. 596.

The sense of this letter was obscured by wrong punctuation, etc. The first sentence was made to end at "yours," and there was no stop after "sea." On the other hand, the second sentence ("Whether you draw them," etc.) was run on without a full stop at "vivacity." In line 16, "her poor Dinie . . . her messages" was altered to "poor me . . . your messages."

106 (Feb. 17, 1888), p. 171; *above*, p. 599.

107 (Feb. 23, 1888), p. 172; *above*, p. 601.

108 (May 1, 1889), pp. 175–176; *above*, p. 608.

109 (May 3, 1889), p. 176; *above*, p. 609. In line 4, "where" was misprinted "when."

110 (May 12, 1889), pp. 176–177; *above*, p. 610. In line 6, "Katie" was omitted.

111 (May 14, 1889), p. 177; *above*, p. 611. In line 10, "my dear little Katie" omitted.

TO E. O. GREENING

The Agricultural Economist, February 1, 1900. An article on Ruskin by Edward Owen Greening contains, with some slight reminiscences of Ruskin, the following letter in facsimile. It was in reply to an introduction from Mr. Cowper-Temple:—

"CORPUS CHRISTI COLLEGE, OXFORD, *23rd Feb.* '75.—MY DEAR SIR,—My time is entirely at your command on any day when it would be convenient to you to come down here—and I should be sincerely glad if I could be of any use in the way Mr. Temple thinks I can—but am seriously ill at present, and unfit for work. But you have only to fix your day as far as any talk on the matter may advance it.—Very truly yours,
J. RUSKIN."

TO THE REV. THOMAS GUTHRIE, D.D.

The *Memoir of Thomas Guthrie*, D.D., 1875, vol. ii. pp. 321–322, contained one letter (reprinted in *Arrows of the Chace*): Vol. XII. p. xxx.

TO THE REV. NEWMAN HALL

Newman Hall: an Autobiography. 1898, p. 316.

One letter (p. 316); printed *above*, p. 49.

TO S. C. HALL

Retrospect of a Long Life, 1883.

This book contains at vol. ii. pp. 1–2 one letter; printed *above*, p. 26.

TO SIR C. HALLÉ

Life and Letters of Sir Charles Hallé, 1896.

One letter (pp. 164–165); printed in Vol. XXXVI. p. 476.

TO MRS. L. ALLEN HARKER AND OTHERS

A series of letters to Miss Lizzie Watson (before her marriage to Mr. Allen Harker), and afterwards to her and her husband, and to her cousin, Miss Marion R. Watson (afterwards Mrs. Lafone), have been printed in several places, thus:—

"John Ruskin in the 'Eighties," in the *Outlook*, February 11, 1899.

"John Ruskin in the 'Eighties," in the *Outlook*, October 21, 1899.

"Some Ruskin Memories," in the *Outlook*, January 27, 1900.

"Happy Memories of John Ruskin," by L. Allen Harker, in the *Puritan*, March 1900, pp. 343–347.

"Ruskin and Girlhood: Some Happy Reminiscences," by L. Allen Harker in *Scribner's Magazine*, November 1906, pp. 561–572.

The article last mentioned collected all the letters (with two exceptions) which are scattered in the preceding papers. Many of the letters were translated into French in *Le Correspondant*, July 25, 1908.

There are in all twenty-nine letters, or extracts from letters, by Ruskin:—

NO.

1 (Pictures for the Poor, *Scribner*, p. 561; *Outlook*, February 11, 1899) is now included in *Arrows of the Chace*, Vol. XXXIV. p. 600.

This passage was in fact a continuation of No. 5, printed above, p. 486 *n.*

1A (*Scribner*, p. 562; *Puritan*, p. 344).

This passage ("To answer . . . had cheap") was detached in *Scribner* from Letter No. 4, and in the *Puritan* some additional words were given ("Of course you may read . . . dismal"): see now *above*, p. 486.

NO.

2 (*Scribner*, p. 562; *Puritan*, p. 344):—"If I cannot relieve you from your competitive work, at least I may strengthen you a little in the assurance that even learning what we can't understand, to please those to whom we owe duty, is often in the end better for us than learning what we like to please ourselves."

3 (p. 562): see *above*, pp. 551, 551 *n.*, 589.

This letter as printed in *Scribner* was a combination of three:—(1) to Miss Marion Watson, p. 551; (2) an earlier letter to Miss Lizzie Watson, p. 551 *n.*; (3) a later letter to Miss Marion Watson, p. 589. This last passage was also printed in the *Outlook*, January 27, 1900.

4 (p. 562; *Puritan*, p. 344) is printed *above*, p. 485.

The last sentence ("Of course . . . dismal") was not included in *Scribner*.

5 (pp. 562–563; *Puritan*, p. 345): see *above*, pp. 486 *n.*, 481.

This letter as printed in *Scribner* and the *Puritan* was a combination of two:—(1) "I am so, very thankful," printed *above*, p. 486 *n.* The remainder of the letter, "Give the poor . . . coloured birds," was separately printed (No. 1 in this list). (2) "Don't read . . . after Dante," printed above, p. 481.

6 (p. 563; *Puritan*, p. 345) is printed *above*, p. 481.

7 (p. 563; *Puritan*, p. 345) is printed *above*, p. 481.

8 (p. 563; *Puritan*, p. 344) is printed in Vol. XXXIII. p. lii.

9 (p. 564):—"Could you come, I wonder, with your maid, just as you did before, *next* Saturday,[1] and I would find time to be played to?"

10 (p. 565; *Outlook*, January 27, 1900):—"Yes, I liked your letter immensely, and mama was ever so good to make you write it. But I'm afraid the new song, though it must be ever so pretty, must be ever so sad. Also I'm sure Tenzo's[2] forgetting me fast—oh! dear—that horrid College! If only mama and you and she could come here to College for a little bit, what times we might have! and what singing! not as it was getting dark, but with the birds in the morning.

"I am so very glad Arthur likes Pope's *Iliad*. If Tenzo likes that, she may take it instead of *Harry and Lucy*.[3]

"Has she mastered the *barometer* yet? College, indeed!!!"

11 (p. 565; *Outlook*, October 21, 1899) is printed in the Introduction to Vol. XXXV. p. lxxv.

12 (p. 565; *Outlook*, January 27, 1900) is given *above*, p. 482.

13 and 14 (p. 566; in *Outlook*, February 11, 1899) are given *above*, pp. 533, 534.

15 and 16 (p. 566; *Outlook*, October 21, 1899) are given *above*, p. 557 and *n.*

17 and 18 (p. 567; *Outlook*, January 27, 1900, No. 17 with one sentence which was omitted in *Scribner*). The first letter is dated "Brantwood, 23rd Nov. '86"; the second, "Brantwood, 23rd Dec. '86."—"How I *could* have been such a brute as to say I didn't care for letters! I don't care for much else now—all my own work seems dead to me.

"It would be a real charity and hospital-nurse help and healing if Allen and you come and bring Tenzo any time this winter for as long as you could.

"I shall not write to Tenzo about it, leaving you to plead with her father for me. Perhaps a little for her—the absolute change and rest of Brantwood surely would be good for her. And it is very lovely in winter. No such icicles and frost

[1] [See the previous letter in Vol. XXXIII. p. lii.]

[2] [Miss Marion Watson. She was born in China, and the pet name arose from the refrain of a hymn to the Virgin in Chinese which she used to sing: "Tenzo Tanzo Malia." "Arthur" is her brother, now in the Judicial Department of the Indian Civil Service, Bengal.]

[3] [Ruskin had been staying on a visit, where there were three girls and a boy of nine. "Arthur" was fond of reading Pope's Homer, and Ruskin, on leaving, sent him a fine edition of it. The three girls had risen in a body and declined to hear any more *Harry and Lucy*, which book Ruskin had given to their mother to read to them.]

work anywhere as our lake streams and cascades give, and *you* would so help me with my school-music. I mean to think of it as a reality and rejoice in it."

"This is a Christmas present for me indeed. 'Lizzie, Allen, Tennie,' all three of you!

"I do really love Allen as I never did a pet's husband yet. He has been so good and sweet and right and sensible and sympathetic all in one. And you shan't be too jealous of Ten,—just the least bit—or else I shall be getting jealous of Allen.

"So many thanks for all, and please give my most true thanks to Mr. Watson, and say I do trust he will be pleased with all he hears from Brantwood.

"You come at exactly the best time to help me in my Christmas plans of little *festas* for the school children—and stay all the days you can, please. You'll see that I want you to when you come.

"The happiest times to you both at Christmas—and the New Year, and the rest I'll wish by word of mouth."

19 (p. 570; *Puritan*, p. 347). *To* Allen Harker. (Brantwood, 27*th March*, '87.) —"Never you mind the Mousie;[1] but set down very carefully what you doubt in *Deucalion*. It is of great importance to me to leave it sound.

"You make me very happy with your beautiful letter—so entirely natural and sincere, and of the rarest sort. And it is a continual joy to me to think of what I can still do to please you. And here's a lovely letter from Mousie to-day, saying there's a chance of your being able to come in May. It can't be too soon. And I shall squeak myself when I see you both again.

"I send you the lecture book[2]—my own copy—and please mark in it any mistakes or questionable or obscure bits you find. I'm just going to reprint it.

. . . . . .

"It is a continual joy to me to think of what I can still do to please you."

Of No. 19, paragraphs 1 and 2 were given in *Scribner;* paragraphs 1 and 3 in the *Puritan*. It consists of extracts from different letters, the first dated "Brantwood, 27th March, '87."

20 (p. 570; *Outlook*, October 21, 1899):—"Brantwood, 2*nd Feb.* [1887].—I have so much to remember that I cannot begin to mope yet. But I see myself descending into the future—into depths of the inconceivablest woe—unless you come back in May.

"As for Tenzo, I'm too thankful for what I got of her to begin yet to hope for any time to come. The good you both did for me abides. I slept quite sound last night, and have been doing all sorts of good work this morning. As for Allen, I'm going to send him not some of my books, but all; only I don't want to choke him off me when he sees the lot of 'em. And I'm going to send him the Scarborough sketch he liked, but want to write a few words about clear and body-colour first[3] for general circulation, and send him them printed."

21 (p. 570; *Outlook*, October 21, 1899) is given *above*, p. 585.

22, 23, and 24 (I will ask, pp. 570–571; *Outlook*, February 11, 1899, not including 24) are given *above*, p. 582 and *n*.

25 (p. 571; *Outlook*, October 21, 1899) is given *above*, 599.

Nos. 26 and 27 (p. 571; *Outlook*, October 21, 1899) are printed in Vol. XXXV. p. xxix.

Two further letters appeared in the *Puritan* only:—

28 (p. 344) and 29 (p. 346):—"You never get a letter at all because I always want to write you a long one! and I never was so busy in all my life. I came down here [Brantwood] on the 13th June, and have not had a minute's breath

[1] [Mrs. Allen Harker: see above, p. 600.]
[2] [*Lectures on Art:* see Vol. XX. p. 6.]
[3] [Not done; but see Vol. XIV. p. 358 *n*.]

since—in writing time. I'll answer all your questions and do everything you want me to—but I can't to-day, for I'm tired, and *must* go out; and you're *not* to worry nor puzzle about anything till I write again."

"I hope you'll find more books than mine in the bookcases, and other things besides books in the house—such as stones, and Greek jugs and mugs, and a picture or two. . . . I am so glad, but can't possibly believe it yet! Saturday's to-morrow—isn't it?—but Monday's a long while off yet. Oh, please don't get embanked in snow.—Yet it will be glorious if we have sunshine on it when you all come."

TO DR. GEORGE HARLEY, F.R.S.

George Harley, F.R.S. The Life of a London Physician. Edited by his daughter, Mrs. Alec Tweedie. London: The Scientific Press, 1899.

This book contains two letters from Ruskin (pp. 234, 235). These are printed in Vol. XXVI. pp. lxiii., lxiv.

TO MR. FREDERICK HARRIS

Thirty-four letters (or extracts from letters) to Mr. Harris, a drawing-master, have appeared in one or more of three different places:—

(1) A printed circular, quarto, 4 pp., headed "Professor Ruskin's Testimonial | to | Mr. Frederick Harris." The "Testimonial" (No. 20 below) follows after a double rule. Then after a rule come eight letters to Mr. Harris himself.

(2) Catalogue issued by Messrs. Sotheby of a sale on March 12, 13, 1903, pp. 28–30. This gives extracts from twenty-four letters (Nos. 325–348). The general description (p. 28) is "A Collection of Letters, all written between 1885 and 1887, to an artist friend, and chiefly devoted to interesting instruction in Art matters, dated from Brantwood, 8vo size." The name of the artist is given in No. 340; and the identity is further established from the fact that one of the same letters was included in the catalogue next mentioned, and that the name is there given.

(3) *Catalogue of . . . Autograph Letters . . . on sale by Maggs Bros.*, 109 *Strand, W.C.* No. 230, 1907. This includes two extracts (Nos. 540, 541, p. 58) of letters "to Mr. Harris." The former is part of the extract already given in Sotheby's Catalogue (No. 339). The other extract did not there appear, but is very probably part of one of the same letters.

The letters are here arranged as far as possible in order of date. The series is characteristic of the trouble Ruskin took in helping earnest students:—

1. Brantwood, *Jan.* 9, 1885.—"I am sincerely obliged to you for copying those Turners. You will not find it a waste of time." (Sotheby's, No. 325.)

2. Brantwood, *March* 25, 1885.—"Your copies are excellent. . . . I wanted you to feel the composition of line, the gradation of light; that the outline was better than Dürer's, the shade than Rembrandt's." (Sotheby's, No. 326.)

3. Brantwood, *no date.*—"The sketch copy is beautifully done. I'll return it to-morrow with a note or two for retouching." (Maggs, No. 541.)

4. Brantwood, *no date.*—"I can only send you the straight line exercise to-day . . . work in with sepia and give the shade on the left forcibly." (Sotheby's, No. 333; the letter is described as containing a pen-and-ink sketch.)

5. Brantwood, *no date.*—"I've sent your finished outline back, which you must keep as a monument of patience—but the first thing you have to do is to throw your hand free . . . you should come to great things with that fine skill and patience of yours." (Sotheby's, No. 334.)

6. Brantwood, *Nov. 28th*, 1885.—"Dear Mr. Harris,—I did not at all understand that you were young, or I should not have given you my bad language; I thought you were quite an elderly person. You paint extremely well for a young man, and have much in your power, but must be content for two or three years to spend the power in study. Your principal task for some time should be to cultivate your taste, while yet you pursue the study of nature in the fixed faith that right painting is always true. I think you want some good examples of ornamental design, and am going to look out a mixed parcel of things which may be useful to you.—Ever faithfully yours, J. Ruskin." (*Testimonials*, No. 2.)

7. Brantwood, *Dec.* 3, 1885.—"I should exceedingly like to see Rembrandt and Dürer plates." (Sotheby's, No. 327.)

8. Brantwood, *Dec.* 22, 1885.—"It grieves me much that you could have thought the painting I return had anything in common with Turner." (Sotheby's, No. 328.)

9. Brantwood, *December* 27, 1885.—"Your drawing is extremely good . . . but please at present don't think—only copy carefully what I send you . . . short post to-day, and Xmas friends impatient." (Sotheby's, No. 335.)

10. Brantwood, *December* 28 (? 1885).—"My letters at Xmas time get into such invincible heaps that I never know what's in any of them for a fortnight." (Sotheby's, No. 338.)

11. Brantwood, *no date.*—"You did not vex but bothered me—there is nothing so hopeless to me as being asked to look for things—in heaps fathoms deep. . . . Your paintings have the chief fault of being finished without enough elementary study." (Sotheby's, No. 339; the latter words are also in Maggs, No. 540.)

12. Brantwood, *no date.*—"I've found your plate, and will send it on Monday." (Sotheby's, No. 336.)

13. Brantwood, *Jan.* 2, 1886. *See above*, p. 546. (An extract from this letter was printed in Sotheby's Sale Catalogue, July 3, 1908, No. 91.)

14. Brantwood, *Jan.* 7, 1886.—"Now I go back to Turner. I send you (with your returned studies) a photo. of best possible 12–1300 sculpture . . ." (Sotheby's, No. 329, described as "important letter with 3 pen-and-ink drawings.")

15. Brantwood, *January* 21 [1886].—"My dear Sir, at last I've found your plate!" (Sotheby's, No. 341.)

16. Brantwood, *Feb.* 4, 1886.—"You could not give me more pleasant news than that you have felt the good of drawing this wreath; it is indeed absolutely first-rate sculpture, and the longer dwelt on the better—of course you need never apologise for being long . . ." (Sotheby's, No. 330.)

17. Brantwood, *Feb.* 11, 1886.—"Dear Harris,—I sent back the photo. for you to make another simple outline from, and shade with sepia. My last letter asked if you would like a new one better. I am glad I can strengthen you by praise. I never had a pupil who better deserved it for good-will and industry.—Ever faithfully yours, John Ruskin." (*Testimonials*, No. 4.)

18. Brantwood, *Feb.* 17, 1886 (*Testimonials*, No. 5: see above, p. 552).

19. Brantwood, *April* 6, 1886.—"Dear Harris,—Your drawing is most conscientious. But have you obeyed my letter as to time?" (Sotheby's, No. 340.)

20. "Brantwood, *May* 5, 1886.—Dear Mrs. ——,—My Testimonial to Mr. Harris would be simply that he is the most able and industrious master I ever found in a public drawing-school. There will be no difficulty in finding a position for him; but in the first place, he must request the Committee to send me their reasons for his dismissal, which I must make a note of in a pamphlet I am preparing on Government Drawing Schools.[1]—Ever your faithful servant, J. Ruskin." (*Testimonials*, No. 1.)

21. "Brantwood, *June* 9, 1886.—My dear Harris,—I should like greatly to set up a central school for my own pupils at Nottingham, with you for head-master: but my health is uncertain, and you ought not to quit your present position, if the Committee see ground for re-considering their decision. If not, the first thing of course to be done is to convey my request to them to have the grounds of your dismissal for consideration before finally determining on my own procedure.—Ever faithfully and affectionately yours, John Ruskin." (*Testimonials*, No. 6.)

22. "Brantwood, *June* 13, 1886.—Dear Harris,—Print any of my letters that can be of use to you, none of them enough express the sense I have of your resolute industry and available faculty. And if it should finally be wished by the Committee that you should retain your position in the Chesterfield School, you must please make the stipulation that you shall be allowed to teach the pupils that wish it—on my methods; else it would really, I believe, be to your better interest to set up a school of our own.—Faithfully yours, John Ruskin." (*Testimonials*, No. 7.)

23. "Brantwood, *June* 22, 1886.—My dear Harris,—I do not think you need be anxious as to the result of this. The School Committee perhaps may.

"I am prepared to put such a series of examples at your command as no other school in England possesses, and to put my whole full force out, for what it is yet worth, in the business. But I write to Mrs. —— for further advice as to mode of acting.—Ever faithfully yours, John Ruskin." (*Testimonials*, No. 8.)

24. Brantwood, *Feb.* 15, 1887.—(*Testimonials*, No. 9 : see above, p. 581. An extract from the letter was printed in Sotheby's Sale Catalogue, July 3, 1908, No. 91.)

25. Brantwood, *March* 13, 1887.—"I am getting slowly into motion again—like an old-engined luggage train." (Sotheby's, No. 331.)

26. Brantwood, *March* 17, 1887.—"I have literally no end of photos. at your service—but put them under glass when ordinary pupils are at work on them." (Sotheby's, No. 337.)

27. Brantwood, *March* 24, 1887.—"The young lady casting a somersault in the middle is the daughter of Herodias. The Queen and Herod discourse admiringly on the left. On the right John Baptist is having his head cut off." (Sotheby's, No. 332.)

28. Brantwood, *April* 9 (1887).—"Forgive my Secretary's hand. I've sworn off writing letters in spring. . . . Time's much more than money—and depend upon it, weakness is never concealed by finish but multiplied and made inexcusable." (Sotheby's, No. 342, described as a "fine letter, the first few lines and finish only by J. R.")

29. (*No date.*)—"My dear Harris,—You think a damned lot too much of your work—you got all the good you needed to get out of those copies in learning what Turner was, and how to express yourself." (Sotheby's, No. 343.)

[1] [Not written.]

30. *March* 1.—"Nothing can be better than your outline, now—paint in easily and fast, giving as much the crumbly look of age as you can without any attempt at finish." (Sotheby's, No. 344.)

31. (*No date.*)—"Please copy also, and then your drawing will be a complete architectural lesson in any school." (Sotheby's, No. 345.)

32. *Sunday.*—"I think you have had plenty of lessons in accurate drawing—but not in accurate seeing. . . . Everything that is worth writing at all is worth writing plain." (Sotheby's, No. 346.)

33. (*No date.*)—"The sketch copy is beautifully done." (Sotheby's, No. 347.)

34. (*No date.*)—"Dear Harris,—Yes. Show the drawing, and I hope to get strong again soon—but cannot be President of anything, and am totally unable for anything yet, but rest in the sun.—Yours affectionately, J. R." (Sotheby's, No. 348.)

TO W. H. HARRISON

The *Autographic Mirror*, December 1865, contains one letter to W. H. Harrison; printed in Vol. XXXVI. p. 145.

The many other letters to Harrison contained in the Principal Collection (see Vol. XXXVI. p. cxiii., and above, p. xvi.), and elsewhere in the edition (see General Index), have not hitherto been printed.

TO VERNON HEATH

Vernon Heath's Recollections: 1892.

This book contains (pp. 295–296) one letter; printed *above*, p. 389.

TO J. H. HILL

American Etchings, a periodical edited by Ernest Knaufft. In the *Academy* for November 25, 1882 (No. 551, p. 387), there is the following notice:—

"The 12th part of *American Etchings* contains a pretty well finished view of A Roadway near Nyack Turnpike, by J. Henry Hill.[1] Letterpress letter of advice from John Ruskin, Brantwood, March 26, 1879, which concludes:—

> 'Take small sketch-books, always choose subjects with some human interest in them, abbey, or castle, or village. Finish every drawing from corner to corner—don't go blotting or scrawling, and charge low prices, and you will soon make an easy, honestly useful, and pleasant living.'

Mr. Ruskin is said to think highly of two of Mr. Hill's etchings after Turner—viz., Baccharach and St. Maurice."

TO JAMES HOGG

Memorials of James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd. Edited by his daughter, Mrs. Garden. With Preface by Professor Veitch. Alexander Gardner, Paisley and London. [1884.]

This book contains two letters (pp. 273–277) referring to Hogg's visit to Herne Hill in 1832. The first is from Ruskin's father; the second from Ruskin. They are printed in Vol. I. pp. xxvii.–xxix.

[1] [There is an etching by Mr. Hill in *The Etcher* (Sampson Low), 1882, plate 19.]

TO GEORGE JACOB HOLYOAKE

Christian Life, December 20, 1879, contained one letter; and the *Daily News*, June 19, 1880, another. For these two letters (reprinted in *Arrows of the Chace*), see Vol. XXIX. p. 414 *n.*

TO D. D. HOME

D. D. Home. His Life and Mission. By Mme. Dunglas Home. London (Trübner, 1888).

This contains (pp. 213, 215) two letters from Ruskin; printed in Vol. XVIII. p. xxxi. *n.*

TO T. C. HORSFALL

Ruskin on Religion and Life, a Paper read to the Manchester Ruskin Society, by T. C. Horsfall. . . . J. E. Cornish, St. Ann's Square, Manchester, 1902. Price Sixpence.

This pamphlet (pp. 50) contains two letters from Ruskin:—(1) Feb. 2, 1881 (p. 11), printed *above*, p. 339; (2) an extract (p. 30) from the letter of Aug. 27, 1877, which is printed in full in Vol. XXIX. p. 592.

TO C. A. HOWELL

"Letters of John Ruskin to his Secretary." In the *New Review*, No. 34, March 1892, vol. vi. pp. 273–284.

This selection of 24 letters (or extracts) from Ruskin to Mr. Charles Augustus Howell (for whom, see Vol. XXXVI. p. li.) was edited by Mr. M. H. Spielmann.

Nineteen of these letters were printed again in M. H. Spielmann's *John Ruskin*—referred to below as *Spielmann*—1900 (see below, p. 726), where eleven other letters (or scraps from letters) to Howell were also given.

The following table shows where the letters have appeared, and their places in the present edition:—

1. Dec. 24, 1856 (*Spielmann*, p. 146):—"I am ashamed of myself when I look at the date of your letter, but it arrived when I was far from well and in a press of work, and as I had only to answer with sincere thanks—and I find my gratitude will always *keep*—I put off replying till I am ashamed to reply."

2. May 17, 1865 (*New Review*, p. 275; *Spielmann*, p. 146):—"It is a great pleasure to me to be able to assist you a little; and a greater to hear that your cousin is likely to be benefited by any effort you can make for her. I could not even read your letter last night. I was at dinner and I never answer or read letters after 'business hours'—I never see anybody, my best friends, but by pre-engagement. Ask the Rossettis, or any one else who knows me. I can't do it—having my poor little weak head and body divided enough by my day's work. But do not less think me ever faithfully yours, J. Ruskin.—I enclose cheque."

3. Nov. 3, 1865 (*Spielmann*, p. 58):—"You must think it very strange in me never asking you to come and see me. But I am very languid and ill just now—and I seem of all things to dread talking; it seems to force me to use my

head faster than it should be used—I suppose I shall come out of the nervous fit some day. I am pretty well on the whole."

4. Feb. 1866 (*N. R.*, p. 274):—(DENMARK HILL, ? *February* 1866.)—"I want you to come and dine with me on my birthday, please—if you can—the Richmonds will be with me, I hope, and it will be nice in all but the horrid occasion.—Ever affectionately yours,
J. RUSKIN.

"Thanks *so* much for Dolores.[1] I'm afraid the enclosed gentleman drinks, and I know him to have very little brains when he's sober. Would you kindly call and look at him any day, saying I asked you to see just what his position was?"

5. Feb. 22, 1866 (*N. R.*, p. 275; *Spielmann*, p. 49). Vol. XXXVI. p. 502.
6. Feb. 24, 1866 (*N. R.*, p. 275). Vol. XXXVI. p. 502.
7. March 5, 1866 (*Spielmann*, p. 49). Vol. XXXVI. p. 503 *n.*
8. March 8, 1866 (*N. R.*, p. 276; less fully in *Spielmann*, p. 49). Vol. XXXVI. p. 503.
9. March 27, 1866 (*N. R.*, p. 276). Vol. XXXVI. p. 503.
10. April 2, 1866 (*N. R.*, p. 276; *Spielmann*, pp. 110–111). Vol. XXXVI. p. 504.

11. April 7, 1866 (*N. R.*, p. 277; more fully in *Spielmann*, p. 111):—"I was so busy and tired yesterday I couldn't write another note. That is capital and very funny about the pied piper.[2] Your subjects are all good as good can be, but I doubt we can't afford more than one to each story, and the final one is here the best. Please tell me of any other stories and subjects that chance to you."

12. April 9, 1866 (*N. R.*, p. 277; *Spielmann*, p. 111). Vol. XXXVI. p. 505.

13. April 16, 1866 (*N. R.*, p. 277):—"DENMARK HILL, S., 16*th April*, 1866.—I'm leaving town next week—for six weeks or two months—and shall have to leave much to your kind management. For one thing, I want to know exactly how I stand at Marlborough College; and I have just got an application for a presentation to it, from Archdeacon Allen, and I think I ought to have one, if not two, some day soon. Will you find out whom one should write to, and enclose this note and ask for full details?—Ever faithfully yours, J. RUSKIN."

14. April 27, 1866 (*N. R.*, p. 278; *Spielmann*, p. 139). Vol. XXXVI. p. 506.

15. May 13, 1866 (*N. R.*, p. 278; *Spielmann*, p. 139):—"NEUCHÂTEL, 13*th May* [1866].—I am entirely occupied to-day by the—too probably mortal—illness of one of the friends I am travelling with, but I may be more so to-morrow; so I write you just this line to ask you to answer just as you have done any letters now coming to you. I'll write to poor Mr. J. myself. Please post enclosed, and say to everybody whom it may concern that that portrait of Mr. Mawkes's is unquestionably Turner by himself:[3] and on the whole the most interesting one I know. I gave Mr. Mawkes a letter to this effect, six months ago or more. Thanks for all letters to Vevay, etc., and business so nicely done.—Ever yours affectionately,
"J. RUSKIN."

16. May 21, 1866 (*N. R.*, p. 278; *Spielmann*, p. 139), is printed in Vol. XVIII. p. xxxix.

[1] [Presumably a copy of Swinburne's verses.]
[2] [See Vol. XXXVI. pp. 504–5.]
[3] [The portrait, afterwards in the possession of Mr. C. Wentworth Wass, which is described in Vol. XIII. p. 581.]

17. May 26, 1866 (*Spielmann*, p. 140):—(INTERLACHEN, *May* 26, 1866.)—"All you've done is right, except sending Mr. Henry Vaughan[1] about his business. He is a great Turner man. Please write to him that he would be welcome to see anything of mine, but I would rather show them to him myself. Also, don't take people to Denmark Hill, as it would make my mother nervous. I'm pretty well; my two ducklings all right."

18. May 30, 1866 (*Spielmann*, p. 140):—(INTERLACHEN, *May* 30, 1866.)—"I have answered the Vice-Chancellor, saying I'll come after the long vacation. If I ought to come before, he must tell me by a line to Denmark Hill. . . . I have had long letters to write to Lady Trevelyan's sister, and I'm much tired. Joan is well, and Constance, and there's no one else in the inn just now, and the noise they make in the passages is something—I was going to say 'unheard of,' but that's not quite the expression."

19. INTERLACHEN, *June* 8, 1866 (*Spielmann*, p. 140).—"I am pretty well, much as usual; fresh air seems to do me little good, and foul little harm."

20. June 22, 1866 (*N. R.*, p. 279; *Spielmann*, p. 140):—"LUCERNE, *Friday, 22nd June* [1866].—The post's all wrong, but we're all right at last. I've got everything, and that's all I can say to-day. Write 'Poste Restante, Neuchâtel, Suisse.'"

"That 'nice quiet Miss H.' was dancing quadrilles with an imaginary partner—(a pine branch I had brought in to teach her botany with!)—all round the breakfast table so long yesterday morning that I couldn't get my letters written, and am all behind to-day in consequence.—Ever yours affectionately, J. RUSKIN.

"Dear love to Ned. I've got Georgie's letter.[2] I'm too good-for-nothing to answer such divine things."

21. BERNE, *July* 1, 1866 (*Spielmann*, p. 143).—"Too late to stop your letter from starting in pursuit of me to Interlachen and thence forward. It will catch me at Vevay at last. . . . I am sadly tired—disgusted with the war and with all things. I have been very anxious about the two children since I was left alone with them, but it would have disappointed them too cruelly to bring them home at once."

22. July 4, 1866 (*N. R.*, p. 279; *Spielmann*, pp. 112, 143). Vol. XXXVI. p. 510.

23. Aug. 3, 1866 (*Spielmann*, p. 59):—"I've been very sulky and ill, and somehow have wanted what humanity I could get, even out of letters, so I've kept them."

24. Aug. 22, 1866 (*N. R.*, p. 280; *Spielmann*, p. 50). Vol. XXXVI. p. 511.
25. Sept. 2, 1866 (*N. R.*, p. 280; *Spielmann*, pp. 112, 50). Vol. XXXVI. p. 512.

26. Sept. 5, 1866 (*N. R.*, p. 281; less fully in *Spielmann*, p. 51):—"DENMARK HILL, S.—Fearfully hurried this morning, or I would have seen your cousin. I'm sorry she has had these troubles—but tell B—— it's absolutely of no use his trying to see me (I don't even see my best friends at present, as you know), and nothing is of the least influence with *me* but plain facts plainly told, and right conduct.—Ever affectionately yours, J. RUSKIN."

27. Sept. 1866 (*N. R.*, p. 281; *Spielmann*, p. 112). Vol. XXXVI. p. 514.

[1] [The well-known collector, who bequeathed many drawings by Turner, etc., to the National Gallery and other public collections.]
[2] [Mr. and Mrs. Burne-Jones.]

28. Sept. 11, 1866 (*N. R.*, p. 281). Vol. XXXVI. p. 514.

29. Sept. 14, 1866 (*N. R.*, p. 281; *Spielmann*, pp. 51, 113):—"DENMARK HILL, S.—I forgot to thank you for the Cruikshank plate of fairies. I lost it out of a book when I was a boy, and am most heartily glad to have it in again. The *facsimiles* are most interesting—as examples of the *im*-measurably little things on which life and death depend in work—a fatal truth, forced upon me too sharply, long ago, in my own endeavours to engrave Turner. That boy's sketches are marvellous. I should like to see him and be of any use I could to him.—Ever affectionately yours,
J. R."

30. Sept. 1866 (*Spielmann*, p. 51). Vol. XXXVI. p. 515.
31. Sept. 1866 (*Spielmann*, p. 51). Vol. XXXVI. p. 515.
32. Sept. 26, 1866 (*N. R.*, p. 282, *facsimile*). Vol. XXXVI. p. 516.
33. Undated, 1866 (*N. R.*, pp. 282–283; *Spielmann*, pp. 52, 113). Vol. XXXVI. p. 516.
34. Nov. 3, 1866 (*N. R.*, p. 283; less fully in *Spielmann*, p. 61). Vol. XXXVI. p. 519.
35. Nov. 9, 1866 (*N. R.*, pp. 283–284; less fully in *Spielmann*, p. 52). Vol. XXXVI. p. 519.
36. Dec. 2, 1866 (*Spielmann*, p. 61):—"I have perpetual faceache, which quinine hardly touches, and am pulled down rather far; but in other respects a little better—stomach and the like."

Variæ Lectiones.—The collection of these letters to C. A. Howell has been placed at the editors' disposal, and the following is a list of the errors (corrected in this edition) which occurred in the printing of them in the *New Review*, etc.:—

No. 5, line 3, "you" for "one"; line 4, "our home" for "an hour's," and "trouble" for "troubles."
No. 8, last line but one, "artistically" for "æsthetically."
No. 10, line 8, "can only" for "only can"; line 12, "ravine" for "cavern"; line 17, "and" for "or"; line 22, "fine" for "firm"; line 26, the words "by anybody" were omitted; line 30, "thero" also omitted.
No. 12, first line of *P.S.*, "enclose" for "re-enclose"; the two lines, now dated April 16, were printed without intimation that they come in a later letter.
No. 14, line 7, "abbreviations" for "abbreviation."
No. 22, line 1, "all" was omitted; line 3, "all these" for "the"; line 5, "subjects" for "others"; signature, "Ever yours affectionately" for "Ever your affectionate."
No. 24, line 4, "and" for "to."
No. 25, line 6, "This" for "the," and "acts" for "art"; line 7, "in us" for "on me"; line 11, "placing" for "replacing"; line 16, "his" for "their" (a grammatical liberty often taken by Ruskin); line 21, "and" for "or"; *P.S.*, line 2, "this" for "the"; line 6, "that" was inserted after "saying."
No. 27, line 4, "who has" for "having"; line 6, "in" omitted.
No. 28, line 2, "through" was inserted after "looking"; line 4, "more" for "of"; line 6, "the" was inserted before "lawyers"; line 8, "drawings" for "drawing."
No. 31, line 4, "well enough" for "very well."
No. 33, line 11, "subjects" for "subject"; line 3 of *P.S.*, "deeply" for "deeper"; line 4, "that" omitted.
No. 34, line 7, "but" for "best."
No. 35, line 14, "of" inserted after "within"; line 19, the sense was altered by the omission of a full stop after "know"; line 22, "me" was inserted after "gave"; line 23, "should" for "would"; line 26, the sense was altered by substituting "yourself" for "myself" and not italicising "*I*."

TO MISS VIOLET HUNT

"Ruskin as a Guide to Youth," by Miss Violet Hunt, in the *Westminster Gazette*, February 3, 1900.
This article contained one letter; *above*, p. 286.

TO MISS ADELAIDE IRONSIDE

The *Catholic Press* (Sydney), February 3, 1900, contained fourteen letters. Of these ten are printed in Vol. XXXVI. pp. 484–488.

In line 3 of the letter of 8th July (p. 487), "now" is in this edition a correction for "not."

The other letters (Nos. 5, 6, 10, and 11 of the series) are here subjoined:—

5. "DENMARK HILL.—DEAR MISS IRONSIDE,—I can't give you a lesson to-day, but I'll run in just to see what you are about about one o'clock or a little after. I'm working hard myself and am tired—not in the least angry—but don't think I can give you a lesson every two days.—Yours always, J. R."

6. "DENMARK HILL, *Wednesday.*—MY DEAR CHILD,—If I can't call to-day to hear how you are, send me just a line to-night to say if I am to stay in for you to-morrow afternoon. I hope to call and hear you are better.—Truly yours, "J. R."

10. "DENMARK HILL, *Thursday.*—DEAR MISS IRONSIDE,—I have been quite unable to get a quiet hour all this time, though I've really been wanting to see you, for you got on very nicely with cod the last time. Can you come to-morrow afternoon (Friday) at two, if I don't send—which I will, if it is wet?—Ever truly yours, J. RUSKIN."

11. "DENMARK HILL.—DEAR MISS IRONSIDE,—I will come or you shall come, only if you come you must bring the cast with you. I can only judge by having that to compare with the drawings. I hope you are better.—Always truly yours, "J. R."

TO THE REV. A. A. ISAACS

The Fountain of Siena: an Episode in the Life of John Ruskin, LL.D., by Albert A. Isaacs, M.A. London: S. W. Partridge & Co. 1900. Crown 8vo, pp. 52.

This book contains twelve letters from Ruskin: for the "fountain of Siena," see Vol. XXIII. p. 30 *n.* In Letter 5, line 3, Mr. Isaacs placed the full stop after "documents," instead of after "Cobbett"; and in Letter 11, line 3, printed "every" for "seeing." Of the twelve letters—

1–4 (pp. 5–10, 12–13) are given *above*, pp. 501, 503 (2), 507.

5 (p. 15). "BRANTWOOD, *18th January*, '85.—DEAR MR. ISAACS,—I am entirely obliged by all your letters,—in fact, I look on it as a providential help that you wrote to me and sent me the answer to Cobbett.[1] And of other documents I can mend none—what I say at Oxford[2] must be the sum of my present conclusions—which Cobbett accurately, though vulgarly expressed. My brain will no more serve me for theological reading. All I can say must be from work or experience of the past, and from no *sense* of the present—which broadly is, that no Protestant clergyman has ever helped me in declaring a single practical consequence of the Law of God. I am so very glad *Storm-Cloud* interests you, and I hope that the completed series of the *Pleasures* will satisfy you in its general terms. I will return the 'Answer' in a week or two.—Ever gratefully yours."

6 (p. 21). "BRANTWOOD, *January 30th*, '85.—DEAR MR. ISAACS,—So many thanks for the books and to-day's letter, which especially comforts me, in your thinking me not too sulky about the clergyman's letters,—and I quite admit that

[1] [See above, p. 507.]

[2] [The reference is to the intended conclusion of his lectures on *The Pleasures of England:* see Vol. XXXIII. p. lv.]

the openly worldly and ungodly can't sit under a heart-revealing ministry—but certainly the occultly worldly, and unconsciously godless can stand a lot of talking to, and never mind. I did not set my secretary[1] at you only because I was so busy, but because I wished you to be acquainted with her. She is an extremely good and shrewd Scotch lady, and has seen a lot of Andrew Fairservice[2] and his ministers. I have been looking with pleasure at your travels, but fear you maintain literal Bible truth too hard.—Ever affectionately yours,

"J. Ruskin."

7 (pp. 27–8) is given *above*, p. 518.

8 (p. 29). "Brantwood, *9th June*, '85.—Dear Mr. Isaacs,—I shall be delighted to have a larger impression of the lovely little photograph.[3] I am sure it will come out well. I am most thankful you found such a record. The bookseller! But why not order *Præterita* straight from Orpington? No bookseller would have got you a book of mine. I am fairly well, but very lazy.—Ever gratefully yours,

"J. Ruskin."

9 (p. 32). "Brantwood, *Aug.* 2, 1886.—Dear Mr. Isaacs,—I cannot enough thank you for all you have done—but the warm weather was so far from suiting me, that I got into one of my fits of dreaming, during which I could not attend to business. I can only use my secretary's scrawl now, but you know my signature, attesting my joy in all you have sent me of the Siena Fountain—all alike precious.—Ever affectionately yours, John Ruskin."

10 (p. 35). "Brantwood, *14th Nov.*, '86.—Dear Mr. Isaacs,—I am very thankful of your letter of the 12th. You shall have some, better than outlines (*D.V.*) and different from Roberts'.[4] But poor R. does deserve credit for taking merely outlines, when nobody else took anything. And his Egyptian work was far more than that. I am so glad and comforted you like *Præterita* still.—Ever yours affectionately, J. Ruskin."

11 (p. 37). "Brantwood, *Saturday before Easter* [*April* 9], 1887.—Dear Mr. Isaacs,—You are a very curious person to me—finding photos. of precious fountains—and seeing what small good there is in the drawing of that old sail![5] I do not think you should have been anxious about that report.[6] You might of old have known I had not grace enough to go over anywhere, but would stay the same old stump. Can you tell me where Macdonald is now?[7] I have lost sight of him for a year or two.—Ever gratefully yours, J. R."

12 (p. 45). "Brantwood, *2nd March*, '87.—Dear Mr. Isaacs,—I had not seen the address, and thank you for sending it—though I do not feel just now as if I were with you, any more than Macaulay or Carlyle,—being wholly listless or hapless this winter, and not the least comforted by any of my books!—while, as you most truly say, the opinion of other people must be taken into account. But I think some are useless—and others worse.—Ever affectionately yours,

"J. Ruskin."

[1] [Miss Anderson; for whom, see Vol. XXXVI. p. lxxxvii.]

[2] [For other references to Fairservice, see Vol. XXXIV. pp. 295, 370 *seq.*]

[3] [Of the fountain of Siena: see above, p. 518.]

[4] [Mr. Isaacs, who had taken photographs in the Holy Land in 1856, had remarked that the published Views by David Roberts, R.A., for which he had made outlines only on the spot, were very untrue to the places. Ruskin no doubt intended to send to Mr. Isaacs prints of some of Turner's Bible subjects.]

[5] [No doubt, the Plate of the Dover Packet's Jib in *Præterita:* Vol. XXXV. p. 415.]

[6] [That Ruskin had become a Roman Catholic: see Vol. XXXIV. p. 618.]

[7] [The late Colonel Macdonald, of St. Martins, Perthshire, the Macdonald of *Præterita*, Vol. XXXV. p. 425.]

TO A JOURNALIST

The *Liverpool Daily Post* of January 22, 1900, contained six letters addressed to a journalist in 1870. These are printed *above*, pp. 14–17.

TO HENRY JOWETT

Mr. Henry Jowett was the manager of Messrs. Hazell, Watson & Viney's printing works at Aylesbury, and a large number of letters addressed to him by Ruskin have been printed in one or other of three publications. The first of these publications is

(A) *Hazell's Magazine*, September 1892 (vol. vi. pp. 246–250), which contains several letters, which have been given in Vol. XXXIV. pp. 714–716.

(B) The *Bookman* of October 1908 contains (p. 16) one letter to Henry Jowett; given *above*, p. 610.

(C) *John Ruskin: a Biographical Sketch.* By R. Ed. Pengelly [1900].

This little book contains twenty-three letters, or extracts from letters, by Ruskin, all addressed, it seems, to the late Henry Jowett. Of these extracts, etc.—

NO.

1 (p. 32). "*Sunday, 24th Feb.*—DEAR JOWETT,—The Christ's Hospital[1] [people] were such a nuisance to me—ten or twelve letters a day in the month or two before a presentation—that I gave the entire management of it to Mrs Severn, requesting her, however, as far as possible, always to keep presentations for destitute widows' children, or for orphans. I never myself desire any boy of my acquaintance and friends' families—whatever their position in life—to receive more education than the learning to ride, dig, dance, and speak truth. I am not sure that at Christ's[1] Hospital they teach any one of these essentials."

2 (p. 37). "ROUEN, *24th September*, 1880.—DEAR JOWETT,—Please get any young lady you know in [Aylesbury] just to try the three little tunes in the Prosody before you print. I can't get the loan of a piano here, and can't tell by reading, more's the pity, whether they run smooth or not."

3 (p. 67) is given *above;* p. 607.

4 (p. 78). "BEAUVAIS.—Not a word to anybody, except Mrs. Severn, of my address—or I shall instantly change it—people won't let me be quiet."

5 (p. 78). "I write this before breakfast, as I may get confused with the complex, pathetic work of the main text of xi. and xii. [of *Præterita*]. But I send you in this note the last sentence of the xii. number that is to be, in case I'm stopped by illness again (I don't think there's any fear, if I can only keep people out of my way), but you'll see some answers to 'Correspondents' are plaguily necessary."

6 (p. 85) is printed in Vol. XXXIV. p. 715.

7 (pp. 91, 92 in facsimile) is given *above*, p. 349.

8 (pp. 107, 124[2]) is printed in Vol. XXXV. pp. xxxviii.–xxxix.

9 ("I'm so glad you like . . . most to please," p. 107) is printed in Vol. XXXV. p. liv.

10 (p. 107). "I am extremely glad that you agree with my old friends in thinking that my books are gaining more influence."

11 ("The first chapter . . . spicy," p. 108) is printed in Vol. XXXV. p. liv.

12 ("*Dilecta* . . . I think," p. 108) is printed in Vol. XXXV. p. liv.

[1] [Misprinted "Christchurch Hospital" in *Pengelly.*]

[2] [Given (with some variations) in two places of Mr. Pengelly's book.]

NO.
13 ("I like . . . mightily," p. 108) is printed in Vol. XXXV. p. liv.
14 ("I think . . . house down," p. 108) is printed in Vol. XXXV. p. liv.
15 ("I've rather . . . myself," p. 108) is printed in Vol. XXXV. p. liv.

16 (p. 109). "1886.—My dear Jowett,—I am getting under sail again—steadily—the chief harm remaining is a sprained wrist, got in fighting one of my men nurses; if the doctor only had had the common-sense to get some women nurses I should have been as quiet as a baby—quieter than most babies I know. But it hurts me in writing still badly. I had the satisfaction of leaving all my keepers rather dilapidated—but it was the worst illness I've had for the pain and sorrow of its fancies.—Ever affectionately yours, J. R." [1]

17 (p. 113) is printed in Vol. XXXV. p. liv.
18–22 (p. 124) are printed in Vol. XXXV. p. xxxviii.

TO J. J. LAING

Ruskin's letters to J. J. Laing (see the Introduction, Vol. XXXVI. p. lxiv.) appear to have come into the market after his death in 1862, and many of them have been printed. The dating of them in these publications was very erratic, and in some cases is still uncertain (as the editors have not had access to the originals). There are three principal collections of them:—

"Some Ruskin Letters," by George Stronach, M.A., in the *English Illustrated Magazine*, August 1893, pp. 779–785. This article embodied six letters, which are printed thus:—

1. 6th Aug. 1854	Vol. XXXVI.	p. 171.
2. 2nd March 1858	,,	p. 278.
3. Undated [? later in 1858]	,,	p. 294.
4. 1st Nov. [? 1854]	,,	p. 179.
5. Sept. 1 [1854]	,,	p. 173.
6. Undated [? 1855]	,,	p. 186.

"Some Ruskin Letters," in the *Westminster Gazette*, August 27, 1894 (pp. 1–2). This article (signed "George Stronach") contains eleven letters, or extracts from letters, by Ruskin; the first nine were addressed to J. J. Laing, the last two to "another correspondent." Of these eleven letters, six have been printed thus:—

1. Sept. 2, 1857 [really 1853]	Vol. XXXVI.	p. 150.
2. Undated [? 1855]	,,	p. 212.
3. Jan. 26, 1855 [probably 1853]	,,	p. 145.
4. October 1859	,,	p. 324.
5. August 27, 1854 [really 1857]	,,	p. 265.
6. Nov. 5, 1854	,,	p. 180.

Nos. 7, 8, 9, 10, and 11 are subjoined:—

7. "I like your letter very much, and admit the truth of a great deal that you say. Healthy life is, however, for me impossible, except with entirely settled hours—eight, breakfast; nine, work; twelve, walk; one, lunch; etc., etc., etc. I believe it to be so for most people, and that if their work could be made to sink with the table through the floor as the clock struck, it would be all the better for them.—Always affectionately yours, J. Ruskin."

[1] [This letter was quoted in a review of Mr. Pengelly's book in the *Academy*, September 19, 1900.]

8. "You should not have thought that article in the *Times* was mine. Don't you remember in the preface to my pamphlet, my distinct statement that I *never* write anonymously.[1] I have not even the smallest notion whose it is. People say Tom Taylor, but I think T. T. writes better.

"It will be in your power to repay the small obligation to me tenfold by doing what you can, as you rise in your profession (which I am sure you will do) to advance the principles I have endeavoured to state in my books—principles which, however mingled with error or prejudice, are, I am certain, right in the main, and worth contending for. And you must know, by what you have already seen of modern architectural practice, that the contention for them must be sharp.

9. "You do quite right not to go to theatres on Sunday. Have you met with no French Protestant families? Generally the French Protestants are very good and sincere. If you understand enough French, you may get a great deal of good from any of the *Catholic* sermons; and can get no harm; as the portions which are specially Romanist are in sermons merely declamatory—never argumentative or enticing. It is in private conversation that the Romanists are controversially strong."

10. (To another correspondent.) "I am much interested by what you now tell me of yourself. How is it that after reading so much good literature you still say 'tuition' instead of 'teaching'? You must as quickly as you can *simplify* your thoughts and ways, and must not devour books indiscriminately. Hallam, Alison, etc., are a great mess altogether—neither of the first good for much. You have read 'Carlyle.' What have you got out of him? What fixed knowledge or principle? Would you tell me, at your leisure (I have a curiosity to know), whether you read much—or any—of Lord Bacon's works?"

11. "I could not answer your long letter, for I could not read it. You do not conceive how little time I have for reading anything. I noticed at the close of it that you said you were pleased that I cared to know your opinions, but, my dear sir, I care to know these just as much, and just as little, as a physician to know his patient's symptoms. Would you not think it strange if you heard of a patient's writing to him that he was proud he cared to know them?

"Well, you have learned, for I read that much, a great deal of good from Carlyle. But, chiefly, have you made up your mind what you have to do in this world, and how you may most honourably live in it? How *are* you going to live?"

Thirdly, five of the letters which had already appeared in the periodicals above mentioned were reprinted in *Letters on Art and Literature* (see below, p. 719).

TO MRS. LA TOUCHE

The Letters of a Noble Woman (*Mrs. La Touche of Harristown*). Edited by Margaret Ferrier Young. With illustrations. (George Allen and Sons: 1908.)

This volume contains six letters from Ruskin, as follows:—

NO.

1. Aug. 3, 1881 (pp. 72–73); printed *above*, p. 372.
2. July 4, 1882 (pp. 80–81); printed *above*, p. 403.
3. Oct. 22, 1882 (p. 81); printed *above*, p. 416.
4. Nov. 2, 1882 (pp. 82–83); printed *above*, p. 417.

[1] [See the preface to the second number of *Academy Notes* (1856): Vol. XIV. p. 43. For another reference to Tom Taylor, see above, p. 319.]

NO.

5. June 9, 1883 (pp. 117–118); printed *above*, p. 453.
Wrongly dated 1886 by Miss Young.

6. June 22, 1883 (83–84); printed *above*, p. 457.
Two letters to Mrs. La Touche, hitherto unprinted, are also included in this edition.

TO FREDERIC LEIGHTON

The Life, Letters, and Work of Frederic Leighton. By Mrs. Russell Barrington. London: George Allen, 1906. 2 vols.

This book contains in the second volume eight letters, or extracts from letters, from Ruskin. Of these—

1 (p. 42) is given in Vol. XXXVI. p. 334.
2 (p. 42) is printed *above*, p. 424.

3 (p. 42). "17*th November* [1883?].—Dear Leighton,—I bought up the Byzantine Well,[1] but was forced to trust my friend, John Simon, to bring it across the Park to you, and then forbid him till I wrote you this note, asking you to spare a moment to show him the Damascus glass and Arab fountain. He is, as you know, a man of great eminence, with a weakness for *painting*, which greatly hinders him in his science.—Ever your loving J. R."

4 (p. 42). (1879.) "I expected so much help from you after those orange [lemon] trees of yours!"

5 (p. 112). "I was much struck—seriously—by the photograph from your fresco [in Lyndhurst Church]: it is wonderfully fine in action."

6, 7, and 8 (pp. 120–122) are given in Vol. XXXVI. pp. 445–447 (where in the last line but one of No. 8, "peace" was misprinted "place").

TO DEAN LIDDELL

Henry George Liddell, D.D., Dean of Christ Church, Oxford: a Memoir, by the Rev. Henry L. Thompson, 1899.

This book contains six letters from Ruskin. Of these—

1 (p. 82) is printed in Vol. XXXV. p. 203 *n.*
2 (pp. 216–222) is printed in Vol. III. pp. 667–671.
3 (pp. 222–228) is printed in Vol. III. pp. 671–674.
4 (pp. 228–229) is printed *above*, p. 2.

5 (p. 229). To Mrs. Liddell.—"I never dine out, tired or not. There is really nothing that makes me more nervously uncomfortable than the sound of voices becoming indecipherable round a clatter of knives."

6 (p. 230). "Many persons," Liddell had written, "wish to possess your books, and cannot procure them except at a price which is prohibitive to all but the wealthy; moreover the profit of the large prices demanded goes, not to you (as it ought), but to speculating booksellers or agents." "The speculating booksellers," replied Ruskin, "make no profit on my books, except on those which are out of print by my own wish. The others are perfectly accessible, venal to all men; the best of them for the price of a couple of bottles of good Sillery, and they shall not be sold cheaper. All my purposes in this matter are told at some length in *Fors*."
Other letters to Liddell, hitherto unprinted, are included in this edition.

[1] [Lent by Leighton to Ruskin to show at Oxford: see above, p. 424 *n.*]

TO SIR OLIVER LODGE, F.R.S.

"Mr. Ruskin's Attitude to Science. Illustrated by Letters," in *St. George*, vol. viii. (October 1905), pp. 279–295.

"Mr. Ruskin and his Life Work," in *St. George*, vol. ix. (January 1906), pp. 1–9.

These two articles by Sir Oliver Lodge contain eighteen letters from Ruskin. Of these—

NO.

1 (p. 284) is printed *above*, p. 513.

2 (p. 285) is printed *above*, p. 517.

The passage, lines 4 *seq.*, "and it seems to me . . . alternation and progression. But," was omitted in *St. George*.

3 (pp. 285–286) is printed *above*, p. 520.

The following passages were omitted in *St. George*:—lines 8 *seq.*, "and I meant it . . . more than this"; lines 15 *seq.*, "3rd . . . invaluable to me"; lines 28 *seq.*, "But please observe . . . foot of water at the bottom."

4 (pp. 286–287) is printed *above*, p. 521.

The last five lines were omitted in *St. George*.

5 (pp. 287–288) is printed *above*, p. 522.

6 (pp. 288–289) is printed *above*, p. 524.

7 (p. 290) is printed *above*, p. 524.

The first five lines ("Please, I want . . . for me yet. And") were omitted in *St. George*.

8 (p. 291) is printed *above*, p. 526.

9 (pp. 291–292) is printed *above*, p. 526.

10 (pp. 292–293) is printed *above*, p. 528.

11 (pp. 293–294) is printed *above*, p. 529.

Lines 2–8 ("having got . . . begin with!") were omitted in *St. George*; also the *P.S.*

12 (pp. 294–295) is printed *above*, p. 531.

13 (vol. ix. p. 2) is printed *above*, p. 540.

14 (pp. 2–3) is printed *above*, p. 540.

15 (p. 3) is printed *above*, p. 542.

16 (p. 5) is printed *above*, p. 558.

The last paragraph ("Then—the impression . . . I am always") was omitted in *St. George*.

17 (p. 5) is printed *above*, p. 559.

18 (p. 6) is printed *above*, p. 562.

The first few lines ("The letters . . . want of Gold forsooth") were omitted in *St. George*.

A letter from Mrs. Severn (p. 9) is printed in Vol. XXXIV. p. 732.

TO MISS KATIE MACDONALD (1885–1888)

"The Friends of Living Creatures and John Ruskin." Two articles in the *Fortnightly Review*, September and October, 1907, pp. 373–390, 592–609, by Katie Macdonald Goring.

These articles give account of a children's society called "The Friends of Living Creatures," which had elected Ruskin its "President" or "Papa" (see the Introduction, Vol. XXXVI. pp. lxxvi.–lxxviii.). The articles contain twenty-eight letters, or extracts from letters, from Ruskin. Of these—

NO.

1. January 22, 1885 (p. 381) is printed *above*, p. 510.

2. February 24, 1885 (pp. 383–384); *above*, p. 523.

NO.

3 (p. 385). "DEAR KATIE'S MAMA,—Many and many thanks for your note, but it is all entirely, as you feel, right between Katie and me. . . . To me it is now the highest privilege and the greatest help of life to be loved by such children." [1]

4 (p. 385 [2]). "BRANTWOOD, *25th March*, '85.—DARLING KATIE,—I *must* write to you once more to-day, and tell you I've sent your pretty letter on to Francesca, whom I was just writing to. She will like so much to hear of the Society. Please also tell those boys how extremely wicked I think them to leave us—and ask them what they ever expect to be worth, either as boys or men, if they can't keep in the same mind two months.

"I am so very sorry you're ill. Get well fast, and we'll soon find some truer knights.—Ever your loving PAPA R."

5 (p. 592 [3]). "BRANTWOOD, *22nd April*, '86.—DARLING KATIE,—I am so very, very glad of your letter. When Mama last wrote to me, you had a bad cold—and I was always expecting to have a line to say you were better, and none came, and I was anxious. The stories are not untidy—but they're not quite as true as I want them to be, I think,—but I'll read them again now, and return with advice. I am extremely glad to hear of the big boy of sixteen joining you: pray, if boys of sixteen will condescend to join a children's society, instantly take them as Honorary Members. I think you should even allow old people to join—for they can be so useful. You needn't admit them to any voting, or other privileges of the Society's regular members. Much love to you all. Criticism to-morrow.—Ever your loving Papa, J. RUSKIN.

"I should like to write always like this—but can't—else there would be no saying all I wanted to."

6 (p. 592). "The rat paper, which I return at once for fear of losing it, is better done than most *men* could have done it. Give C. T. my true thanks—but say that I think one piece of direction is wanting,—How to *wash* a rat!"

7 (p. 592). "*May 7th.*—I hope to see you soon—for I'm just starting for London. . . . I'll write again from Herne Hill."

8 (p. 593). "*May* 20.—What is your time of meeting? I have a lunch at two in West Kensington. I could scarcely count on leaving till four, but then I could come up to Bedford Park—I don't know where that is—and perhaps see—somebody."

9 (p. 593). "*May* 22.—If arriving at Turnham Green at 4.41 will do, I will do my best not to fail you—and once there will be wholly under your orders, as good papas always should be to good daughters—and we'll *both* be under Mama's orders, after that.—Ever your loving PAPA F.L.C.

"It's very nice to have six mamas for honorary members."

10 (p. 600). "DARLING KATIE,—I was very happy in coming and so sorry in leaving you and the officers of the Society that I had no thought of any other flowers till too late! But I was as happy in having had them given me."

[1] ["Katie's Mama" had written hoping that her little daughter's letter would not vex him.]

[2] [An extract only was given in the *Fortnightly*. The little girl had written to inform Ruskin that "some boys have left the Society."]

[3] [An extract only was given in the *Fortnightly*.]

NO.

11. May 1885 (pp. 382, 600) is printed *above*, p. 535.

12 (pp. 600–601). "SWEETEST KATIE,—It is so very sad that I can't come to you again this time—but I'm quite tired out by this London, and forced to go back to my hills to-morrow. But you know we must be happy in loving each other through the air—or we should always be unhappy in this world which won't let us fly through it. . . . The silver badge is being designed. There will be no difficulty in getting silver enough, when first we get a pretty design. If you only knew how much I wanted to come you would be sorry for me.—Ever your lovingest PAPA F.L.C.

"How lucky it is for that poor K[1] left out in the cold that he isn't a living creature."

13 (p. 601) is printed *above*, p. 538 *n.*
14. July 3, 1885 (p. 601); *above*, p. 537.
15. September 8, 1885 (p. 602); *above*, p. 539.

16 (p. 602). (Telegram.) "So glad of your letter. Love to you all. I've two stories for you of a good little leopard and learned elephant.—JOHN RUSKIN."

17 (pp. 602–603). "I am very proud and happy with your pretty letter and the signatures of all the Society—and I do not think you need be anxious for me any more, for, except that I am very lazy and stupid, I can't find much the matter with me—and I'm going to be ever so careful, and run no chance of making myself ill and my little Katie unhappy again.

"Mama says you are vexed because some little members have left your—and their—ranks. Don't be vexed, but patient. . . . I am ashamed of having got you no new members myself, but I was first busy and then ill. I enclose you to-day the story of the elephant—that of the leopard was told me by a young lady of Edinburgh, Miss S., who draws animals beautifully and has a 'way' with them that they like. This leopard, though full-grown, was perfectly tame, and as playful as a kitten. She painted it sitting close beside it, and its great delight was being stroked under the chin.

"I enclose also a nice girl's account of her pet cats."

18 (p. 603). "BRANTWOOD, 18*th Oct.* '85.—DARLING KATIE,—By all means take in the Branch Society of Poor Children—it is one of the most cherished of my purposes to bring the joy of the love of animals to the children of the poor. What *do* you think? I'm promised a tame sea-gull, and mean it to take care of all my quill pens—and keep the old cat, Tootles, from being too lazy—or impudent.—Ever your lovingest PAPA."

19 (p. 603). "BRANTWOOD, 27*th Nov.* '85.—DARLING KATIE,—I think the proposals are admirable; and I look with the greatest delight to the future of the May Branch—and of June and July Branches. It is rather hard upon June, I think, that while there are plenty of sweet Mays, Julias, and Augustas, there are no pretty Junias. I was very wrong not to acknowledge Miss May Garnett's letter[2]—but I hope, as I get less stupid after my illness, to behave better. My Sea-gull is getting as saucy as you please—and thinks nothing of jumping up and snatching things out of my hand—but I don't know how to set about teaching him manners. I have still somewhere, quite safe, a book of the Society's—with nice stories in it which must go into the Journal. I keep getting better—and am always glad of a word of you from my Katie.—Ever your loving PAPA R."

[1] [See Letter 11; above, p. 535.]
[2] [Eldest daughter of Dr. Richard Garnett. It was she who had proposed affiliating her Society of Poor Children with the F.L.C.]

NO.

20 (p. 603). "DARLING KATIE,—Please don't write on red paper. I simply *cannot* read your letter—it hurts my eyes so. And don't to other people. It's bad for theirs. Write on pale rose or pale green. . . . I haven't answered the Secretary's letter yet, nor looked at the book."

21 (p. 604). *January*, 1886.—"Yes, I got your picture[1] all safe, but I hate pictures—what's the use of a thing that can't talk or kiss?—besides—it's a little sentimental and affected. Not that the sentiment isn't in you—but it shouldn't show so much. The Editor's photo teases me because it isn't coloured . . . it's dreadfully tantalising to live here with shadows of you all in the hill-silence."

22 (p. 604). *February*, 1886.—"The pen won't write—the ink won't run—the days will—and here's another nearly run off—and I haven't thanked you for member list or lovely song—and here's such a pretty Valentine from Diamond Eyes—and I don't know her address—oh, dear, what can I ever do without getting some glimpses and kisses!"

23. March 15, 1886 (p. 604); *above*, p. 555.
24. May 4, 1886 (p. 604); *above*, p. 561.
25. May 18, 1886 (p. 605); *above*, p. 563.

26 (p. 605). "BRANTWOOD, 31*st Dec.*, '86.—DARLING KATIE,—I am so glad to be able to send you a little chirp—like the birds, meaning Happy New Year, and ever so much more.

"You would be happy to see my tits and robins, waiting at my window in the first light—and saying good-night to me in the last light. Birds are really *very* happy at Brantwood. . . .

"Please say to the Society that I'm still its proud Papa—if they'll have me—and never think of them but with new delight.—Ever your loving

"JOHN RUSKIN."

27. February 9, 1888 (p. 608); *above*, p. 597.
28. February 16, 1888 (p. 608); *above*, p. 598.

TO ALFRED MACFEE

World Literature, March 1892, contained one letter; printed in Vol. XXVII. p. 179 *n.*

TO THE REV. F. A. MALLESON

The various publications in which Ruskin's letters to the Rev. F. A. Malleson Vicar of Broughton-in-Furness, have been printed, are enumerated in Vol. XXXIV. pp. 179–183, where a synopsis of all the letters is also given (pp. 184–187).

As there shown, Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, 20, 21, 24, 25, 29, 36, 43, 53, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, and 63 were reserved for the present collection. Of these—

NO.

1 is printed *above*, p. 53.

2. [1872?]—"I am so ashamed of keeping R.'s book—but it's impossible for me to look at it properly till I have done my lecture, so much must be left undone of it anyhow. . . . Yes—you were glad to find we were at one in many thoughts. So was I. But we are not yet, you know, at one in our *sight* of this world and the dark ways of it. I hope to have you for a St. George's soldier one day."

[1] [A portrait of "Katie," which her mama had sent to Ruskin.]

NO.

3 is printed *above*, p. 171.
4 is printed *above*, p. 207.
20 is printed *above*, p. 295.

"Cross" is here a correction for "Crosse."

21 is printed *above*, p. 295.

In line 10, "send" is a correction for "sent."

24 is printed *above*, p. 296.
25 is printed *above*, p. 298.

29. "*September 16th*, 1879.—I should have returned these two recent letters before now, but have been looking for the earlier letters which have got mislaid in a general rearrangement of all things by a new secretary. I am almost sure to come on them to-morrow in my own packing up for town, where I must be for a month hence. Please address, etc."

36 is printed *above*, p. 300.
43 is printed *above*, p. 314.

53. "*July 15th*, 1880.— . . . It is a further light to me, on your curious differences from most clergymen, very wonderful and venerable to me, that you should understand Byron!"

56 is printed *above*, p. 353.
57 is printed *above*, p. 354.

58. "*26th May* [1881].—DEAR MALLESON,—I should be delighted to see Canon Weston and you any day: but I want J—— to be at home, and she is going to town next week for a month, and will be fussy till she goes. She promises to be back faithfully within the week after that—within the Sunday, I mean. Fix any day or any choice of days if one is wet after the said Sunday, and we shall both be in comfort ready.

"If Canon Weston or you are going away anywhere, come any day before that suits you.

"In divinity matters I am obliged to stop—for my sins, I suppose. But it seems I am almost struck mad when I think earnestly about them, and I'm only reading now natural history or nature.

"Never mind Autograph people, they are never worth the scratch of a pen.—Ever affectionately yours, J. R."

59. "*August 26th*, 1881.—I'm in furious bad humour with the weather, and cannot receive just now at all, having had infinitely too much of indoors, and yet unable to draw for darkness, or write for temper. But I will see Mr. —— if he has any other reason than curiosity for wishing to see me—what does he want with me?"

60 is printed *above*, p. 375.

61. "ANNECY, SAVOY, *November 15th*, 1882.—I have got your kind little note of the 11th yesterday, and am entirely glad to hear of your papers on the Duddon.[1]

[1] ["Wordsworth and the Duddon," printed in *Good Words* in 1883, and included in Mr. Malleson's *Holiday Studies* (1890).]

I shall be very happy indeed if you find any pleasure in remembering our walk to the tarn.[1] I hope I know now better how to manage myself in all ways, and we may still have some pleasant talks, my health not failing me."

62 is printed *above*, p. 421.
63 is printed *above*, p. 433.

TO H. S. MARKS, R.A.

Pen and Pencil Sketches. By Henry Stacy Marks, R.A. 2 vols., 1894.

This work contains twenty letters, or extracts from letters, by Ruskin. Of these—

NO.
1, 2 (vol. i. pp. 95–106)—on Frederick Walker—are printed in Vol. XIV. pp. 339–343.
3 (vol. ii. p. 165) is printed in Vol. XIII. p. xxxviii.
4 (p. 169) is printed *above*, p. 229.
5 (pp. 169–170) is printed *above*, p. 234.
6 (pp. 170–171) is printed *above*, p. 232.
7 (p. 171) is printed *above*, p. 229.
8 (p. 172) is printed *above*, p. 230.
9 (pp. 172–173) is printed *above*, p. 230.
10 (p. 173) is printed *above*, p. 230 *n.*
11 (pp. 175–176) is printed *above*, p. 242.
12 (p. 177) is printed *above*, p. 242 *n.*
13 (pp. 177–178) is printed *above*, p. 301.
14 (pp. 178–179) is printed *above*, p. 302.
In line 4 from the end, "her eyes" is a correction for "his eyes" in *Marks*.
15 (pp. 179–180) is printed *above*, p. 365.
16 (p. 181) is printed *above*, p. 230.
17 (p. 181) is printed *above*, p. 589.
18 (pp. 182–183) is printed *above*, p. 366.
19 (pp. 184–185) is printed *above*, p. 366.
20 (p. 185). "BRANTWOOD, *July*, 1883.—It is a great joy to me that the Zoo will be so happily possible. All the news you give me of the gardens, and all the messages from the beasts delight my heart, and I have a number of my bird-studies just waiting till I've seen the guillemots under water."

For another letter to Marks (*Kate Greenaway*, p. 109), see *above*, p. 302.

TO THE REV. F. D. MAURICE

Two Letters concerning "Notes on the Construction of Sheepfolds." See Vol. XII. pp. 514, 561–568.

TO PIETRO MAZZINI

An Italian illustrated newspaper, containing some notes by Signor Ojetti, gave in Italian two letters from Ruskin to his gondolier. These are printed *above*, pp. 332, 581.

[1] [Goat's Water, under the Old Man of Coniston: for a note on the walk, see Vol. XXXIV. p. 216 *n.*]

TO HENRY MERRITT

Henry Merritt, Art Criticism and Romance. With Recollections, and twenty-three etchings, by Anna Lea Merritt. 2 vols., London (Kegan Paul), 1879.

This book contains (in vol. i. pp. 42–43) two letters from Ruskin. They are printed in Vol. XXVII. p. 486.

TO MRS. HUGH MILLER

Life and Letters of Hugh Miller, by Peter Bayne, 1871.

One letter (pp. 486–488); printed in Vol. XXXVI. p. 258. The letter was reprinted in *Ruskiniana*, see below, p. 725.

TO MISS MITFORD

The Friendships of Mary Russell Mitford as recorded in Letters from her Literary Correspondents. Edited by the Rev. A. G. L'Estrange. 2 vols., London (Hurst & Blackett), 1882.

This book contains in vol. ii. four letters from Ruskin. Of these—

NO.
1 (pp. 108–111, wrongly dated "1853" instead of "1848") is printed in Vol. XXXVI. p. 85.
2 (pp. 119–120), Vol. XXXVI. p. 164.
3 (pp. 122–123), Vol. XXXVI. p. 170.
4 (pp. 126–127, wrongly dated "1854" instead of "1848"), Vol. XXXVI. p. 89.

The letters were reprinted in *Ruskiniana*, see below, p. 725. Other letters, hitherto unprinted, are included in this edition.

TO JAMES MORTIMER

The *Morning Post* of April 9, 1906, contains one letter; *above*, p. 539.

TO J. F. MOSS

Three letters, first printed in newspapers, and reprinted in *Ruskiniana:* see Vol. XXX. pp. 318, 319.

TO F. W. H. MYERS

Fragments of Prose and Poetry. By Frederic W. H. Myers. Edited by his wife, Eveleen Myers. London (Longmans), 1904.

This book contains (on pp. 23, 24) three letters from Ruskin. Of these, two (to Myers) are given above, pp. 184, 185; the third (to Prince Leopold about Myers), above, p. 54.

TO HENRY R. NEWMAN

"An American Studio in Florence," by H. Buxton Forman, in *The Manhattan: an Illustrated Literary Magazine.* New York, June 1884.

This article contains four letters; printed in Vol. XXX. pp. lxxiii., lxxiv., 208, 232.

TO CHARLES ELIOT NORTON

Professor Charles Eliot Norton printed his letters from Ruskin in three different forms, and owing to variations in the several transcripts the bibliography is tiresome and complicated.

(1) Extracts from Ruskin's letters were first embodied in the series of Introductions which Professor Norton contributed to an American copyright issue, called the "Brantwood Edition," of several of Ruskin's books issued in 1891 by Messrs. Merrill & Co., New York, by arrangement with Mr. George Allen. The Introductions in which letters, or extracts from letters, occur are those to *Aratra Pentelici, Eagle's Nest, Ethics of the Dust, A Joy for Ever, Munera Pulveris, Queen of the Air, Stones of Venice* (Travellers' Edition), *Val d'Arno*, and *Ariadne Florentina*. (The last mentioned was not issued till 1904.) In all thirty-six letters are quoted from in these Introductions. The number of quotations is thirty-seven, but one extract is given twice. The "Brantwood Edition" of the various works mentioned above has been recorded in the respective Bibliographical Notes. A notice of Professor Norton's Introductions, with citations from many of the letters, appeared in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, April 19, 1892.

(2) Professor Norton next published a selection of his Letters from Ruskin, with comments and reminiscences of his own, in five numbers of the *Atlantic Monthly*, 1904—May, vol. 93, pp. 577–588; June, vol. 93, pp. 797–806; July, vol. 94, pp. 8–19; August, vol. 94, pp. 161–170; and September, vol. 94, pp. 378–388.

(3) Lastly, Professor Norton collected the letters, etc., from the *Atlantic Monthly*, and added others, in a book with the following title-page:—

> Letters | of | John Ruskin | to | Charles Eliot Norton | In Two Volumes | Volume I [Volume II] | Boston and New York | Houghton, Mifflin and Company | The Riverside Press, Cambridge | 1904.

Octavo; *volume i.*, pp. xviii.+262. Title-page (with imprint on the reverse—"Copyright 1904 by Charles Eliot Norton | All rights reserved | *Published November*, 1904"), pp. iii.–iv.; Preface, pp. v.–x.; Contents of Volume I., pp. xi.–xv.; List of Illustrations, p. xvii.; Letters, etc., pp. 1–261. On p. 262 is the imprint, "The Riverside Press | Electrotyped and printed by H. O. Houghton & Co. | Cambridge, Mass., U.S.A."

Volume ii., pp. xiv.+244. Title-page (as before), pp. iii.–iv.; Contents of Volume II., pp. v.–xi.; List of Illustrations, p. xiii.; Letters, etc., pp. 1–223; Index, pp. 227–243; Imprint (as before) on p. 244.

Issued in black cloth boards, lettered on the front cover "Letters of John Ruskin | To Charles Eliot Norton," and up the back "Letters | of | John Ruskin | To | Charles Eliot | Norton | I [II] | Houghton | Mifflin & Co."

In the Preface, Professor Norton fell into an inaccuracy which the present editors desire to correct. He wrote:—

> "It is with reluctance and question that I have brought myself to publish these letters. I had contemplated leaving them in such condition that, perhaps, some of them might be printed after my death. In my judgment Ruskin himself published, or permitted to be published, far too many of his letters,—some of them, as it seemed to me, such as should never have been printed. In his later years much even of what he wrote for publication could not but cause regret to every reader of sensitive appreciation, as affording evidence of weakened faculty of judgment by its lack of self-control and becoming reticence. I had no disposition to run the risk of adding to the mass of ill-advised publications, which gave a false impression of a man not less remarkable for the essential beauty of his disposition than for the astonishing force and variety of his genius. But the editors of the final, complete edition of Ruskin's writings now in course of issue were urgent with me to put them in possession of his letters to me, [not only] for

use in their thorough and, in many respects, admirable biographical introductions to the separate works, [but also for complete publication in one of the volumes]. I recognized the force of their claim. No other series of his letters extended unbroken over so long a term of years, or was likely to possess so much autobiographical interest,—comparatively little, indeed, as a record of events, but much as a record of moods and mental conditions. As a picture of character the letters as a whole were unique. But I was unwilling to entrust the charge of selecting and editing them to any one; especially to any one who had not known Ruskin in his better days and had not known me at all. Influenced by these considerations I finally resolved upon the present publication."

Mr. Norton's memory was here at fault. He began publishing extracts, as will have been seen, from his letters from Ruskin in 1891—more than ten years before the present edition was projected. Further, the editors were never urgent with him, and he did not consult them; had he done so, they would have pressed him to print less. No complete publication was ever thought of by them, all that was suggested being a limited use of his letters to be agreed upon with Mr. Norton. These letters, though numerous, would have formed but a small part of the vast material from which the editors have had to select. It is, however, enough to say that on receipt of the volumes Mr. Wedderburn at once (October 29, 1904) wrote to Mr. Norton to the above effect; that Mr. Norton (January 9, 1905) promised to omit the statement objected to in future editions; and that the words indicated above [*sic*] have since been struck out. The editors do not agree that Ruskin's "better days" ended in the spring of 1874, and nearly half of the letters printed by Mr. Norton are of a later date. It should be added that Mr. Norton's volumes are not available except in America, and that neither the editors nor Ruskin's representatives here are in any way responsible for his selection.

The book has been twice reprinted in America; a few of the mistakes in ed. 1 were corrected in ed. 2.

Reviews of the book appeared in the *Times* (Literary Supplement), February 10, and in the *Spectator*, March 18, 1905.

The following synopsis enumerates all Ruskin's printed letters (or extracts from letters) to Norton; mentions where they have severally been printed; and indicates the variations. The fullest collection is that last described, and as the letters are there numbered (in the Lists of Contents), those numbers are retained; additions (of letters not included in the book) being distinguished by alphabetical letters. A few letters of little interest or significance are printed here instead of in the principal collection:—

1. October 31, 1855. *Atlantic*, May, p. 577; *Norton*, vol. i. pp. 3–4.—Vol. XXXVI. p. 222.

1A. A letter to Mrs. Carlyle is printed in *Aratra*, pp. viii.–xi.—Given in Vol. V. p. xlix.

2. July 18, 1856. *Atlantic*, May, p. 578; *Norton*, i. 7.—Vol. XXXVI. p. 241.

3. October 1856. *Atlantic*, May, p. 578; *Norton*, i. 8.—Vol. XXXVI. p. 246.

4. October 1856. *Atlantic*, May, p. 578; *Norton*, i. 9.—The letter is as follows—"Denmark Hill.—Dear Norton,—Most unwillingly I am forced—I'll tell you how when we meet—to give up my walk this afternoon, but I'll come and take tea with you at eight if I may.—Ever affectionately yours, J. R."

5. October 28, 1856. *Atlantic*, May, p. 579; *Norton*, i. 9. As follows:—"*Wednesday, 28th.*—Dear Norton,—I do hope you have faith enough in me to understand how much I am vexed at not being able to come and see you. Of course I could run upstairs and down again at Fenton's sometimes, but what would be the use of that? Could you come out to see me to-morrow, Thursday, about half-past two? If not, I can come into town on Friday, about two.

"Please, if you can't come to-morrow, send me a line to say if you can be at home on Friday.—Yours affectionately, J. Ruskin."

6. From J. J. Ruskin. *Norton*, i. 10. As follows:—"DENMARK HILL [*November* 3, 1856].—DEAR SIR,—Mr. Dallas, formerly editor of the *Edinburgh Guardian* and now attached to a great London paper, may dine here on Saturday (the only day he can dine out). It would give Mrs. Ruskin, myself, and son great pleasure to see you at dinner on Saturday next, 8 November, at six o'clock. I think you said you did not leave for a week. An answer would oblige, dear Sir, yours truly,
"JOHN JAMES RUSKIN."

7. November 1856. *Norton*, i. 24.—Vol. XXXVI. p. 246.

8. December 28, 1856. *Atlantic*, May, pp. 583–584; *Norton*, i. 25–31.—Vol. XXXVI. p. 250.

9. May 1857. Partly printed in *A Joy for Ever*, pp. ix.–xi., and *Stones of Venice*, pp. ix.–xii. (where it is dated "1859"). The longer part thus printed is given in Vol. IX. pp. xxvii.–xxix. from the above sources. Fully printed in *Atlantic*, May, pp. 585–587; *Norton*, i. 32–39.—Vol. XXXVI. p. 260.

From this full publication, it appears that the following passage was omitted in the previous version (between "so it must go as it is" and "There was only one place"):—"but à propos of fish, mind you get a fisherman to bring you two or three *cavalli di mare*, and put them in a basin in your room, and see them swim. But don't keep them more than a day, or they'll die; put them into the canal again."

A collation of Professor Norton's later with his earlier publication shows (on the assumption that the later is the more accurate) that the following corrections should be made in Vol. IX. p. xxviii. (where the earlier version was followed):—

Line 3, *insert* "just" *before* "as you"; 10, *for* "didn't" *read* "wouldn't"; last line but one, *for* "the" *read* "*this*"; p. xxix. line 1, *for* "lovely" *read* "lonely."

10. September 24, 1857. An extract in *Munera*, p. ii. (where, in line 13 of the letter as here published, the word "always" was omitted). The whole letter in *Atlantic*, June, pp. 797–799; *Norton*, i. 50–55.—Vol. XXXVI. p. 267.

11. November 6, 1857. *Norton*, i. 55–56.—Vol. XXXVI. p. 269.

12. December 5, 1857. *Atlantic*, June, p. 799; *Norton*, i. 56–59.—Vol. XXXVI. p. 270.

13. February 28, 1858. *Atlantic*, June, p. 800; *Norton*, i. 59–62. A large part of this letter had appeared, with some differences, in a publication issued by Mr. Norton in 1874, and was thence reprinted in *Arrows of the Chace*, 1880, vol. i. p. 123, with a page in facsimile. This part, with the facsimile, is given in Vol. XIII. pp. 324–325. For the rest of the letter, see Vol. XXXVI. p. 277, where additional facsimiles given in *Norton* are reproduced.

14. From J. J. Ruskin. *Atlantic*, June, pp. 800–801; *Norton*, i. 62–65. Vol. XXXVI. p. 277 *n.*

In line 26, "say written" in *Norton* must be a misprint for "nay written."

15. October 24, 1858. *Atlantic*, June, pp. 801–802; *Norton*, i. 65–68.—Vol. XXXVI. p. 293.

16. November 29, 1858. *Atlantic*, June, pp. 802–803 (without the *P.S.*); *Norton*, i. 72–75.—Vol. XXXVI. p. 294.

17. December 28, 1858. *Atlantic*, June, pp. 803–804; *Norton*, i. 75–78.—Vol. XXXVI. p. 296.

18. July 31, 1859. *Atlantic*, June, pp. 804–805; *Norton*, i. 79–82.—Vol. XXXVI. p. 310.

19. August 15, 1859. *Atlantic*, June, p. 805; *Norton*, i. 83–86.—Vol. XXXVI. p. 312.

20. To J. R. Lowell. *Norton*, i. 86–89.—Vol. XXXVI. p. 326.

21. December 10, 1859. *Atlantic*, June, pp. 805–806; *Norton*, i. 89–92.—Vol. XXXVI. p. 329.

22. May 15, 1860. *Atlantic*, July, p. 9; *Norton*, i. 95–97.—Vol. XXXVI. p. 334.

23. July 12, 1860. *Atlantic*, July, pp. 9–10; *Norton*, i. 97–99.—Vol. XXXVI. p. 338.

24. November 4, 1860. *Norton,* i. 100–103. An extract in *Munera,* p. xiii.—Vol. XXXVI. p. 346.

In line 13, for "and look" *Munera* has "to look."

25. February 25, 1861. An extract in *Munera,* pp. xiii.–xiv. The letter in *Atlantic* (in part only), July, pp. 10–11; *Norton,* i. 103–109.—Vol. XXXVI. p. 355.

In line 15 from end, "that" was omitted in *Munera;* line 14 from end, "it is true" also omitted; line 13, "now" inserted after "might."

26. June 2, 1861. *Norton,* i. 109–113.—Vol. XXXVI. p. 366.

27. From J. J. Ruskin. *Norton,* i. 114–116.—Vol. XXXVI. p. 380 *n.*

28. August 26, 1861. *Atlantic,* July, pp. 11–12; *Norton,* i. 116–120.—Vol. XXXVI. p. 379.

29. January 6, 1862. *Atlantic,* July, pp. 12–13; *Norton,* i. 121–123.—Vol. XXXVI. p. 402.

30. January 19, 1862. *Norton,* i. 123–126.—Vol. XXXVI. p. 404.

31. April 28, 1862. *Atlantic,* July, p. 13; *Norton,* i. 127–128.—Vol. XXXVI. p. 406.

32. August 28, 1862. *Atlantic* (in part only), July, pp. 13–14; *Norton,* i. 128–131.—Vol. XXXVI. p. 422.

33. December 24, 1862. *Atlantic,* July, p. 14; *Norton,* i. 131–134.—Vol. XXXVI. p. 426.

34. February 10, 1863. An extract in *Ethics,* p. x. *Atlantic,* July, pp. 14–15; *Norton,* i. 134–137.—Vol. XXXVI. p. 432.

In lines 22, 23, the words "as those . . . show" were omitted in *Ethics.*

35. March 10, 1863. An extract in *Ethics,* p. ix. The whole letter in *Atlantic* (parts only), July, p. 15; *Norton,* i. 138–142.—Vol. XXXVI. p. 436.

On p. 436, lines 2 and 3 from bottom, in *Ethics,* "the loneliness is very great, and the peace in which I am at present is only as if . . . "; in *Norton,* "the loneliness is very great, if the peace in which I am at present . . ., and the peace is only as if"; a note being added to the . . ., "A word is apparently omitted here." Probably, however, "if the peace" should be "in the peace."

36. July 29, 1863. An extract in *Ethics,* pp. ix.–x. *Norton,* i. 142–144.—Vol. XXXVI. p. 449.

37. October 6, 1863. An extract in *Ethics,* pp. x.–xi. *Norton,* i. 144–145.—Vol. XXXVI. p. 456.

38. August 6, 1864. An extract in *Ethics,* p. xi. The whole in *Atlantic,* July, p. 16; *Norton,* i. 146–147.—Vol. XXXVI. p. 474.

39. August 15, 1865. An extract in *Ethics,* p. xi. The whole (except the *P.S.*) in *Atlantic,* July, p. 17; *Norton,* i. 149–151.—Vol. XXXVI. p. 495.

In line 8, *Ethics* has "gardener . . . disturbs."

40. September 11, 1865. *Atlantic,* July, p. 17; *Norton,* i. 151–152.—Vol. XXXVI. p. 496.

41. October 10, 1865. An extract in *Ethics,* pp. xi.–xii. The whole letter in *Norton,* i. 152–153.—Vol. XXXVI. p. 497.

42. January 10, 1866. *Norton,* i. 153–154.—Vol. XXXVI. p. 500.

43. January 11, 1866. An extract in *Ethics,* p. xii. The whole letter in *Norton,* i. 154–156.—Vol. XXXVI. p. 500.

44. January 28, 1866. *Norton,* i. 156–157.—Vol. XXXVI. p. 501.

45. March 27, 1866. *Atlantic,* July, p. 17; *Norton,* i. 157–159.—Vol. XXXVI. p. 503.

46. August 18, 1866. *Norton,* i. 159–160.—Vol. XXXVI. p. 511.

47. December 28, 1866. *Norton,* i. 160–161.—Vol. XXXVI. p. 521.

48. January 23, 1867. *Atlantic,* July, pp. 17–18; *Norton,* i. 162–164.—Vol. XXXVI. p. 522.

49. March 12, 1867. *Norton,* i. 164–165.—Vol. XXXVI. p. 525.

50. August 8, 1867. *Atlantic,* July, pp. 18–19; *Norton,* i. 166–169.—Vol. XXXVI. p. 533.

51. November 20, 1867. *Atlantic*, July, p. 19 (with some omissions); fully in *Norton*, i. 169–171.—Vol. XXXVI. p. 545.

52. July 20, 1868. *Atlantic*, August, p. 162; *Norton*, i. 179–180.—Vol. XXXVI. p. 552.

53. August 22, 1868. *Atlantic*, August, pp. 162–163; *Norton*, i. 180–182.—Vol. XXXVI. p. 552.

54. August 31, 1868. *Norton*, i. 182–183.—Vol. XXXVI. p. 553.

55. September 11, 1868. *Atlantic*, August, p. 163; *Norton*, i. 183–185.—Vol. XXXVI. p. 555.

56. September 22, 1868. *Norton*, i. 185–186.—Vol. XXXVI. p. 555.
57. October 18, 1868. ,, i. 186–187. ,, p. 556.
58. October 21, 1868. ,, i. 187–188. ,, p. 557.

59. October, 1868. To Mrs. Norton. *Norton*, i. 189–190.—Vol. XXXVI. p. 558.

60. To Mrs. Norton. *Norton*, i. 190–192.—Vol. XXXVI. p. 558.
61. ,, ,, ,, i. 192–193. ,, p. 559.
62. ,, ,, *Norton*, i. 193–194. ,, p. 560.

63. February, 1869, with enclosures. *Atlantic*, August, pp. 163–164; *Norton*, i. 196–199. For the enclosures, see Vol. XXXVI. pp. 1, 2.—Vol. XXXVI. p. 562.

64. April 12, 1869. *Norton*, i. 199–200.—Vol. XXXVI. p 563.
65. April 13, ,, ,, i. 201–202. ,, p. 564.

In line 2, *Norton* reads "proof in their present state."

66. April 27, 1869. *Norton*, i. 202-203.—Vol. XXXVI. p. 564.
67. April 28, ,, ,, i. 203–204. ,, p. 565.
68. June 13, ,, ,, i. 204–206. ,, p. 568.
69. June 14, ,, ,, i. 206–208. ,, p. 569

In the last line of that page, "chapter" is here a correction for "chapters."

70. June 16, 1869. *Norton*, i. 209.—Vol. XXXVI. p. 570.

71. June 21, 24, 1869. Extracts in *Queen of the Air*, p. xiii. The whole letter in *Atlantic*, August, pp. 164–165; *Norton*, i. 210–214.—Vol. XXXVI. p. 571.

72. July 11, 1869. *Norton*, i. 214–216.—Vol. XXXVI. p. 573.

73. August 9, 1869. An extract in *Queen of the Air*, pp. xi.–xii. The whole letter in *Atlantic*, August, pp. 165–166; *Norton*, i. 216–219.—Vol. XXXVI. p. 576.

On p. 577, line 6 from foot, *Queen of the Air* has "covers" for "cover"; and in line 4, "all" was omitted.

74. August 14, 1869. *Norton*, i. 220–224.—Vol. XXXVI. p. 578.

In line 12 of p. 579, a full stop after "it" was deleted in ed. 2.

75. August 15, 1869. *Norton*, i. 224–226.—Vol. XXXVI. p. 580.
76. August 16, ,, ,, i. 227–228. ,, p. 582.
77. August 18, ,, ,, i. 228–235. ,, p. 582.

The sense of the first three lines of the "Pig Verses" (on p. 585) was obscured in *Norton* by wrong punctuation. A comma after "minds" has here been deleted, and one inserted after "That." In line 22, "ravin" is here a correction for "ravine."

78. August 18, 1869. *Norton*, i. 235–237.—Vol. XXXVI. p. 585.
79. August 30, ,, ,, i. 238–242. ,, p. 586.
80. August 31, ,, ,, i. 242–244. ,, p. 588.
81. September 12, 1869. ,, i. 245–247. ,, p. 590.
82. September 21, ,, ,, i. 247–249. ,, p. 591.
83. October 16, ,, ,, i. 250–253. ,, p. 596.
84. November 17, ,, ,, i. 253–256. ,, p. 597.
85. January 1, 1870. ,, i. 256–257.—*Above*, p. 2.

In line 16, a comma after "Glass" has been deleted.

86. March 26, 1870. *Norton*, i. 258–259.—*Above*, p. 5.
87. June 11, ,, ,, i. 259–261. ,, p. 6.

88. June 17, 1870. *Norton*, ii. p. 4.—*Above*, p. 7.
89. June 19, „ „ ii. 4–6. „ p. 7.
90. June 20, „ „ ii. 6–8. „ p. 8.
91. „ „ „ ii. 8–9. „ p. 9.

92. July 8, 1870. Extracts were put together in *Aratra*, p. vi. The full letter in *Norton*, ii. 9–11.—*Above*, p. 9.

93. July 12, 1870. *Norton*, ii. 11–12.—*Above*, p. 10.
94. July 29, „ „ ii. 12–13. „ p. 12.

In line 3 of p. 13, after "Rose," a semicolon was substituted in ed. 2 for a comma in ed. 1.

95. August 7, 1870. *Atlantic*, August, pp. 166–167; *Norton*, ii. 13–16.—*Above*, p. 13.

96. August 9, 1870. *Atlantic*, August, p. 167; *Norton*, ii. 16–17.—*Above*, p. 17.

97. August 14, 1870. *Norton*, ii. 17–18.—*Above*, p. 18.

98. August 17, 1870. *Norton*, ii. 18–20.—*Above*, p. 18.

99. 1870. Extracts in *Aratra*, p. vi. The whole letter in *Norton*, ii. 20–23.—*Above*, p. 19. For mistakes in *Norton*, see above, p. 20 *n*.

100. August 26, 1870. *Norton*, ii. 23–25.—*Above*, p. 21.

101. September 9, 1870. *Norton*, ii. 25–26.—*Above*, p. 22.

102. September 30, 1870. Extracts in *Aratra*, pp. vi.–vii. The whole letter in *Norton*, ii. 26–28.—*Above*, p. 23.

103. November 10, 1870. *Norton*, ii. 28–30.—*Above*, p. 24.

104. *Norton*, ii. 30–31. As follows:—"Shortest Day, 1870.—My dearest Charles, . . . I am giddy, a little, with overwork, or I would tell you something of lectures. They did not come out half what I wanted; the days seemed to melt into nothing at last. England *has* been bad for me, this time, but I won't live in a mere cobweb of fate any more. I'll send you some pamphlets, or the like, soon.—Ever your loving J. R."

105. February 23, 1871. Extract in *Eagle's Nest*, p. vii. The letter (more fully, but omitting part of the extract) in *Atlantic*, August, p. 167; *Norton*, ii. 31–32.—*Above*, p. 28.

The words "I am always unhappy . . . saying so. But" were in the *Eagle's Nest*, but omitted in the subsequent reprints; the *Eagle's Nest* had "settling" for "setting."

105a. "A week or two later." The following extract in *Eagle's Nest*, p. viii.:—"I have an increasingly bitter sense of the total aberration from all right and wise rules of education in Oxford, and of the solitary voice that this art teaching may become for calmness and sacredness of life."

106. April 3, 1871. An extract in *Eagle's Nest*, p. viii. The letter more fully in *Atlantic*, August, pp. 167–168; *Norton*, ii. 32–34.—*Above*, p. 29.

In the *Eagle's Nest*, some words were omitted in transcription. On page 30, line 1 (in this vol.), *Norton* printed "within (sight of!) her old master's grave."

107. May 18, 1871. *Norton*, ii. 34–35.—*Above*, p. 31.

108. May 28, 1871. Extract in *Eagle's Nest*, p. ix. The letter in *Norton*, ii. 35–36.—*Above*, p. 32.

108a, b, c. Undated extracts in *Eagle's Nest*, pp. ix., x.: "I can't do the tenth part of what I plan. A heap of things that I ought to do nods over my head like a breaking wave." "I am going to give £5000 to found the Mastership which will take the mechanical work off me, and block out Kensington. I've just finished Catalogue of those hundred pieces of Educational Series, and so on." "I am drawing breath, after much disturbed work at Oxford."

109. August 10, 1871. *Norton*, ii. 36–37.—*Above*, p. 34.

110. September 14, 1871. An extract in *Eagle's Nest*, pp. x.–xi. The whole letter in *Atlantic*, August, p. 168; *Norton*, ii. 37.—*Above*, p. 35.

111. September 15, 1871. Extract in *Eagle's Nest*, p. xi. The whole letter in *Norton*, ii. 38.—*Above*, p. 35.

112. September 24, 1871. *Atlantic* (in part), August, p. 168. More fully in *Norton*, ii. 38–40.—*Above*, p. 36.

113. November 1, 1871. *Norton*, ii. 40–41.—*Above*, p. 40.
114. November 3, 1871. Extract in *Eagle's Nest*, pp. xi.–xii. More fully in *Norton*, ii. 41.—*Above*, p. 41.
115. November 6, 1871. *Norton*, ii. 42–43.—*Above*, p. 41.
116. November 15, 1871. *Norton*, ii. 43–44.—*Above*, p. 42.
117. December 9, 1871. Extract in *Eagle's Nest*, p. xii. The whole letter in *Atlantic*, August, pp. 168–169; *Norton*, ii. 44–45.—*Above*, p. 44.
118. December 23, 1871. *Norton*, ii. 45–47.—*Above*, p. 45.
119. January 4, 1872. *Atlantic*, August, p. 169; *Norton*, ii. 47–48.—*Above*, p. 47.
120. *Norton*, ii. 48–49. As follows:—"[*January*] 28*th* [1872].— . . . I have the registered letter, and will pack the 'Slaver' forthwith. It is right that it should be in America, and I am well pleased in every way, and always your lovingest, J. Ruskin."
121. February 13, 1872. *Norton*, ii. 49–50.—*Above*, p. 50.
122. ,, ,, ,, ii. 50–51. ,, p. 51.
123. Easter, 1872. Extract in *Atlantic*, August, p. 169. The whole letter in *Norton*, ii. 51–52.—*Above*, p. 52.
124. August 10, 1872. *Norton*, ii. 53.—*Above*, p. 52.

In line 3, ed. 1 had a comma (instead of a semicolon) after "Vasari."

125. November 18, 1872. *Norton*, ii. 53–54.—*Above*, p. 54.
126. December 27, 1872. *Atlantic*, August, pp. 169–170; *Norton*, ii. 54–56.—*Above*, p. 55.
127. January 15, 1873. *Norton*, ii. 56–57.—*Above*, p. 57.
128. February 7, 1873. ,, ii. 57. ,, p. 58.
129. February 8, 1873. ,, ii. 57–58. ,, p. 58.
130. February 26, 1873. ,, ii. 59. ,, p. 63.
131. June 25, 1873. ,, ii. 65–66. ,, p. 69.
132. July 15, 1873. ,, ii. 66–68. ,, p. 70.
133. December 2, 1873. *Atlantic*, September, pp. 378–379; *Norton*, ii. 68–69.—*Above*, p. 74.
134. February 11, 1874. *Norton*, ii. 69–70.—*Above*, p. 80.
135. February 13, 1874. ,, ii. 70–71. ,, p. 81.
136. February 14, 1874. ,, ii. 71. ,, p. 81.
137. February 15, 1874. ,, ii. 72. ,, p. 81.
138. April 9, 1874. An extract in *Atlantic*, September, p. 379. The whole letter in *Norton*, ii. 72–74.—*Above*, p. 91.
139. April 11, 1874. An extract in *Atlantic*, September, p. 379. More fully in *Norton*, ii. 74–75.—*Above*, p. 92.
140. June 19, 1874. Extracts in *Ariadne Florentina*, pp. ix., x. *Norton*, ii. 75–77.—*Above*, p. 112. For a variation, see p. 112 *n*.
141. June 20, 1874. *Norton*, ii. 77–78.—*Above*, p. 112.
142. June 21, 1874. Extracts in *Ariadne Florentina*, pp. x., xi. Extracts (wrongly dated June 20) in *Atlantic*, September, p. 379. The whole letter in *Norton*, ii. 79–81.—*Above*, p. 114.

In line 17 of p. 115 (here) the words "and with a Greek pitcher in her hand" were omitted in *Atlantic*.

143. August 12, 1874. *Norton*, ii. 82–84.—*Above*, p. 127.
144. ,, ,, Extracts in *Ariadne Florentina*, pp. xi., xii. (for a various reading, see p. 128 *n*.). An extract in *Atlantic*, September, p. 379. The whole letter in *Norton*, ii. 84–86.—*Above*, p. 128.
145. August 15, 1874. *Norton*, ii. 86–88.—*Above*, p. 129.

In line 16, "crowned" is misprinted "wound" in *Norton*.

146. August 18, 1874. An extract (wrongly dated "Aug. 15, 1876") in *Val d'Arno*, p. x. The whole letter in *Norton*, ii. 88–91.—*Above*, p. 132.
147. August 21, 1874. Extracts in *Val*, pp. xi.–xii. The whole letter in *Norton*, ii. 91–93.—*Above*, p. 134.

148. August 23, 1874. *Norton*, ii. 93–95.—*Above*, p. 135.
149. August 26, 1874. *Norton*, ii. 95–98.—*Above*, p. 137.

In line 12, "quote" in *Norton* is corrected to "quoted."

150. September 7, 1874. *Norton*, ii. 98–99.—*Above*, p. 139.
151. September 16, 1874. *Norton*, ii. 99–101.—*Above*, p. 140.
152. September 21, 1874. *Norton*, ii. 101–102.—*Above*, p. 141.
153. October 12, 1874. The *P.S.* only in *Atlantic*, September, pp. 379–380. The whole letter in *Norton*, ii. 102–105.—*Above*, p. 143.
153A. October 12, 1874. *Norton*, ii. 106–107 (not numbered separately).—*Above*, p. 144.
154. December 31, 1874. *Norton*, ii. 108–109.—*Above*, p. 151.
155. January 27, 1875. *Norton*, ii. 109–112.—*Above*, p. 159.
156. February 13, 1875. *Norton*, ii. 112–114.—*Above*, p. 161.
157. March 25, 1875. An extract in *Atlantic*, September, p. 380. The whole letter in *Norton*, ii. 114–116.—*Above*, p. 163.
158. July 15, 1875. An extract (dated, however, July "19") in *Atlantic*, September, p. 380. The whole letter in *Norton*, ii. 116–118.—*Above*, p. 170.
159. September 17, 1875. *Norton*, ii. 118–120.—*Above*, p. 179.
160. October 5, 1875. *Norton*, ii. 120.—*Above*, p. 181.
161. „ „ *Norton*, ii. 121.—*Above*, p. 181.
162. October 30, 1875. *Norton*, ii. 121–123.—*Above*, p. 182.
163. November 14, 1875. *Atlantic*, September, p. 380; *Norton*, ii. 123–124.—*Above*, p. 185.
164. December 14, 1875. *Norton*, ii. 124–125.—*Above*, p. 187.
165. January 3, 1876. *Norton*, ii. 125.—*Above*, p. 188.
166. January 13, 1876. *Atlantic* (in part), September, pp. 380–381; *Norton*, ii. 126–127.—*Above*, p. 189.
167. January 20, 1876. An extract in *Ariadne Florentina*, p. v. The letter in *Norton*, ii. 127–128.—*Above*, p. 189.
168. February 1, 1876. Extract in *Atlantic*, September, p. 381; more fully in *Norton*, ii. 128–129.—*Above*, p. 190.
169. February 22, 1876. *Norton*, ii. 129–130.—*Above*, p. 193.
170. March 1, 1876. Two paragraphs (of which one was not reprinted in the book) in *Atlantic*, September, p. 381. More fully (except for the omission of that paragraph) in *Norton*, ii. 130–132.—*Above*, p. 194.

In line 7, "Crookes's" is here a correction for "Crooke's."

171. April 20, 1876. *Norton*, ii. 132–133.—*Above*, p. 198.
172. August 2, 1876. *Norton*, ii. 135–138.—*Above*, p. 204.
173. October 5, 1876. *Norton*, ii. 138–141.—*Above*, p. 210.
174. January 16, 1877. *Atlantic* (in part), September, pp. 381–382; *Norton*, ii. 141–144.—*Above*, p. 215.
175. July 31, 1877. *Norton*, ii. 144–145.—*Above*, p. 223.
176. February 17, 1878. *Norton*, ii. 145–146.—*Above*, p. 243.
177. July 23, 1878. *Norton*, ii. 148–150.—*Above*, p. 252.
178. September 25, 1878. *Norton*, ii. 150–151.—*Above*, p. 258.
179. November 26, 1878. An extract in *Atlantic*, September, p. 382. The whole letter in *Norton*, ii. 151–152.—*Above*, p. 266.
180. February 25, 1879. *Norton*, ii. 152–153. *Above*, p. 275.
181. February 27, 1879. „ ii. 153–155. „ p. 275.
182. April 14, 1879. „ ii. 155–157. „ p. 279.
183. June 4, 1878. „ ii. 157–159. „ p. 285.
184. July 9, 1879. „ ii. 159. „ p. 291.
185. November 1, 1879. „ ii. 159–161. „ p. 299.
186. May 16, 1880. „ ii. 161–162. „ p. 315.
187. January 20, 1881. *Atlantic*, September, p. 383; *Norton*, ii. 162–164.—*Above*, p. 335.

188. March 24, 1881. *Atlantic*, September, pp. 383–384; *Norton*, ii. 167–168.—*Above*, p. 345.

189. April 26, 1881. *Norton*, ii. 168–169.—*Above*, p. 355.

190. July 18, 188. *Norton*, ii. 170.—*Above*, p. 370.

191. *Norton*, ii. 171. As follows:—"BRANTWOOD, 29*th August*, '81.—You will soon have some books, I hope, showing what I am about. . . . Early post to-day, and I've the house full of people. Joan's well and in good feather, and I'm just what I always was, except a little crosser when I'm bothered and a little merrier when I'm not."

192. *From* LAURENCE HILLIARD. *Norton*, ii. 171–172. As follows:—"BRANTWOOD, 15 *October*, 1881.—DEAR MR. NORTON, . . . I am sorry I cannot give you a very satisfactory account of Mr. Ruskin's health. He is almost as active as ever, and is just now deeply interested in some experimental drainage of a part of his little moor, which he hopes to be able to cultivate; but he seems more and more to find a difficulty in keeping to any one settled train of thought or work, and it is sad to see him entering almost daily upon new schemes which one cannot feel will ever be carried out. So far as he will allow us, we try to help him, but the influence of any one of those around him is now very small, and has been so ever since the last illness. I hope that this mistrust of his friends may some day wear off, and that if you are ever able to come and see him, you will find him in a happier frame of mind. . . . Yours most sincerely, LAURENCE J. HILLIARD."

193. *From* W. G. COLLINGWOOD. *Norton*, ii. 173–174. As follows:—"BRANTWOOD, *March* 7, 1882.—DEAR SIR,—Please forgive my opening your letter, and be patient for an answer, because Mr. Ruskin is away from home, and unwell, as he has been for months; but now worse, so far as I can gather. It has been so difficult to approach him on any subject but the most commonplace, that though we have often tried to get him to send kind words to Cambridge, he always turned the subject. His illnesses have mixed most of his oldest and best friends with delirious dreams and unkind hallucinations. That is why, and that's the only reason why you don't hear from him. When I came to live here last summer I found him dreadfully altered; and am sure if you could see him for a day, you would find that it is not ill-feeling, but ill-health of mind and body, which makes him shy of reminiscences, and very irritably disposed even to those whom he endures about him. As soon as ever he is a little better, and I can summon up the courage, he shall have your note. . . . I'm under orders to save him all correspondence, and this is my excuse for what you might think impertinence. . . . Yours very respectfully, G. COLLINGWOOD."

194. August 30, 1882. *Norton*, ii. 174–176.—*Above*, p. 406.

195. September 11, 1882. *Atlantic*, September, p. 384; *Norton*, ii. 176–179.—*Above*, p. 408.

In line 2, a comma after "here" in ed. 1 was removed in ed. 2.

196. October 3, 1882. *Atlantic*, September, pp. 384–385; *Norton*, ii. 179–182.—*Above*, p. 413.

197. October 16, 1882. *Norton*, ii. 182–185.—*Above*, p. 415.

198. November 5, 1882. *Norton*, ii. 185–188.—*Above*, p. 418.

199. January 1, 1883. *Atlantic*, September, p. 385; *Norton*, ii. 188–189.—*Above*, p. 429.

200. March 10, 1883. *Norton*, ii. 189–191.—*Above*, p. 440.

In line 26, "ready" was in ed. 1 misprinted "really."

201. March 15, 1883. *Norton*, ii. 191–193.—*Above*, p. 442.

202. April 16, 1883. ,, ii. 194–195. ,, p. 449.

For an emendation in line 7, see p. 449 *n*.

203. June 19, 1883. *Norton*, ii. 195–196.—*Above*, p. 456.

204. June 24, 1883. ,, ii. 196. ,, p. 458.

205. July 28, 1883. *Atlantic*, September, pp. 385–386; *Norton*, ii. 196–198.—*Above*, p. 463.

206. July 29, 1883. *Norton*, ii. 198–199.—*Above*, p. 463.

In line 7 "Monastero" was printed "Monasterio," and in line 10 the punctuation was erroneous and had the effect of attributing Luini's "Christ" to Ferrari.

207. August 2, 1883. *Norton*, ii. 199–200.—*Above*, p. 464.

208. February 25, 1884. *Atlantic*, September, p. 386; *Norton*, ii. 201–203.—*Above*, p. 475.

209. June 1, 1884. *Norton*, ii. 203–204.—*Above*, p. 485.

210. October 7, 1884. *Norton*, ii. 204–205.—*Above*, p. 495.

In the scheme of lectures, "Pleasures" is a correction for "Pleasure" in *Norton*.

211. October 9, 1884. *Norton*, ii. 205–206.—*Above*, p. 496.

212. January 2, 1885. *Atlantic*, September, pp. 386–387; *Norton*, ii. 207.—*Above*, p. 505.

213. October 1, 1885. *Atlantic*, September, p. 387; *Norton*, ii. 208–209.—*Above*, p. 541.

There are various small differences between the two versions. In line 5, *Atlantic* reads "the" for "this"; in line 6, *Atlantic* has "my" (omitted in *Norton*) before "past life," and *Norton* has a note of exclamation after "past life," instead of a comma in *Atlantic* (in these two cases, the present edition follows the *Atlantic*).

214. October 20, 1885. *Norton*, ii. 209–210.—*Above*, p. 543.

215. April 28, 1886. *Atlantic*, September, p. 387; *Norton*, ii. 210–211.—*Above*, p. 560.

216. May 16, 1886. *Norton*, ii. 211–212.—*Above*, p. 563.

217. June 24, 1886. *Norton*, ii. 212–215.—*Above*, p. 567.

218. August 18, 1886. *Atlantic*, September, p. 387; *Norton*, ii. 215.—*Above*, p. 568.

219. August 28, 1886. *Norton*, ii. 215–217.—*Above*, p. 569.

220. September 13, 1886. *Norton*, ii. 217–219.—*Above*, p. 569.

221. March 23, 1887. *Atlantic*, September, pp. 387–388; *Norton*, ii. 219–220.—*Above*, p. 586.

222. November 21, 1896. See *above*, p. 613 *n*.

In this edition it has been assumed in the case of variations between the Prefaces, the *Atlantic Monthly*, and the book, that the latter text is the correct one.

TO F. T. PALGRAVE

Francis Turner Palgrave. His Journals and Memories of his Life. By Gwenllian F. Palgrave. London (Longmans), 1899.

This book contains three letters, etc., from Ruskin. Of these—

NO.

1 (pp. 50–51) is printed in Vol. XXXVI. p. 193.
2 (pp. 72–73) is printed in Vol. XXXVI. p. 406.
3 (pp. 254–255)—from Arthur Severn—is printed in Vol. XXXV. pp. xli.–xlii.

TO COVENTRY PATMORE

Memoirs and Correspondence of Coventry Patmore. By Basil Champneys, 2 vols., 1900.

Chapter xvi. in vol. ii. (pp. 277–300) contains thirty-five letters from Ruskin and one (No. 11 of the series) from his father;[1] addressed either to Coventry Patmore

[1] [No. 11 (pp. 285–286) is from Ruskin's father, and says: "*October* 15, 1851. . . . I was not aware of the Article in the *Edinburgh Review* being yours, but I

himself, or to members of his family. The letters are arranged by Mr. Champneys not chronologically, but in various groups according to their subject-matter. The dates of several have been corrected in this edition.

Of the thirty-six letters—

NO.

1–5 (pp. 277–280) are printed in Vol. XXXVI. pp. 147, 180, 182, 224, 344.
6 (pp. 280–282) is a letter to the *Critic;* printed in *Arrows of the Chace,* Vol. XXXIV. pp. 488–490.
7 (pp. 282–283) is printed in Vol. XXXVI. p. 478.
8 (pp. 283–284) is printed in Vol. XVIII. p. liv.–lv.
9 (p. 284) is printed in Vol. XXXVI. p. 548.
10 (pp. 284–285) is printed *above,* p. 253.
12 (p. 286) is printed in Vol. IX. p. xli.
13 (pp. 286–287) is printed in Vol. IX. p. xli.
14, 15 (pp. 287–288) are printed in Vol. XXXVI. pp. 112, 113.
16 (p. 288) is printed in Vol. XII. p. xlvi.
17 (pp. 288–289) is printed in Vol. XII. p. xlviii.
18 (p. 289) is printed in Vol. XXXVI. p. 304.
19 (p. 291) is printed *above,* p. 197.
20 (p. 291) is printed in Vol. XXVIII. p. 633.
21 (p. 291) is printed *above,* p. 203.
22 (p. 292) is printed *above,* p. 191.
23 (p. 293) is printed in Vol. XXXVI. p. 142.

24 (p. 293). "*Friday Morning* (1855?).—DEAR MR. PATMORE,—I have been waiting to see if I could manage to get over to you on Saturday evening—and I have got my matters arranged so that I can have the pleasure of doing so. I will be with you at the hour you name, and shall rejoice to meet Mrs. Browning: but if she does not come, I shall be equally glad to have seen Mrs. Patmore again—after so many years.—Yours most truly, J. RUSKIN."

25 (p. 294) is printed *above,* p. 177.

26 (p. 295). "BRANTWOOD, *3rd August* [1875].—MY DEAR PATMORE,—Most truly rejoiced shall I be to see you, whenever you like to come—and for as long as you can spare me time. You have only to take the N.W. line to Windermere (branching through Kendal from Oxenholme station on the main line). I will have a carriage at the Windermere station waiting for you, if you tell me the day. I expect Bertha's copy to be much better than the original. When she gets into the country, I wish she would now try to paint some very fine creeping moss or stones from nature: I should probably engrave the drawing for my *Proserpina.*—With true regards to Mrs. Patmore and both your daughters, ever affectionately yours, J. RUSKIN."

27–30 (pp. 295–297) are printed *above,* pp. 184, 191, 198.
31 (p. 297) is printed in Vol. XXXVI. p. 304.

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regarded it as a very able and kindly written Essay, and even passed unnoticed the passages you allude to. After such Reviews as *Blackwood,* one gets used to smaller rubs, and the Editor of the *Edinb.* would not be true to his place if he did not shake his Spear or pepper Box over anything too mild or bland for his taste. I deemed the notice so important, from the acquaintance it manifested with the subject, that I cut it out and sent it by post to my son at Venice, that he might see it before he was further advanced in his second volume. He seldom entirely reads Critiques on his writings, unless he is told he can get some information from them. I recommended your essay to him as a very desirable one for him to consider well for his own sake. *Blackwood's* is useless—merely smart, clever, spiteful, and amusing; concocted for a purpose, it purposely mutilates and perverts."]

NO.

32 (p. 298). "GENEVA, 11*th June*, 1860.—MY DEAR PATMORE,—It will give me pleasure to accept the duty with which you and Mrs. Patmore wish to entrust me.[1] I am vexed at not having been able to see more of you this winter, but it was all I could do to get my own business done: your report of Mrs. Patmore's health troubles me also. It would trouble me yet more but that I know Mr. Simon will either give, or put you in the way of getting, the best possible advice that can be had in London. What are you doing yourself—or what interested in? A line to Denmark Hill will always be forwarded to me.—With sincere regards to Mrs. Patmore, ever faithfully yours, J. RUSKIN."

33 (p. 298). *To* EMILY AUGUSTA PATMORE. (1861 *or* 1862.)—"DEAR MRS. PATMORE,—I've no doubt I shall have the presentation[2] this spring—though I cannot say what month—you probably know the school regulations better than I. (To my shame.) I hope the boy will be what you wish him, and that Coventry will be able, some time this twenty years, to write a poem on Fatherhood as he has on Loverhood. But take care of the boy's health. It is a rough school. It would be of little use that he should be a Grecian if it cost his health.—Most truly yours, "J. RUSKIN."

34 (pp. 298-299)—to Mrs. M. C. Patmore—is printed in Vol. XXXVI. p. 546.
35 (p. 299)—to Miss Bertha Patmore—is printed *above*, p. 313.
36 (p. 300) is printed *above*, p. 314.

TO SIR J. A. PICTON

Sir James A. Picton: A Biography. By his son, J. Allanson Picton, M.P. 1891.

This contains three letters:—

(1) July 21, 1884, p. 374; printed *above*, p. 490.
(2) July 26, 1884, p. 375; printed *above*, p. 493.
(3) January 13, 1886, p. 375; printed *above*, p. 547.

TO GEORGE RICHMOND, R.A.

The letters in these volumes, addressed to George Richmond, are also to appear in a Life of the artist by his son, Mr. John Richmond. In addition to those printed in the Principal Collection, Mr. Richmond's book is also to include the following:—

"DENMARK HILL [*March*, 1864].—MY DEAR RICHMOND,—Thanks for your kind letter, and for wishing to come to the funeral. It will be on Tuesday, but I am always regretful about the sense of duty in friends. You will only run the risk of taking illness, and see what has no comfort in it.

"Why should you? To drive with me there, perhaps, some spring afternoon, when the sun is on the grass, yes. But truly you had better not *now*.—Ever your affecte. J. RUSKIN."

"[*March*, 1864.]—DEAR RICHMOND,—I do wish—though I sent you invitations for form's sake—you and your brother would stay away from this upholsterer's procession on Thursday. You'll both of you take cold—and you can't possibly do anybody any good—and if you want to see where my father is laid you may go

[1] [Sponsorship for Henry John, Patmore's youngest son.]
[2] [A nomination to Christ's Hospital for Patmore's second son, Tennyson, mentioned in another letter (Vol. XXXVI. p. 305).]

any summer's day quietly and talk to him, if you think he's there;—but I can't conceive what good there can be in seeing him pushed or pulled, or slackened into a hole. If there were one gleam of common decency or honesty in our English ways of doing these things I would say 'come,' but to be dragged for seven miles like a troop of black beetles, and make the whole neighbourhood miserable with such manner of assertion of your professed faith that some one is gone to heaven!—I will let no friend of his or mine do it without remonstrance—especially I fear for both of you because you cared for him. Stay away.

"My mother is still well, and I am fairly able for most of what I've to do, only a little giddy with note writing.—Yours affectionately, J. RUSKIN."

"MY VERY DEAR RICHMOND,—Of course it was only for fear of your being made ill that I urged you not to come. I shall be very deeply thankful for your presence. —Ever your faithful and loving J. R.—I would say something, if I could, of what they both would have felt—in your coming—but my cold rationalism chokes me."

TO SAMUEL ROGERS

Rogers and his Contemporaries, by P. W. Clayden, 2 vols., 1889.

The second volume of this book contains five letters by Ruskin—reprinted in *Ruskiniana*, see below, p. 725—(1) on pp. 301–302; (2) on pp. 302–303; (3) on pp. 303–309; (4) on p. 322; (5) on pp. 371–372.

No. 3 has been given in Vol. XI. pp. xxv.–xxix. The others are printed in Vol. XXXVI.; pp. 37, 40, 84, 111.

TO D. G. ROSSETTI AND HIS CIRCLE

Mr. William Michael Rossetti, brother and biographer of the poet-painter, has published Letters (or extracts from Letters) from Ruskin in three books:—(1) *A Memoir* (1895); (2) *Ruskin, Rossetti, and Pre-Raphaelitism* (1899); and (3) *Rossetti Papers* (1903).

Dante Gabriel Rossetti: His Family Letters. With a Memoir. By William Michael Rossetti. 2 vols. London: Ellis & Elvey, 1895.

This book contains, in vol. i., 15 extracts from Letters by Ruskin. Of these, 13 were repeated in publications (2) or (3), as mentioned in the accounts of them below. Two letters were not thus repeated:—

(1855), p. 182. Printed in Vol. XXXVI. p. 230.
(1856), p. 197. Printed in Vol. XXXVI. p. 243.

Ruskin: Rossetti: Pre-Raphaelitism. Papers 1854 to 1862. Arranged and edited by William Michael Rossetti. With illustrations. London (George Allen, 156 Charing Cross Road), 1899.

This volume contains sixty-six letters from Ruskin to Rossetti and his circle, and one to Mr. George Allen: the latter is printed in Vol. XXXVI. p. 312. Of the others—

NO.
1 (pp. 2–3) is printed in Vol. XXXVI. p. 166.
2 (pp. 11–14), p. 167.

In this edition, the original MS. is followed; a collation shows some mistakes in Mr. W. M. Rossetti's print:—

Lines 1–3 were not included; line 10, the words "in reality" were omitted; line 11, "equally" was misprinted "rightly"; line 25, "you half-killing" was misprinted "your half-killing"; lines 38–45 were not included; line 46, "more" was substituted for "of your"; last line but one, "respect" was misprinted "regard"; *P.S.*, "No. 7" was omitted.

NO.

3 (p. 25). [1854—? *September.*]—"DEAR ROSSETTI, . . . I congratulate you on the weather. When you have taken to your rooms again, please write me word, as I have a great deal to say to you about plans for teaching the workmen[1] this winter.—Ever faithfully yours, J. RUSKIN."

4 (pp. 28–31), p. 198.

5 (pp. 31–32), p. 177. An extract from this letter had been printed in the *Memoir*, p. 183 (where it was dated "July 1855").

6 (p. 52). [? 1855.]—"DEAR ROSSETTI,—If you can come to the meeting specified in enclosed ticket it would be very nice. I shall be there *D.V.* But *not* at college on Thursday—session is over. There is no fear about teaching. All that the men want is to *see* a few touches done, and to be told where and why they are wrong in their own work, in the simplest possible way.—Faithfully yours, J. RUSKIN."

7—to W. M. R. (pp. 53–54), p. 188.

8 (pp. 56–58), p. 189.

9 (pp. 59–61), p. 228.

10 (p. 61), p. 229.

11—to Miss Siddal (pp. 62–64), p. 203.

12—to Miss Siddal (pp. 64–67), p. 202.

13 (pp. 69–70), p. 198. An extract from this letter had been printed in the *Memoir*, p. 182.

14 (pp. 70–76) is printed in Vol. V. pp. xlii.–xlv. An extract from this letter had been printed in the *Memoir*, p. 182 (where it was dated "October 1854").

15 (pp. 76–77), p. 200.

16 (pp. 77–78), p. 202.

17 (pp. 79–80), p. 201. An extract from this letter had been printed in the *Memoir*, p. 183 (where is was dated "1856" instead of "1855."

18—to Miss Siddal (pp. 80–81), p. 207.

19—to Miss Siddal (p. 82), p. 207.

20—to Miss Siddal (pp. 83–84), p. 208.

21 (p. 85), p. 209.

22 (p. 86), p. 209.

23—to Miss Siddal (p. 89), p. 208.

24 (pp. 90–92), p. 220.

25 (pp. 93–94), p. 221.

26 (p. 94). [*June* 1855.]—"DEAR ROSSETTI,—In your growling letter you are Grief, and I am Patience on the monument.[2]

"Nothing but Patience *in propriâ personâ* could stand it. If the drawing is sent on Monday, my address is Ship Hotel, Dover. If Tuesday, ditto. If the week after next, Denmark Hill. If next year, I don't exactly know where.—Ever affectionately yours, J. R."

27 (pp. 96–97), p. 190.

28 (p. 98), p. 224.

29 (pp. 103–104), p. 225.

30 (pp. 104–105), p. 225.

31 (pp. 105–107), p. 226.

32 (pp. 107–108), p. 227. An extract from this letter had been printed in the *Memoir*, p. 183.

33 (pp. 109–110), p. 227. An extract from this letter had been printed in the *Memoir*, p. 183.

[1] [At the Working Men's College.]

[2] [*Twelfth Night*, Act ii. sc. 4.]

NO.

34 (p. 113). [DENMARK HILL. ?*January* 1856.]—"DEAR R.,—I return you Ida[1] —which is excellent, and too true, poor thing. Many a boil-over have I had *by myself* at the passport system, the most absurd and wicked of all Continental ways of squeezing a franc or two out of strangers.[2] If they only would take it at once —and be done with it!

"I rejoice in Hunt's return—hope to see him soon.

"'Nativity' is much mended;[3] many thanks.—Ever yours affectionately,

"J. R."

"I sincerely beg your pardon, my dear fellow, for letting you come on Saturday; but I was in bed when your note came, and I missed the bit at bottom."

35 (pp. 114–115), p. 235.
36 (pp. 115–116), p. 236.
37 (p. 117), p. 232.

38 (pp. 117–8). [DENMARK HILL. ?1856.]—"DEAR ROSSETTI,—Don't come on Saturday—any day next week will do quite as well for me.

"I have written to Miss Heaton that 'Beatrice' (sulky) and 'Francesca' are to be exhibited on 19th instant somewhere when there is lecture on Dante.

"She knows all about it. I shall send the drawings to you nicely framed. *You* are to send them to the place merely as '*sold*.' You may receive letters about it now soon, and will know what to say.

"Hunt saw the drawings last night—admired them so much that I couldn't abuse you as much as I intended.—Always yours affectionately, J. R."

39—to Miss Siddal (pp. 118–121), p. 231.
40 (p. 123), p. 234.
41 (pp. 125–126), p. 235.
42 (pp. 126–127), p. 234.
43 (p. 140), p. 237.
44 (pp. 140–143), p. 241.
45 (pp. 143–144), p. 236.
46 (pp. 148–149), p. 249.
47 (p. 157), p. 256.
48—to W. M. Rossetti (pp. 158–159), is printed in Vol. XIV. p. 465 *n.*
49 (pp. 167–168), p. 262.
50—to William Davis (pp. 169–170), is printed in Vol. XIV. p. 32 *n.*
51—to W. M. R. (pp. 178–179), p. 266.
52 (pp. 183–184), p. 272. An extract from this letter had appeared in the *Memoir*, p. 183.
53 (p. 184), p. 272.

54 (pp. 186–7). *To* W. M. ROSSETTI. [DENMARK HILL, *October* 27, 1857.]—"MY DEAR ROSSETTI,—I should be delighted to have you for a pupil; but I don't understand at all. Why in the world shouldn't you work under your brother? and what will people say about your being in my class instead of his? I shall be at the tea to-morrow, and at my class on Thursday at one, and, to whichever you can come, you will be able to tell me all about it. What glorious work Dante is doing at Oxford![4]—Ever affectionately yours, J. RUSKIN."

[1] [That is, a letter from Miss Siddal at Nice, describing the tiresome regulations about passports. The letter is printed in *Ruskin, Rossetti, and Pre-Raphaelitism*, pp. 111–112.]

[2] [Compare Ruskin's letter to his father, Vol. XXXVI. pp. 52–53.]

[3] [For the reference here, see Vol. XXXVI. p. 227.]

[4] [The frescoes in the Debating Hall of the Union: see Vol. XVI. pp. xlvii.–xlviii.]

NO.
55 (pp. 191–192), p. 273.
56—to W. M. Rossetti (pp. 192–193), p. 273.

57 (pp. 213–4). *To* W. M. Rossetti. *December* 8, 1858.—"Dear Rossetti,—I fear there is no money at the bank. The cheque I drew was for £550—if not more.[1] I will look at the receipt: but if you are passing at the bank just ask if any more is paid in—and tell me about my *subscription* to Hogarth Club[2]—I can't exhibit anything. Yes, more deciphering—please, but after New Year.—Always yours affectionately, J. Ruskin."

58 (pp. 225–226), p. 301.
59 (pp. 229–231), p. 213.
60 (pp. 233–235), p. 341.
61 (p. 236), p. 302.
62 (p. 245), p. 341. An extract from this letter had been published in the *Memoir*, p. 209.
63 (pp. 252–254), p. 342.
64 (pp. 258–259), p. 354.
65 (pp. 273–274), p. 362.
66 (p. 288), p. 377.

Rossetti Papers 1862 to 1870. A Compilation, by William Michael Rossetti. London: Sands & Co., 1903.

This volume contains eleven letters from Ruskin. Of these—

NO.
1 (pp. 13–14) is printed in Vol. XXXVI. p. 411. Extracts from this letter had appeared in the *Memoir*, p. 236.
2—(to W. M. R. (pp. 25–26), p. 449.
3 pp. 132–133), p. 488.
4 (p. 134), p. 489.
5 (pp. 135–136), p. 490. An extract from this letter had appeared in the *Memoir*, p. 261.
6 (pp. 136–137), p. 491. An extract from this letter had appeared in the *Memoir*, p. 261.
7 (pp. 137–138), p. 492. An extract from this letter had appeared in the *Memoir*, p. 261.
8 (pp. 141–144), p. 492. An extract from this letter, had appeared in the *Memoir*, p. 261.
9—to W. M. R. (pp. 216–217), p. 521.
10 (p. 264) is printed in Vol. XVII. p. 478.

11 (p. 525). To W. M. Rossetti. "Oxford, 10*th March*, '70.—Dear Rossetti, —I am so very much obliged to you for that help. There is a great deal in Lionardo which I used to think commonplace—but now find, examining the expressions closely, of highest value. That Imperatore bit is very puzzling, however, at best. Thank you for the book on mediæval etiquette—it is greatly amusing.—Ever believe me, my dear Rossetti, yours affectionately, J. Ruskin."

The following note to D. G. Rossetti, given by his brother to Mr. Charles Aldrich of Iowa, U.S.A., was printed in an article entitled "An Interesting

[1] [The reference is to the Seddon Memorial Fund, of which Ruskin was treasurer: see Vol. XIV. pp. 465–6 *n.*]
[2] [A Society of Artists, of which Ruskin was a member. The list of members is printed in *Ruskin, Rossetti, and Pre-Raphaelitism*, p. 216.]

Autograph Collection," in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, September 4, 1889. Reprinted in *Ruskiniana*, part i., p. 105 (No. 111):—

> "DEAR R.,—Please deliver enclosed, and ask Ida to read you the bit about yourself in it. I couldn't come yesterday, as I hoped.—Yours ever affectionately,
> J. R."

TO EGBERT RYDINGS

"Some Reminiscences of John Ruskin." By Egbert Rydings, in the *Young Man*, July 1895, pp. 217–221.

This article contains three letters from Ruskin:—

1 (on "Parental Responsibility") is printed in Vol. XXXIV. p. 520.

2 (of the same date, June 18, 1875) is as follows:—"MY DEAR SIR,—I wrote to you hastily this morning, and forgot to ask—what I should like much to know—how it has come to pass that you are interested in my books, and collate them so carefully. I hardly ever find people really notice what I say anywhere—much less put two places together.—Ever very truly yours, J. RUSKIN."

3 (1876) is:—"I am looking forward with pleasurable anticipation to your coming to see me. Brantwood is small, and I never count on being able to receive my friends in it, but I have made arrangements for a bed at the Water Head Inn for you while here, which I consider as much my home as Brantwood."

In describing his visit to Brantwood, Mr. Rydings relates how Ruskin showed him various works in the grounds (see Vol. XXV. pp. xxxvii.–xxxviii.), and said:—"If I had followed the true bent of my mind, I should have been a civil engineer. I should have found more pleasure in planning bridges and sea breakwaters than in praising modern painters. Whether literature and art have been helped by me, I do not know, but this I do know, that England has lost in me a second Telford."[1]

For Ruskin's relations with Mr. Rydings, see Vol. XXX. pp. 330–332.

TO E. R. S.

The Girl's Realm, April 1906, in an article headed "A Letter from Ruskin: a Message to all Girlhood," contains one letter; printed *above*, p. 202. In line 7, "ever" is a correction for "own"; though "own [it]" may possibly have been intended.

TO WILLIAM BELL SCOTT

Autobiographical Notes of the Life of William Bell Scott, A.R.S.A., LL.D. And Notices of his Artistic and Poetic Circle of Friends, 1830 to 1882. Edited by W. Minto. London: Osgood, M'Ilvaine & Co., 1892.

This book contains one letter from Ruskin (vol. ii. p. 7). It is printed in Vol. XV. p. 493.

[1] [Thomas Telford (1757–1834); constructor of the Caledonian Canal, and many other engineering works.]

TO JOSEPH SEVERN

Life and Letters of Joseph Severn, by William Sharp, 1892.

This contains seven letters, to Joseph Severn or his son Walter, from Ruskin. Of these—

NO.

1 (pp. 205–207) is printed in Vol. IV. pp. 393–395.
2 (pp. 211–212) is given in Vol. XXXVI. p. 68.
3 (pp. 217–218) is given in Vol. XXXVI. p. 353.
4 (p. 219)—to Walter Severn—is given *above,* p. 84.
5 (p. 219)—to Walter Severn—is printed in Vol. XXVII. p. xx.
6 (pp. 219–220)—to Walter Severn—is given *above,* p. 164.
7 (p. 221 *n.*)—to Walter Severn—is as follows:—

> "I am so glad Mrs. Severn likes my fresh strawberries. I should have had pretty ones by this time, but for this fiendish east wind, which gives me a deep and true horror, and is, rightly thought of, a plague such as centuries have not witnessed."

TO FRANK SHORT, A.R.A.

The Etched and Engraved Work of Frank Short, A.R.A., R.E., by Edward F. Strange. (George Allen & Sons, 1908.)

This book contains six letters (pp. xiv.–xix.): printed *above,* pp. 512, 514, 515, 536, 552, 580.

Some extracts from the letters had been given (not with textual accuracy, being cited as Ruskin's conversation) in the Preface to *The South Kensington Drawing-Book: a Selection from the Liber Studiorum* (1890): see Vol. XIV. pp. xxiii., xxiv.

TO JAMES SMETHAM

Letters of James Smetham. With an Introductory Memoir. Edited by Sarah Smetham and William Davies. London (Macmillan), 1891.

This book contains (on pp. 19, 21, 23, 27, 82, 148, 222) seven letters (or extracts from letters) from Ruskin. These have been printed in Vol. XIV. pp. 460–463.

TO C. H. SPURGEON

C. H. Spurgeon's Autobiography, compiled from his Diary, Letters, and Records, by his Wife and his Private Secretary: vol. iv., 1900.

This volume contains (p. 94) a letter from Ruskin: printed in Vol. XXXVI. p. 425.

TO W. J. STILLMAN

Mr. W. J. Stillman published five Letters from Ruskin. Four were addressed to him as Editor of *The Crayon* (New York), and appeared in issues of that journal for May 2, June 6, June 27, and November, 1855, Nos. 18, 23, and 26 of vol. i. (pp. 283, 361, 409), and No. 20 of vol. ii. (p. 310). These are printed in Vol. XXXVI. pp. 194, 210, 213, 222.

The fifth letter, earlier in date, was printed in a paper on "John Ruskin" in the *Century Magazine*, January 1888, p. 365, and reprinted in *The Old Rome and the New, and other Studies*, 1897, pp. 122–124; reprinted also in *Ruskiniana*, see below, p. 725. This letter is given in Vol. XXXVI. p. 123.

TO MRS. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE

The Life of Harriet Beecher Stowe, by her son, C. E. Stowe. London: Sampson Low & Co., 1889.

This book contains two letters from Ruskin (pp. 336–338, 353–355); reprinted in *Ruskiniana*, see below, p. 725. They are printed in Vol. XXXVI. pp. 321, 337.

TO MISS E. F. STRONG (LADY DILKE)

The Book of the Spiritual Life, by the late Lady Dilke. With a Memoir of the Author by the Rt. Hon. Sir Charles W. Dilke, Bt., M.P. With portraits and illustrations. (London: John Murray.) 1905.

This volume contains three scraps from Ruskin (pp. 5, 6, 12); they are printed *above*, p. 588 and *n.*

TO HENRY SWAN

One letter, published in various newspapers: see Vol. XXX. p. 323.

TO MRS. TALBOT

Ruskin's Social Experiment at Barmouth, by Blanche Atkinson, 1900.

This pamphlet contains five letters; printed in Vol. XXX. pp. xxviii., 300–301.

TO TENNYSON

Alfred Lord Tennyson. A Memoir by his Son. London: Macmillan & Co., 1897. 2 vols.

This book contains in vol. i. four letters from Ruskin. Of these—

1 (p. 383) is printed in Vol. V. p. xlvii.
2 (p. 411), 3 (p. 420), and 4 (p. 452) are printed in Vol. XXXVI. pp. 230, 264, 320.

TO WILLIAM WARD

Letters | from | John Ruskin | to | William Ward. | Edited by Thomas J. Wise. | In Two Volumes. | Vol. I. [Vol. II.] | London: Privately Printed. 1893.

Octavo, pp. xxiv.+93, and (vol. ii.) pp. xiv.+94.
Issued in blue cloth, lettered on the back "Letters | to | Ward | Vol. I. [II.] | John | Ruskin | 1893." A few special copies were printed on vellum.
These volumes contained 107 letters in print, and one (reproduced over-leaf) in *facsimile*. The first volume (pp. xv.–xxiv.) contained a Preface by Mr. Ward (quoted in the Introduction to Vol. XXXVI. pp. lviii.–lix.).

Of the 107 letters—

NO.
1–3 (vol. i. pp. 3–10) are printed in Vol. XXXVI. pp. 184, 185, 233.

4 (vol. i. pp. 11–12). "DENMARK HILL, *March 14th*, 1856.—DEAR WARD,—I want you to begin Drawing Master on Monday. I consider you at present worth about five shillings a lesson, which therefore you are to ask; but not including therein any omnibus fare, which I shall tell the people I send you to pay.

"On Monday, at ten o'clock, evening, I want you to go to Miss Oldfield, 11 Gloucester Gardens, Hyde Park; and to show her how to draw leaves like this of yours. I have told her that she is to expect nothing more from you than mere instruction in drawing from nature. You must just work a little bit before her, as well as you can; but I wish you could come out here to-morrow evening (Saturday), about eight o'clock, to have a talk. Write if you cannot, and I will send you your drawings on Monday.—Truly yours, J. RUSKIN."[1]

5 (vol. i. pp. 13–14) is printed in Vol. XXXVI. p. 233.

6 (vol. i. p. 15). "*Wednesday* (1856).—I have not been able to attend to anything properly lately, having been in need of rest. I am just coming right again.

"I lost your letter to Villeneuve, but knew you had received this money. I am very sorry I lost the letter. I hope to see you at the meeting to-morrow night, but fetch some of Miss H(arrison)'s drawings with you, and I'll tell you what to do. I shall be *late* at the meeting. If you can't come to it, send me the best specimens you have, the moment you receive this."

7 (vol. i. p. 17). (1856.)—"Consider, and tell me at the tea meeting, if there is any objection now—on your part—to being named in a little book of mine,[2] just coming out, as a person to whom reference may be made for first lessons, copies, etc.

"If you make up your mind at once, you can let me know at once."

8, 9 (vol. i. pp. 18–21) are printed in Vol. XXXVI. pp. 240, 256.

10 (vol. i. p. 22). "BLAIR ATHOL, *August 22nd*, 1857.—I'm very glad you have got the Turners, and like them. I have told Allen to pay for them.

"I hope you will be able to live in the way you enjoy; indeed, I have no doubt of it. But all enjoyments become mixed with pain eventually, however our life may be occupied; and there is a certain enjoyment resulting from escape from what is irksome to us, which is itself worth much."

11 (vol. i. pp. 23–24). "DENMARK HILL, *November 15th*, 1857.—Whatever you do, don't *strain your eyes*. I hope to be able to help you soon. I certainly shall be able to do so some time next year; how soon depends on how people like my book, a good deal. But keep your mind easy; I will certainly get you, some way, out of your present position,—but if you hurt your eyes with candlelight work, you would put it out of my power. I know now what you can do, and would almost as soon that till Christmas you did nothing. I have crippled myself *this year* by giving a larger sum to Oxford Museum."

[1] [In the other letters subjoined, signatures, etc. have often been omitted for the sake of brevity.]

[2] [*The Elements of Drawing*, ultimately published on June 22, 1857. Mr. Ward was "named" in the Preface: see Vol. XV. p. 18.]

Denmark Hill.
S.E.

My dear Ward

Dont come out this evening, nor Monday.

— Please do me next the

of the Italy

Ever truly Yours,

M.

The birds are lovely.

A Letter to William Ward (December 18, 1869)

To face p. 702

NO.

12 (vol. i. pp. 25–26). "DENMARK HILL (*circ.* 1858).—Send a delicate study of leaves to Mr. Thos. Dixon, foot of Mill Street, Sunderland.[1] The study to be in grey colour; with a word or two of explanation of the way to work the colour with the point. Keep an account against me for postage, and for the price of every letter—which I arranged the student should pay—when I tell you to send letters to people who cannot afford the payment."

13 (vol. i. pp. 27–28) is printed in Vol. XXXVI. p. 276.

14 (pp. 29–30) is the printed "Excuse from Correspondence" given in Vol. XXXIV. p. 651 (1). Mr. Ward's copy was dated "April 15th, 1858," and had a *P.S.*, "To-morrow at National Gallery, please, early."

15 (vol. i. pp. 31–32) is printed in Vol. XXXVI. p. 281.

16 (vol. i. pp. 33–34). "BREMGARTEN, *May 28th*, 1858.—Please put stamps on, and forward, enclosed letters; and I *think* if you put up the other leaf of this in an envelope, address it to Mr. Wornum,[2] and deliver it yourself, he will allow you to make a copy for me of parts of two of the Naples outlines,—one with a temple on right, with goats, and Indian fig-trees,—and another with a stone pine under the town—so.[3] Make me first the bit of the upper one, with trees and rocks in middle distance, and send it me as soon as ever you can to *Poste Restante*, Lucerne. If you have anything to ask me in answer to this, a letter would find me at Bellinzona, Canton Tessin, Switzerland."

17–19 (vol. i. pp. 35–43) are printed in Vol. XXXVI. pp. 282, 285, 287.

20 (vol. i. pp. 44–45). "DENMARK HILL, *December 14th*, 1858.—I'm very glad to hear Dr. Watson's report, though I had little doubt about the matter before.[4] You may take a holiday immediately, if you can leave your wife; any little extra expense I will meet. Is there any place you have a fancy to go to? You can cut teaching for a little, and learn to walk. I've got the *Liber*.[5] Send me word what you'd like to do. If you're inclined for a go, come out to-morrow evening about eight o'clock and we'll have a talk. Bring the best *Libers* with you, as it's no use leaving them in town when you're out of it."

21 (vol. i. pp. 46–47). "DENMARK HILL, *Xmas*, 1858.—I'm very glad of your letter: you'll come all right now. I'll send you some money soon. Many pleasant Xmases to you. Don't draw too much; take plenty of exercise. I'm very glad it's so nice a place [Tenby]. I don't call cliffs 200 feet high insignificant,—in the Alps I should call one diminutive that was under 1500. The last I saw there ran up 9000 in a great concave. But a 200 one is as '*sig*nificant'—if you have feeling for it!—Yours affectionately,

J. R."

[1] [Mr. Thomas Dixon, the cork-cutter of Sunderland, to whom the series of letters forming *Time and Tide by Weare and Tyne* were afterwards addressed: see Vol. XVII. p. lxxviii.]

[2] [Ralph Nicholson Wornum, then keeper of the National Gallery: see Vol. XIII. p. xxxvii.]

[3] [Ruskin here drew rough pen-sketches of two pencil drawings by Turner in the National Gallery.]

[4] [Dr. Watson, of Henrietta Street, a well-known physician. Mr. Ward had been ill.]

[5] [One of the plates from Turner's *Liber Studiorum* which Ruskin had lent to Mr. Ward.]

NO.

22 (vol. i. pp. 48–49). "DENMARK HILL, *February 5th*, 1860.—Do not sacrifice principle in any way at present to school teaching. Be simply firm in stating what can, and what must, be done; and reject the pupils who will not work. No music master would proceed with pupils who would not practise. You may give Prout, and large pen-and-ink outlines, in conjunction with the pen-and-ink finished practice. But you must maintain the system firmly. I quite understand the disappointment of the parents, and I do not think at present any principal of a school can introduce the right system. But you must simply give up the school. Have a little more patience; things will go better by-and-by. I hope to see you to-morrow."

23 (vol. i. pp. 50–51) is printed in Vol. XXXVI. p. 343.

24 (vol. i. pp. 52–53) is printed in Vol. XXXVI. p. 351. In line 4, "(storm)" is a correction (made on inspection of the original letter) for "storms" in *Ward*; the "Rouen" has no storm-effect.

25 (vol. i. pp. 54–55). "DENMARK HILL, *December 17th*, 1860.—It is a great disappointment and vexation to me not to see the Misses Dundas;[1] but I suppose it can't be helped. I shall be back on Wednesday. If they could delay their journey a day and come on Thursday, I could keep the whole middle of the day, or early morning, for them. But if not, bring them out on Tuesday, by all means. I have left orders with Crawley to show anything and everything; and among the rest a series of sketches by Turner; and some (not quite so discouraging!) of my own, as examples of various modes of sketching from nature. I've numbered them, and left a list written. Thanks for pamphlet.[2] But it is too mystical, and repeats itself too much. I have no idea what it means; and am none the wiser for the preface."

26 (vol. i. p. 56). (DENMARK HILL, *Jan.*, 1861.)—"I'm very sorry you came here without telling me, as I intended you to have stopped till you had got really better. Mind what you're about *now!* I've got leave from Mr. Hunt[3] for you to see him paint. I'll give you six lessons, that is to say, six hours to sit by him (for you'll find he can't *tell* you anything), as soon as he comes back to town in two or three weeks."

27 (vol. i. pp. 57–58) is printed in Vol. XXXVI. p. 355.

28 (vol. i. p. 59). "DENMARK HILL, *May 29th*, 1861.—If you can bring your pupil out on Monday, about one o'clock, I will give you lunch, and you can show her the pictures. I have—as you know—given up 'showing' pictures myself, being tired of saying the same things again and again."[4]

29 (vol. i. p. 60). (DENMARK HILL, 1862.)—"Best thanks for letting me know of the etchings. I would gladly give two and a half guineas (which I believe is the trade price), plus ten shillings, for the 'Grenoble.'[5] I can't afford to buy any more; I wish I could—but I get requests now on the average for about fifty pounds a week, and all difficult to refuse, though sometimes necessary. *Your* credit won't fail, however. I enclose £5, and am always affectionately yours."

[1] [See Vol. XXXVI. p. 343; and above, p. 340.]

[2] [A pamphlet on the *Propagation of Evil by Generation*, by William Ward (father of Ruskin's correspondent).]

[3] [William Hunt, of the Old Water-Colour Society.]

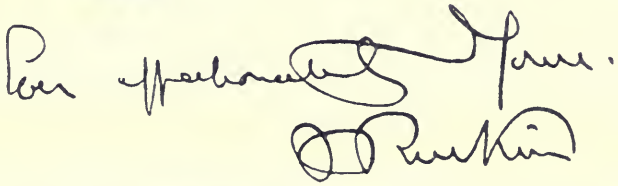
[4] [For an account of Ruskin's showing his Turners, see Vol. V. p. xlviii.]

[5] [The etching of "Chain of Alps from Grenoble to Chamberi," one of the *Liber* series.]

NO.

30 (vol. i. pp. 61–62). "MORNEX, *December 26th*, 1862.—I have your letter, and enclose the other half note; please advise me of receipt. Follow the lines of Prout individually, but draw them quickly; as quickly as you suppose he did. Do not correct mistakes; but make as few as may be. The Raphael[1] should be outlined with pencil, then drawn with pen at once—and again and again. Gather some moss and grass, and outline bits firmly with the pen: it will practise you in complex lines. You may use black shade in interstices. Shells, drawn with pen, are good practice also."

31 (vol. i. p. 63, with the facsimile here reproduced). "MORNEX, *February 15th*, 1863.—Try 4 Chandos Street. Perhaps there's a Chandos Street, Strand. I am made anxious by your letter for fear something has gone wrong with my next paper for *Fraser*. Don't cover your paper so with lines—use fewer—and *think* about them.



32 (vol. i. p. 64). "DENMARK HILL, *June 30th*, 1863.—I want to have a long talk with you this week, either Thursday or Friday, about your future work. Keep those days open. I want to set you to something that will bring out your power of colour and fidelity usefully. Write if this comes safe."

33 (vol. i. pp. 65–66). "CHAMOUNI, *September 25th*, 1863.—Thanks for your letter and account. I will send you your money now more regularly (I hope *quite* regularly, but have never succeeded in accomplishing entire precision yet in anything). I am glad you have a pupil or two and remain in town. I shall be back myself at the end of November, I hope, and will then decide about the Turners,—but it depends on a decision of the Trustees of the National Gallery about what is to be done with them. I *think* whatever you will have to do for me will be quite compatible with your living out of town."

34 (vol. i. p. 67). "DENMARK HILL, *April 16th*, 1866.—I'm just leaving town for a week or two, being tired and ill. I can't think what has become of your rabbit;[2] and I've given up all lending and teaching now;—life's getting short with me, and I must look after my own work. Miss Dundas is quite able now to get on by what she will see in exhibitions; she is too far advanced to need other help."

[1] [A sheet of pen-and-ink sketches by Raphael which Mr. Ward was copying for practice.]

[2] [A water-colour drawing by W. Ward.]

NO.

35 (vol. i. p. 68). "DENMARK HILL, *August 8th*, 1866.—I have been abroad, and my friends have been dying by twos and threes at a time, and I've been nearly dead myself too. I'm very sorry your letter was neglected. Here are ten pounds, and I'll see you soon. Send the *cash* account to me after getting what else you want."

36 (vol. i. pp. 69–71). "WATERHEAD, WINDERMERE, *August 8th*, 1867.—The two drawings are safe here, and I am much pleased with them, on the whole; though it seems to me the 'Marseilles'[1] is not nearly so bright in the vermilion as Turner's. I knew the finer conditions of the drawing of forms to be impossible of imitation, but I thought you would get these *quite* vivid colours matched. The sea is, however, remarkably well done—and I expected that to fail: and the *form* drawing is more appreciated and more *rightly* done, as far as it is achieved, than in any hitherto produced work of yours. So on with good courage, and don't relax in effort to make every drawing better than the last! The more I look at this, the better I like it. It is seen to great advantage without its mount: and as I had a fifteen mile walk yesterday, including a climb of 3000 feet (Helvellyn), and one up Skiddaw the day before, and had it unexpectedly and severely hot for the last five miles yesterday, I'm not quite fresh this morning; and one never sees colour quite so bright when one is not quite fresh. But I am nearly certain the sail *is* not so vivid as Turner's. The other drawing is wonderfully good, and both are great possessions to me. Send me word of your health. I should like [you] to get a little total rest and change before the winter comes on.

"(Address still:—Post Office, Ambleside, Westmoreland.)

"I am still better and better pleased with the 'Marseilles,' as I examine the fine touches with a lens. The ship on the right is *excellent* in switch of yard, and general form. I think there is no doubt but you may soon *command* sale for these copies, with my certificate; still I never yet could judge of the public mind. The minglings of blue and purple are lovely."

37 (vol. i. p. 72). "AMBLESIDE, *August 11th*, 1867.—I think all you say is so very nice (and it makes me hope more and more) about the colour and the 'go.' I will give you the means for a little holiday if you like to have one. I'll write to-morrow. I'm tired to-day, and have several things to say—which I shall say better by waiting a day."

38–41 (vol. i. pp. 73–86) are printed in Vol. XXXVI. pp. 534, 535, 541, 542.

42 (vol. i. p. 87). "DENMARK HILL, *October 10th*, 1867.—I'm afraid you've been plaguing the post office[2] in vain; but I wanted to say a good deal, and now can say nothing, except to send me word directly what state the houses are in, under the cathedral, in the street between south transept and west front—if any are left. Ask to-morrow.—I'll try and send another line."

43 (vol. i. p. 88). "DENMARK HILL, *October 12th*, 1867.—This is only to keep you in countenance with the *Poste Restante*. Send me anything you have done, as soon as you can, and I'll see how you are getting on. There are still marvellous bits here and there in the old streets."

44 (vol. i. pp. 89–90). "DENMARK HILL, *October 26th*, 1867.—I have just received the drawings, and am so much pleased with them, that I leave it now wholly to yourself to choose what you will do. If you think Luxembourg can still be drawn

[1] [One of Turner's sketches in the National Gallery.]

[2] [*Poste Restante*, Rouen.]

in this weather, you may go there; or anywhere else where you feel inclined to go —not too far from home. I will pay your expenses, and furnish your wife with what she may further need while you are away, if you will go on making drawings like these of any architecture likely to perish. But if you get nervous, or tired, come home, and go on with the Turners. In any case, not staying out beyond the end of November. I enclose £20 cheque, which I have no doubt the English bankers will cash if you show them this note; if they won't, keep it, and I'll send notes."

45 (vol. i. pp. 91–93) is printed in Vol. XXXVI. p. 543.

46 (vol. ii. pp. 3–4). "Denmark Hill, *November 13th*, 1867.—The drawings are all safe, and very beautiful they are;—and the photographs, of great value to me.[1] The little view of the street and clock is a very lovely piece of tone, and everything you have done is well. At Luxembourg, however, do a few more pencil outlines —they will contain more of what I chiefly want, and be more quickly done. If the enclosed check is unavailable, you have time to write me for notes; but I always fancy notes in more danger by post. I send a cheque to-day of same amount to your wife.

"*P.S.*—I am *very* glad you stopped to see the Louvre; it would be of use to you in every way. And *now* you know what painting means, and can appreciate those confounded Venetians."

47 (vol. ii. p. 5). "Denmark Hill, *November 13th*, 1867.—Dear Mrs. Ward,— I enclose you a cheque for £10, with great pleasure, at the same time, in being able to tell you that your husband is doing beautiful work; and, I hope, will in future be happily confident in his own powers; and sufficiently prosperous in their exercise for his entire comfort, and yours. Put your name on the back of the cheque."

48 (vol. ii. pp. 6–7). "Verona, *June 6th*, 1869.—You may send any drawings you have by you at present to America; I am very anxious that they should be seen there, and become the means of giving a more true impression of Turner than can be received from engravings, or from any ordinary copies. But send one or two finished vignettes in transparent colour also (the 'Bolton' would be very good), and explain the nature of the body-colour studies yourself to the person to whom you send them. You may order small golden frames of my pattern from Foord for them; and send this letter to accompany them, if you like."

The above, more formal, letter was enclosed with the following:—

"I send you cheque, and a letter which may be of some use. Send them in nice golden frames, but explain that your prices will not in future include frames. I have no doubt, in spite of the dealers, you will soon now establish connections enough to keep you employed.

"I think, at the prices pictures now fetch, you may send these at fifteen guineas; and offer to take orders at fifteen *for the present year*—but not afterwards."

49 (vol. ii. pp. 8–9). "Denmark Hill, *November 1st*, 1869.—I wish you had told me what you had been doing. I am very much pleased with all the vignette drawings; all that you want now is decision of form. Draw everything you can from nature in *outline* now, with a pen not finer than this, and in one line—to

[1] [The "photographs" were a series of large photographs of old houses at Rouen, most of which had been demolished. The "clock" is the *Grosse Horloge*. Mr. Ward's visit to Rouen was undertaken expressly to make drawings of some of the fine old houses then still remaining.]

give steadiness to your hand. I have ordered two *soi-disant* 'Turners'[1] to be left at the Gallery, to your care, addressed to me. Please tell me when they come, if I don't see you before. I shall see you this week, I hope. Here is your cheque."

50 (vol. ii. p. 10). "PARIS, *July 26th*, 1870.—I am sure there is much reason, in your long hope deferred, for heart-sickness, considering all the good work you have done. But don't lose heart *now*, when I have just been able to bring your work into true service at Oxford. I shall be at home, *D.V.*, on Thursday. If you like to bring me the 'Martigny'[2] on Saturday evening, it will be a pleasure to me to shake hands, and—with good grounds—encourage you.—Always affectionately yours."

51 (vol. ii. pp. 11–12) is printed *above*, p. 17.

52 (vol. ii. p. 13). "DENMARK HILL, *November 29th*, 1870.—If you come out here on Monday next, I can glance at your method, and say if it will do. I'm obliged to spare myself in eyes and thought—even to the least minutes—just now; not from actual illness, but that I may keep out of danger of it. Come at two o'clock."

53 (vol. ii. p. 14). "DENMARK HILL, *May 17th*, 1871.—I am glad you like *Fors*. People will find it a very intrusive 'dream' in a little while, if I live."

54 (vol. ii. p. 15). "IVATT'S HOTEL, MATLOCK BATH, DERBYSHIRE, *July 21st*, 1871.—I've been ill, but am getting better. I enclose cheque. Write and tell me what you are doing now at the Gallery, and send me down a parcel here with any *water* colours you have done."

55 (vol. ii. pp. 16–17). "MATLOCK, *July 30th*, 1871.—I could not at once answer about the drawings; they required thought, and I have not yet much strength for thinking. There is great advance in your own, but you will have to paint backgrounds of *real* things, however ugly. That Kingfisher would look very well on a little straw. The others, of which the shell is the best, would need some more elaborateness; the peacock's feather on a bit of tapestry, or the like.

"Of the Turners. The red sunset is admirable; I can scarcely feel any difference from the original, and it is most precious to me. The white town and storm is excellent, but a less precious drawing in the original. The 'Luxembourg' is better than the old one. I think the near tone about right; the distance I must examine with you. The distance of the[3] seems to me a total failure in the hill side; the town is good, and this red passage with spotty boats. Your son *shall* have his Herodotus at last."

56 (vol. ii. pp. 18–19). "DENMARK HILL, *September 9th*, 1871.—I am greatly pleased with these skies—but regret that you have done so many, and not carried a few farther. There must have been many in reality with more complex forms. But you make rapid progress now.

"I enclose cheque. It doesn't matter, I suppose, being in Crawley's name. I am still weak, but gaining steadily.

"*Some* of these skies will do for Oxford. The butterflies, shells, etc., shall be left at the National Gallery, with the skies I don't want."

[1] [Two supposed Turners which had been sent for Ruskin's inspection. "People," writes Mr. Ward, "were continually trying to get Mr. Ruskin's opinion about their pictures in the hope that a treasure might be found—which never happened so far as I know."]

[2] [Mr. Ward's copy of Martigny is No. 146 in the Rudimentary Series at Oxford: see Vol. XXI. p. 213.]

[3] [Here Ruskin drew a slight pen-sketch of Turner's "Town on a River" (name unknown); No. 123 in the National Gallery.]

NO.

57 (vol. ii. p. 20). "DENMARK HILL, *November*, 1871.—I am very greatly and sincerely grieved to hear of your illness. Would you kindly tell me—or let Mrs. Ward do so—exactly its symptoms.

"I was much pleased with your drawings, but am almost broken down with work. I want to see you, and to have some help from you in bird drawing.

"I hear you gave great help and delight to Miss Jermyn."[1]

58 (vol. ii. p. 21). "DENMARK HILL, *December 6th*, 1871.—MY DEAR MRS. WARD, —I am sincerely obliged to you for all your letters—now you need not trouble to write more. I shall trust that your husband goes on well, and I hope that at last my books and work are in a state which will enable me to do some justice to his powers, and put him and you in some increase of security for future comfort."

59 (vol. ii. p. 22). "DENMARK HILL, *December 29th*, 1871.—I am very thankful that you are better, and if any of these new sunrises are done since your illness, you are in no wise weaker in style of work. But I trust you will not expose yourself to risk any more. I shall soon have some more hand colouring for you to do, which will be a great rest to you as compared with Turner, or sunset work. I most heartily wish you and your family a good New Year."

60 (vol. ii. p. 23). "DENMARK HILL, *January 29th*, 1872.—I will be at the National Gallery as nearly after two as may be, on Thursday. Your butterfly looks well at the Dudley.[2] If you had got a pretty foreground to some of those skies, they would have been sold there. But you are getting on, fast."

61 (vol. ii. pp. 24-25) is printed *above*, p. 51.

62 (vol. ii. p. 26). "DENMARK HILL, *April 11th*, 1872.—Keep up your spirits —all will go well, I do not doubt! I have put four of your vignettes into Oxford school, permanently. Write to-morrow to Geneva; or on Saturday or Monday to Turin, Italy. Go on making drawings of your own."

63 (vol. ii. p. 27). "SIENA, *May 27th*, 1872.—I enclose you a cheque which I have no doubt will serve the turn at present. The dealers will take *anything* they think likely to catch the eye in a window. You must keep up your heart. It is only *this year* that you have shown real power. You must not hope to sell at once, unless you had the particular cleverness needed for the public. But go on fearlessly, and quietly perfecting your power of decision, lately developed. Write, if you like, to me at Verona."

64 (vol. ii. p. 28). "CORPUS CHRISTI COLLEGE, OXFORD, *November 2nd*, 1872.— I am very glad to see your stronger hand. All you say is right and nice. Send the sketches to the *Euston Hotel* on Tuesday morning. I hope to see you at the Gallery on Tuesday or Wednesday afternoon."

65 (vol. ii. p. 29). "BRANTWOOD, *August 3rd*, 1873.—These outlines are *exactly* what you should do. Introduce *no* shading at present. Draw easy things rightly. Never tire yourself,—and never do wrong for an instant, knowingly. I had not seen the brass candlestick when I wrote. It is so good that I am going to send it to you to have a white background put to it, and then I will put it in my Oxford series."[3]

66–69 (vol. ii. pp. 30–34) are printed *above*, pp. 71, 72.

70 (vol. ii. pp. 35–36) is printed *above*, p. 76.

[1] [Daughter of the Rev. Hugh W. Jermyn, afterwards Bishop of Colombo.]

[2] [The exhibition at the Dudley Gallery in Piccadilly.]

[3] [This drawing of the "brass candlestick" remained, however, in Mr. Ward's possession.]

NO.

71 (vol. ii. pp. 37–38). "CORPUS CHRISTI COLLEGE, OXFORD, *January 20th*, 1874.—I am entirely delighted with these things—they are wonderful. You have quite a singular gift for skies: I never saw anything more subtle or luminous.[1] Go on drawing cloud form with pencil. I'll clear off all your debts, as per schedule, directly. I'm at Herne Hill again for a day or two.[2] I shall be at the National Gallery on Thursday and Friday, if you like to come."

72 (vol. ii. pp. 39–40). "PARIS, *April 1st*, 1874.—There was nothing to be said about the outlines, or I should have said it. Every man must find his own way of expressing himself. I supposed you were not satisfied with them, and would do better as you got practice. One can't be guided at every instant with any good result. I enclose cheque for thirty-seven pounds, and I hear of sixty pounds' worth sold for you in America. This should carry you on some while. Write always care of Arthur Severn. When the weather gets a little warmer, I want you to make some outlines for me at Montfort, near the Seine, between Paris and Rouen—but have not time to write more to-day."

73 (vol. ii. pp. 41–42). "BRANTWOOD, *July 23rd*, 1875.—MY DEAR WARD,—I am delighted with these two last copies. The moonlight seems to me *quite* perfect; the other, in the water and rocks, also admirable and most satisfactory. But I suspect error in the lines of the temple, and incompletion in the distant houses—this I will see to, however, myself. I rejoice most of all in hearing that the work seems to come easier to you. I cannot doubt, now, if I am spared, being able to place for you copies I can recommend so unqualifiedly.—Always affectionately yours, J. RUSKIN."

74 (vol. ii. p. 43). "BRANTWOOD, *August 8th*, 1875.—I more and more admire these vignettes of yours as I examine them. They are very wonderful. I am certain of being able soon now to get orders for you—as my own work is coming into form for beginning systematic issue of it."

75 (vol. ii. pp. 44–45). "BOLTON ABBEY, *September 24th*, 1875.—MY DEAR WARD,—I'm very sorry my careless addressing kept my letter from you. I forget whether it said that you might make any arrangement you liked about the Turner vignettes for the present; but on the whole I think you ought to insist, from the public, on twenty guineas as average price, rising to twenty-five—never more; and falling to fifteen—never less; for all small drawings, square or vignette, according to the work in them. And that if you can't get those prices you should fall back on me and my ready ten guineas, and not take that lower price from anybody else. Those that *I* buy, I shall work on myself, and perhaps then let you make some other arrangement about them,—but can't be sure till I see how your own business prospers. My kind regards to your good hostess—or *are* you with Miss Dundas just now? Write to Herne Hill. I shall call on Wornum (if he is in town) on Monday afternoon—but probably he is holiday making like the rest of us.—Truly yours always, J. RUSKIN."

[1] ["From the study of Turner," writes Mr. Ward, "I learned to delight in skies, and for twelve months recorded as I was able every sunrise and sunset that took my fancy. I set up an easel at my bedroom window, with paper and colours ready, and soon got into the habit of waking every morning about five minutes before sunrise. I then with body colour on grey paper made a rapid sketch of the sky. For the sunset effects I sometimes worked from the window as in the morning: at other times went into the fields and made notes in colour, or pencil; and if in pencil only, realised the scene in colour the following morning."]

[2] [This letter is headed "Corpus Christi College, Oxford," and the postmark upon the envelope is also "Oxford." Doubtless Ruskin wrote it when upon the point of starting for London.

NO.

76 (vol. ii. p. 46). "OXFORD, *February 29th*, 1876.—You may order a hundred[1]—on condition of strict examination, and return of all copies inferior to my pattern.

"If this accursed weather stops photography, just when I want to use it, the Devil really deserves some credit,—five per cent. at least."

77 (vol. ii. p. 47). "OXFORD, *March 10th*, 1876.—I am very glad of your note respecting the mounting, and very willingly leave the matter in your hands. But have you *got* any of the new photos yet? I will look for those you sent here, and send, if findable. I shall be in town, I hope, in about ten days. What you say of *Fors* much interests and pleases me—also of snails."

78 (vol. ii. pp. 48–49). "BRANTWOOD, *July 23rd*, 1876.—I must be in town now in about a fortnight, and will look over everything you can muster. Just let me know what arrangements, for closing, etc., are to be made at the National Gallery, that I may not come at a wrong time. Send a Velasquez photo to Miss Louise Blandy, 57 Gloucester Place, Hyde Park. I have tantalized you and myself about this *Ariadne* long enough. I've set at the proofs now, for the last touch up, I trust, at last. What arrangements have you finally made about the price of vignettes and squares—in case I say anything about price?"[2]

79 (vol. ii. p. 50). "BRANTWOOD, *July 26th*, 1876.—There is no fear but that you will do the sketches well enough for signature.[3] I have often been most pleased by your *facsimiles* of simple things. I can always write with my signature any particulars of the difficulty. But you must have them ready before the end of July—I leave for Italy early in August."

80 (vol. ii. p. 51). "VENICE, *September 19th*, 1876.—The entry at Stationers' Hall is an excellent idea, but I won't part with the copyright of any books or drawings.[4] Enter it as mine, and act as my agent in these things, as Mr. Allen is for my books. How is that son of yours going on?"

81 (vol. ii. pp. 52–53). "VENICE, *February 17th*, 1877.—I am very glad of your letter, and will assuredly make use of you as you suggest. I always intended to do so, and it would have been done by this time if this new Venice work had not hindered. Burgess has a photograph doing of a pencil Turner, 'Bonneville,' which I shall be thankful to hear is in your hands.[5] You've got from me lots of signed photos,[6] haven't you? The rest will come soon."

82 (vol. ii. pp. 54–55). "VENICE, *May 13th*, 1877.—By some mischance I mislaid your letter till yesterday—came on it by lucky chance only. But I am ordering sets to be made for you of all photographs mentioned at any length in *Fors*, and of the two capitals. A hundred impressions of each will be ready this

[1] [A hundred copies, presumably, of one of the "Lesson Photographs": see Vol. XXVIII. p. 625.]

[2] [The reference is to a note Ruskin had suggested making with regard to Mr. Ward's successful Turner copying: see *Ariadne Florentina*, Vol. XXII. pp. 459 *n.*, 463, 473, 476.]

[3] [That is, copies of Turner drawings, which Ruskin was to sign in approval.]

[4] [This refers to Ruskin's drawing of "The Kingfisher," which was photographed for Mr. Ward's series of illustrations. Mr. Ward registered the photo, in order to prevent piracy. The drawing is reproduced in Vol. XXI. (p. 262).]

[5] [For Ruskin's assistant, Arthur Burgess, see Vol. XIV. pp. 349 *seq.* The photographing of Turner's "Bonneville" was given up, and no copy ever came into Mr. Ward's possession.]

[6] [The four copies of "lesson photos" which were for a time signed by Ruskin.]

next week, and despatched before I leave Venice—on the 23rd. I will send you word of price and all. The larger one enclosed *is* the Sheffield No. 5; the smaller (January frying fish, March with rough hair) is the size of Nos. 6 and 7.[1] No. 5 costs a shilling here; and the other fivepence—so you can guess. I send none dearer here than a shilling yet. I will put you in communication with a good agent here."

83 (vol. ii. p. 56). "BRANTWOOD, *October 20th*, 1878.—The drawing[2] is safe here, and I am delighted with it,—but much puzzled at not finding more white chalk lines rounding the clouds—I thought they were daubed on at the edges. Write me word about this before I sign the drawing, as I should like to put a '*very much* approved'—but am afraid of wishing afterwards to 'chalk it out.'"

84 (vol. ii. p. 57). "BRANTWOOD, *March 9th*, 1879.—Thanks for nice note from Miss K. I hope your son is going on well. You can have the 'Bellinzona' when you like. But I think I see myself letting the 'Rouen' travel any more!! or 'Fluelen'![3] I think I can keep you quite well employed at National Gallery. I shall be up in town, *D.V.*, in three weeks, and will choose some I want for myself."

85 (vol. ii. pp. 58–59). "BRANTWOOD, *April 23rd*, 1879.—I don't know when I've had so much pleasure as in those paper bits[4] about my dear Bishop; thank Mrs. Ward ever so much for them. I shall be delighted if that Spanish gentleman will take the trouble to translate the *Mornings*.[5] I wish they were mornings at Madrid, though—or Granada—how does he think Spaniards will care?"

86 (vol. ii. p. 60). "BRANTWOOD, *July 9th*, 1879.—I am delighted with the Griffin,[6] and shall be able to refer to it with great pleasure—and also to the oak sprays, in time. *Fésole* has been stopped by *Deucalion*, and Botany. What has stopped 'Heysham'?[7] How is your son getting on?"

87 (vol. ii. p. 61) is printed *above*, p. 297.

88 (vol. ii. pp. 63–64). "BRANTWOOD, *March 12th*, 1880.—I shall rejoice in seeing the 'Fluelen,'[8] and in giving you a paragraph in the new Catalogue. I think you are sure of me at Herne Hill on Saturday, if you come early enough. *Breakfast* at nine or a quarter past, would be best. Giotto not forgotten[9]—but the trouble these things give me, when I'm busy at big ones, you couldn't conceive!"

[1] [For particulars of these photographs, see Vol. XXIX. p. 124 *n.*]

[2] [Mr. Ward's copy of Turner's drawing of the "St. Gothard Pass," in the National Gallery.]

[3] [For the three drawings by Turner in Ruskin's collection, here referred to, see Vol. XIII. pp. 571, 451, 459.]

[4] [Some newspaper cuttings referring to Bishop Colenso.]

[5] [*Mornings in Florence:* the translation was never completed.]

[6] [A photograph of Ruskin's drawing of a Mediæval Griffin, accurately engraved in *Modern Painters*, vol. iii. Plate I. (Vol. V. p. 140), placed on sale with Mr. Ward. The Oak Sprays was a photograph of a drawing by Ruskin (reproduced in Vol. XXXVIII.).]

[7] [Mr. Ward was then engaged upon a copy of Turner's drawing of "Heysham."]

[8] [Mr. Ward's copy of Turner's "Fluelen" in the National Gallery, which Ruskin intended to notice in a large catalogue of Turner drawings which he at that time contemplated making.]

[9] [This refers to the Preface Ruskin promised to write—and afterwards wrote—for the set of photographs to illustrate Part vi. of *Mornings in Florence:* see Vol. XXIII. pp. 461 *seq.*]

NO.

89 (vol. ii. p. 65) is printed *above*, p. 313.

90 (vol. ii. pp. 67–68). "BRANTWOOD, *July 8th*, 1880.—DEAR WARD,—I am greatly delighted and interested by your account of Mrs. Derbishire—it is a great encouragement to me to know of such friends in America.[1] I am sure she will be able to do more good with her land than I should, but I hope I shall see her some day. It will be three weeks yet before I get to London, and *then* not to lecture. Send Mrs. Derbishire's cheque to St. George's credit at the Union Bank. —Ever affectionately yours, J. RUSKIN."

91 (vol. ii. p. 70) is printed *above*, p. 319.

92 (vol. ii. pp. 71–72). "BRANTWOOD, *December 8th*, 1880.—This account is admirable, just what I want.[2] I've lost a note of yours that came yesterday—was it about the loan of new drawings? I'll get one off to you this week—it's a small body-colour, of which I've long wanted one for myself to hand about—and I'll send you a big one after you've done it. Catalogue[3] getting on, but tires me. But I think you'll all like it—especially that good Oldham."

93 (vol. ii. pp. 73–74). "BRANTWOOD, *March 31st*, 1881.—I've been pretty well past the rough water this week back; but have not cared to do much since I got out of it. I am coming round gradually; and send you to-day some parcels of *Amiens* photos—which I should be glad if you would count and get mounted. You will see that they are nearly all of the central wooden Flêche—the south transept—and its porch; there is only one of the grand west front, of which I am ordering more.[4] I must try to arrange some system of consecutive numbering now, for all the photos you sell. The Turner Catalogue is a load on my conscience, but I can't touch it just now."

94 (vol. ii. pp. 75–76). "BRANTWOOD, *April 3rd*, 1881.—I am greatly relieved by your proposal to finish the Catalogue for me. I will look out the proof-sheets to-morrow—it is short post to-day, and I must settle about photos.

"Yes, keep your list continuous and unchanged, and add as I name other plates. Send me those four *capitals* to look at,—that 'Porta della Carta' must be a wrong reference. I have got myself nearly into working trim, but eyes not strong enough to examine your drawing yet. *Don't* mount the new photos, of course, if people like them better as they are! I will write out a list of nine more varieties of subject, from 41 to 50, and then we will begin *Amiens* with 51, the three porches of the west front; 52, the south porch; 53, the south porch, and transept; 54, the central Flêche. I must get prices from the shop, unless you know them.

"What am I to give you for this *Rhine* copy? It can be retouched at any time."

[1] [Mrs. Derbishire, an American lady who took a lively interest in Ruskin's plans. She gave Mr. Ward £10 as a donation to the funds of St. George's Guild, and offered in addition two hundred acres of land in America.]

[2] [An account of the process adopted by Turner in producing and elaborating his body-coloured drawing—*i.e.*, body-colour upon grey paper. Printed in Vol. XIII. pp. 613–614.]

[3] [The Catalogue of the Turner Drawings in the National Gallery, published by George Allen in 1881: see Vol. XIII. pp. 349 *seq.* William Oldham, till 1908 the curator of the Turner Water-colour Room at the National Gallery: see *ibid.*, p. 355.]

[4] [For particulars of the Amiens photographs which Ruskin placed on sale through Mr. Ward, see Vol. XXXIII. p. 13.]

NO.

95 (vol. ii. pp. 77–78) is printed *above*, p. 351.

96 (vol. ii. p. 79). "BRANTWOOD, *May 20th*, 1881.—It is a great delight to me to hear of the 'Rouens' being finished. I wrote to ask the price of the *Amiens* photographs a month ago—but the man who does them is the unmanageablest log, with good timber in it, only no pith, I've ever chopped at. I make another try to-day."

97 (vol. ii. pp. 80–81) is printed *above*, p. 362.

98 (vol. ii. pp. 82–83) is printed in Vol. XIII. pp. 577–578.

99 (vol. ii. pp. 84–85). "BRANTWOOD, *Candlemas*, 1883.—I send you £31, 10s. for the two Romes, which I buy for St. George. I shall present them at once (with the eight Rivers, which I am greatly glad of) to Whitelands College, Chelsea.[1] I have sent to Mrs. Talbot the 'Rouen Cathedral' of my own, telling her, if she likes it, she may have it for £21 (it having been done for me cheap at 15), and that she is to send the cheque to you. You shall work out the 15 for me soon. In haste—and utter darkness!"

100 (vol. ii. p. 86). "BRANTWOOD, *March 14th*, 1884.—Please send the drawing to Alex. Macdonald, Esq., 84 Woodstock Road, Oxford. I'm so glad you like the *Fors*. Some more nice bits would come, if only I could get a breath of time."

101 (vol. ii. pp. 87–88) is printed *above*, p. 487.

102 (vol. ii. p. 89). "BRANTWOOD, *July 7th*, 1884.—I enclose cheque with true pleasure, and many thanks for your promise to help the girl—if she will be helped. The news from Manchester are extremely pleasant to me."

103 (vol. ii. p. 90). "HERNE HILL, *Wednesday, May 13th*, 1885.—Can you bring 'Florence,' and your copy, here any time to-morrow—after twelve and before four? I'll criticize and pay, and we'll have a general chat. I liked your son's drawing, but not his choice in the part of picture."[2]

104 (vol. ii. p. 91). "HERNE HILL, *May 29th*, 1885.—I quite forget what I wrote to you! But I want to see the 'Florence.'[3] Can you bring it out with the original on Monday morning, before one?"

105 (vol. ii. p. 92). "BRANTWOOD, *July 2nd*, 1885.—I am so very sorry not to have replied before about the Teal.[4] I shall be most grateful to Mr. Eastlake if he will allow it to be taken down for you. Send me my 'Florence' here. I am satisfied you have done your best in restoring. How about 'Zug'?"

106 (vol. ii. p. 93). "BRANTWOOD, *January 31st*, 1886.—I am glad to hear of you again, and to be able to write to you. Miss G.'s[5] work is admirable—from nature; the decorative I doubt. I don't believe the Irish one is rightly copied, but I should be delighted to see her work reproduced—only—how is it to be done?"

107 (vol. ii. p. 94) is printed *above*, p. 573.

[1] [A Rhine and two "Rivers of France" were sent to Sheffield (Vol. XXX. p. 231); many other copies to Whitelands (*ibid.*, pp. 352–355).]

[2] [The principal group in Bellini's "Death of Peter the Martyr," in the National Gallery: for numerous references to the picture, see General Index.]

[3] [Turner's drawing of "Florence from Fiesole," in the possession of Ruskin (Vol. XIII. p. 424); engraved in Hakewill's *Italy*, 1820.]

[4] [Turner's drawing of a Teal (No. 415 in the National Gallery), which was secured against the wall in a position inconvenient for copying].

[5] [Miss Edith Gittins, of Salisbury Road, Leicester—a teacher of drawing.]

TO LOUISA, MARCHIONESS OF WATERFORD

World-Literature, vol. ii. p. 136, contains the following "Extract from a Letter of Mr. Ruskin to Lady Waterford" :—

[1863.] "This ought to be black paper, I suppose. I never could understand the meaning of those great black edges. Your letters used to make me shudder with the look of them; and what business have Christian people to wear black at all, I should like to know? If I wore it when I was sorrowful, I might as well go out in a black mask at once and for ever. I went to see a little god-child of mine two years old a day or two ago; I had a black coat on. He was looking at some of his father's (Edward Jones) drawings in my hand. 'At's pretty'—pointing to a red figure. 'At's pretty'—pointing to a blue figure. 'At's ugly —pointing to a black figure—'like oo'—pointing to me. . . . Ever truly yours, J. Ruskin."

For another letter to Lady Waterford, see *Art and Literature*, No. 24 (below, p. 720).

TO G. F. WATTS, R.A.

G. F. Watts. Reminiscences, by Mrs. Russell Barrington. London (George Allen), 1905.

This book contains on p. 24 extracts from three letters from Ruskin. The dates are not recorded; probably about 1850. The extracts are printed in Vol. XXXVI. pp. 111 and *n.*, 112.

On p. 23 Mrs. Barrington gives a reminiscence of Ruskin. "I remember him saying facetiously while he was giving me a lesson: 'I not only can't draw anything moving, but anything that *can* move, for it fusses me to think that it may begin to do it!' He was forgetting how beautifully he could draw clouds."

For other letters to Watts, see below, p. 725.

TO DR. WHEWELL

William Whewell, an Account of his Writings. By Isaac Todhunter.

This book contains (vol. i. p. 237) one letter; printed in Vol. XVII. p. 271 *n.*

TO THE WHITELANDS STUDENTS

The Standard, May 3, 1886, contained one letter (reprinted in *Ruskiniana* and elsewhere): see Vol. XXX. p. xxxix.

TO JOHN STRANGE WINTER (MRS. ARTHUR STANNARD)

Notable Women at Home, No. 1, November 1890, edited by James R. Morgan.

This publication contains a letter from Ruskin; printed *above*, p. 593.

TO COUNT ZORZI AND HIS CIRCLE

"Ruskin in Venice," by Count Alvise Zorzi, in the *Cornhill Magazine*, August and September 1906, N.S., Nos. 122 and 123, pp. 250–265, 366–380.

These articles contain reminiscences, from which quotations have been printed in Vol. XXIX. pp. xvi.–xix., and eleven letters from Ruskin, to the Count, to

Mdlle. Eugénie (who afterwards became his wife) and to her mother. Of these letters—

NO.

1 (p. 367). "MONDAY, 19 *Feb.* '77.—MON CHER AMI,—Dans mon plaisir, qui fut vraiment grand, de voir ces dames, je perdis un peu la tête; et j'oubliais entièrement en vous faisant mes adieux, que je dîne demain chez la Comtesse Bermani,[1]—de sorte que je ne pourrais pas vous recevoir à votre heure de rendez-vous ordinaire; mais à quatre heures et demi je serais chez moi; et je voudrais beaucoup vous voir, parce qu'il me vient dans la tête quelques doutes sur la question—ou plutôt sur les faits de la substitution des marbres.—Je reste, mon cher Comte, votre ami tout dévoué, J. RUSKIN."

2 (p. 368). "CARISSIMO CONTE,—I could not do other than make the changes;[2] but the stuff is better—twenty times better, in my opinion. Forgive all the annoyance and loss of time. I could not do better the first time.—Yours in everything, —save in not giving way to those atheists in your good work, J. RUSKIN."

3, 4 (pp. 368, 369) are printed *above*, p. 220.

5 (p. 370). "20me *Mars.*—MON CHER COMTE,—J'allais moi-même pour montrer la porte de l'imprimerie à mon domestique, qui y laissa tous les papiers à neuf heures ce matin. A midi j'ai reçu les épreuves que je vous envoie—mais étant aux Musée Correr je ne pouvais pas vous les envoyer plutôt.

"Pourrais-je avoir par le porteur de ceci, peut-être, quelque nouvelle soulageante sur la santé de votre écolière Arménienne? Mes devoirs respectueux, je vous prie, à toutes ces dames. Et croyez-moi.—Votre ami dévoué, J. RUSKIN."

6 (p. 370) is printed *above*, p. 221.

7 (p. 371). "DEAR MADEMOISELLE EUGÉNIE,—I am under the horrible necessity of becoming your tyrant, and oppressing your kindness again in this cruel task of translating, too sadly needful to my ignorant helplessness. I must not hope for the pleasure of giving you a drawing lesson this afternoon; but I will come in to see if I can help at all in this sorrowful business, and am ever, your grateful and faithful servant, JOHN RUSKIN.

"The Count has, I hope, explained the meaning of all this!"

8 (p. 372). "*Easter Day* [*April* 1], '77.—MY DEAR COUNT ZORZI,—I have not given you your 'Count' in the inscription of books, being under the impression that Venetian nobles did not accept other titles than their name in the old days: but if it is proper now, you must tell me and it can easily be added above.

"I send the revise at last. I am sure you will kindly see it accurately through press—and I send you long-kept daguerreotypes. Madlle. Eugénie shall have her drawings when she comes to see me!

"Ever with true regards to your mother and sisters and your sweet friends—enviously but affectionately yours, JOHN RUSKIN."

9 (pp. 373-374). *To* MADAME SZCZEPANOWSKA. (18*th May*) 1877.—"MY DEAR MADAM,—I have received your beautifully written translation, and am proud and grateful. I cannot, however, read it yet, for I am collecting memoranda of final

[1] [For whom, see Vol. XXIV. p. 264.]
[2] [In his preface to Count Zorzi's pamphlet: see above, p. 220.]

and extreme importance before leaving Venice, and must get all things into order to-morrow and next day. If I leave them to the last I cannot *think* for hurry. So that I must not have the pleasure of seeing you and your sweet daughter, until I have got all this absolutely necessary business over: and then I will come and tell you as well as I can what I think Eugénie should do to continue her practice during the summer. I wish I could tell you how very sorry I am not to be able to have the pleasure of helping her, and how very truly and faithfully I remain, affectionately yours, J. Ruskin."

10 (p. 10). "Corpus Christi College, Oxford, *July* 15, '77.—My dear Madam, —I must seem utterly unkind and forgetful to my Venetian friends, but if you will consider that being now nearly sixty years old, and having been—may I say it —'amiable' as far as I could to everybody, I have now about three hundred and sixty-five friends in England, every one of whom thinks that after being away for ten months I ought at least to give them a couple of days, and hear all they have been doing,—and that therefore I have a good two years' work required of me—besides my own—you may understand that I simply have to surrender all hope of doing what I would wish, and that I must just beg those of my friends who know me—as I hope you and the Count Zorzi do—to be assured of my continued affection, whether I write or not.

"Please say to the Count that I am delighted by his letter and the good testimony borne by the Venetian and foreign painters to his noble work. I can't write Italian—but my English is very faithful and true in goodwill and hope for his work and for him.

"Finally, give my most faithful and affectionate regards to Madlle. Eugénie. I trust she goes on drawing, and remains in good health. You were a little unkind not to tell me of her.

"Of myself—I can tell you nothing, but that I am at present being pulled to pieces and can't tell what I shall be able to write or finish of your translations, etc., till I have gathered myself together again. But in pieces or all one, I am ever your affectionate friend, John Ruskin.

"Would you kindly let my friend Mr. Bunney, who will bring this note, have the little leaf and flower drawing?"

11 (pp. 375–376) is printed *above*, p. 241.

II. PUBLICATIONS CONTAINING LETTERS TO VARIOUS CORRESPONDENTS

"ARROWS OF THE CHACE"

This book (1880) contained two letters which, as shown in the synopsis (Vol. XXXIV. pp. 462–465), were reserved for the Collection of Personal Letters. These two are :—

To Dr. W. C. Bennett (1852); printed in Vol. XXXVI. p. 144.
To W. H. Harrison (1865); printed in Vol. XXXVI. p. 145.

The book (1880) also contained several letters to private correspondents, which have been included elsewhere in this edition, as shown in the synopsis just referred to.

COLLINGWOOD'S "LIFE OF RUSKIN" (1900)

The Life of John Ruskin.[1] By W. G. Collingwood, 1900.

This book contains sixty-nine letters[2] (or extracts from letters). Of these—

NO.

1. To his father, March 15, 1823, p. 18—is printed in Vol. I. p. xxvi.
2. To Mrs. Monro, 1829, p. 28.—Vol. XXXVI. p. 3.
3. To his father, February 20, 1832, p. 33.—Vol. I. p. xxxii.
4. „ „ February 27, 1832, p. 34.—Vol. I. p. xxxii.
5. „ „ December 24, 1836, p. 49.—Vol. I. p. li.
6. „ „ February 1837, p. 59.—Vol. XXXVI. p. 11.
7. „ „ April 22, 1837, p. 60.—Vol. XXXVI. p. 14.
8. „ „ 1838, p. 67.—Vol. XXXVI. p. 15.
9. „ „ March 1838, p. 67.—Vol. XXXVI. p. 15.
10. „ „ p. 69.—This is a scrap about a meeting of the Oxford Society for Promoting the Study of Gothic Architecture: "They were all reverends, and wanted somebody to rouse them."
11. To his mother, March 28, 1847, p. 100.—Vol. VIII. p. xxv.
12. „ „ June 27, 1847, p. 108.—Vol. VIII. p. xxv.
13. To his father, July 29, 1849, p. 113.—Vol. V. p. xxiii.
14. „ „ August 8, p. 115.—Vol. V. p. xxviii. *n.*
15. „ „ August 6, pp. 115-116.—Vol. V. p. xxvii.
16. „ „ August 20, p. 116.—Vol. V. p. xxviii.
17. „ „ August 21, p. 117.—Vol. V. p. xxix.
18. „ „ August 22, p. 117.—Vol. V. p. xxx.
19. „ „ August 28, p. 118.—Vol. V. p. xxx.
20. To his mother, May 1850, p. 122.—Vol. IX. p. xxxi.
21. To his father, May 1850, p. 122.—Vol. IX. p. xxxii.
22. To his mother, August 31, 1862, p. 198.—Vol. XVII. p. liv.
23. „ „ August 16, 1867, p. 200.—Vol. XXXVI. p. 537.
24. To his father, February 22, 1859, p. 215.—Vol. XVIII. p. liii.
25. „ „ March 12, 1859, p. 215.—Vol. XVIII. p. lxiv.
26. „ „ Undated, p. 217.—Vol. XVIII. p. lxx.
27. To his mother, May 2, 1866, p. 227.—Vol. XVIII. p. xxxvii.
28. „ „ May 6, 1866, p. 227 „ „ p. xxxvii.
29. „ „ May 10, 1866, p. 228 „ „ p. xxxviii.
30. „ „ June 6, 1866, p. 229 „ „ p. xl.
31. „ „ June 7, 1866, p. 230 „ „ p. xl.
32. „ „ June 11, 1866, p. 230 „ „ p. xli.
33. „ „ June 13, 1866, p. 230 „ „ p. xlii.
34. „ „ July 16, 1867, p. 242.—Vol. XIX. p. xxvii.
35. „ „ July 19, 1867, p. 242 „ „ p. xxx.
36. „ „ July 30, 1867, p. 243 „ „ p. xxxi.
37. „ „ July 31, 1867, p. 243 „ „ p. xxxi.
38. „ „ August 10, 1867, p. 244 „ „ p. xxxiii.
39. „ „ August 13, 1867, p. 245 „ „ p. xxxii.
40. „ „ September 18, 1868, p. 251.—Vol. XIX. p. xli.
41. „ „ September 22, 1868, p. 252 „ „ p. xlii.
42. „ „ September 30, 1868, p. 252 „ „ p. xlii.
43. „ „ September 30, 1868, p. 252 „ „ p. xlii.

[1] [So on the title-page; but on the headlines, *The Life and Work of John Ruskin.*]

[2] [Exclusive of several reprinted from other collections, and therefore included elsewhere in this Bibliography.]

NO.

44. To his mother, October 19, 1868, p. 254.—Vol. XIX. p. xliii.
45. ,, ,, May 5, 1869, p. 259.—Vol. XIX. p. xlviii.
46. ,, ,, May 6, 1869, p. 259 ,, ,, p. xlviii.
47. ,, ,, May 25, 1869, p. 263 ,, ,, p. xlix.
48. ,, ,, July 23, 1869, p. 263 ,, ,, p. xlix.
49. ,, ,, June 3, 1869, p. 263 ,, ,, p. l.
50. ,, ,, May 4, 1869, p. 264 ,, ,, p. lv.
51. ,, ,, June 18, 1869, p. 265 ,, ,, p. lxvii.
52. ,, ,, June 2, 1869, p. 265 ,, ,, p. lvi.
53. ,, ,, August 3, 1869, p. 265.—Vol. XIX. p. liii.
54. ,, ,, August 14, 1869, p. 266 ,, ,, p. lvi.
55. To W. G. Collingwood, December 1875, p. 310.—*Above*, p. 187.
56. ,, ,, 1876, p. 323.—Vol. XXIV. p. xli.
57. To Mrs. Severn, November 13, 1876, p. 324.—Vol. XXIV. p. xxxviii.
58. ,, ,, December 3, 1876, p. 324 ,, ,, p. xxxv. *n.*
59. ,, ,, December 9, 1876, p. 325 ,, ,, p. xxxvi.
60. ,, ,, December 24, 1876, p. 325 ,, ,, p. xxxix. *n.*
61. To W. G. Collingwood, February 18, 1876, p. 329.—Vol. XXVI. p. xliii.
62. ,, ,, July 25, 1879, p. 338.—Vol. XXVI. p. xlv.
63. ,, ,, March 1882, p. 362.—Vol. XXXIII. p. xxix.
64. ,, ,, April 10, 1882, p. 362.—Vol. XXXIII. p. xxx.
65. ,, ,, p. 363 ,, ,, p. xxxi.
66. ,, ,, December 24, 1883, p. 374.—*Above*, p. 471.
67. ,, ,, January 1884, p. 374.—*Above*, p. 471 *n.*
68. ,, ,, 1884, p. 375.—*Above*, p. 471 *n.*
69. ,, ,, February 1884, p. 376.—Vol. XXXIII. p. xlix.

"LETTERS ON ART AND LITERATURE"

Letters | on | Art and Literature | by | John Ruskin. | Edited by Thomas J. Wise. | London: Privately Printed. | 1894.

Octavo, pp. xii.+98. Half-title, p. i.; Title-page, p. iii. (on the reverse: "The impression of this book is limited to a few copies for private circulation only"); Contents, pp. v.–xi.; Note, p. xii. Half-title ("Letters on Art"), p. 1; Letters on Art, pp. 3–67; half-title ("Letters on Literature"), p. 69; Letters on Literature, pp. 71–98.

Issued in smooth maroon cloth, lettered on the back, "Letters | on | Art | John | Ruskin | 1894." A few special copies were printed on vellum.

The note states that each letter is "printed from the original holograph." This volume contains forty letters. Of these—

NO.

1 (pp. 3–4)—to Rev. E Coleridge—is printed in Vol. XI. p. 30 *n.*

2 (pp. 5–6)—to Lowes Dickinson—is printed in Vol. XXXVI. p. 177.

3–7 (pp. 7–27)—to J. J. Laing—are printed in Vol. XXXVI. pp. 171, 265, 173, 180, 145.

8 (p. 28)—to J. H. Le Keux—is printed in Vol. XXXVI. p. 274.

9 (pp. 79–80)—to Mr. Wilkins—is printed in Vol. XXXVI. p. 264.

10 (pp. 31–33)—to R. N. Wornum—is printed in Vol. XIII. pp. xxxvii.–xxxviii.

11 (p. 30)—to John Scott—is printed in Vol. XXXVI. p. 274.

12, 13 (pp. 35–40)—to E. S. Dallas—are printed in Vol. XXXVI. pp. 335, 476.

In line 6 of No. 12, "draw" was misprinted "show," and in the *P.S.* "Scheffer" was misprinted "Schaffer."

14 (pp. 41–42)—to E. Burne-Jones—is printed in Vol. IV. p. 356 *n.*

NO.
15-17 (pp. 43-50)—to C. Fairfax Murray—are printed *above*, pp. 59, 60, 196.
18 (pp. 51–52)—to C. Fairfax Murray—is printed in Vol. XXIV. p. xl.

19 (p. 53). *To* C. FAIRFAX MURRAY. "BRANTWOOD (*August 14th*, 1879).—DEAR MURRAY,—You need not be anxious about me, nor attend to gossip, or newspaper paragraphs. I am quite able, still, for *my own* work—but not for mine and other people's too—which, as I have been at everybody's beck and call till now, astonishes them unpleasantly. But I shall always be glad to help with any possible encouragement workers on Giotto or Botticelli.—Ever affectionately yours,
"J. R."

20, 21 (pp. 54–58)—to C. Fairfax Murray—are printed *above*, pp. 311, 374.

22 (p. 59). *To* MR. G. HAYDEN. "BRANTWOOD, *June 8th*, 1876.—MY DEAR SIR,—Can you post me the drawing to look at here? I will soon guarantee it for you with signature, if genuine. I have not doubted the 'Temple of Jupiter' as originally by Turner's hand, but it is so poor and bad that I could only suppose it had been badly repainted in some dealer's hands. It always puzzled me, and I never had opportunity of examining it thoroughly.—Truly yours, J. RUSKIN."

23 (pp. 60–61)—to a correspondent—is printed *above*, p. 226.
24 (pp. 62–63)—to Lady Waterford—is printed in Vol. XXXVI. p. 325.
25 (pp. 65–66)—to W. Walker—is printed *above*, p. 335.
26 (p. 67)—to a correspondent—is printed in Vol. XXXIV. p. 517.[1]
27, 28 (pp. 71–75)—to W. C. Bennett—are printed in Vol. XXXVI. pp. 217, 352.
29 (pp. 76–77)—to W. C. Bennett—is printed *above*, p. 61.
30 (pp. 78–79)—to W. Smith Williams—is printed in Vol. XVII. p. xxvi. *n.*
31 (pp. 80–81)—to W. Smith Williams—is printed in Vol. XXXVI. p. 497.

32 (p. 82). *To* W. SMITH WILLIAMS. "DENMARK HILL, *November*, 1865.—DEAR MR. WILLIAMS,—I think the lecture[2] looks and reads very nice! Perhaps people will say the pages are like my mother's mince-pies this year—more edges than meat. I'll send you on Monday some of the first lecture, that we may set the types free, and I'll correct this at leisure. It is beautifully correct for a first proof. My writing *must* be improving!!—Truly and affectionately yours,
"J. RUSKIN."

33, 34 (pp. 83–88)—to W. Smith Williams—are printed in Vol. XXXVI. pp. 499, 544.

35 (pp. 89–90). *To* W. SMITH WILLIAMS. "DENMARK HILL (1867).—DEAR MR. WILLIAMS,—I am heartily obliged for your kind advice *re* the Routledge affair,[3] and shall of course act upon it. I shall think over the affair of *Selections*, and see what I could make of it before I trouble Mr. King. But, meantime, would you like to publish my Newcastle letters[4] cheap for me, or must I go to some one else? They're frightfully incendiary!—Ever most truly yours,
"J. RUSKIN."

36 (pp. 91–92)—to Miss Susan Beever—is printed *above*, p. 160.

[1] [The letter "Nothing can advance," etc. It should have been there stated that the letter had been reprinted in *Letters on Art and Literature*.]
[2] [Proof-sheets of part of *The Crown of Wild Olive*.]
[3] [See Vol. XXXVI. p. 544.]
[4] [*Time and Tide by Weare and Tyne*, published by Messrs. Smith, Elder & Co. on December 19, 1867, at the price of one shilling and sixpence. See Vol. XVII.]

NO.
37 (p. 93)—to a correspondent—is printed in Vol. XXVIII. p. 183 *n.*
38 (p. 94)—to J. Dykes Campbell—is printed in Vol. XXVII. p. 273 *n.*
39 (pp. 95–96)—to a correspondent—is printed in Vol. XXXVI. p. 463.
40 (pp. 97–98)—to F. S. Ellis—is printed *above*, p. 12.

"LETTERS TO VARIOUS CORRESPONDENTS"

Letters | Upon Subjects of General Interest | from | John Ruskin | to Various Correspondents | 1892. | *London: Privately Printed.* | (*Not for Sale.*)

Octavo, pp. xii.+101. Title-page (with blank reverse), pp. iii.–iv.; on p. v. (blank reverse) is the intimation that "The impression of the book is limited to a few copies for Private Circulation only." Contents, pp. vii.–xii. Letters, 3–101. On a blank sheet at the end is the imprint, "Privately Printed: 1890," corrected by an Erratum-slip inserted to "1892."

Issued in bright green cloth boards, lettered on the back, "Letters | First | Series | John | Ruskin | 1892." A few special copies were printed on vellum.

This volume contains thirty-six letters, one of them (No. 3) being from Ruskin's father. Of these—

NO.
1 (pp. 3–7)—to George Smith—is printed in Vol. III. p. xlii.
2 (pp. 8–12)—to George Smith—is printed in Vol. VIII. p. 276.
3 (pp. 13–14)—to F. J. Furnivall—is printed in Vol. XXXVI. p. 109.
4 (pp. 15–16)—to George Smith—is printed in Vol. XI. p. xxxiii. *n.*, where, however, the following postscript (p. 16) was not given:—

"I have sent a page of Plate II.[1] in case you think it expedient to go straight on. Please tell Mr. Williams I have his obliging note, and that *his* assistance would be quite as valuable to me as Mr. Rowan's,—but I want Mr. R(owan) to read the pamphlet, because we quarrelled about the Pre-Raphaelites. I shall send him a copy, however. I had rather he read it all fair. I will correct all *Modern Painters* in a mass, and send it together.[2] But note there is a page—if not more—of the letterpress wanting, *between* the last corrected sheets of *Pre-Raphaelitism* which I sent you this morning, and the one herewith returned for revise."

5 (pp. 17–18)—to George Smith—is printed in Vol. XIV. p. 457.
6 (pp. 19–24)—to E. S. Dallas—is printed in Vol. XXXVI. p. 315.
7 (pp. 25–30)—to E. S. Dallas—is printed in Vol. XXXVI. p. 317.
8 (pp. 31–35)—from J. J. Ruskin to E. S. Dallas—is printed in Vol. XXXVI. p. 319 *n.*
9 (pp. 36–37)—to Miss E. F. Strong—is printed in Vol. XXXVI. p. 332.
10 (pp. 38–39)—to J. H. Le Keux—is printed in Vol. XXXVI. p. 336.
11 (pp. 40–41)—to J. H. Le Keux—is printed in Vol. XXXVI. p. 345.
12 (pp. 42–46)—to Rawdon Brown—is printed in Vol. XXXVI. p. 407.

13 (pp. 47–48). *To* C. Richardson. (Denmark Hill) "*May 15th*, 1867.—My dear Charles,—I want to see you and Mrs. Richardson when you come out to see my mother, and I fear I cannot do so to-morrow, nor am I likely to have a day this week—but next week I will undertake to be at home any day you can

[1] [That is, a page of letterpress to accompany the folio plate in *Examples of Venetian Architecture:* see Vol. XI. p. 320.]
[2] [Ed. 5 of vol. i., and ed. 3 of vol. ii., revised in 1851, when these two vols. were the only ones published: see Vol. III. p. lviii., and Vol. IV. p. liii.]

come out. I hope to see you before then, as I will call at the Coburg the first time I am that way. I thought you would excuse my changing the day, as I hope you are staying in town some time. Your Aunt[1] sends her kindest regards.—Your affectionate Cousin, J. Ruskin."

14 (pp. 49–50). *To* John Simon. "Denmark Hill, *March 31st*, 1871.—My dear Brother John,—Our poor old Annie died yesterday,[2] I think painlessly—so ending a life of very good work, in the service of other people; and, as far as I know, without having in the whole course of it done any harm to a human creature; or received much benefit, beyond bread and meat, from any one. She died, I suppose in a minute or two, all by herself; and I hope dreamily—else she would be pained by not having me to say good-bye to. Would you please give me just a line saying you knew she had cancer, and must die, some day—to show the coroner?—Ever your loving J. R."

15 (pp. 51–52[3])—to J. G. Gribble—is printed in Vol. XXVII. pp. 258–259.
16 (pp. 54–57)—on Wages—is printed in Vol. XXIX. pp. 531–532.
17 (pp. 58–60)—to W. Walker—is printed in Vol. XXIX. pp. 572–573.

18 (pp. 61–62). *To a* Correspondent. "Corpus Christi College, *February 19th*, 1875.—My dear Sir,—These drawings show very great drawing-faculty, and a subtle power of appreciation; but not enough independence. The imitations of Turner are far better than most imitations—but do not imitate either him or any one else. You have got his manner of foliage excellently, and this manner will be useful in drawing from nature; but always be as like the facts, and as little mannered, as you can. The drawing from the guardsman is very good—but Mr. Poynter knows nothing of light and shade, and lets his pupils scribble about with black whenever they are working. Learn first to draw any object honestly—after that, men or trees as you like. Study only from the Venetians—Perugino, and Turner. A study of the hands of 'Tobit and the Angel' in the National Gallery[4] would soon show you what light and shade is. I write quite at random, forgetting at present the contents of your letter. I enclose this with the drawings.—Ever very truly yours, J. Ruskin."

19 (pp. 63–64)—to E. Rydings—is printed in Vol. XXXIV. p. 520.

20 (pp. 65–66). *To* F. Crawley. "Brantwood, *October 4th*, 1877.—My dear Crawley,—I forgot to ask in my last, if you have received a case containing a picture from Mr. Merritt?[5] It may be opened, and the picture, which is Florentine, left for the present at the schools. Mr. Macdonald will perhaps be interested in it. It has good qualities, though none first rate. It belongs to Mr. Norton, and must be taken good care of.

"In case Dr. Acland is inquiring when I am coming, please say I shall get into Oxford, I hope, about the end of this month; and shall give three lectures a week, for four weeks, on *Modern Painters*. Give my love to Mr. Macdonald, and I am always, your affectionate Master, J. R."

21 (pp. 67–69)—to F. Gale—is printed *above*, p. 250.
22 (pp. 70–72)—to E. S. Dallas—is printed *above*, p. 251.

[1] [Ruskin's mother, and *great*-aunt of Mr. Richardson, who was the son of her Croydon sister's son.]

[2] [For other references to the death of Ruskin's old nurse, see Vol. XXII. p. xviii., Vol. XXXV. p. 31 *n.*]

[3] [On pp. 52–53 is the letter to which Ruskin's was a reply; this also has been given in Vol. XXVII. p. 258.]

[4] [Compare, above, p. 611.]

[5] [The picture-cleaner: see above, p. 319.]

NO.

23 (pp. 73–74). "BRANTWOOD, *December 19th*, 1878.—MY DEAR CRAWLEY,—The box with the fibrous silvers and thin agates arrived quite safely yesterday, which much pleased me, as I feared the fibrous silvers would necessarily suffer: and the thin agates were ticklish. I send cheque for £35, carrying the 17s. 4d. to next account; and give your children the five pounds in any Christmas form you like best. I am keeping fairly well, and doing nothing to hurt myself,—yet always a little, here and there. I am very glad to hear you are so well forward with the chalcedonies. Send me that Quaritch parcel. I may still do some work in Oxford, but shall never do any more of *my own* work there,—so that I shall keep the rooms habitable, and no more.—I wish you a pleasant Christmas, and am, your affectionate Master, J. RUSKIN."

24 (pp. 75–76). *To* F. CRAWLEY. "BRANTWOOD, *January 9th*, 1879.—Everything has come perfectly safe—books, and cases of prints in wood. Please now, as you have time, send me the photos from outer room, in the parcels they are arranged in; and the 'St. Louis' and 'Dover' frames from the window seat. I fear some damp may have got at them. I should be glad if Mr. Fisher (to whom my best regards, as well as kind memory to Mrs. Stacey[1]) would allow you to look over the new Turner drawings. I am particularly anxious to have the exquisite unpublished 'Seine' over instantly, under glass, and out of harm's way.[2] Where are Dr. Acland and Mr. Macdonald?—Ever your affectionate Master."

25 (pp. 77–78). *To* F. CRAWLEY. "BRANTWOOD, *June 7th*, 1879.—I don't understand why you say you have sent only *one* vol. of *Voyages dans les Alpes:* surely all are at Oxford! Send me, at leisure, all my drawings and sketch-books—Venetian and others; and very quietly and unhurriedly pack my specimens of Gold, that will move without much trouble, leaving the trembling thin plates alone;—I will not move any of my *fragile* minerals from Oxford. Nor the *thread* silvers—nor any that are difficult to pack; but whatever silver paper and wool will ensure the safety of, send me here. Observe also the danger of fine *edges*. There is a piece of rolled gold in green rock, in one drawer, which has fine edge in the richest part; don't try to pack *that*—nor any that you are not sure of. In one of the drawers I think you will find a little box—marked T. A. Readwin—a pasteboard box, with sliding interior. Pack this with great care, and send to T. A. Readwin, Esq., Tuebrook, Liverpool—registering, of course.

"Also—I want my old *Arabian Nights* with brown and gold binding. There are only three volumes; one is lost.—Always faithfully yours."

26 (pp. 79, 80). *To* F. CRAWLEY. "BRANTWOOD (*December*, 1879).—MY DEAR CRAWLEY,—Both the silver in the box, and the delicate gold came perfectly safe. But though I am glad to have that silver, it is not the one I want—but a smooth crystal of carbonate of lime, with the silver on it like small twigs of moss. It must be among the larger specimens at the bottom, and will need lots of wool round softest paper. Are there not a lot of *Flora Danica* supplements bound? The weather here has been pleasant frost, and very bright. We all drove to Tilberthwaite lower bridge the day before yesterday; walked up the bed of the stream among the icicles and picniced on the grass under the slate quarry. I had a bit of a cold a fortnight ago; but Dr. Parsons cured it directly, and everybody is well now. To-day however is black, with heavy snow, after the loveliest day yesterday I ever saw in December. When I say 'all well,' I mean, for myself, as well as I've been since my illness. But I can't get up in the morning as I used to do.—Always your affectionate Master, J. RUSKIN."

[1] [Housekeeper at the Oxford Galleries: see Vol. XV. p. xxx. For Mr. Fisher, then Keeper of the Galleries, see Vol. XXXIII. p. 313. Crawley (for whom, see Vol. XIV. p. 352) was, during Ruskin's professorship, in charge at Oxford, where he afterwards made his home.]

[2] [Ruskin has here drawn a rough pen-and-ink sketch of Turner's "Seine."]

NO.
27 (pp. 81–83)—to F. Crawley—is printed *above*, p. 310.

28 (pp. 84–85). *To* F. Crawley. "Brantwood, *January 18th* (1881).—*Three* boxes of minerals; two some days back, one to-day. The 'Lisbon,' engravings, and frames have all come safe. One glass broken only, and that on a print of no importance. The views not yet unpacked will, I am sure, be all right. Many thanks for all your care. I keep wonderfully well, but can't get up in the morning —lively enough in the day. Lake frozen into one perfect sheet yesterday an inch thick. I could only break my way, with butt end of oar, a boat's length out of the harbour in half-an-hour. Had the frost held six hours longer, I could have walked across to Coniston Hall; with the men pulling the boat on the ice after me, in case of a flaw anywhere. But thaw came yesterday afternoon. It looks like freezing again to-night, however.—Always your affectionate Master, J. Ruskin.

"The letter from Miss Yule was very pleasant."

29 (pp. 86–87)—to Miss Gatty—is printed *above*, p. 371.
30 (pp. 88–89)—to F. Crawley—is printed *above*, p. 419. In line 3 from the end, "Lanfon" is here a correction for "Laufons."
31 (pp. 90–91)—to Miss Beaumont—is printed *above*, p. 491.
32 (pp. 92–93)—to Miss Waldron—is printed *above*, p. 528.

33 (pp. 94–95). *To* F. H. Butler.[1] "Brantwood (*March 9th*, 1886).—Dear Butler,—I can't afford this big bill just now; how these blessed little sixpences do add up. I am going to bring it down to £5,—sending you the slices and carnelian agates, etc., back. But I haven't had time to look them over yet—I hope to do so to-day—anyhow here's promise of my best attention. But as a rule please don't send me glass cases. It's not only the time my servant has to give to repacking, but the nervousness about such things is quite as seriously bad for me as about greater matters. You should have, I think, solid wood for all your correspondents,—for myself I'll send you some.—Ever affectionately yours, J. R(uskin).

"*P.S.*—I wrote as above before reading yours. I see with same I am in your debt—the cheque shall be for £7, 12s. 6d.
"I am glad to hear of your brother's book, but alas! take no interest in any eggs till boiled."

34 (pp. 96–97)—to a correspondent—is printed in Vol. XXXIV. pp. 619–620.
35 (pp. 98–99)—to Colonel Robertson—is printed in Vol. XXXVI. p. 353.
36 (pp. 100–101)—to Richard Owen—is printed in Vol. XXXVI. p. 362.

An article entitled "John Ruskin as a Letter-Writer," by W. G. Kingsland, in *Poet Lore* (Philadelphia), vol. v., 1893, pp. 1–7, 67–72, quoted letters Nos. 6, 12, 9, 15, and 32, and gave extracts from several others.

LADY RITCHIE'S "RECORDS"

"John Ruskin, an Essay," by Anne Thackeray Ritchie, in *Harper's New Monthly Magazine*, March 1890, pp. 578–603. Reprinted (without the illustrations) in *Records of Tennyson, Ruskin, and Browning*, by Anne Ritchie, 1892, pp. 61–153.

This contains thirteen letters (or extracts from letters) by Ruskin. Of these—

NO.
1 (pp. 103–104 *n.*; *Harper*, in facsimile, p. 591). "I was looking myself this morning at some bits about the Valley of Cluse and the Lake of Thun in the first

[1] [For whom, see above, p. 509.]

two numbers of *Deucalion*, which I like better myself than *Frondes*. I have sent them, thinking they may possibly interest Mr. Stephen also in some of their mountain talk.—Ever yours and his, affectionately, J. Ruskin."

2 (pp. 126–127; *Harper*, p. 597)—to W. M. Thackeray—is given in Vol. XXXVI. p. 351.

3 (p. 131; *Harper*, p. 598). "King's Arms, Lancaster, *Saturday*.—Dear Mr. ——, I have left orders to make you comfortable; it is just possible, after these two days of darkness, you may even have a gleam of sun on Monday morning. Eleven train to Carnforth Junction, where change carriages for Ulverstone, where getting out, you will, I doubt not, see a dark post-chaise, into which getting, an hour and a half's pleasant drive brings you to Brantwood, where I hope you may not be uncomfortable whatever the weather.—Yours faithfully, J. Ruskin."

4, 5 (pp. 132–134; *Harper*, p. 598) are given *above*, p. 68.

6 (p. 134; *Harper*, p. 599). "Herne Hill, 23*rd April*, 1882. . . . That is a good passage of Leonardo's, but if you had read my Oxford lectures you would find their whole initiatory line and shade practice is (with distinct announcement of his authority) based on his book [Vol. XX. p. 38]. I had read every word of it with care before I finished *Mod. P.*"

7 (p. 135; *Harper*, p. 599) is printed in Vol. IV. p. 356.

8, 9, 10 (pp. 136–139; *Harper*, pp. 599, 600)—to G. F. Watts—are printed in Vol. XIV. pp. 471–473.

11, 12, 13—to Sir T. and Lady Martin (pp. 147–148; *Harper*, p. 602)—are given *above*, pp. 515, 516.

"RUSKINIANA"

This book (1890) contained twenty-three letters which, as shown in the synopsis (Vol. XXXIV. pp. 466–468), were reserved for the Collection of Personal Letters. These twenty-three are:—

To Samuel Rogers (5): see above, p. 695.
To Miss Mitford (4): see above, p. 682.
To Mrs. Hugh Miller: see above, p. 682.
"The Basis of True Work": this was part of a letter to J. J. Laing, printed in Vol. XXXVI. p. 171.
To W. J. Stillman: see above, p. 701.
"The Value of Laziness": to Mr. Mackay: printed in Vol. XXXVI. p. 483.
To Mrs. Beecher Stowe (2): see above, p. 701.
To W. M. Thackeray: see above, under Ritchie (No. 2).
To a Friend: ,, ,, ,, (No. 3).
To D. G. Rossetti: see above, p. 699.
To S. C. Hall: see above, p. 659.
To S. B. Bancroft: see above, p. 618.
To a Friend in Italy (3): see above, under Ritchie (Nos. 4, 5, 6).
To C. M. Barker: see above, p. 618.

Ruskiniana contained several other letters to private correspondents, which have been included elsewhere in this edition, as shown in the synopsis just referred to.

SPIELMANN'S "JOHN RUSKIN" (1900)

John Ruskin: a Sketch of his Life, his Work, and his Opinions, with Personal Reminiscences, by M. H. Spielmann, 1900.

This book includes many letters, or portions of letters, from Ruskin—most of which, however, had previously appeared elsewhere. Seventeen pieces remain to be enumerated:—

NO.

1 (p. 49)—to C. A. Howell—is printed in Vol. XXXVI. p. 503 *n.*

2, 3 (p. 51)—to C. A. Howell—are printed in Vol. XXXVI. p. 515.

4 (p. 93)—to E. S. Dallas (September 10, 1859). "I beg of you, so far as you think of me, not to think of me as a Tory, or as in any wise acknowledging party principles."

5 (pp. 114–115)—to M. H. Spielmann—is printed in Vol. XXXIV. p. 566.

6 (p. 115)—to M. H. Spielmann—is printed in Vol. XXXIV. p. 566.

7 (p. 157 *n.*)—to M. H. Spielmann (Sandgate, Nov. 14, 1887): "No photograph gives any of the good in me."

8 (p. 180)—to a Lady—is printed in the section "Portraits" in the Bibliography (Vol. XXXVIII.).

9 (p. 181)—to M. H. Spielmann (Sandgate, 8th May 1888); *above*, p. 604.

10 (p. 188, in facsimile)—to M. H. Spielmann (Sandgate, 9th Jan. 1888); printed in Vol. XIV. p. 358 *n.*

11 (p. 189)—to M. H. Spielmann (Sandgate, Nov. 3, 1887). Mr. Spielmann has printed two bits from this letter: (1) about a reproduction of Turner's "Ulysses"; printed in the *Magazine of Art* and reprinted in the *Academy:* see in this edition, Vol. XIV. p. 358 *n.* (2) "I find the landlord . . . till Christmas"; printed in *John Ruskin,* p. 189; in this edition, Vol. XIV. p. 357 *n.*

12 (p. 189)—to M. H. Spielmann (Sandgate, Nov. 5, 1887); printed in Vol. XIV. p. 357 *n.*

13 (pp. 189, 190)—to M. H. Spielmann (probably Nov. 1887); printed in Vol. XIV. p. 357 *n.*

14 (p. 190)—telegram to M. H. Spielmann (Sandgate, Nov. 15, 1887); printed in Vol. XIV. p. 358 *n.*

15 (p. 190)—to M. H. Spielmann (Sandgate, Nov. 14, 1887); printed in Vol. XIV. p. 358 *n.*

16 (p. 190)—to M. H. Spielmann (Sandgate, Dec. 11, 1887); printed in Vol. XIV. p. 358 *n.*

17 (p. 191, in facsimile)—to M. H. Spielmann (Sandgate, 11th Jan. 1888).—DEAR SPIELMANN,—I'll set to work on the paper directly—and choose the drawings quickly—and won't say a word you don't like about the others. I may surely say it was my mistake about Mr. Long? without doing even *him* any harm. So many thanks for *your* kindness.—Ever gratefully yours, J. RUSKIN."[1]

The *Magazine of Art*, January 1888, p. ix., contained two extracts from letters to M. H. Spielmann. One of these is mentioned above (under No. 11); the other is also printed in Vol. XIV. p. 358 *n.*

[1] [Ruskin's article for the *Magazine of Art* had appeared in January 1888. This letter refers to a projected second article, for which Ruskin had proposed that Mr. Long should reproduce a drawing by Turner in chromolithography (see Vol. XIV. p. 364)—a proposal abandoned on account of the cost.]

"SAINT GEORGE"

Saint George:—

Volume iii. (1900) contains the following letters:—

p. 88. To E. J. Baillie, February 7, 1887.—*Above*, p. 579.
p. 89. To E. J. Baillie, January 2, 1883.—*Above*, p. 430.
pp. 90, 91 (in facsimile), p. 120 (in type). To G. Allen, April 15, 1878.—*Above*, p. 243.
p. 96. To George Thomson, November 5, 1886.—Vol. XXX. p. 333.
p. 96. To George Thomson, January 22, 1884.—Vol. XXX. p. 304.
pp. 142–145 (facsimile and type). To G. Baker, July 18, 1877.—Vol. XXIX. p. 170 *n.*
pp. 146–149 (facsimile and type). To G. Baker, August 29, 1877.—Vol. XXX. p. 302.
pp. 150–152 (facsimile and type). To G. Baker, 1877.—Vol. XXX. p. 301.
pp. 206–212. Eight letters to May Queens.—Vol. XXX. pp. 342–346.
p. 213. To G. Baker, June 7, 1877.—Vol. XXX. p. 302.
p. 214. To G. Baker, May 12, 1877.—Vol. XXX. p. 301.
pp. 214–215. To G. Baker, March 17, 1879.—Vol. XXX. p. 303.
p. 216. To G. Baker, November 1879.—Vol. XXX. p. 303.
p. 223. To Miss Martin, January 25, 1885.—Vol. XXX. p. 341.

Volume iv. (1901) contains the following letters:—

pp. 44, 45. To May Queens.—Vol. XXX. pp. 340–341.
p. 47. To a little girl. "A Little Girl's Letter to the Master and his Answer."[1]

The little girl said: "I am going out to pick some oxeye daisies for you," asked when he was coming to see her, and sent "a barrowful of kisses." Ruskin's letter was as follows:—

"HERNE HILL, *May* [1883?].—DEAR MRS. ——, I did not, in my usual stupidity, think it was *this* afternoon you and M. were coming, or surely I would have been at home, though I could not have come to the Grove with you.

"What a lovely letter from M.! and how full of various interest—pathetic and cheerful, and what 'barrow' was ever so sweetly charged before! Say to her I can't promise to come to see her till these wild winds are over. I've no comfort in looking at trees shaking and grass trembling, but when the primrose is come she shall show me all its beauty in her garden and yours.

"The seventh stone shall be prettier than any of the six. I'm so glad I left it out of the box. Much love to Mr. ——, and a kiss to M. for every daisy petal she has sent me.—Ever most truly yours, J. RUSKIN."

p. 286. To Mrs. Talbot.—Vol. XXX. p. xxviii. The letter had already been printed by Miss Atkinson (see above, p. 701).
pp. 290, 291. Two letters to Miss Rose Graves.—Vol. XXX. pp. 346, 347.

Volume vi. (1903) contains the following letters:—

"Recollections of Ruskin at Oxford," pp. 103–115, by "Peter" (Rev. E. P. Barrow): see above, p. 619.

[1] [The little girl was Mr. Faunthorpe's daughter, the "Maidie" of the letter printed above, p. 438.]

"Recollections of Ruskin," pp. 134–143, by Oscar Browning, containing five letters to him:—

p. 138. March 11, 1873.—*Above*, p. 64.
p. 139. March 24, 1873.—*Above*, p. 65.
p. 140. November 18, 1874.—Vol. XXIII. p. 469.
p. 141. November 1874.—Vol. XXIII. p. 469.
p. 143. December 14, 1875.—*Above*, p. 188.

Also the following miscellaneous letters:—

p. 357. To G. Baker, Brantwood, February 21, 1884, as follows:—

"Dear Mr. Baker,—Will you kindly pay enclosed Guild account up to end of last year to Messrs. Ford: it is for very first-rate work. I shall have to charge the Guild, I find, with the topaz and emeralds instead of presenting them, for I have just paid a thousand cash down for a diamond, which will be the Guild's ultimately, and called 'St. George's diamond,' but at present I keep it in my power. It is to be exhibited on loan at the British Museum, the first stone they ever put in their gallery on loan; it weighs 129 carats and is a perfect crystal.[1]

"Were you at the Tarrant and M. meeting the other day? I hope my letter was sufficiently businesslike.—Ever your affectionate J. Ruskin."

In the last line but one, there was a misprint in *St. George* of "Turrant Hill" for "Tarrant and M."—by which Ruskin referred to a meeting held at the offices of Messrs. Tarrant and Mackrell, solicitors, to consider negotiations then pending between the St. George's Guild and Sheffield. For the ultimate solution of the matter, see Vol. XXX. p. xlviii.

p. 358. To Mr. Wright, May 9, 1881.—*Above*, p. 358.

In line 3, "crystallised" has here been substituted for "xlised"; and in line 11, "millerite" is a correction for "millente."

Volumes viii. and *ix.* contain Ruskin's letters to Sir Oliver Lodge: see above, p. 676.

"ENGLISH ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE"

"Carlyle and Ruskin. Two Letters." In the *English Illustrated Magazine*, November 1891, pp. 105, 106.

Carlyle's letter to Ruskin (October 29, 1860) has been given in Vol. XVII. p. xxxii.

Ruskin's letter, to "Gerard," is given *above*, p. 37.

"STRAND MAGAZINE"

"The Handwriting of John Ruskin. From 31st December 1828 to 28th November 1884." By J. Holt Schooling. In the *Strand Magazine*, December 1895, pp. 670–680.

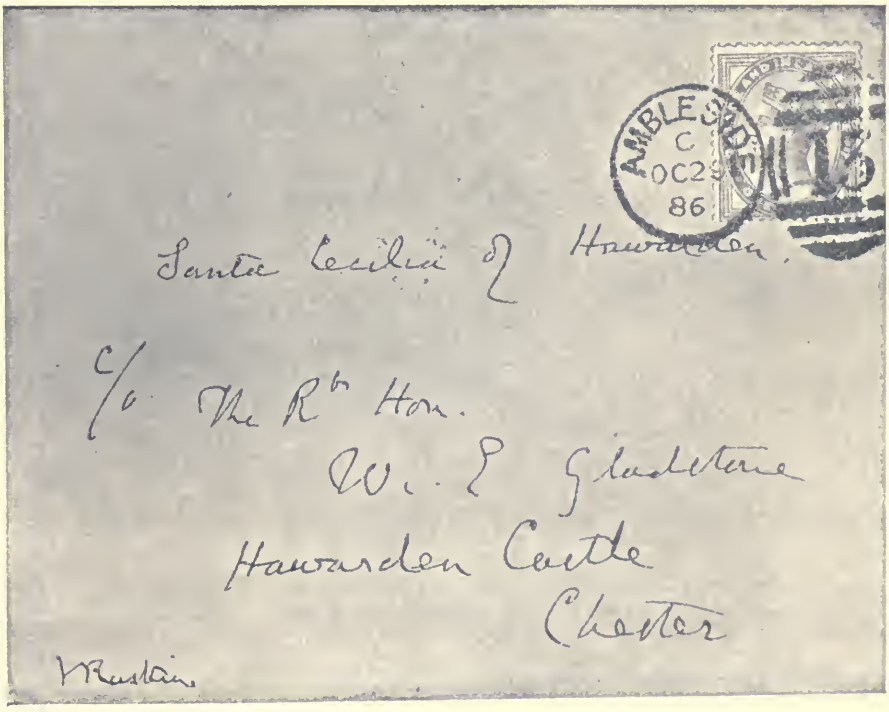
This article contains thirty numbered scraps by Ruskin and one unnumbered. Of these—

NO.

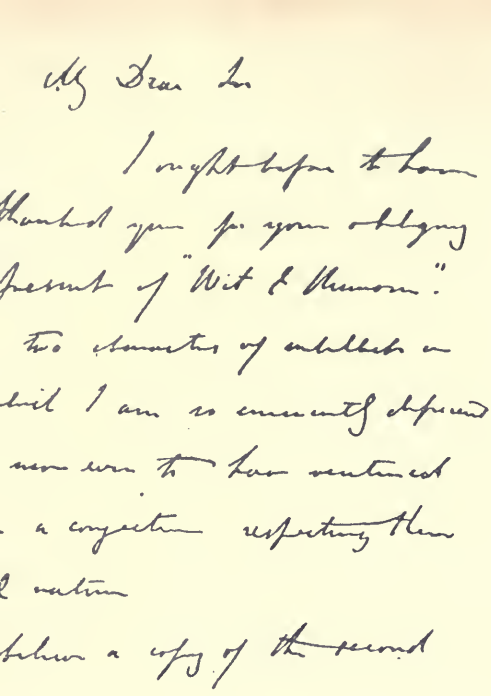
1 (p. 679) is given in facsimile in Vol. II. p. 264.
2 (p. 669) is one of the heads shown on the page of *facsimiles* here introduced.
3 (p. 670) is a sketch: this is reproduced on a plate in Vol. XXXVIII.
A letter unnumbered (p. 670); given in Vol. XXXVI. p. 30.

[1] [For this, the "Colenso Diamond," ultimately presented to the British Museum, see Vol. XXVI. p. lv.]

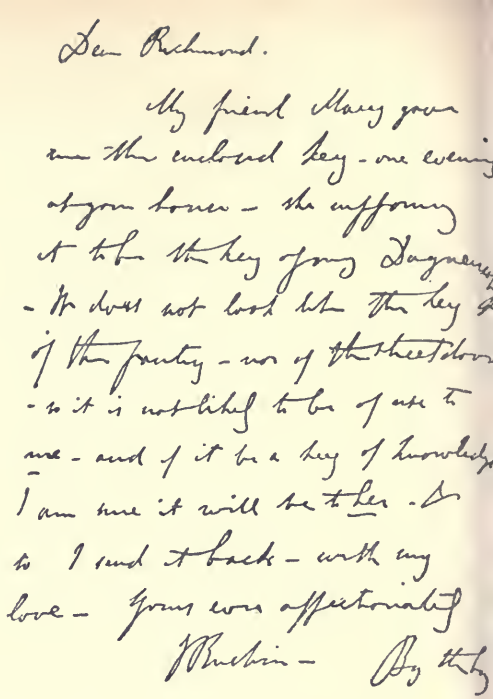
Mrs Carlyle
Cheyne Row
Chelsea
W.
PD
London
Angleterre


Santa Cecilia
Hawarden
C/o The Rt Hon.
W. E. Gladstone
Hawarden Castle
Chester

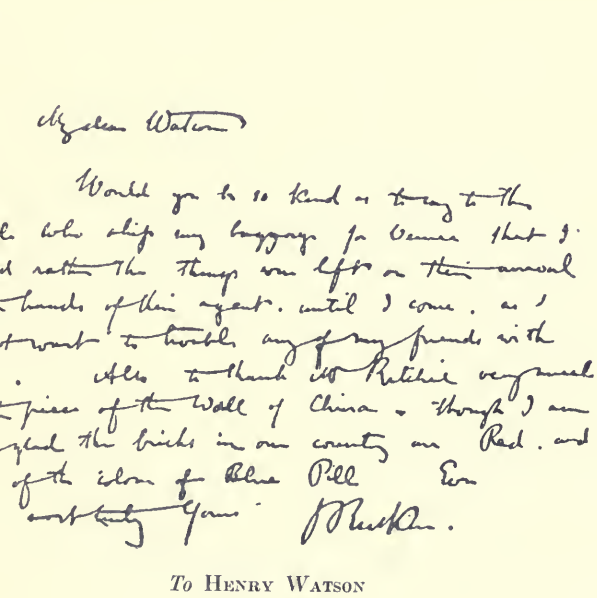
To face p. 728



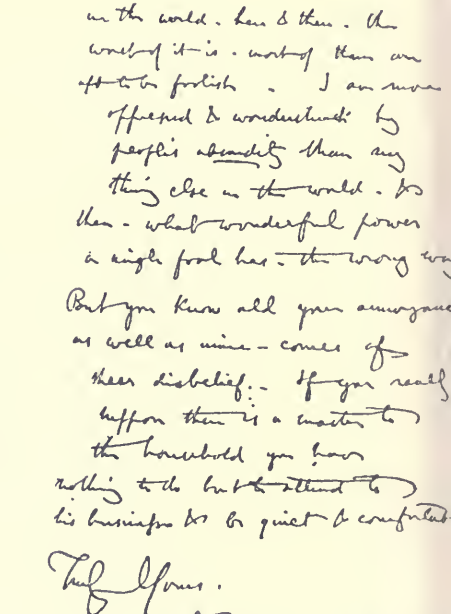
To George Smith (Vol. XXXVI. p. 66)



To George Richmond



To Henry Watson



To William Ward

NO.

4, 5, 6, and 7 are given here in *facsimile*:—

4 (p. 670) is part of a letter to George Smith (which is printed in Vol. XXXVI. p. 66).

5 (p. 671) is a letter to George Richmond.

6 (p. 671) is a letter to Henry Watson, for whom and for Mr. Ritchie (another of Ruskin's father's clerks), see *Præterita*, Vol. XXXV. p. 171.

7 (p. 671) is the end of the first letter to William Ward (Vol. XXXVI. p. 185).

8 (p. 672) is a half-tone block from the drawing which is engraved in *Stones of Venice*, vol. ii. Plate 18 (2): Vol. X. p. 310.

9 (p. 672) is the last paragraph of the letter of July 9, 1858, to William Ward (Vol. XXXVI. p. 285).

10 (p. 673) is part of a letter to William Ward (October 1, 1860): see Vol. XXXVI. p. 343.

11 (p. 673) is the envelope of a letter to Mrs. Carlyle (Lucerne, December 22, 1861), of which also this short extract is given:—"I've no patience with the Swiss —now—nor with anybody; myself included. Good-bye.—Ever your affectionate "J. RUSKIN."

12 (p. 673) is a letter to William Ward: see *above*, p. 704 (No. 29).

13 (p. 674) is another letter to him: see *above*, p. 705 (No. 31).

14 (p. 674). The Turner book label. This (a mere smudge in the *Strand*) is the design mentioned in Vol. I. p. xi.; identical with that on the title-page of each volume in this edition, except for the legend, "*J*ustice, *M*ercy, *W*ith *T*ruth" (Turner's initials), in place of "To-Day."

15 is a letter to Mrs. William Ward (November 13, 1867): see *above*, p. 707 (No. 47).

16 (p. 675) is a letter to Mr. Ward (December 18, 1869): given in facsimile *above*, p. 702.

17 is another letter to Mr. Ward: see *above*, p. 708 (No. 53).

18 (p. 675) is a scrap as follows:—"20 *Sept.*, 1871.—DEAR MR. TALLING,—Never believe anything you hear about me—nobody knows *any*thing about me."

19 (p. 676) is a letter to W. Ward (November 16, 1873): see *above*, p. 71.

20 (p. 676) is an amusing letter to a lady who had requested a subscription:—"*January* 13, 1875.—MY DEAR MADAM,—Where is Knipe Ground? Who teaches there? What is taught there? To whom is it taught? And why will you be obliged to me if I subscribe to it? I must at least ask you kindly to answer the first four of these questions before I can do so.—Very truly yours, J. RUSKIN."

21 (p. 677) is an indistinct half-tone reproduction of a slight drawing; reproduced here as well as may be (the original drawing can no longer be traced).

22 (p. 677) is a portion of a letter to Mr. George Allen (February 25, 1875):—"I fancy the always doing everything in a *hurry* has been very bad for me. I recollect my father used to write his long business letters thus [handwriting here changes], his hand never hastening nor slacking, and I fancy work can go on long thus. But I have to keep up with my thought and then all goes so. And that wearies soon.—Ever affectionately yours, J. R."

23 (p. 677) is a piece of a letter to Mr. Ward (February 29, 1876): see *above*, p. 711 (No. 76).

24 (p. 678) is a note on Fig. 7 in ch. vi. of *Stones of Venice*, vol. ii.: given in Vol. IX. p. xxxv.

25 (p. 678, a letter on "The Queen of the Air") is given in *Arrows of the Chace*, Vol. XXXIV. p. 551.

NO.

26 (p. 678) is given in the same place, Vol. XXXIV. p. 540.

27 (p. 679) is from a letter to W. Ward: see *above*, p. 714 (No. 96).

28 (p. 679)—a letter to "Rielle"—is given *above*, p. 430.

29 (p. 679), written to a dealer in precious stones, is as follows:—"*November* 28, 1884.—I am extremely interested by your frank account of jeweller's business (I think I shall set up for a jeweller myself if one can roll in diamonds for nothing!)—but here's your opal cheque, and just send me the *amount* of the other bill and you'll have it on Monday. I've no time to look it up. I am as glad as you can be, though for less commercial reasons, that Lady Brassey is interesting herself in opals."

30 (p. 680) is part of the MS. of a passage intended for *Fors Clavigera:* see Vol. XXIX., between pp. 536, 537.

"TALKS ABOUT AUTOGRAPHS"

Talks about Autographs. By George Birkbeck Hill. London: T. Fisher Unwin, 1896.

This books contains two letters from Ruskin. Of these—

NO.

1 (to Dr. Birkbeck Hill, p. 26) is printed in Vol. XXXIV. p. 12.

2 (to a correspondent, p. 28) is printed in Vol. XXXVI. p. 257.

III. LETTERS (OR EXTRACTS) PRINTED IN SALE CATALOGUES OF AUTOGRAPHS

Ruskin's letters have found their way largely to the autograph dealers, and thus a considerable number of them have been printed, in whole or in part, in the Catalogues of booksellers, dealers, and auctioneers. It is from these sources that some of the letters in the Principal Collection in this and the preceding volume are now printed. A complete collection of scraps would be well-nigh impossible; and, moreover, the passages which dealers select for quotation in their catalogues are sometimes particularly insignificant (as, for instance, Nos. 459, 474, and 477 in Sotheby's Sale Catalogue of June 8, 9, 1903—"July 13, 1877. I am busy at work which needs the morning, and leaves me no brains in the evening." "November 10. There's nothing I'm so fond of as an egg, and nothing does me more harm." And "I am very unwell, missing letters as I write. I live for them just now." Or, again, from a Sale Catalogue of March 12, 13, 1903: "April 1883. It puts me happily in mind of old times to have a letter from you"). In the following pages, autograph scraps are brought together and placed, as far as possible, in order of date.

It may be well to add that collectors should not assume that every Ruskin letter sold as such is genuine; as the following letter (reprinted from the *Pall Mall Gazette* of June 1, 1885) shows:—

"THE FORGERY OF MR. RUSKIN'S LETTERS

"*To the Editor of the 'Pall Mall Gazette'*

"SIR,—We shall be obliged if you will allow us, as Professor Ruskin's solicitors, to warn the public through your paper against buying letters purporting to have been written and signed by Professor Ruskin. We have lately had to make inquiries on behalf of Professor Ruskin, which have led to

the discovery of a manufactory of such letters, and we have succeeded in tracing and withdrawing from circulation more than two hundred and eighty of them. We know of about eighty more being in the hands of certain second-hand booksellers in and near the Strand, our applications to whom for the delivery of the forgeries to us have, we regret to say, been unsuccessful.—We are, sir, your obedient servants, TARRANT & MACKRELL.

"2 BOND COURT, E.C., *May* 30."

1852. [*June.*]—"You must have thought me very careless in my expressions, after the counter report of the disposition of the Veronese Champion given you by Mr. Dawkins last night. All I can say is that the Consul, owing to his nervous and hurried manner at first, might easily have been misunderstood by me, but that beyond all doubt he told me that Foster was 'furious' and that Count T. had declared his readiness and resolution, I forget which, to do battle with *any* man who uttered a word against the *furious* gentleman."

1852. *September* 14 (HERNE HILL).—"I received yesterday official notice from Mr. Dawkins that Foster was free and declared honestly acquitted. I am now at some loss whether I ought not to address a letter to him of formal expression of regret for his detention."

(These two extracts are Nos. 585 and 581 in Sotheby's Sale Catalogue, May 11–13, 1905, and the letters probably refer to the theft of jewels referred to in Vol. X. pp. xli.–xlii. The letters were no doubt addressed to Mr. Edward Cheney, who lent Ruskin his good offices in this affair; they were sold among other property of Mr. F. Capel Cure, Cheney's heir.)

1852? (*June* 28.) This is the letter to Henry Watson, given in *facsimile* above, p. 729 (from a Catalogue issued by William Brown, 26 Princes Street, Edinburgh, p. 69).

1853. (*Nov.* 28.) *To* LADY MATILDA MAXWELL. *Catalogue of Autograph Letters* (William Brown, Edinburgh, 1900). Printed in Vol. XXXVI. p. 159.

1855. (*March* 1.)—"I have been looking over the engravings with very great pleasure. Whatever has been done, as these have been, with a faithful love of realities, of any kind, is sure to be of value; but in addition to this merit, there is assuredly a very notable power in you of expressing distance and light, and there are some effects among the domes and moonlights,—one in particular over a dawning sea, which I do not remember ever to have seen realized so completely before." (No. 595 in Messrs. Sotheby's Sale Catalogue, May 3, 1889.)

(*n.d.*—? 1855.) *To* F. J. FURNIVALL.—"You could not see my poor pictures by this wretched fog substitute for daylight." (No. 171 in Sotheby's Sale Catalogue, March 12, 1903.)

1855. *To* Miss ELIZABETH SALT.—"There is in reality *no* wholesome elementary book on drawing"; but if she would wait for the third volume of *Modern Painters*, it "will tell you better what you want to know than anything else you could get." (From a Sale Catalogue of Sotheby's.)

1857.—"A rather curious letter, objecting to pay £6 for twelve days' work, and inquiring if his correspondent charges in the same way to the Government." (Walter T. Spence's Catalogue, No. 113, p. 31.)

(*n.d.*)—"Addressed to a lady who had asked him for advice as to an artistic career—'. . . The unhappy system of Kensington has raised up a countless multitude of inferior artists vainly struggling to live by what will not grow a grain of wheat—nor stitch a rag together. You write like a girl of spirit and sense. Try to get into some useful *business*. I had rather a daughter of mine were a country scullery-maid, than a London hack artist.—Truly yours, J. RUSKIN.' On the back page he adds: 'Kept to be added to, because I thought it too cruel.' Advises her, if she has the gift, to take portraits cheaply; 'but do *every one* AS WELL AS YOU CAN.'" (Walter T. Spence's Catalogue, No. 115, 1903, p. 35.)

1857. (*January* 25.) *To* MRS. HEWITT[1] (addressed as "My dear Ward").—"I don't think I lose (my temper) with well-meaning, stupid people; I only get angry when there is a loutish malignity. Sometimes I have lost my temper in a very ignoble manner with a postillion. . . . I had rather be a first-rate Shoemaker than a second-rate Poet."

1857. *To the same.*—"The Lord's Prayer is, I think, consummate and all-containing—Submission and Supplication and Praise. . . . Religious people always seem to me to think that God is a great rich man, who wants to keep everything to Himself."

1857. (*December* 19.) *To the same.*—"I cannot talk at present of our matters and feelings; my life is one of incessant mechanical labour, or pure stupid rest. I can't feel, I have no time to feel." (Nos. 125–127 in Sotheby's Sale Catalogue, February 26, 1906.)

1857–1868.—"Letters to Mrs. Hewitt from the year 1857 to 1868, a most interesting series of eighty-nine autograph letters, covering over 200 pp., and dealing with art and other topics, written in his characteristic and charming style; many date from Paris and other places whilst he was travelling, and give graphic descriptions of his experiences and impressions abroad. Whilst engaged in giving instruction to this lady on drawing, he writes:—

> 'I send you a branch of a tree, which please put in any pretty light and fixed place you can get for it and paint it over full size; if you have not canvas large enough, sketch it on paper with chalk or pencil till you can get your canvas. I don't like wasting money in oil-paint, canvas for such things.'

"The letters abound in quaint but good advice:—

> 'A boy who behaves like one, and like a good one, is just as worthy of our respect as a man is. But a boy who tries to behave like a man only makes himself a ridiculous boy. . . . There is not the least need for you to give up Utopia. I should not have thought of realizing it so soon, and am therefore not disappointed.'

"The following interesting extract respecting his own future is typical:—

> 'I am doing nothing myself, being for the present stranded after twenty years' work, in deliberating what to do next. Whether to take up Natural History, or Literature (namely, shall I paint—or write)—or do neither, the remainder of my days? Or shall I take up politics? Or shall I take up nothing but amuse myself if I can?'"

(Sotheby's Sale Catalogue, July 9, 10, 1906, No. 138.)

1858. *To* MISS SINNETT.—Sotheby's Sale Catalogue, March 22, 1890. Printed in Vol. XIV. p. 308 *n.*

1858. *To* JOHN SCOTT.—Sotheby's Sale Catalogue, April 1892. Printed in Vol. XXXVI. p. 274.

[1] [For whom, see Vol. XXXVI. p. 290.]

1858. *September* 1 (Lanslebourg). *To* Mrs. Hewitt. No. 153 in Sotheby's Sale Catalogue, February 26, 1906. Printed in Vol. XXXVI. p. 290.

1859. *August* 9 (Thun). *To* Mrs. Hewitt. No. 25 in Sotheby's Sale Catalogue, June 3, 4, 1907. Printed in Vol. XXXVI. p. 312.

(*n.d.*—? 1860.) *To* Mr. Le Keux.[1]—"The plate will do very nicely now with the least bit more trouble. You must still brighten the capital a little, and darken background so as to bring it all out in light." (Maggs Brothers' Calalogue, No. 230, 1907, p. 58, No. 539, and (more briefly) No. 350 in Sotheby's Sale Catalogue, March 12, 13, 1903.)

1861. *January* 15 (Denmark Hill).—"Sir,—Your letter of 20th Aug. was lost in a foreign Post Office and I have only just got it. I should like to see a small specimen of your engraving. I have no hopes of getting Turner engraved rightly until the engraver has passed through a course of drawing of a very different kind from any that he now practises, but I am glad to know of a pupil of Mr. Millais in case I should have any work to do coming within the range of ordinary principles of engraving.—Truly yours, J. Ruskin." (Sotheby's Sale Catalogue, March 22, 1890.)

1862. *September* 13 (Geneva). *To* Mrs. Hewitt. No. 124 in Sotheby's Sale Catalogue, February 26, 1906. Printed in Vol. XXXVI. p. 424.

(1863 ?)—"Several extremely interesting letters of John Ruskin are to be sold in London this afternoon. In one of these he says: 'I am so glad you like the *Cornhill* papers. I am going to reprint them with those in *Fraser* some day soon, but I am at work at botany just now, and I must put myself in such passions when I get thinking of human cretinism that I can't bear it, am obliged to go to stones and weeds to keep any life in me.'

"In another he writes: 'I am sure you are much to be envied for having such a home to retreat to. I have retreated as completely, not as happily, feeling my own work quite vain in the present place of English art.'" (*Newcastle Leader*, March 21, 1900.)

(*n.d.*—? 1864.) *To* Mr. Dillon.—"I have been very anxious about my father's health, which, however, I am thankful to say is now beginning to improve steadily." (From a Catalogue of Autographs by Pearson).

1864. *January* 19. *To* Captain Brackenbury. Printed in Vol. XXXVI. p. 464.

1865. *January* 26 (Denmark Hill). *To* Joseph Taylor.—"Would you favour me with Mr. Cruikshank's address? I want to write to him to ask if he would do an etching or two for fairy tales."[2] (Sotheby's Sale Catalogue, March 12, 13, 1903.)

1865. (Denmark Hill.) *To* Mrs. Nichols. Extracts from five letters.—"My dear Madam,—I am grateful for these pretty verses, though I don't quite understand them, and hardly fancy you do yourself," etc.

"There is much in myself that I hate and mourn over, and so little that I like that I thought,—if you were sensitive to pain, weakness, decay—hardness of heart and the like, you would be unhappy in seeing me." (From a Catalogue of Mr. Pickering, Haymarket, p. 27. Mrs. Nichols was a large contributor to *Household Words*.)

1865. *To* R. Talling. Printed in Vol. XXXVI. p. 498.

1865. *June* 25. *To* Mr. Mackay. Printed in Vol. XXXVI. p. 483.

[1] [Misprinted "L. Kent" in the Catalogue.]
[2] [On this subject, see Vol. XXXVI. p. 514.]

1866. *January* 28 (Denmark Hill). *To the* Rev. Edward Coleridge.—"I was confirmed some time since, by displeasure at the attitude taken by the Church of England with regard to scientific and social questions . . . that no money of mine should ever be spent in ecclesiastical purposes. . . . It is of no use to write sense on any subject which the mob interests itself in. . . . The mob will have everything its own way eventually." (No. 350 in Sotheby's Sale Catalogue, May 4, 1889.)

(*n.d.*—? 1866.) (Denmark Hill.) Three letters to "Agatha," apparently then at school at Winnington :—

"What I mean by necessary ministrations to the will is exactly what you mean. I call 'necessary ministrations' whatever God gives us to do, for our relatives or for any persons whom we may be able in the course of our own right life, to help or to nurse. But what I say is wrong for most people is leaving one's own people and one's own life to be a nurse only."

"Joan is unfortunately in Scotland, but if Mrs. Baden Powell can trust you with me, or rather me with you, and you don't mind a dull day, could you then stay here on Wednesday, and I could send you in carefully on Thursday morning? You would have a good deal to tell them at Winnington of what I now want them to do, which I cannot say fully enough in writing."

"I can just say welcome to your letter, and that is all, for I am and shall be continually occupied all this spring, with more writing than is good for me, but I hope to send you some more minerals soon. I am so glad that you like them." (Sotheby's Sale Catalogue, December 11-13, 1902, Nos. 706, 707, 709.)

1868. (Denmark Hill, *February* 23.) *To* Mrs. Cameron.—"Fifteen years ago, I knew everything that the photograph could and could *not* do ;—I have long ceased to take the slightest interest in it, my attention being wholly fixed upon the possibility of wresting *luminous* decomposition which literally *paints* with sunlight—no chemist has yet succeeded in doing this ;—if they do, the results will be precious in their own way—(but I hope they exist)." (No. 284 in Sotheby's Sale Catalogue, July 22, 1908.)

(1868?) *March* 30 (Denmark Hill).—"I am very sorry not to answer your letter, but am compelled to give up all teaching by letters now, and nearly all my former duties and pleasures. I have now many more serious of the first, and scarcely any remaining of the last. The Lucca drawings are here safe. I meant to have looked over the parcel of your own with Mr. Shields, which are excellent for their purpose, but can only now return them with thanks." (Sotheby's Sale Catalogue, December 11-13, 1902, No. 710.)

1871. (*April* 2.) *To* Professor Charlesworth.—". . . Please note also that I never want any fossils. . . . Also that I can never answer at once to anything. Often I pass weeks without opening a letter, or allowing any kind of interruption."

(*n.d.*) *To the same.*—"The Gun looks a wonderfully handy piece of mischief-making. I wish I could understand it, and annihilate every instrument of the kind on earth." (From a Catalogue by Messrs. Pearson.)

1871. A letter, and extracts from others, to R. Chester. W. T. Spencer's Catalogue, No. 108, 1902, p. 46. For these, see Vol. XXXIV. pp. 715-716.

1871. *July* 24 (Matlock). *To* Thomas Richmond. In Sotheby's Sale Catalogue, June 1, 1891; printed *above*, p. 33.

Reprinted in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, May 23, 1891. In line 11 on p. 34, "one whit" has hitherto been misprinted "on which"; and in line 15, "hard," "bad." The last sentence was omitted.

1871. *November* 16. *To the* Rev. Dr. Dixon. In William Brown's *Catalogue of Autograph Letters*, 1900; printed *above*, p. 42.

1871. *December.* Two letters to Thomas Richmond. These two letters were sold at Sotheby's, November 28, 1890, with seven other letters (autograph) and three others written by secretaries and signed by J. R. They were also written to Mr. T. Richmond, and related to the just completed purchase of Brantwood, and its furnishing and repairs, which Mr. Richmond was superintending. They contained references to the health of Ruskin's mother (who died December 5, 1871) and the "now not slowly falling veil" of her life.

"Denmark Hill, *Saturday* [*Dec.*, 1871].—My dearest Tom,—I have your sweet little note. Yes, it is a great blessing to me to have such a friend as Mrs. Hilliard, as strong and pure as an angel and as playful as a child, only with more wit and more real enjoyment. I am beginning to value all my friends more now, because I begin to think myself perhaps a little more worth caring for, and so I can better believe that good people *do* care for me than I could once.

"The sky is opening this afternoon. It has been dark all the week. Write your Sunday's letter. It may still be heard.—Ever your loving John Ruskin."

"Denmark Hill, *5th December*, ½ *past* 3 *afternoon.*—My dearest Tom,—Your old friend passed away at ¼ past two this afternoon painlessly (as I doubt not), but after two days of apparently oppressive discomfort, with moaning and tossing sorrowful to see, but I think that also unconscious. The last letter to her was in vain, except for me. How much you have done till now, not in vain, I cannot with sufficient thankfulness tell you.—Ever your affectionate J. Ruskin."

(?1872.) *December* 29 (Brantwood). A letter on hill-formation, with outline sketches to illustrate it, says: "I am much interested by your letter, but hope you will soon find out much more about hill-formation than I can tell you . . . a little bit well and accurately done would be worth a whole continent skipped over and guessed at . . ." (Sotheby's Sale Catalogue, December 11–13, 1902.)

(*n.d.*—?1872.) (Coniston.)—"This second copy seems all right, and I am obliged for your pains. It is true that I want the effect rather than facsimile in sketchy drawings if ever I give you them—but all I shall give you at present will need absolute sequence of line." (No. 577 in Catalogue of Maggs Brothers, No. 234, November 1907.)

1874. *January* 1 (Oxford). *To* Major the Hon. John Colborne (in reply to a request that he would join the Temple Club).—"I very deeply feel the importance of the objects for which the Club has been instituted, and only regret that my continued absence from London will scarcely leave me any capability of promoting them, otherwise than by good wishes." (Sotheby's Sale Catalogue, December 11–13, 1902.)

1874. *February* 25 (Brantwood). *To* J. R. Anderson.—"Make what recruits you can to the theory that one's chief exercise ought to be in useful work, not in cricket or rowing merely."[1] (Sotheby's Sale Catalogue, March 12, 13, 1903.)

1875. (*April* 25.) *To* Miss Jean Ingelow.—"Irritated by London absurdities—by bad water-colours yesterday, and bad acting the day before. All the world about me was wild with applause . . . I went to sleep—at Othello."[2] (Sotheby's Sale Catalogue, November 8, 1907, No. 31.)

[1] [On this subject, see *above*, p. 85. The passage printed in the Catalogue may be only a paraphrase of the letter there printed. An account of other letters referring to the Hincksey diggings was given by the Rev. H. D. Raunsley in *The Atlantic Monthly*, April 1900: see the description of that article in the Bibliography (Vol. XXXVIII.).]

[2] [Salvini's performance: see Vol. XXIX. p. 445.]

(*n.d.*)—"By all means let your younger girl learn with her sister—unless it is tiresome to her—but don't plague either of them. Drawing should be a lesson of patience, but not an infliction of pain." (Sotheby's Sale Catalogue, November 8, 1907, No. 82; Catalogue (No. 177) of Books and Autographs, by William Brown, Edinburgh, 1908, p. 34.)

1875. (Brantwood, *August* 30.)—"All that I said was that none of us could be more than men—did you hope to be anything else? . . . Please tell me what you mean by saying that you (the body of workmen with you) 'nearly killed your manager by passing a vote of censure on him.' I am very glad you passed the vote, but wonder why you think it had such a deadly effect upon him. You might pass a good many votes of censure on *me*, if *I* had the management of you, without at all injuring my health." . . . (From a Catalogue of Autographs, quoted in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, August 10, 1887.)

[Undated.]—". . . If you know the *qualities* of a man, and love him for *them*, and reverence him, that is *man* worship, the first duty and privilege of man, through which he rises to *God* worship. If you know the *income* of a man, and reverence him for *that*, it is *money* worship, through which you proceed to *devil* worship," etc. (*Ibid.*)

(*n.d.*—? 1875.) *To* John Morgan.—"I to-day receive your most interesting letter, and must at once reply to beg you, on the one side, to take up at once a firm ground for your conduct in future as a Scottish tradesman; but, on the other, not to torment yourself by continual deliberation of the degree in which concession must be made to external force. As the manager of business in the interests of others, you are in a particularly difficult position." (Sotheby's Sale Catalogue, July 3, 1908, No. 59.)

(*n.d.*) *To the* Rev. W. Kingsley.—"Dear Kingsley, . . . Melancholia[1] is only mathematics? But what have the keys, and the millstone, and the Cupid, and the wolf, and the nasty bat to do with mathematics?" (From a Catalogue by Messrs. Pearson.)

1876. *To a* Correspondent.—"Don't fear my deserting the working-class—I would desert the world first."

[1876.[2]] (*October* 21.) *To the same* Correspondent.—"You must, therefore, simply explain to any of my friends who ask for me that I have not come to Venice to go out, but to do as much in six months as I possibly can, and that my bedtime is half-past nine." (From a Catalogue by Messrs. Pearson.)

1877. *January* 21 (Venice). *To* Miss Miller.—"What you have chiefly to do, is to form from your own experience a clear ideal of the refinements possible to women living very useful lives, and to teach that kind of life in practice, setting it before your pupils as a divine one to be aimed at and delighted in." (No. 455 in Sotheby's Sale Catalogue, June 8, 9, 1903.)

1877. *January* 31 (Venice). *To the same.*—"I am most thankful for your letter, my usual distress being that I cannot make my friends, or some even of my Companions, feel themselves uncomfortable or miserable enough. If only I can make them feel what slaves we all are, and look to a far distant hope of nobler powers, I think my task well nigh done." (No. 456 in the same.)

1877. *March* 5 (Venice). *To the same.*—"Indeed it is to good and sensible women like yourself that I look for teaching on such matters. My only use is to insist on the general law of which each Companion must trace the special bearing on themselves." (No. 457 in the same.)

[1] [Dürer's design: see Vol. VII. Plate E (p. 312).]
[2] [Or, possibly, 1851–1852.]

[1877.[1]] *To* Rawdon Brown (addressed as "Papa").—"Mr. Cheney's book is interesting to me; the records of the MSS. of Ducal promises in the Correr [Museum] I am going to begin some work on to-morrow."

[1877.] *To the same* (signed "Figlio").—"I have found precious things in the Correr to-day, but plagued the poor Abbé horribly by setting him to seek for the Mariegola of the Scuola di S. Maria di Valvorde." (Nos. 582, 583, and 587 in Sotheby's Sale Catalogue, May 11–13, 1905.)

1877. *May* 29 (Domo d'Ossola). *To* "Nellie."—"I have no doubt I shall find those missing books of your father's works in my Brantwood library, and will send them as soon as I get home." (Sotheby's Sale Catalogue, December 11–13, 1902.)

1877. *May* 30 (Domo d'Ossola). Newcome's Catalogue of Autographs, 1890. A letter printed in Vol. XXV. p. xxxiv. *n.*

1877. (*June* 20.) *To* Miss Miller.—"I have been twenty times on the edge, never yet well over the edge, of answering your most valuable letter." (No. 458 in Sotheby's Sale Catalogue, June 8, 9, 1903.)

1877. (*July* 18.) *To the same.*—"Please tell your Oxford friends they cannot oblige me more than by adding in any way to the information or suggestions you have given me." (No. 460 in the same. Nos. 461–465 and 467 were also letters to the same correspondent, but extracts were not printed in the catalogue.)

1877. *September* 5 (Brantwood). *To* Nellie.—"I heard with extreme sorrow of your sister's death, but I am not able to take comfort or give it for death, and never write of it. I think your father's translation of the *Iliad* may yet become valuable. Keep the MS. carefully, and when you are at a permanent address let me send the first book back to you." (Sotheby's Sale Catalogue, December 11–13, 1902, No. 711.)

1877. *September* 7 (Brantwood).—"My dear Graham,—Your letter just received is the pleasantest and helpfullest I have ever yet had from any working companion; and may show us both that *Fors* means to try us for a while, but not to fail us. I sincerely trust that your service to your new master and lady may continue as happy and as dutiful.—Always affectionately yours, J. Ruskin." (From W. T. Spence's Catalogue, No. 115, 1903, p. 35. Graham had been a tenant on the St. George estate.)

1879. (*June* 11.) *To a* Correspondent.—"I am very sorry, I hope it's the devil's doing to keep me from good company and that he'll let me alone now I've given it up." (Sotheby's Sale Catalogue, May 19, 1906, No. 83.)

1879. (*December* 11.) *To* Miss Miller.—"Shall I get a room in Sheffield whereinto you may invite any children that like to come?" (Sotheby's Sale Catalogue, June 8, 9, 1903.)

1880. *February* 15 (Sheffield). *To* Mr. Galloway.—"I have been rudely knocked about since I wrote the Notes on this Hunt Exhibition."

1880. (*May* 27.) *To* William Morris. William Brown's Catalogue, 1900. Printed *above*, p. 315.

[1] [Or, possibly, 1851–1852.]

1881.—"To a member of the Palæographical Society. He writes that his correspondent's letter, being mistaken for something else, was thrown over to his secretary, at which mistake 'I was aghast.' Excuses himself on the ground of having been 'dog-tired.' 'You're the only people in all London I mean to keep . . . if you don't throw me over yourselves. . . . You will, I hope, forgive my not knowing what I was about—when my head is half split with your —— long Greek names instead of plain English—and previously, the other half by my own way of knocking it against walls. Your Number XI. is lovely—there are *some* precious things in it, and no ugly ones.'" (Walter T. Spence's Catalogue, No. 113, p. 31, No. 428.)

1882. (*June* 22.) *To a* Correspondent.—"Your picture is a very interesting one, though I am sorrowfully bound to assure you that it is no Turner, but an extremely ingenious imitation." (From a Catalogue of Autographs by Pearson.)

1883. *February* 11.—"Dear Miss Agatha,—You call yourself my little friend. I can't make out from this photograph how tall you are, and I want to know the colour of your eyes and hair, and your cheeks, and why are you folding your hands in that pathetic manner? And what are you looking at? Please tell me all this and I'll be always gratefully yours, J. Ruskin." (Sotheby's Sale Catalogue, December 11, 12, 1902. The letter appears again in a *Catalogue of Autograph Letters . . . on sale by Maggs Bros.*, 109 *Strand, W.C.*, No. 230, 1907, No. 538.)

1883. (*July* 18.) *To* Miss Miller.—"I have at this moment more on my mind than I can attend to, for indeed now that I am sixty-four it is of much more importance that I get the things I have on my mind said than any old books re-arranged." (No. 468 in Sotheby's Sale Catalogue, June 8, 9, 1903.)

1884. *St. Benedict's Day* [March 21]. *To* Miss Miller.—"You have never worried me, but I have grievously failed to take advantage of all you could have told me and done for me." (*Catalogue of Autograph Letters . . . on sale by Walter V. Daniell*, 53 *Mortimer St., London*, July 1904, No. 822.)

1884. *April* 3. *To* Miss Miller.—"I am entirely happy in all you have done and said, and entirely glad you have got help out of any mode of mine." (No. 470 in Sotheby's Sale Catalogue, June 8, 9, 1903. Nos. 469 and 471–474 were letters to the same correspondent, but extracts were not given.)

1884. (*July* 23.) *To* Miss Beaumont. Extracts from the letter which is printed, in full from another source, *above*, p. 491.

1884. *August* 28. *To* Miss Beaumont.—"I meant in fixing the highest price I could, to give you some rest from work, not to stimulate you to production." (No. 383, Pearson.)

1884. (Oxford, *November* 5.) *To* Miss Beaumont.—". . . Send any cutting that you can do easily, not horses, no cats. By the way, I want one horse, a grand heavy brewer's dray, with arched neck."

1884. (*December* 19.) *To* Miss Beaumont.—". . . The drawing is here at last, but there's not much good in it. I wish you could form an opinion of your own work! or had asked me any plain questions about it. Cannot you tell me if you feel that it helps you in any way? Try to write a steady round hand like this. Your sharp one wearies me, and is bad for your drawing."

1884. (*December* 20.) *To* Miss Beaumont.—". . . I said your drawing was not good for much. I wished it better for *your* sake, not mine!" (Pearson's Catalogue, Pall Mall, April 1886.)

1886. *February* 19 (Brantwood).—Giving a young man advice upon art matters and his conduct in life generally, the letter begins:—"You have not opened your heart in vain if I can at all cheer you or strengthen, whether I can help or not. But of all the burdens which my own failing health forbids me now any more to bear, the thoughts and sorrows of other lives are the fatallest to me. . . . Throughout you have failed by a form of selfishness. Because you were sad yourself, was it necessary to write a sad story? Talent of authorship consists in forgetting one's self and in understanding the lives and minds of others, and— And I really think that's all—and I hope it's right—and I beg pardon if it's wrong, and I can't help it, and I'm ever yours affectionately, J. Ruskin."

1887. (*June* 12.) *To a* Correspondent.—"I am *too* old, now, to take any critical or practical part in such a design as you have formed, and cannot let my name be connected with any form of art education." (From a Catalogue of Autographs by Pearson.)

1887. (*June* 20.) *To* Raffaello Carloforti (for whom, see Vol. XXX. p. lxii.).—"You do not need to see drawings of mine. Your own are better than mine ever were, or could have been. But if you will do a little bit of painting in the galleries, it will refresh you and give you new feeling for masses of shade and colour. Any bit of architecture or ornamentation by John or Gentile Bellini (or a single head—if you feel abler), or any little bit in the Carpaccio Chapel will be precious to me." (Sotheby's Sale Catalogue, July 3, 1908, No. 23.)

June 22. *To* Miss Miller.—"I am always trying to do more than I can, always pushed on with new work before I have battlemented the old." (No. 475 in Sotheby's Sale Catalogue, June 8, 9, 1903.)

(*n.d.*) *To* Miss Miller.—"You need not be afraid of my deserting you, though I am only 'makeshift.'"[1] (No. 476 in the same.)

(*n.d.*) *To a* Correspondent.—"I am obliged by the invitation of the Caledonian Society, but I never go to public dinners, and if steam ploughs are to be used in Caledonia, no dinners will preserve the memory of Burns." (A Catalogue issued by William Brown, 26 Princes Street, Edinburgh, p. 69.)

[1] [See *Fors Clavigera*, Letters 67 and 81 (Vol. XXVIII. p. 644, Vol. XXIX. p. 197), where Ruskin speaks of himself as "a makeshift Master."]

END OF VOLUME XXXVII

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